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COMMENTARIES ON THE LIFE AND REIGN

OF

CHARLES THE FIRST.





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CHARLES THE FIRST,

KING OF ENGLAND.

BY ISAAC DISRAELI.

A NEW EDITION, REVISED BY THE AUTHOR.

AND EDITED

BY HIS SON.

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ADVERTISEMENT BY THE EDITOR.

ALTHOUGH this work, which was completely revised by my father, has been a long time in the press, and would, under any circumstances, have been published at this period, it so happens that it appears at a moment when the subjects of which it treats, not only attract, but absorb, the mind of the nation. Its chapters on "the Genius of the Papacy," on the "Critical position of our earlier Protestant Sovereigns, with regard to their Roman Catholic subjects," from the consequences of the oaths of Allegiance and Supremacy; on "the Study of Polemical Divinity prevalent at the commencement of the Seventeenth Century," and kindred themes, are in fact the history of the events, the thoughts, the passions, and the perplexities of the present agitated epoch. Nor does the domestic portion of this work disprove the principle, that history but repeats itself; and when we read of the conversions to the Roman faith then rife, especially among the elevated orders of the community, we seem to be listening to the startling narrative of the hour, and instead of the names of the Countess of Buckinghamshire, the Lord Keeper Weston, or the Lady Falkland, are almost tempted to substitute those of personages who live in our sight and personal knowledge.

This work forms the second part of that complete edition of my father's works, of which the edition of the "Curiosities of Literature," in three volumes, recently published, supplies the first. His Miscellaneous works, containing his "Fragment of the History of English Literature," will conclude this edition. D.

Hughenden Manor, December, 1850.

PREFACE TO THIS NEW EDITION.

BY THE AUTHOR.

I HAVE long considered the age of Charles the First as the most favourable epoch for the purposes of historical and philosophical investigation. It was an age when unsettled opinions and contested principles produced such a variety of human conduct, that all that has happened, or is happening, since, seems only a repetition of attempts at what was then first discovered to be impossible; a consummation of what was then left unfinished; or a furtherance of what then remained imperfect.

This history has been frequently written, and even now occupies the studies of foreigners. It has excited such vehement but opposite feelings among the most eminent men in our nation, that we almost despair of an impartial narrative. An intelligent foreigner has observed, that since the days of our first Charles, English histories are the polemics of politics. The Monarchist and the Commonwealth-man have bequeathed their mutual recriminations and their reciprocal calumnies. At a later period, when Whigs and Tories infused their controversies into their degraded history, trying events and persons by their own conventional tests, they judged of their ancestors as of their contemporaries; narrowing their views by their own notions, their own interests, and their own passions. Such partial estimates of human actions and modes of thinking may become anachronisms in morals and in politics.

This work which was published, at intervals, many years ago, in a domestic revolution (1830-2), has not been unsuccessful in obtaining the sympathy of the public, probably, in a chief degree, from the novelty of its plan; and, it is to be hoped, to some ex-

tent, from the impartiality of its researches and the justness of its views. I have assuredly not written these pages as a partisan. I was attracted to the subject early in life, because it seemed to me rich in all that interests the moral speculator. I believe that I have composed this work solely as the history of human nature.

These "Commentaries" aim at forming a necessary supplement to our knowledge of an eventful age, by investigating still controverted topics of paramount and enduring interest, and by throwing light upon personages and occurrences through the combination of secret with public history.

With regard to my authorities, I have not chosen to cover the margin with perpetual references for facts with which few readers are unacquainted, and to books too well known to require a transcription of their titles. Whenever my narrative, or my opinions, are founded on manuscript information, I have scrupulously registered the authorities. During the many years in which this period has attracted my study, I have, at various times, examined a variety of unpublished diaries, and a vast mass of unpublished correspondence, connected with it. We are furnished with materials for the history of human nature, to which the ancients could have no access. One particular department seems peculiar to our own times—the history of negotiations in the despatches of ambassadors. By them we may best learn the genius which prevailed when the transactions occurred. The narrative opens a living scene, and the motives of the personages are sometimes as apparent as their actions. It is not fanciful to say, that we often know more of our ancestors than they themselves knew. Many a secret for them is none for us. The letter, which was prayed to be thrown into the flames when read, we hold in our hands; the cabinet conversation, unheard but by two great statesmen, we can listen to. They viewed the man in his occasional actions; we scrutinise into his entire life. They marked the beginnings, but we the ends.

The reader will not fail to observe, that the "Mercure François" is frequently quoted in this work as authority.

Many years have elapsed since, struck by the curious and important information which was constantly afforded by this journal, I observed that "the ancient 'Mercure François' is a sort of official annual register of the times, and contains a good deal of our own secret history, which I have found, to my surprise, so accurate, that I am convinced that it must have come from a well-informed correspondent in England. It is, perhaps, singular enough that I have found, in two or three instances, circumstances and conversations in this 'Mercure' which I have myself drawn from contemporary manuscripts, and which had never been printed in any English Work."

Since these observations were made, I have discovered a fact apparently unknown even to the French Bibliographers; viz., that Cardinal Richelieu was a frequent correspondent of this journal, and that even the king himself, Louis the Thirteenth, often contributed to its columns. Many articles in the royal hand-writing, and corrected by the royal hand, are still in existence. With regard to the Cardinal, the style and the hand of the great minister are easily to be recognised. Besides exercising a constant supervision over the "Mercure," and himself waging the war of words whenever the contest was important, Richelieu furnished treaties of alliances, capitulations, narratives of battles and sieges, written by the commanders, and the despatches of ambassadors whenever they contained any facts which he desired should be known to Europe. Many of these articles are found in the Manuscripts of De Bethune.

I will not omit in this, the last preface that I shall ever write, the acknowledgment of the obliging confidence of the present Earl of St. Germans, in entrusting me with the manuscripts of Sir John Eliot. His lordship called my attention to the notice which I had taken of his memorable ancestor, in a communication alike distinguished for its elegance, its courteousness, and its information. By the aid of these papers, I was enabled to throw some fresh light upon the character of a very eminent personage, whose career had hitherto baffled the researches of our historians.

To my ever kind and valued friend, the Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker, whose luminous and acute intelligence is as remarkable in his love of literature and art, as it has been in the course of a long, an honourable, and distinguished public life, I stand deeply indebted for access to the Conway Papers, which, by permission of the late Marquess of Hertford, to whom these volumes had descended, he afforded me.

I have received aid from other friends, and other manuscripts, which I have acknowledg-

ed in my notes. I have particularly drawn much information from the MS. negotiations of Melchior de Sabran, who was the French resident in England during the years 1644 and 1645. Of these there are two folio volumes in our National Library, but there are eight volumes of these inedited negotiations in the extraordinary collection of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart., of Worcestershire; a collection of many thousand manuscripts, which must rank its zealous owner among the Sloanes and the Harleys of former days.

CHAPTER I.

Charles the First.

Two centuries have elapsed—a short period in the history of national revolutions—since Charles the First ascended the throne of England, and the name of this monarch still awakens the most conflicting opinions. Yet a right understanding of the character and conduct of one who involuntarily became a most eminent actor in a mighty revolution can never be a matter of indifference to the philosopher and the politician; nor should such an exhibition of human nature, where the ennobling and the degrading passions are at the same time called forth, fail to interest our common sympathies.

Charles the First ascended the throne under circumstances in which no monarch had hitherto been placed.

The course of events had rendered necessary a great change in the condition of mankind throughout Europe; for the social system was constructed on a scale which bore no relation to the increased and complicated interests of society. The impending Revolution was not to be a partial change, as had sometimes happened, when the rule and power had been merely transferred to the aristocracy, or to the hierarchy, or assumed by the absolute sovereign; nor was it to be a temporary concession to the excited apathy of a suffering people, a change which merely reduced the privileges of the few and the miseries of the many. But it was to be a total change; to abolish certain fundamental doctrines, to mark out new classes in society, to raise up new interests, to define new rights, and to substitute new modes of thinking. And, finally and chiefly, it was to develope the true principles of government, and to explain and confirm the source and object of all delegated authority.

It was long doubtful in which country the great Revolution was to commence. During the minority of Louis the Thirteenth, the ambition of the turbulent princes of France, the republican character of the Duke of Rohan and the Huguenots, and the bold remonstrances of the Parliaments or Law-Courts, exhibit some faint outlines of the Revolution under our Charles the First, which all these had preceded. In an ingenious parallel we might detect some very apt resemblances. The genius of one man directed for a time the tempest from France, and consequently from the Continent; for there are reasons to believe that the social condition of the Continent of Europe will never be materially affected, except through the agency of our great neighbour. The Frondeurs, under the later administration of Mazarin, often appealed to the English revolt under Charles the First; and finally the vast concussion of France in our days opened an imitation of our own, and terminated with a similar catastrophe.

There were peculiar reasons which might have justified the supposition that England would be the spot in which the important struggle would commence. The establishment of the reformed faith had habituated the English to a greater freedom of inquiry than their neighbours, a freedom of inquiry unknown in preceding times, when authority was the sole test of opinion; and a long and luxuriant peace had raised up among the Commons of England a new class of men; new, by possessing a weight and influence in society which they had never before held. There were other causes, which, though not so evident, were scarcely loss influential, but which must be developed as we proceed. It was fated that England should be the theatre of the first of a series of Revolutions which is not yet finished.

Authorised in believing, by the doctrines of the age, by his consequent education, and by the natural gravity and elevation of his own mind, that he ascended the throne as the anointed of his Creator, it was the doom of Charles the First to witness the divine authority of his crown trampled upon, the might of his magnificent hierarchy overwhelmed, the civil institutions of his realm swept away, all that he deemed sacred profaned, all that he held received denied, all that he considered established subverted; and in their stead new doctrines and new practices introduced, many of which were monstrous, and all extraordinary.

In this unparalleled state of affairs, for we must never forget that in our Revolution history afforded no parallel to instruct and to warn, instead of disappearing from the stage, like an insignificant actor overwhelmed by the unexpected importance of his part, we find, on the contrary, the English monarch the most eminent, the most energetic, and the most interesting personage, during the long, the fearful, and the dubious struggle. When the struggle was over the King came forward, and closed his career by a most memorable death—dying with the same decision with which he had lived; and while he was covered with execration and obloquy as the Tyrant by one party, who feared that if he were not a tyrant they would necessarily be considered traitors, he was hailed by the greater portion of the nation with prayers and tears as the Martyr.

It is difficult to believe that a man who thus lived and thus died could have been that individual whom it has always been the supposed interest of a successful party to represent. Tyrant and Martyr are rarer characters than mankind is accustomed to consider them; and they often vanish before the impartial student, who, searching neither for the tyrant nor the martyr, dares to seek into history for the man.

We have hitherto obtained but a slight acquaintance with the personal character of Charles the First; for it has been assumed, by those who have been unable to make the King despicable, that the private character of a monarch stands unconnected with his public one. But it is as impossible to form a just conception of the character of a king without becoming acquainted with his private history, his motives as well as his conduct, as it is to form a just conception of the individual, without becoming acquainted with the times in which he lived. We are not, therefore, surprised that those who maintain that the private character of Charles the First is unconnected with his public one, have judged of that public character as if he were their contemporary.

The characteristic of the mind of Charles the First was that inflexible firmness to which we attach the idea of strength of character. Constancy of purpose, perseverance to obtain the object, and fortitude to suffer for it, this is the beautiful unity of a strong character. We should, however, observe, that this strength of character is not necessarily associated with the most comprehensive understanding, any more than the most comprehensive understanding is necessarily supported by this moral force. Hence the stronger the character of the man, the stronger may be its errors, and thus its very strength may become its greatest infirmity. In speculating upon the life of Charles the First, through all the stages of his varied existence, from the throne to the scaffold, we may discover the same intellectual and moral being. Humiliated by fortune, beneath the humblest of his people, the King himself remained unchanged; and whether we come to reproach, or to sympathise, something of pity and terror must blend with the story of a noble mind wrestling with unconquerable Fate.

CHAPTER II.

Of Charles the First during his Boyhood.

We may be excused for unfolding the minuter characteristics of a young prince, those obscure intimations of the future personal dispositions, which Alfieri has called *Sviluppo dell' indole indicato da vari fattarelli*, "development of the natural disposition indicated by various little matters," for in this respect princes differ from other men; their early characteristics are not likely to change. The youth of princes is seldom passed in submission. Surrounded by those who seek by compliance, or officiousness, to cultivate a friendship with their future sovereign, princes are unfortunate enough to be flattered even in their boyhood. This, and the impossibility of being influenced by those circumstances which make other men the creatures of events, and dependent on the caprice of fortune, effectually prevent their early character from changing, and render the conduct of their life subordinate to their constitutional dispositions.

In the history of one who was remarkable for a hardy frame tried by unwearied activity, who during his long imprisonment had never need of a physician, and who, at his death, exhibited those physical appearances which are indicative of longevity, it may deserve notice that he was born, and lived some years, in a state of extreme debility, and that he struggled with, and overcame, several personal defects.

Circumstances, apparently trivial, in the history of Charles the First, had often the fatality of connecting themselves with the unsettled disputes of the Church and the State. The accidental circumstance of the

birth of this royal babe in a state of weakness, threatening a speedy dissolution, occasioned a hasty baptism; the place of ceremony unrecorded, the officiating person unnamed; whose was the episcopal hand which had sprinkled the Martyr of the Church? or had a Presbyterian teacher, as it was rumoured, administered the baptismal rite?

Such were the tormenting inquiries which agitated Churchmen and Dissenters, in the protracted controversy of *Lay-baptism*. The ecclesiastics insisted that all non-conformists were mere laymen, a principle which was designed to invalidate their baptisms. Burnet, not hostile to the Presbyterian cause, at a later period alluded, in one of his charges, to the circumstance recorded of Charles's unepiscopal baptism; this renewed the old heats with those who persevered in their axiom, that "Bishops and Presbyters were the same." The Dissenters had long exulted, and the Churchmen had long been mortified, that Charles had not received any of the benefits of episcopal baptism, when, a hundred and fifty years after the event, Carte startled the contending parties, and settled the dispute on the side he wished to favour, by referring to the document of "John Blinsale, Ilay Herald, who assisted at the baptism." In that hitherto unnoticed narrative was specified the name of the bishop, the royal chapel where the ceremony had passed, the minutest occurrences of the magnificent solemnity, the pall of gold, silver, and silk, "wrought, as it was spoken, by his Majesty's umquhile mother," on which the bairn was laid, the names of the lords who bore the ducal crown, the laver, the towel, the bason, and, finally, the "Marchioness of Huntley, who bare the baira instead of the nourrice." This discovery of Carte's instantly changed the former appearance of the question, and the Dissenters could no longer triumph in the obscure baptism of a prince, administered by a Presbyter.

But if the ceremony of Charles's baptism had been thus solemnly performed, with all the pomp and regality of the Court, could it possibly have escaped the knowledge or the notice of Spotswood, who tells us, that "the christening was hastened because of the weakness of the child," or of Perinchief, the eulogist and advocate of Charles, who positively informs us, that "he was deprived of the usual ceremonies wherewith such royal infants are admitted into the Church." Who then is this Ilay Herald who has marshalled knights, lords, and ladies, and heralds, preluding with a flourish of trumpets. Harris asserts, from internal evidence, the whole narrative to be a clumsy forgery!

Thus at the very threshold of our history we stumble on error, or imposture, a circumstance not rare in more important matters than the present, (1) relating to Charles the First.

It must, however, be observed, that some circumstances which Harris brings forward, as the mere inventions of an ignorant person, are not of the nature which he supposes them. The Ilay Herald, he observes, represents "the Chancellor Cassils as present at the solemnity, though there was no such Chancellor then in being; and he tells us that Monsieur de Rohan, and his brother, called Monsieur de Soubise, were his Majesty's gossips, though the Scotch historians never mention their being in that kingdom." The Chancellor Cassils I must leave to the researches of the Scottish antiquary; but as for Monsieur Soubise standing at the christening in Scotland as Charles's godfather, I find this very circumstance incidentally noticed in the Diary of Sir John Finett, the Master of the Ceremonies. Soubise's brother, the Duke of Rohan, the eminent chief of the French Hugonots, was also in Scotland, and, by the desire of James, stood as godfather to Charles; the circumstance is mentioned in his life, and is incidentally alluded to by John Cookes, the Solicitor-General of the Commonwealth, in his statement of the King's case. This strongly corroborates the suspected narrative of the Ilay Herald. By the expression of Spotswood, we can by no means infer that the episcopal and regal ceremonies were not performed; and as for the vague style of Perinchief, as that book was written by one man, and published under the name of another, a circumstance none of our writers notice, its authority is not unquestionable. (2)

It is certain that the infant Duke long

(1) An idle antiquary might employ an hour in examining into the authenticity of this suspected record, it being in MS. in the Herald's Office at Edinburgh (the Lyons' Office), written by John Blinsale, Ilay Herald, who assisted at the baptism. It is entitled "An Account of the Birth and Baptism of King Charles the First." The subject ceases to interest us, but the detection of an historical forgery is always gratifying. This document was first printed by the Rev. Henry Cantrell, in "The Royal Martyr, a true Christian," etc., etc., 1716, long before Carte wrote. The Presbyter Harris fiercely disputed its authenticity, merely from party-feeling.

(2) Perinchief's Life of Charles the First is of little

continued in a weakly state, for many ladies who had been proud suitors for the keeping of the royal child were now deterred from soliciting this anxious charge. When in his fourth year, he was delivered to Lady Cary; that perfect courtier, her husband (afterwards the Earl of Monmouth), declares, that "those who wished him no good were glad of it, thinking that if the Duke should die in our charge, then it would not be thought fit that we should remain in Court after."

The Earl's candour is as admirable as his loyalty, for he was at least as fearful of losing his place, as of losing his Prince. The Earl of Monmouth has also alluded to "many a battle my wife had with the King, about slitting the string under the child's tongue, and putting his legs into iron boots." The parental care of James was accompanied by all the force of argument, but, as was usual with him, he yielded up the point of debate.

This physical weakness cast a sullen air over the manners of the young Prince, and Lilly sends down a tradition of the evil nature of his infancy "from the old Scottish lady his nurse." His debility withdrew him from those sports and exercises in which his brother excelled, and, contracting retired habits, Charles loved the hours of study. It is probable that these untoward circumstances led to the early formation of the reserved and thoughtful character of the future monarch, as well as conduced to the variety of his acquired knowledge. Charles had a vigilant tutor in Thomas Murray, a learned Scotchman, whom afterwards he chose for his secretary, and whose zeal he finally remunerated by the provostship of Eton. The unalterable affection of the pupil for the tutor is a strong indication of the man.

James the First, who has been so freely taxed with pusillanimity and folly, cannot, however, be reproached with having engendered them; his children, Henry, Charles, and Elizabeth, alike sustained their princely character in the heroic elevation of their minds. There was no royal family in Europe which put forth such a promise of future excellence as these accomplished Princes. Jonson was struck by the paternal zeal of James the First, whom, without court flattery, he addressed in a masque:

"You are an honest good man, and have care of your bairns!"(1)

King James, to provoke Henry to apply himself more ardently to his closet studies, had intimated that his brother, who already loved his books, would prove more able in the management of affairs, and the science of his favourite "king-craft," than he, who chiefly consumed his days in the tilt-yard, and passionately pursued his military exercises. The fatherly admonition was received in silence, but when his tutor, Sir Adam Newton, reiterated the King's reprimand, the Prince asked whether he really thought that his brother would prove so good a scholar? Sir Adam was of that opinion. "Then," rejoined Henry, "will I make him Archbishop of Canterbury."

A spark of rivalry had been kindled between the royal brothers. When Charles was about ten years of age, the young Prince had already attracted observation by the progress of his studies, and by the warmth of his temper. The Princes, with Abbot, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and other noblemen, were waiting in the privy-chamber for an audience. Henry, in allusion to his brother's proficiency in his studies, jocularly placed the Archbishop's cap on his head, observing, "that if he continued a good boy, and followed his books, he would make him one day Archbishop of Canterbury." The little Prince indignantly flung down the square cap and trampled on it. Duke Charles, it would seem, had heard too frequently of the future Archbishopric, and the taunts from his heroic brother stung the little Prince into an ebullition of momentary feeling. This feeling was constitutional. Warm and hasty passion was long an infirmity with Charles, and one of which he was very sensible. At various periods of his life, the King used preventive means against being overcome by his natural

value, but little may be authentic, and it is frequently referred to. Perinchief must not, however, be considered as writing from his own knowledge, for the materials were chiefly collected by the learned William Fulman, who at his death left them unfinished. Colonel Titus, the author of the famous political pamphlet "Killing no Murder," also supplied him with some notices for the two latter years of the King's life. Such assistance only proves that Perinchief himself was a poor workman.

(1) I find a curious anecdote of that zealous paternal attention of our "Pedant King," which I have not met elsewhere. James took such minute care of their education, that "the children of James were well instructed in music and dancing; his Majesty desired them to keep up their dancing privately, though they whistle and sing to one another for music." Harl. MSS. 6987 (24).

impatience. In more than one interview, which was likely to lead to subjects where his feelings might seize on him unawares, it was preconcerted that these topics should not be debated by him, but left to his council. This defect in his temperament was one which, like his stammering, could only be mastered by a stronger impulse of the mind, as when he stood calm and unsubdued in the greatest day of his adversity.

From this anecdote of the royal boys, the contemporaries of Charles, in the taste of the times, deduce opposite inferences. Ono detects a mystical presage of the future fall of episcopacy under his administration; to another it seemed peculiarly ominous of the fall of the Archbishop himself, who afterwards was suspended from his offices by the displeasure of his sovereign; a third, with the malignity of a Commonwealth's man, accepts it as an evidence of the latent sullenness and stubbornness of the future monarch; while an ultra-royalist, in the dopth of his wisdom, discovers in it "a sign of bigness of spirit, and a humour that did not love jesting or levity." It is evident that evory one of these philosophers would have composed the history of Charles, on the principle which they had already so happily discriminated. So many historians, so many Charleses!

The fraternal intercourse between tho sons of James was, however, rarely interrupted; for we have still left several familiar notes written in English, French, and Latin, by the Duke to tho Prince. They are dispatches of the hour, perhaps also the playful exercises of his studies. "Sweet sweet brother, I thank you for your letter. I will give anything that I have to you, but my toys and my books." Sometimes the little Duke visits Prince Henry's stables, and mounts his great horses, "that on his return he may wait on him in that noble exercise." Then there are thanks for two bidets which Henry sends him —or it is an invitation to walk together—or a detail of the studies of the week.

Welwood says of Charles, that he wrote "a tolerable hand for a King." The republican whig grudgingly allows a Stuart, and a monarch, even the humble distinction of caligraphy. The truth is, that the handwriting of Charles, like all his other acquirements, was elegant, and opposite to the slovenly scribblo of his father, who, careless in all exterior things, too lightly esteemed the habit of distinct writing; a habit, it may be worth observing to some, which gives pleasure in the intercourso of friendship, and promotes accuracy in that of business. The skilful in autographs may like to learn, that Charles the First's hand-writing, and, perhaps, no man over wrote more, always free and flowing, as he advanced in life and in reflection became more and more regularly formed, and finally contracted into slender elegance. In a French letter to Prince Rupert unsigned, he observes, *J'espere que vous connoitrez ma petite main.* I have seen some notes to his children, written during his close confinement in his latter days, which are remarkable for the delicacy of their Italic character. In the long leisure and still meditations of imprisoned solitude, the fond remembrance of his children seems to have moved the pen in tracing every word so carefully written.

Charles overcame his corporal infirmities in his youth, but his defective speech seems to have lasted some years. It was probably the real cause of his brevity in conversation; he used few words; and wo smile at Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, entering the royal words in his diary, on some occasion when the King gave him a favourable answer to his request, "because his master's custom affords not so many words." The singular gravity, the deficient freedom in conversation, and the reserved manners of Charles the First, struck the Count de Brienne as uncommon circumstances, which made it difficult to decide on the Prince's character. When Cardinal de Richelieu curiously pressed thc Count to be informed of the genius of the monarch, De Brienne replied, "To me he appeared extremely reserved, and this induces me to judge that he is either an extraordinary man, or one of a very middling capacity. If he affected this *retenue* to prevent any jealousy on the late King his father's side, this would be a mark of his consummate prudence; but, if it bc quite natural to him, and without any *finesse*, I should draw very opposite conclusions." From this oracular style the Cardinal could not have gathered much. The truth is, that it was too nice a point for the critical and youthful diplomatist, recently returned from the English Court, to vonture a decision upon; nor could he know that the habitual reserve of the Prince originated, in great part, in the pain which conversation occasions him whose speech is not fluent.

The King's difficult utteranco rendered his addresses from the throne painful to himself

and the Parliament. This early compelled him to have the Lord-Keeper recite his speeches, a circumstance which his friends considered, however trivial it may appear, as having had an unfavourable influence on his affairs. It is our own voice alone, whose modulations can give sanction to our feelings. Charles closed his first speech to Parliament, the only ungracious passage in it, by this declaration:—"Now, because I am unfit for much speaking, I mean to bring up the fashion of my predecessors, to have my Lord-Keeper speak for me in most things, therefore have commanded him to speak something unto you at this time, which is more for formality than any great matter he hath to say unto you."

After the death of his brother Henry, Charles appears to have felt the propriety of turning his attention to those hardier pursuits which he had hitherto avoided, and it was not long ere he excelled in the fashionable accomplishments of the gentleman of that day; the manly exercises of vaulting, archery, running at the ring, and the *manège* of the great horse; shooting in the cross-bow, musket, and "the great ordnance." In the tennis-court he toiled with the racquet, and to his last days, those of his imprisonment, loved the tranquil recreation of the bowling-green. By active sports he invigorated his frame. One who knew Charles describes him as "a laborious fieldsman;" and another tells us, that he was thought to be the most adroit manager of the great horse of any man in the three nations, and a sharp marksman; he chased a winter-deer as skilfully, which is one of the hardest tasks of "a woodsman," as he excelled in shooting one. At the age of nineteen he distinguished himself among the young nobility in a feat of arms at a justing at Whitehall, and in such a manner, that it was imagined that Prince Charles would become as eminently military as his late brother, and at the later period of his marriage, the Count de Brienne noticed the adroitness of our royal cavalier, "in breaking some lances, in this chivalric exercise." Whatever art and practice could acquire, he gained; the lighter graces were denied him.

Thus early Charles surmounted the obstacles which nature had cast in his way. The languid indolence of the closet, deeply attached as he was to study, and to the more pleasing arts, failed to seduce him entirely, and the intrepidity of his after-life, through all its vicissitudes, was never disturbed by his personal deprivations. Not even the many who watched him with no friendly eyes have presumed to accuse him of that impatient querulousness, which betrays its moments of weakness.

At the age of sixteen, Charles was created Prince of Wales, and held a Court; but he lived in no political opposition to his father, a habit which has been assumed by some heirs of the English crown. His late brother had opened with a different career, and had roused the jealousy of his father, and the fears of Cecil. Whatever may be the policy of the heir to the crown in conducting himself in direct opposition to the interests and views of the Cabinet, some dangerous results must occur, both at home and abroad. At home his cause will combine together the dispersed and insulated members of perhaps very heterogeneous factions into one formidable body. A common interest is thus created for those who else would never have acted together. It is certain that the family politics of the English Court have not been indifferent to foreign Cabinets. The Gaul, the Spaniard, and the Austrian, have often been solicitous to raise a party in this kingdom subservient to their own peculiar interests, and whenever the heir of the English throne suffers his inclinations to be controlled by intriguers around him, he runs the risk of becoming, unconsciously, the ally of the enemies of his country.

The Ambassador La Boderie advises the French Cabinet not to neglect granting certain pensions to four or five of Prince Henry's Court, by whom it seems these favours were expected, since that young Prince was entirely under their influence, and had resolved to maintain a political independence at the Court of his father.

There were not wanting in that day some busy spirits, who, now finding their "occupation gone," ascribed to the sedate temper of the youthful Charles a narrowness of genius, and natural incapability of entering into their higher political speculations. But Charles most certainly looked up to his father with reverence and affection, and if the name of James the First fail in some degree to excite the same feelings in the minds of this later age, we must attribute this result to the unjust oblivion of some virtues, and of no inconsiderable talents.

In his youth, Charles must have been laying the foundations of that various knowledge,

and that habitual and curious observation in all the arts, both the fine and the mechanical, which once induced this ingenious Prince to declare that "he thought he could get his living, if driven by necessity, by any of the arts and trades which he knew how to practise." Once, in familiar conversation, the Prince made a remarkable observation, that if he were necessitated to take any particular profession for a living, he could not be a lawyer, for, said Charles, "I cannot defend a bad cause, nor yield in a good cause;" a principle from which he never swerved, if we are to decide by the actions of his after-life.

Charles had studied the art of war, and indeed the King afterwards proved himself to be one of the most able generals in the Civil Wars. He was not unskilled in fortification, and that science which has been called naval architecture, a study not unworthy the pursuits of an island-monarch, had particularly engaged his attention; for one of his most magnificent measures was "building that miracle of ships called the Royal Sovereign;" and when he was reminded of the vast charge it required, he observed, "that while some nobles prodigally spent their patrimony in luxurious courses, nothing either to their credits or reputation, or beneficial to the kingdom, as King he might be allowed to build that ship for his pleasure, which might be useful for the service of the kingdom."(1)

The more delightful arts he pursued with intense pleasure, for this monarch was not only a lover of art, but could himself have aspired to the honours of an artist. These, however, had not absorbed his studies. The library of St. James's, before the Civil Wars, contained a manuscript volume, which Charles in his youth had presented to his father, consisting of his literary collections and other epitomes, the fruits of juvenile studies.

But these philosophical and ingenious pursuits have been barbarously censured as mean and trivial in a monarch. The arts and sciences were considered by the rigid Puritanic politicians merely as sources of emolument for the mechanics who professed them. The intellectual part of these studies—the meditation, and the elegance, and the knowledge, which discipline the mind in the progress of invention, had never rectified their crude principles, softened their harsh tempers, or illumined their dark minds. These studies, not unworthy of a sovereign, would have reflected his tastes among a people, whose fanaticism had so long persecuted the finer arts, and our nation would not have suffered the reproach of foreign critics, who, ignorant of our history, ventured to assign the natural causes which, as they imagined, incapacitated us from excelling in the practice of the arts of imagination and sensibility. Charles the First, had it been his happiness to have reigned in peace, would have anticipated by a century the glory of English art.

(1) Lilly.

CHAPTER III.

Of the Study of Polemical Divinity, prevalent at the commencement of the seventeenth century.

THERE was one particular course of studies in which James the First himself had instructed his son—that of the dogmas and the controversies of the theology of the times. In these pursuits Charles was a docile pupil, and in his first speech to Parliament, to repel the malicious rumour of his inclination towards the Roman See, he proudly declared, "I may, with St. Paul, say, that I have been trained up at Gamaliel's feet."

His father advised the Prince's chaplains, who went to Spain, not to engage in unnecessary disputations on religion; but if challenged, the Prince would be moderator, and observing them smile, he earnestly added—it is said he swore, that "Charles could manage a point in controversy with the best studied divine of ye all." Nor was the commendation partial. In the celebrated conference with the Presbyter Henderson, the King, without books for reference, or a secretary by his side, during a tedious fortnight, (1) fought that memorable theological logomachy, till the hoary adversary of episcopacy, covered with the dust of his library, retired with a broken spirit. It is probable that neither convinced the other; but this did not the less exhaust the old man's vexation, and may have accelerated his death.

To these studies Whitelocke ascribes that aptitude of Charles the First, which enabled him to excel as a summer-up of arguments, and endowed him with such a clear perception in delivering his decisions. The King's readiness in contracting a lengthened, and methodising an involved discussion, was re-

(1) By the Gesta Britannorum of Sir George Wharton, it appears that "this dispute between the King and Mr. Henderson began at Newcastle, May 29th, and it did not end till June 16th."

marked by another great lawyer, Sir Robert Holborne; he observed that "the King could drive a matter into a head with more sharpness than any of his privy council." This readiness was his prominent characteristic, and the King himself was well aware of it. Sensible that he could correct with acute judgment, rather than compose with freedom and fertility, the King carefully revised the papers which he commanded others to write, observing that "he was a better cobbler than a shoemaker."

Lord Bolingbroko has severely ridiculed James the First for his polemical divinity, and a hundred echoes are still multiplying Pope's "Pedant King." But this it is to be a philosopher without being an antiquary; the generalisations of history are too often substituted for the real knowledge of particulars, merely because the philosopher is ignorant of them. An invective against royal pedantry would always be plausible; but the inquiry, whether there were any pedantry at all displayed on this occasion, could not occur to thoso who find it convenient to try events and opinions by the standard of their own age, and who seem to narrow human nature to their own horizon. But to transform our forefathers into ourselves is to lose all likeness of the originals, and to throw into the back ages the notions of our own times is a moral anachronism, a source as fertile of errors as the passions of parties have been of more unjnst misrepresentations. The true historian is a contemporary of the past.

Polemical studies were not the peculiar tastes of James and Charles, as is commonly imagined. Ere the reign of the "Pedant King," and long after, they occupied the most eminent scholars in our nation. They had not been considered unworthy of royalty itself, and it is from a slender volume of polemical divinity, that our sovereigns still derive one of their regal distinctions. Even Elizabeth acknowledged that she had read as much controversial divinity as any divine, and maintained her supremacy in the Church, as well as in the State, by the arguments of which she was a mistress.

Laud put forth his elaborate reply to Fisher, the Jesuit, to repair the open breaches of the beleaguering Romanist; a volume which Charles recommended to his son, to guard him from the artifices of Rome, and which even extorted from the great Puritanic republican, Sir Edward Deering, the applause, that Laud had struck the Papist on the fifth rib. The "Apology for the English Church," by Jewol, was chained in churches, to be opened at all times by the way-faring reader. Were not the days of the learned Usher harassed by the challenges of Jesuits? And after all, however skilfully these might be refuted, that great controversialist felt not always sure that the antidote completely operated against the poison; for, in addressing the Oxford librarian, Usher advised him to be careful that "the English papist-books be kept in n place by themselves, and not placed in the library, for they may prove dangerous." So that a Protestant Archbishop could even resort to the arts of a Spanish Inquisitor, who casts all the volumes of heresy into the darkest corners, or incarcerates them under the strongest locks. Did not Lord Falkland enter the lists with the Roman Catholic, Thomas White, with "A Discourse of Infallibility?" Are that accomplished Lord's learned speech in the House, and his friend the great Chillingworth's treatise on "Episcopacy," to be condemned for that pedantry of polemical divinity which Lord Bolingbroke, with so many others unlearned in British history, ridicule with such a reckless philosophy in James and Charles?

But tbe age of the first Stuarts was pre-eminently an age of POLEMICAL DIVINITY; an age of doctrines and controversies, and what may be justly termed artificial theology. It was then not only a warfare of the Roman tenets with the Protestant creed, but of new races split into Arians and Arminians, and Calvinists, who ambitiously had combined with political parties. The affairs even of Protestant nations were thon connected with synods. Politicians concealod themselves under the short mantle and band of doctors of divinity. The awful themes of predestination,—free-will,—election,—reprobation,—and the resistibility or irresistibility of grace,—the questions whether the essence of God was *quale* and *tantum*, whether his eternity was only an eviternity, and how the Divinity could multiply himself in himself—were the melancholy studies which agitated the irascible spirits of the age. Men seemed to rest their future salvation in enormous folios, which it was easier to devour than to digest. These controversies now only attract the eye by their formidable array as we view their champions marshalled on the shelves of a public library; there only can we judge of that vast consumption of human life which they cost their victims—their writers and

their readers! After the labours and the persecutions, the hatreds and the agonies of long centuries, these doctrines and these dogmas, defended or confuted, were found to be interminable as that memorable dispute between the Dominicans and the Franciscans, which the Pope wisely set at rest by decreeing that it should never be decided! The great policy of Rome, to avoid schisms, has always been to elude the discussion of inconvenient topics.

Futile and nugatory as were the subjects of these disputations between Roman Catholics and Protestants, and ludicrously mean those between the Presbyter and the Episcopalian, yet in that learned age these themes involved the dignity of erudition and the powers of logic; all the resources of a ready, an acute, and a luminous mind. He was the most successful polemic, whose disciplined memory could most promptly flourish the keenest weapons on his own side, while he pressed in triumph on the blunted and broken arms of his antagonist. The assailant was slowly to circumvent, or rapidly to storm, the weakest points of his opponent; but the art to retreat was as great as the skill to attack. In the vacillation of the disputants, victory hung on the subtilty of an argument; and the omission of an authoritative text, or the surprise of an ambiguous one, might shake the whole arrangement of a system of doctrine.

Had these vain and offuscating disputations only tormented the heated heads of a few dreaming recluses, or a few acrid partisans, they would have merited but an obscure notice in the history of England; but they had penetrated into the recesses of domestic life, and theological disputations were constantly carrying on in private houses, in the presence of the head of the family who was gained or lost by the fortune of the Thesis; and there have been families where the disputation, like a law-suit, has devolved from the grandfather to the grandson. The gentry were reading and writing tomes of religious controversy; in the country, whole parishes were disturbed by the public disputations held by the Papist or the Puritan, and many were the lapses of the backsliders into Romanism. Some Protestants, to humble the Puritans, were earnestly looking about for a reunion with the Roman Catholics, for they had observed, not without dread, the Puritanic party, like one in our own times, starting up among all ranks of society.

Let us now draw the curtain, and exhibit the domestic pictures of the Romanist and the Puritan in the days of Charles the First.

The most complete picture of the English Catholics is one by their own hand, touched by the warmth and fulness of secret confidence.

Panzani, the concealed agent of Rome, in a secret report, reckons the English Catholics at one hundred and fifty thousand, forming no inconsiderable portion of the higher class of English subjects. In the first rank of nobility were Catholics, who, though making no open profession, were living in great fear, anxious to preserve the royal favour. When these entertained a disguised priest in their house, it was unknown to their servants, and not even confided to their children. Some, as Protestants, frequented churches, took the oaths, and occasionally spoke against Catholics; yet in their hearts they were papistical, and concealed one or more priests under their roof. Panzani assures his master that almost all the principal Protestant nobility, secular and ecclesiastical, who had died when he was in London, although generally reputed Protestants, had died in the Roman faith.

However partial Panzani's account may be deemed, it is unquestionable that in these times sudden conversions and the flight of many eminent persons to the Continent were frequent. Certain it is also, that persons high in office were secret Romanists. In the curious manuscript memoir of the Capuchins who came over to Henrietta, I found an account of an interview between Charles the First and the Lord Treasurer Weston, who died Earl of Portland. In his last illness, having called for his priest, and embraced all the infallibility of the Roman Catholic Church, his lordship requested to see the King once more, to return into the royal hands his staff, as Lord High Treasurer. The following dialogue ensued:—"Sire, I replace, with respect and gratitude, this staff into the hands of your Majesty, while I deeply regret that I have been less faithful to the service of God than to your Majesty's." "No, no!" replied Charles; "this staff has been well placed in your hands, and there I will have it remain." "Sire," once more replied the relapsed Lord Treasurer, "I am no longer capable of bearing it; first, because I can never recover from my present malady; and secondly, though it may seem odious, I should no longer conceal from your Majesty, that, by the grace of God, I am now a Catholic." "Get but well," said the King, "and the

Catholic religion need not hinder you to keep this staff as an able minister." This case of the Earl of Portland, at the head of the King's cabinet, affords a curious instance of tho duties of office not unfaithfully performed by an Englishman, who at the same time anxiously concealed the real state of his conscience. Clarendon tells us, the Romanists only were those who did not believe this Earl to be a Catholic; but the English only suspected his inclination to Papistry, or as the Capuchin writes the term, which he says is used by our nation, *au Papism*, from the tranquillity tho Romanists under his administration were allowed to enjoy. Nothing in his open conduct or his language betrayed the concealed Catholic. It now appears, by this authentic manuscript, that tho Earl held a private correspondence with the famous Père Joseph of Paris, a Capuchin, who transacted all the secret affairs of Cardinal de Richelieu.

It is evident also that some divinity students were lost in the mists of the artificial theology of Romo; and the secret domination of the missionary priests was so great as to excite the jealousy of tho Papal agent, who has described, in terms which a Protestant might repeat, that "the missionaries enjoy many conveniences in the houses of their patrons, and, being the *directors of the masters and servants, and admitted to all the secrets of the mind*, any one may judgo what ascendancy they acquire." Such, then, was the state of the English Catholics at home; and the sanctity of tho domestic abode was frequently troubled by two religions abhorring each other, under the same paternal roof.

The Romanists more particularly practised on tho infirm sympathies of females; their nervous and seraphic temperament was more easily entranced by an imaginative religion, by the divinities they embraced, by the miracles which flashed before their eyes, by the gorgeous scene of the Roman ceremonial. tho altar, the conser, and the chaunt. Tho illusion of the magical service of the Catholic worship is acknowledged by Panzani. But the female, by her personal influence, was still more actively propagating the espoused doctrines.

The Roman hierarchy has ever experienced the tenderness of the sex; among the first temporal dominions of tho Popes appears the donation of a Countess, and one of the pontiffs obtained the *sobriquet* of *Matronarum Auriscalpius*, "the ear-picker of the ladies," from his adroitness in the art of wheedling.

It is only by entering into the recesses of domestic life, that we can be enabled to form a clear notion of the extraordinary scenes which now occupied the passions of the people. We discover perpetual conferences in private, or, rather, severe wrestling-matches between a Jesuit and a divine. Lord Mordaunt and his lady invite the learned Usher to confer with a priest whom his lordship kept in his house, on the points in dispute between the two Churches. The conference was held several days, when Usher maintaining that the Church of England was *no new religion*, the lady, whose great fear had been its ambiguous novelty, was confirmed in her Protestantism, and the argument against its novelty proved so strikingly novel to his lordship, that he becamo a convert from Papistry. But Usher was not always at hand; his absence, and twenty-four hours to unravel his twisted logic, might have enabled tho perverting priests to produce a new point, and occasion a fresh lapse.

Lady Falkland suddenly declared herself to be a Papist. All her friends, sensible of the disgrace, fly to her with an argument, or a menace; Mr. Montague would terrify her ladyship, that she, dying an English Papist, would die in a state of damnation;—but this was only his assertion! Cozens (afterwards the Bishop) told her that she had sinned damnably, in departing from that Church wherein she was baptized, before she had consulted with its heads; however, he gave her ladyship a few notes, which she sent to her drunken Irish priest, for such he was, and who returned such silly answers, that Cozens would not reply. "If I turn again," said Lady Falkland, "I will turn Puritan, not moderate Protestant; for moderate Protestants, such as Mr. Cozens, are farther from Catholics than Puritans."

But it was the Countess of Buckingham, the mother of the favourite, who formed the highest hope of the Romanists. She had great power over her son. Gondomar, that exquisite wit, wrote to Spain, with an allusion to their own impious custom, "that now, indeed, they might have great hopes of tho English reverting to Catholicism, because, like all good Catholics, more intercession was made to the *Mother* than to the *Son!* When this old lady was passing away to the Church of Rome, James the First, in his zeal, insisted on a conference between the Dean of Carlisle and Fisher the Jesuit. It was at first imagined that the Dean had given

the Jesuit "foil after foil;" but the feminine weakness of the old Countess wavered, and a second conference was required. James then himself would be the arbitrator; and observing that the cunning Jesuit all along had eluded the arguments brought against him, while, in the confirmation of his own tenets, he was extremely weak, his Majesty insisted on setting down in writing the nine points, or questions. To these the Jesuit duly returned "a close and well-wrought answer." A third conference therefore became necessary. The chief point at which the aged Dowager stuck was, what the Jesuit had urged about "an infallible visible Church." Bishop Williams, to cut the matter short,—in giving but not in conceding some points to the Jesuit, yielding in appearance that he might carry his point the more directly, retreating only to advance, seemed, to use the jockey metaphor of the Bishop of Coventry and Lichfield,—"to have put the Jesuit out of his ordinary trot; yet he fell into a shuffling pace, and carried the lady behind him."

But in these religious conferences, the women were not the sole actresses. The times were "pendulous," says Heylin. Amidst these fluctuations of faith, the disturbed mind found no resting-place, while it seemed only to weary itself by its incessant activity. It was a world of waters, where the perishing dove could only live on its wing. It is a curious fact, that Archbishup Land, on his trial, in order to convince his judges of his faithful attachment to the Established Church, read a list of persons whom he had recovered from their lapses into Papistry; and among them is the Lord Duke of Buckingham, who, he adds, "was almost quite gone between the lady, his mother, and his sister." Indeed the Protestantism of the royal favourite must have been in a very ticklish state, for, on his departure to Spain, James told the chaplains, "that he had trained up George so far as to hold the conclusion, though he had not yet made him able to prove the premises." Laud congratulates himself, that, of the number he had recovered, only two had relapsed—the Countess of Buckingham and Sir William Spencer; "it being only in God's power," he observed, "not mine, to preserve them from relapse."

But the member of the Church of England was not only assailed by the English Papists; the peace of the country was equally violated by the English Puritan.

In the manuscript diary of Sir Symond D'Ewes a puritanic scene opens to us. His father and himself and a clergyman held a "passionate dispute" about the "assurances" of salvation. The clergyman maintained that there could be no real assurance in this world; for men, subject to many sins, were apt to deceive themselves. D'Ewes affirmed, that this was the tenet of the Romanists; but that the Church of England held that God's children, or "the elect," in this life might attain to a certain knowledge of their own future salvation by faith. His father sided with the clergyman—"a man," adds D'Ewes, "who, holding two livings in two several shires, did not much trouble himself in making sure his inheritance in a better world." Some time after, this clergyman, having conned over a certain book by one Perkins, it overset his whole system, and drew an acknowledgment from him to the father of the soundness of his son's principles. This appears to have been an unexpected triumph for young D'Ewes. He now felt uneasy, having converted a clergyman, lest his arguments could possibly admit of any refutation. He set down more earnestly to watch his syllogisms, and to see there was no leak between his premises and his corollaries; ringing them at all corners to try their soundness. Having got his servant to transcribe them fairly, his father read and approved. This family document of faith is perhaps still coffered among the antiquities of our antiquaries' collections. Such incidents were daily occurring in families, without always terminating so peaceably.

At this day, what should we think of the Premier and the highest officers of Government summoning a cabinet council to meet at York House, where Buckingham presided, to attend a conference between four divines on metaphysical points of religious doctrines—on predestination, grace, and free-will?—Or the House of Commons debating on the heresy of Dr. Richard Montague; on which occasion Pym delivered a report which electrified the House, who, no longer conceiving that only divines were capable to decide on divinity, decreed that the Doctor's doctrines were Pelagian and Arminian, tending to the disturbance of Church and State. The Arminian doctrine, which the Synod of Dort condemned, and of which we hear so much during this period of our history, has been reduced to five articles against predestination, in favour of free-will, of the nature of grace, and on similar points. It would be

very difficult for the reader unacquainted with these subjects to associate any *political principles* of Popery, or arbitrary power, with such mystical notions. Yet Rapin, a French Protestant, and all the writers of the Puritanic party, attached this odium to them, and because some of the early patrons of Arminius (such as Laud) advocated arbitrary government, Arminianism became the sin of the Court. Was not Arminianism a palliative for the terrible Calvinism of the Articles and Homilies? These five Arminian articles were so far from being connected with Popery and arbitrary power, that Tindal observes that they are generally received by the Church of England, and are the creed of thousands. John Wesley founded his system of faith on Arminian principles.

A reader of our popular histories has possibly entertained no notion of the state of affairs which we have described, yet effects will always be imperfectly comprehended without a knowledge of their causes. We are apt to consider the reigns of James and Charles only as the epoch of the struggle of popular freedom; but that glorious struggle was deeply obscured by exertions not less energetic, though less pure, less patriotic, less ennobling, by the mean designs of contracted minds, and by the intrigues of rival factions, who alike condemned the sovereign, who would yield to neither, and sank beneath both.

If James and Charles, then, were versed in the disputations of the Romanists and the Puritans, it was not only the feelings of the age which might have occasioned such scholastic skill, but the interests of their Crown, since in these disputations they were defending the principles of their government in Church and State. In England, the Romanists were a faction suppressed, but not extinguished; and a suppressed faction, though it run into all corners to hide itself, yet loses nothing of its dangerous activity. In fact, the subtle Papists were now playing fast and loose, while their priests were masking themselves under fictitious names, and dressing themselves in lay charactors. At this day we may smile at James the First in his retirement, having at his leisure hours the Bishop of Winchester to read over to him the four tomes of Cardinal Bellarmine's Controversies, and dispatching a special messenger to the libraries at Cambridge for volumes to collate the quotations, and to refute the arguments. We may smile, too, at his lively conference at Hampton Court; but he knew well the "men of parity," who were for modelling the Government, each man according to his particular notion; the rabid Presbyters, who, howling at the surplice as "a rag of prelacy," and dashing into pieces the idolatry of painted glass, aimed at nothing short of abolishing the sovereignty and the hierarchy together. Thus these polemical studies were, in fact, political ones. The Reformation had made the study of Polemical Divinity in England a general pursuit—a study for which, it may be said, mankind have a natural disposition. Doubtless there were some disputants who, gifted with a more enlarged comprehension, felt that in these controversies were implicated other interests than those of the soul, and other attributes than those of Omnipotence. Doubtless, in combating the infallibility of the Pope, the illustrious Falkland felt that he was vindicating the political independence of his country; and are we to believe that, in supporting that infallibility, the Jesuit White was unmindful of the lustre which, from the success of his syllogism, must necessarily be reflected on his order? But the motives of the great mass of the nation were more spiritual and less enlightened. The study, however, was universal, and its effects consequently not less general. Doubt and dogmatism pervaded all ranks, and, as usually happens where new systems are broached, and ancient ones canvassed, in most cases the scepticism was as to the propriety of the existing order, and the certainty as to the fitness of the theoretical. Was the monarch then, of all men, alone to be ignorant, uninterested, and inactive, when he surely, of all men, was most interested in the result? which, to say the least, was a decision whether he and his people should bend to the foreign despotism of the Romish tiara, or degenerate into the mongrel rabble of the Presbytery of Geneva!

CHAPTER IV.

Secret History of the Spanish Match.

Modern history affords no parallel to the narrative of the projected, proffered, accepted, and at length broken-off match of Prince Charles of England with the Infanta of Spain. In the suspended march of that mysterious story, the thread, so finely spun and so often dropped, is still taken up with "the eagerness and trembling of the fancy." We have to trace the open shows of things, and their

under-workings—the contrasted characters of the illustrious actors in the combination of uncommon incidents—the chivalry of the English Prince embraced by Castilian magnanimity—the honour of two great nations awaiting the issue of a love-story, and the winding up of its action in the grand unexpected catastrophe of a naval war. Tilts and tournaments had become obsolete; and no single knight-errant was suspected to be abroad on a pilgrimage of love, when Charles, by one audacious flight, startled the slumbering genius of the folio romance.

The gallantry of Charles was, like the other parts of his character, somewhat serious and intense. The state of the youthful Prince at this moment is ingeniously described in a letter *ab Ignoto*, probably the suggestion of Buckingham, to the Conde de Gondomar, in which the writer points at the danger of a cold delay with a spirit so youthfully eager and so fanciful!

"The Prince is extremely sharp set upon this match; and you know that a hawk, when she is first dressed and made ready to fly, having a great will upon her, if the falconer do not follow it at the time, she is in danger to be dulled for ever after. The Prince, you know, was thought slow enough to begin to be eager after the feminine prey; take heed, therefore, lest in the fault of your delays he grows dull, and in short time he will not stoop to the lure, though it were thrown out to him."

The Spanish Match is one of those passages in our history, which, inexplicable to its contemporaries, has been found equally perplexing to our latest historical inquirers. Hume has remarked "that James having, by *means inexplicable from all rules of politics*, conducted so near an honourable end the marriage of his son, and the restoration of his son-in-law, failed at last of his purpose by *means equally unaccountable*." Of the parties concerned, who were the deceivers, and who the deceived? Or, if there were any sincerity in the treaty, what causes broke off the projected alliance? Sir David Dalrymple observed, "how imperfect all the printed accounts were of the Spanish match; yet the learned in British history," said he, "*well know* that these secret and interesting transactions may be explained from papers hitherto unpublished." Dalrymple must have alluded to that ample correspondence which, twelve years after this announcement, Lord Hardwicke drew from the Harleian Collection, for his "Miscellaneous State Papers." Since then, I have discovered a memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, (1) the secret agent of James and Charles, which has thrown a clearer light on this involved piece of secret history, and with the aid of some fresh materials, holding this "goodly clue" of many threads in our hand, we shall perhaps now feel our way through the labyrinth.

James endured the reproaches of his own day, and his character must still bear the traditional obloquy, for not precipitating a Continental war, to maintain the weak Palsgrave in the ambitious career by which he lost his patrimony, when that prince assumed a crown which he could not hold. To the English nation, the vital interests of the reformed religion seemed in peril. James was censured for indifference to the Protestant cause, an inclination to Popery, and deficient zeal as to the condition of his rash son-in-law. Yet, though James, from his notions, could never sanction the Palsgrave's assumption of the Bohemian crown, he seems nevertheless to have been unjustly blamed, for the restitution of the Palatinate was the unceasing object of his thoughts, as a father and a sovereign; or, as Lord Bristol elegantly expressed it, "in nature and honour." The restoration of the Palatinate had been attempted in all the multiform shapes, and through all the open and indirect roads of patient and delusive negotiations. James the First had dispatched Gerbier to sound the German princes. This secret agent discovered that "the union," or Protestant League, as "unions" in politics are often found to be, was widely disunited; and the Calvinist and the Lutheran were hateful rivals. Neither the French nor the Hollanders, nor even Sweden and Denmark, would stir for the Palatinate. A few poor German princes were not unwilling to be subsidised monthly; but James had no periodical bullion casks to keep up their parade days. The little Protestant princes were either averse to risk their own equivocal condition, or were divided by opposite interests, while many of these very Protestant princes were actually the allies of the Romish Emperor. The English agent, Gerbier, was treated so coolly on this occasion, that the Prince Elector of Treves and another prince hinted at "such public incendiaries who would engage princes in unnecessary wars with their neighbours; besides," they

(1) Sloane MSS. 4181.

added, "in these days, God did not send prophets more to the Protestants than to others." And yet the clamour for war continued, year after year, in our country. It may be sometimes a question, whether a war, originating in the passions of the English people, or even tending to their beneficial interest, is necessarily to be adopted by the British Cabinet. Even in the general cause of freedom, we are too apt to imagine the sympathies of foreigners; we forget that they have their own national prejudices, their ancient customs, and the rooted interests of predominant parties, affections stronger than even the love of freedom!

The pacific King certainly long hesitated, as he himself expresses it, "to undertake a public war of religion through all the world at once;" while our popular writers of history are still echoing the politics of the wise "walkers in Paul's," who were for levying armies without raising subsidies.

The negotiations for the Palatinate were grafted on those for a family alliance with Spain. James the First had often regretted that the dignity of an English monarch was impaired by his religion, for none of the great continental sovereigns being Protestants, the Prince of Wales could not be matched in his own rank. The project of a Spanish alliance had in it all the magnificence he desired; but both the negotiations languished through all the tediousness of diplomacy. It is known how that delightful literary ambassador, Gondomar, kept James in play some seven years, with merry tales and quaint quips, and most compliant promises, which it was the business of Olivarez to mystify by the return of the courier. A grand *coup-d'état* was projected at once to strike at the secret, whether the Court of Madrid were in earnest, and could be induced to terminate both these important discussions, by accepting the proffered alliance with the family of Stuart, breathed from the lips of the princely Celadon himself to the fair Infanta. With whom this eccentric project originated has been often and vainly asked. Was it a flower of the Spanish fancy of Gondomar? The Earl of Bristol charges Buckingham with having concerted measures with the Spaniard, to carry away the Prince to Madrid. Charles, indeed, declared in Parliament, as Bishop Hacket expresses it, that "the heroic thought started out of his own brain to visit the Court of Madrid;" but that declaration might have been designed to screen Buckingham from Parliamentary responsibility; or the Prince, yet green in manhood, might have mistaken the whispered suggestion for his own preconceived design. The Duke confidentially imparted to Gerbier, that it was himself who struck out this bold invention. Clarendon has recorded of the high-spirited Charles, that "the Prince loved adventures." One of unexampled splendour was now open to him! The universal fears of the nation for the personal safety of the Prince in the hands of Spain, Buckingham told Gerbier, he considered as groundless; Spain could acquire nothing even by the loss of the Prince of Wales; for the Protestant succession was secured in the progeny of Elizabeth of Bohemia, and the honour of Spain was immaculate.

We are told in the declaration to Parliament, in the account given of the motives of this extraordinary journey, that James the First had commanded the Duke to accompany the Prince; but the truth is, that when this knight-errantry was discussed, James, as usual, wisely remonstrated. Charles, like a young Prince, only shed tears in silence, but Buckingham's violence to extort his consent threw the aged and infirm monarch into an agony; for, on this secret journey, no council was to be held, the pilgrims were to wander in secrecy and silence. James was reminded that he had himself set the gallant example; for when the Scottish fleet had caught the first fresh breezes, to waft over Anne of Denmark, the monarch, unobserved of any, conveyed himself on board; "a resolution," the Scottish monarch nobly said, "which he would not confide to any of his council, that no one might incur responsibility for having consented to the absence of the Sovereign."

The Prince and the minister journeyed together *incog.*, accompanied only by Sir Richard Grahan, a creature of the Marquis; unpractised travellers! they strangely blundered, or found their faces too eminent to be hidden. Though their persons were disguised by long beards, and Tom and Jack Smith familiarised their names, they were often at a fault. They flung a piece of gold to a ferryman at Gravesend, which cast the fellow into such a melting tenderness, that, to prevent the deadly quarrel he imagined these unhappy but liberal gentlemen were hastening beyond sea to terminate, he raised a hue and cry, which, as they journeyed on sorry hacks, arrested them at Canterbury.

The heir apparent and the Lord Admiral stood before the Mayor, when Buckingham, taking his worship aside, was compelled to unbeard, and assure him that they were going secretly to inspect the fleet. The trembling magistrate was let into a state secret! At Dover, Sir Francis Cottington and Endymion Porter had a vessel ready, which landed them at Boulogne. They had left their beards on the shores of Britain, and on the road to Paris chanced to fall into company with two German gentlemen returning from England, perfectly acquainted with Steenie's fair countenance, and with the stately personage of his prince, both of whom they had not long ago seen at Newmarket. The Germans expressed their opinion; but Dick Graham had the ingenuity to unpersuade them; though they could not avoid hinting that "the hardest thing in the world is to unbelieve our senses." At Paris, having bought periwigs, "to overshadow their foreheads," they were admitted among the crowd at the French Court, where Charles, for the first time, saw the Princess Henrietta, rehearsing a masquing dance. There is no algebra to discover the unknown qualities of moral probabilities; what vaticinator would have ventured to predict, least of all men would Charles himself have believed—that his Queen was then before him? The Count de Brienne, in his contemporary memoirs, relates that the Prince and the Duke were "surprised by the beauty of the ladies at Court; but that no one struck the Prince more than Madame Henriette." I give this as an instance of those self-suggestions which a writer of memoirs is apt to indulge, by connecting in his mind preceding with subsequent events. By an autograph letter I have seen of the Prince, to his father, among the royal letters in the British Museum, he appears not to have been struck by any mysterious sympathies; his letter shows, that he was most moved by the beauty of the more important personage, at that moment, the Queen of France, the radiant whiteness of whose complexion, and whose arts of coquetry, afterwards produced such a madness in Buckingham. When the Earl of Holland was afterwards at Paris to negotiate the French match, the Queen of Louis XIII. regretted that when Prince Charles saw them practise their masques, Madame, her sister, (Henriette,) "was seen at so much disadvantage by him, afar off, and in a dark room, whose person and face has most loveliness when considered nearly."

The companions escaped through France, not without peril. Floating rumours preceded, and couriers were behind them. The Government had already some intimation of the two extraordinary travellers. At Bordeaux, the Duke d'Epernon balanced in his mind whether he should allow them to proceed; and at Bayonne, where they wore "five riding coats, all of one colour and fashion, in a kind of noble simplicity," the governor considered them as five ambiguous personages. A slight occurrence might have brought some trouble. It was Lent-time, and no meat was procurable at the inns. Near Bayonne they met a herd of goats, on which Dick Graham, now master of the horse to the Marquis, but erst "an underling of low degree in his stable," and moreover a Scotchman, told the Marquis that "he could snap up one of those kids, and make a shift to carry it to their lodgings." The Prince, overbearing the proposal, cried out, "Richard, do you think that you may practise here your old border tricks?" After having ordered the goatherd to be paid for his kid, the Prince himself rode after the animal, and shot the prey in the head.

Alone and disguised at night, on the 7th of March, the Marquis and the Prince alighted at the house of Lord Bristol, at Madrid, "never merrier in their lives." Tom Smith (the Marquis) entered with his portmanteau under his arm, but Jack kept in the dark on the opposite side of the street, with the postilion. Tom opened with a story about some messenger of the Earl's, who, he said, had been robbed. While he was speaking, Buckingham was recognised, and they flew to conduct the Prince to his chamber. On this occasion we have a letter from Lord Bristol, which he calls "a distracted dispatch," so full "of admiration, of joy," and, had he written his thoughts, he might have added, "of despair." This secret journey was a thunderstroke. It reversed the whole system of politics; a treaty which had been maturing for years, and which, as it appeared to Bristol, was on the very point of conclusion, was now to be thrown into the hands of his ungovernable rival, amidst all the inconveniences which his political brain could conjure up.

Bristol now dreaded "those accidents which ordinarily fall out at the interview of princes, wherein difference of custom or religion may raise disasters, and the emulation which groweth between their chief servants

and ministers, whereby often the affairs of their masters are disordered and hazarded, so that friendship and amity is seldom bettered or increasod."

On Saturday morning, after Secretary Cottington and Endymion Porter had come, a mesage was sent to Gondomar, who, learning Buckingham's arrival, apprehended that the Prince was not far off. An interview of Buckingham with Olivarez followed. The Lord Admiral was introduced by a secret passage to the King's private room, and in this audience the feelings of the youthful monarch of Spain are described by Bristol:— "I never saw the Spanish gravity laid aside before, nor any man more overtaken with joy than the King was, for he secretly understood of the Prince's being here." The Conde Olivarez hastens to cast himself on his knees. In his rapture he exclaims, that "the Infanta ought to be thrown into his arms; she should be his mistress, if she could not be his wife!" and turning to Buckingham, he said, "Now our masters may divide the world!" The Prince intimating his desire to see the Infanta, a royal party was made to meet in their coaches in the Prado. Thrice they passed; the Infanta wore a blue ribbon about her arm to distinguish her; and all the world witnessed, if we may trust Howel, the deep blush mantling her face as Charles gazed on her. The young Spanish monarch, impatient to embrace his chivalric guest, offered to wait on the Prince, who, in return, proposed going to the palace; but, in the struggle of courtesy, it was fixed that they should meet at night on the Prado. Charles found the King waiting, with his cloak muffling his face. He hastened to the Prince, who met him halfway, and, embracing, the Spanish Monarch and the English Prince entered the royal coach together, with Bristol for their interpreter.

The pleasant subtile Gondomar, having on the following day been sworn into the council of state, told the Prince, with his accustomed political mystification, that he had strange news to communicate, which was that an Englishman had been sworn in as a privy counsellor of Spain. Gondomar was perpetually declaring that he was an Englishman in his heart, notwithstanding the affronts he had so often received from the English mob, or apprentices, of whom the mob then chiefly consisted, and whom he called "the London boys."

All honours were decreed, all rejoicings were commanded. It was ordered in council that Prince Charles should enter the palace accompanied by those ceremonials of state which were observed at the coronation of the Spanish monarchs; and that the Prince should take precedence of the King, attended by a numerous guard of honour. The King sent the Prince a golden key, which opened the royal privy apartments; that he might have free access at all hours; and the Queen sent her presents to the English Prince, with feminine taste, elegant as well as rich. They consisted of a great basin of massy gold, which was borne by two men; a curiously embroidered night-gown was folded in it. Two trunks bound with bands of pure gold, and studded with nails of gold, with locks and keys of gold; the covorings and linings of amber leather, and filled with fine linen and perfumes. These were accompanied by a rich writing-desk, every drawer of which was full of rarities and curiosities. And that every public appearance might respond to the joyous occasion, the sumptuary laws against excess in apparel were suspended, and the people were invited to ruin their families in emulative costliness. The rapture was universal. At Charles's public entrance into Madrid, hangings of arras, and pictures, adorned the houses; scaffolds were raised in the streets; knots of people were all day shouting; orations and poems were recited in every corner—processions were passing—trains of magnificent equipages were moving, and gorgeous liveries flamed in the sun. The royalty of Spain was abroad, and the glory of the Court and kingdom adorned a day such as Madrid had never seen.

The public voice had already married the Infanta; and the burthen of a song, by Lope de Vega, was echoed by the populace:—

"Carlos Estuardo soy,
Que siendo amor mi guia,
Al cielo d'Espana voy
Per ver mi estrella Maria."

"Charles Stuart I am,
Whom Love has guided afar;
To the heaven of Spain I came,
To see Maria my star."

But what was the rumour? What were the politics of the people? "The Prince of England had come for a wife, and to be a Christian?" The purport of this extraordinary visit was imagined to be Charles's determination to make his conversion secretly or openly, and this appears at first to have

been the notion even of Olivarez. Indeed it was difficult for a Spaniard to conceive any other.

Among a superstitious people, whatever they desire must be sanctioned by augury or omen, and whenever a great public event happens, they require nothing less than the attestation of a particular interposition of Providence. Heaven and nature must move to consecrate their temporary passions. This irrational devotion regulates the feelings of a papistical people, and, according to the inclinations of the governors, blind ignorance is supplied with favourable or unfavourable demonstrations. In the rapture with which Charles was received by the Spanish nation, and perhaps with some vague prepossession of his conversion to Papistry, these were not wanting, and the priest had prepared the miracle! Seven months previous to the arrival of Charles, the country had suffered greatly from drought. On the Prince's arrival, the weather changed; genial showers fell, and abundant harvests succeeded the dread of famine. The most fruitful season known in the memory of man was, they said, brought by the English Prince. This was a great and particular Providence for all Spain; but it was necessary to have a minor omen for Madrid; something which the Court and the mob might witness with their own eyes; and, behold! since Charles had lodged in the palace, a single pigeon—a pigeon where pigeon had never been seen before—roosted continually above the window of his apartment, fed by no human hand, yet never quitting its chosen seat to travel for food. "These little trifles, among those superstitious people, are very much observed," says one of Charles's suite.

All now was the holiday of life, and the romance of the princely lover was at length opened. He ran at the ring, in presence of his mistress, and had the good fortune to carry it at the first course; and this chivalric achievement was one more auspicious omen. Although Castilian etiquette did not allow the Prince to be in private with the Infanta, this circumstance only the more inflamed his ideal passion. At the court theatre the Prince stood with his eyes immovably fixed upon the Infanta for half an hour together, and, as Howel expresses the enamouring reverie, "in a thoughtful speculative posture." Charles watched her progress from church to church, and tracked her carriage through the streets. The Infanta having gone one morning to the *Casa di Campo*, to gather maydew, the Prince rose with the sun, and, accompanied by Endymion Porter, explored the house and garden. Not finding *La Dame de ses pensées*, the rover pursued his way into the orchard, where a wall and a double-bolted door opposed his passage. Love hath wings; the Prince scaled the wall, and, resolutely leaping down from the height, hastened towards her; the Infanta shrieked and fled! The old Marquis, her guardian, falling on his knees, implored the Prince to consider for a moment that the hoary head of his suppliant was at stake.

A sedate majesty in Prince Charles, a manly beauty, temperate habits, and a thoughtful mind, were congenial with this grave people. The romantic visit by which the Prince had thrown himself into their arms had electrified the nation, and drawn all Spanish hearts towards the hope of England. The Prince of Wales was covered with the prodigal honours of the Court of Madrid; the name of Carlos Estuardo moved on the lips of the people.

But Charles stood alone among his countrymen; and, above all, Buckingham offered a provoking contrast to his master. The airy freedom of his manners, often degenerating into the grossest licentiousness of conduct, was never to be forgiven by the offended Majesty of Philip, and the contemptuous pride of Olivarez. Buckingham's indecorous habits, like all his actions, lie open to the world; and his inconsiderate familiarity had often provoked many serious altercations with the Prince during their residence at Madrid. (1) But there was a charm in the frankness of his nature, a joyousness in his temper, which

(1) We possess a voluminous catalogue of his minutest improprieties, and his more flagrant outrages, printed in "The Cabala," by James Wadsworth, the author of the English Spanish Pilgrim, whose father taught the English language to the Infanta. This man, an English Jesuit, on his return home renounced his Catholicism, dubbing himself Captain, and by Laud's history, 304, was one of "the common messengers, whose business was to take up Popish priests." This renegado appears to have been a loose liver in every respect. The charges were doubtless exaggerated, for the minutest is not lost in the enumeration. Buckingham called the Prince ridiculous names, in mere playfulness, and admitted the lowest women into the King's palace. He fell ill at Madrid, from political vexation, or some other cause, and the Court of Spain declared that "they would rather put the Infanta into a well than into his hands."

partly redeemed the follies of the hour, though these left a wound which could never be healed in the moral gravity and the stateliness of the Spaniard.

The English in the suite of Charles acted as freely as they talked; they were mostly ill-chosen. Some of them were the hare-brained parvenus of Buckingham. A groom had been promoted to be the Duke's "Master of the Horse;" another menial attendant was now "Gentleman of the Bed-chamber." The national antipathies in religion and in manners were perpetually clashing. The superstitions of this "kingdom of priests" were more particularly brought under the English eye; when the Irish priests would tamper with the English, the sturdy Protestant often closed a tough point of theology on the broken head of the weaker Papist; and all this in a land where the haughtiest Don trembled to touch irreverently the meanest friar. The interposition of Gondomar, or the policy of the Government at that moment, saved more than one Briton from the remorseless tribunal of the priesthood. A rumour, that the heretics had no religious service (prayers being only read in Charles's apartment), occasioned the printing of our Liturgy in Spanish, which was dispatched from England to repel the aspersion, and must now be among the rarest books in Spain. The ridiculous contrast, as it seemed to the London "gallant," of Spanish pride and Spanish poverty, the sombre Madrid, and the ceremonious Hidalgo, wearied those who had ever on their tongues "Sweet England!"—"Most of our company," says one of them, "did nothing else but play at cards; for, to say truth, there was nothing to be done else." The only precious commodity they wished to take from Spain, when they had travelled through its sterile land, was "their good air to join our earth, that England might be the happiest spot on earth."

From this close intercourse among the persons of such different customs, and such opposite nations, our sagacious ambassador had foreseen, from the moment of the Prince's arrival, the consequence of all those incidents which were now following fast one on the other. Buckingham's political conduct was not less offensive than his moral. His native rashness was urged on by a double spur; he was receiving accounts from England of formidable intrigues against him; even Bishop Williams, the Lord Keeper, was confidentially warning his patron of some "ungrateful devils;" a *corps diplomatique*, by the way, of which he himself was the great demon, for he was the double of himself, the *Fouché* of the day. Buckingham would have broken by violence the dilatoriness, from time immemorial, of the Spanish Cabinet; he kicked at the tortoise to quicken its motion, but, secure in its sacred shell, he only rendered it motionless. The King refused any longer to treat with *him*; and Olivarez having insinuated that the Duke had given some hope of the Prince's conversion,—to his diplomatic consternation, received *the lie!*

The Prince had already lost his wager of "a horse of forty pieces" with Sir Richard Wynne, that he would land in England in June,—it was now September. England with one voice was calling for her Charles; the father was in tears for his son. In Madrid, the sight of the Prince of England had become cheap and common. At an earlier period, on a report of the rout of Tilly's army, the great minister, in consternation and haste, had knelt to Charles, and talked of offering a blank for him to fill up with his own conditions, for the restitution of the Palatinate; but now, when the authentic news arrived that Brunswick was utterly defeated, Olivarez became silent, and his visits rare; his *palabras de complimiento*, as he sometimes called all his fine promises, condescended to become very coarse and familiar. He said now, that "the Prince was watching the Infanta like a cat does a mouse;" and, when pressed to hasten the departure of the English, Charles himself has given the ambiguous kindness of his answer; that "he would throw us all out of Spain as soon as he could!" The same old difficulties were ever and anon starting up. The Conde would patch this "mingled yarn," and audaciously propose, that the son of the Palatine should marry the Emperor's daughter, and be brought up in the Court of Vienna, which implied a conversion. And when Charles demanded whether, in case the Emperor proved refractory, the King of Spain would assist with arms to bring him to reasonable terms, the Conde replied, that it was a state maxim, that the King of Spain must not employ his army against the House of Austria. On this, Charles protested to Olivarez. "Look to it, Sir! for if you hold yourself to that, there is an end of all! for without this you may not rely upon either marriage or friendship!" I have read in a letter of the times, that when the English minister pressed Olivarez to

oblige his master in the affair of the Palatinate, which would preserve for Spain a friend for life, that profound statesman observed, "Ah, Sir! Kings have no gratitude!"

Olivarez, however, sometimes indulged in a vein of good Spanish humour. When they seemed to be waiting only for the ratification by the new Pope, the Conde told the Duke, "Now certainly it must be a match, and the devil could not break it!" The Duke thought so, and added, "The match had need be very firm and strong, for it had been *seven years* in soldering!" The Conde, as a mark of his unreserved confidence, then showed the Duke a letter from the King with his answer. This was designed as a proof that the match had not been really intended *seven months!* a State secret which mystified the whole business;—they were now walking in a mist. This royal letter has come down to us merely from the recollections of Sir Walter Aston, who, though allowed to translate it before the Prince, was not suffered to take a copy. We may suspect it to have been a political *ruse* of the subtle Spaniard. Of their sincerity, however, at this time, I have discovered an irrefragable evidence in a very extraordinary incident. The confessor to the Infanta gave out his opinions unreservedly in opposition to the marriage — he was checked for these opinions, and solemnly warned of their consequences, but the friar persisted at the risk of martyrdom. The Infanta became excessively melancholy, she was observed to avoid her suitor, and to retire into privacy. The friar was seldom absent from her presence; in the secrecy of the confessional he alarmed her delicacy, and worked on her mind by religious horrors. "Do you know," said he, "what evil and what curse you are incurring?—you will have to sleep every night by the side of a naked man, and that man condemned to hell fires." The health of the Princess declined; the friar might have baffled all the intrigues of both Cabinets, but they presented him one morning with a fatal cup of chocolate. (1) Sometimes the Conde proposed that the marriage treaty should conclude without the difficult appendix of the restitution of the Palatinate, "for then," said the Corvantic Olivarez, "it could not fail; for the Infanta might beg it on her knees!" That zealous explosion of feeling which flung the lie into the face of the grave diplomatist, to beat back the treasonable insinuation of the Prince's conversion, concluded the interviews of these ministers. This discourtesy had become absolutely necessary; even the Earl of Bristol had been alarmed by the Madrid reports, and Olivarez had unquestionably forfeited his pledge, that he would never touch on the Prince's religion. The proud minister told Charles, that, if he would profess himself a son of the Romish Church, Spain would yield all his desires, and it lay with himself to be the wealthiest and the most powerful monarch in Europe. The reply of the young Prince has come down to us—"My Lord, you have broken your word with me; but I will not break my faith with God!"

There was an idle report that Prince Charles designed to decamp secretly from Spain, as if he had considered himself in personal danger; a suspicion in which Castilian honour was involved. It was nobly answered on Charles's side, that "if love had brought him there, it was not fear that should drive him away."

While the ministers were thus playing at cross-purposes, the chief personages themselves were more tenderly intimate. The King urged the Prince to delay his return till spring, that he might accompany the Infanta home. She, not tearless, complained, with all a woman's feelings, that "if the Prince loved her he would stay for her;"—and when Charles assured her, that "his heart would never be out of anxiety till her feet had pressed on British land," she answered with a modest blush, so accurate is the record of love! "that should she be in danger on the ocean, or indisposed by the rolling waves, she would be cheered by remembering all the way to whom she was going." These formal speeches seem to have been taken out of "the Academy of Compliments;" and Charles, who had flown to Madrid a romantic lover, was now, we may suspect, leaving it more warmed by politics than passion.

Buckingham set off alone to the ships, without taking a ceremonious leave at Court. He was now utterly anti-Spanish, and sullenly brooding over a French alliance. The Spanish monarch himself, with all the magnificence of his Court, would accompany

(1) I read this circumstance in a secret letter from Lord Bristol to James I., in the Conway Papers, those valuable documents to which Horace Walpole alludes, now descended to the possession of the Marquis of Hertford. Long a prey of damp and neglect, the fragments, now carefully arranged, lamentably show that we have lost one of the most interesting collections of secret history.

Prince Charles. On their way to the sea-side, a festival awaited them at the Escurial, that Spanish eighth wonder of the world! On leaving this palace and its enchanting gardens, a stag lodged in their way — the horn was blown and the chase was roused. The stag, which was breathed well, dropped beside a wood, where, the ceremonies of the death performed, the hunters were reminded of their exercise by their keen appetite. Turning into the wood, a scene, as if prepared by magic, opened; a magnificent repast was spread before them, on a table canopied with green boughs. Cool shades and exquisite viands in a moment dissipated heat and hunger. After this refection, Philip once more repeated, that the confidence of the Prince in having entrusted his royal person to his care had for ever endeared him in his brotherly affection; Charles again reiterated his vows for Philip's fair sister. A marble column had already been erected as a monument of alliance and amity. These royal personages, laying their hands on the pillar, in a mutual embrace ratified the marriage-treaty that was on the point of rupture, and the grand alliance which was about to terminate in a war. Politics is an art, admitting neither love nor friendship.

From the moment of Prince Charles's landing at Portsmouth, the whole nation was struck with that popular madness which has often seized on us. All eyes sought the idol of their hearts, the aged blessed the day they had lived to witness, public societies and private families were offering up their religious thanks. On his entrance into London, the universal joy made an universal festival; tables were spread in the streets, the wine and sack were flowing from the conduits. London, and far beyond its environs, appeared day after day in a conflagration of bonfires, and the bells pealing through the night proclaimed the return of the solitary hope of the nation. (1) Charles more than once received the same ardent testimonies from the populace. Is it strange that a Prince, once so loved, should afterwards have been at a loss to account for the estrangement of the affections of "the headstrong multitude?" They who are the victims of such passions can rarely discover the causes of what Sir Henry Wotton so happily describes as "the lubricity of popular favour." The memory of early gratitude or early flattery is scarcely to be effaced even by injuries; and he, who in his perplexity is forced to sit in judgment upon himself, will appeal to the people against the people.

The Prince and Buckingham hastened to Royston. The King met them on the stairs, and the Prince and the Duke kneeling, the old King fell on their necks, and wept. Then, shutting all out, they held a conference for four hours, late in the night. The secrets of palaces are hard to get at, but the news-letter writers have speculated on this conference. The eaves droppers, on these critical interviews, are not without authority for us minute chroniclers! The attendants at the door sometimes heard a still voice, and then a loud one; sometimes it was laughter, and sometimes chafing; but such was the variety of tones, that they could not conjecture the tendency or the close of this conference. In a word, these very reports present the true and fantastic image of this whole history. The grand secret was supposed to have broken out at supper, when James openly expressed his content, that, *since the restitution of the Palatinate was no farther advanced by the Spaniards, matters should rest as they were.* The old King, with that pointed sententiousness he frequently used, said, that "he liked not to marry his son with a portion of his daughter's tears." (2)

We might infer, from the language which James publicly used on this occasion, that on the English side now the project of a Spanish union was entirely given up. James, however, still temporised, still dreading a war. In Spain, after the departure of the Prince, the King continued to be, to all appearance, seriously occupied in favour of the match.

(1) The most preposterous terrors were formed by the people of the effects of the Spanish match. In the MS. Journal of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, it appears that some dreaded an intention of the Jesuits to get rid of the King and Prince, by poison or other means, whenever "the Spanish Lady," who would then survive them, could train up her children in the Romish religion, and re-establish popery in England! The same national terror was by no means dissipated afterwards by the French match.

(2) I have seen a letter from James to the Earl of Bristol, 13th Nov. 1623, in the Conway Papers, where this domestic monarch uses the same paternal language. Alluding to some movements in the Palatinate by Spain, unfavourable to a restitution, James observes, that "he must now receive satisfaction from the King of Spain in the affairs of the Palatinate, for he cannot abandon his interests, and it would not be proper, when *receiving one daughter in joy and content* (the Infanta), *to leave another in tears and sighs* (Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia).

He had a gallery erected in the streets, covered with the richest tapestry, to conduct "the Princess of Wales" in the magnificent solemnity of the *deposorios*. When the dispensation arrived from Rome, the ordnance resounded the joyful news, and the illuminated city reflected the zeal of the populace. The household of the Infanta was arranged, the presents and the large portion prepared, even the love-letter to the Prince, and the dutiful epistle to the father, to be dispatched on the day, were already composed. (1) These open preparations were afterwards the derision of the Gazettes over Europe; but it must be confessed that they most clearly prove the earnestness of the Spaniards. We cannot therefore believe, as it is usually maintained, that the Spanish match was merely a bait designed to be gorged by James's credulity. Neither had Philip been duped by James; for in England, as we may find by manuscript letters of the time, the same preparations had occurred. We hear that "the new chapel for the Infanta goes on in building;" (2) and there was a chapel erected for her at St. James's, of which Don Carlos Colonna laid the first stone. We find also that a deputation of the nobility had set out for Southampton to receive the Spanish Princess, to repair the high roads, and to get ready shows and pageants, for which latter purpose Inigo Jones, and Allen the player, accompanied them. The sincerity of both the principal parties, therefore, is unquestionable; what then was the consternation in Madrid, when the proxy which Charles had deposited with Bristol was ordered to be kept back till its power was suffered to expire! Mutual recriminations followed, and then it was that Philip ordered the Infanta to drop her title of Princess of Wales.

In the Spanish match James had a complex object. If the marriage restored the Palatinate, the Palatinate would make the match popular; the formidable and active Catholic party in England would be conciliated by an English Catholic Queen. Strange as this consideration now sounds in our ear, it, however, greatly entered into the politics of the times. But the restoration of the Palatinate was in truth an English and Protestant, and not a Spanish and Roman Catholic, interest. Philip, indeed, had promised it; yet when James positively required that the Spanish monarch should unite his forces with the English in protecting its independence, it was then that insurmountable difficulties hemmed in both parties. In restoring the Palatinate to the Protestant son-in-law of James, the King of Spain, as Olivarez declared, would, in giving his sister to Charles on those terms, be preparing for his new brother a desperate war with the Catholic party, within three months of his marriage, and would ensure for himself a war with his uncle the Duke of Bavaria, the Emperor Ferdinand, and the whole Catholic league. It was one of James's difficulties, in contracting this wished-for alliance with Philip, that the English interest, which was to league and confederate with all the enemies of the House of Austria, would perpetually disturb the peace of this new alliance.

Spain, in the proposed alliance with the Royal Family of England, had only adopted a favourite system, which had even become proverbial with the nation—

> "Guerra con todo el mundo,
> Y Paz con la Inglaterra!"

To keep England from any close alliance with France, and to estrange her from the Netherlands, was the policy of the Cabinet of Madrid. The family union had been the dream of Spanish politics—since the day, perhaps, that saw a Philip on the English throne. Once they had dared to propose Prince Henry's conversion, and though the proposition was repulsed with scorn and indignation, yet the arrival of Charles in person, in their own city, seemed of itself half a conversion. The Spanish Catholics cherished a sanguine fancy about the mutability of the English in religion. If the will of one English monarch had altered, that of another had reinstated, the ancient faith. They were informed by the English Catholics that their holy mother, the Church, had many children here, and Sir Toby Matthews, one of their most active heads, in a letter to the King of Spain, pressing on the marriage, declares that "should it be broken off, no Catholic but must expect

(1) In the collection of Royal Letters at the British Museum will be found a Spanish Letter from the Infanta to her future father, as she undoubtedly considered James I.

(2) The Romanists, who have made history a lie by their legendary taste, are at all times imagining miracles, and describe the most human events in the celestial style of the Golden Legend. In a letter of Sir Henry Bourchier, he notices the workmen of the Romish chapel:—"The new chapel for the Infanta goes on in building, and our London Papists report that the angels descend every night and build part of it."

the extremity of rigour from the common people, and the importunate malice of the Puritans." To relieve the Irish and the English Catholics, would be securing Spanish adherents, and in war, half the nation might subdue the other! England was a land which hitherto the heavens had guarded from their dark dominion; but a Spanish princess, like another Virgin Mary, might alight among the martyrs of Rome, and mitigate, perhaps annul, "the penal laws and statutes." With Spain, the emancipation of the English and Irish Catholics was one of the great points of the negotiation, and the temporising politics of James and Charles flattered the Spaniards that the English princes had a leaning towards Rome. In one of the Papal state-papers, where his Holiness applied the term "Catholic Church" to his own, James inserted "Roman," asserting that he held himself to be as good a Catholic as the Bishop of Rome himself; Charles, on the other hand, wrote a complimentary letter of submission to the Pope, which astounded the zealous Protestants, as amounting, in their mind, to a declaration of Papistry. The truth is, that our sovereigns, at that period, were earnestly intent on relieving a very considerable body of their subjects from almost intolerable restrictions. During the present negotiation, the Spanish ambassador had become the organ of the fearful and distrustful Roman Catholics of our country, and he had obtained from James, under his Majesty's seal, the grant of a pardon for the past, and a dispensation and immunity from their legal restrictions for the future. The Catholics considered that this pardon and dispensation were revocable at the King's pleasure, and not binding on his successor. They therefore urged for the more public concession of a proclamation. But James, though willing to grant the grace under the great seal, addressed to the judges, justices, and other public officers, shrunk in terror from the public avowal of this secret article in the treaty. "A proclamation," said he, in his pointed manner, "is only for the vulgar people, who had no interest in the business, nor were capable of anything but fear and rumour." The Spaniards reproached him with evasion; but James was not such an apprentice in his famous "king-craft," as to set to hazard, with all its "divine and indefeasible rights," the crown itself; and this monarch repeatedly declared, that the Romanists in this country must expect nothing more than a connivance, and not a toleration.

The political workings of the two Crowns began to develop themselves soon after the enthusiastic reception of Charles at Madrid. The negotiation doubled through all the bland windings of concession and conciliation; but the parties, when they came to a close explanation, detected that a Catholic and Protestant interest run counter to each other, and parallel lines can no more join together in politics than geometry. But nothing seems impossible to great diplomatists; the immediate object of the Spanish interest was to conclude the marriage, to separate the Court of St. James's from that of the Louvre, and Olivarez proceeded, relying on his diplomatic address to ward off everything obnoxious, while Buckingham imagined by his audacious spirit to strike off in a heat what had long lain intractable in the coldness of negotiation. On the side of England, whenever the spirit was high, the restitution of the Palatinate was urged; whenever the Spaniard was to be soothed, this matter, it was agreed, might be conveniently postponed till the marriage was solemnised. But the subterranean current which undermined the specious but false fabric was the personal dispositions of the actors so deeply engaged. the mighty hatreds of Olivarez and Buckingham, and the fears and jealousies of Bristol. The young Princes, their masters, were but the state puppets which the hands of these intriguing ministers secretly moved with an artificial life. Such was the little confidence between the parties, that each sought by the most subdolous contrivances to get at the secret motions of the other. The secret correspondence of both parties was mutually betrayed; Charles tells James, "By the French ambassador's means the Spanish ambassador has seen all the letters that we have written to you; you are betrayed in your bedchamber." This, however, was trivial, compared with the magnitude of our own ambassador's doings at Madrid; for Lord Bristol put forth some claims for the value of his services when he declared that there was not a letter sent by the King of Spain to any other State, of which James had not a copy before it came to the place of its destination; not a port in Spain which had not been sounded; not an expedition but its intention had been revealed. One extraordinary fact, perhaps unrivalled in the annals of diplomacy, the Earl thus relates:—

"I used such industry as to get all the papers of the King's private cabinet into my hands; took copies and notes of such of them as I thought useful, and upon every of them set my private mark before they were conveyed back again, to the end that if I should have an occasion to have charged him with any thing mentioned in the same papers, I might let him see I knew it, by telling him in what paper it was, and marked with such a mark."

It is however curious to add, that even this subtile and profound statesman entertained, in his own house, a spy placed by Buckingham, who had in his pocket a power ready, at a critical moment, to paralyse, as it finally did, all the machinations and stratagems of Bristol himself. Such was the political march of "the Spanish Match;" but these mutual deceptions had so multiplied, these crooked paths had so perversely crossed each other, that the actors could no longer extricate themselves from the labyrinth in which their folly had involved them. The only real difficulty that now remained was, to determine which should bear the infamy of the rupture.

James, in his speech to Parliament on the project of the French match, acknowledges, that by the Spanish negotiation "he had been taught this piece of wisdom, that generality brings nothing to good issue, but that before any matter can be fully finished, it must be brought to particulars." This was a political axiom not inappropriate when delivered from the throne, but it concealed the mystery of the sudden rupture of a royal marriage long planned, and by both parties equally desired.

CHAPTER V.

Secret History of the French Match.—Royal and Political Marriages.

We now change the scene and the actors, but it is only a second part of the same comedy.

After the return of the Prince from Madrid, the ancient connexion between the two Governments—for in political history an uninterrupted alliance of more than twenty years may be deemed ancient—was virtually, though not openly, dissolved. In a change of councils, new measures were meditated; but before a Parliament was called, and a tale was framed to captivate the listeners, and humour the nation already prepared for a Spanish war, Buckingham was busied by domestic and foreign arrangements.

Our Duke had strangely wrested, from the fears of the good people of England for the safety of their Prince, a popularity for which it seems he had a taste, which had never hitherto been gratified. Whenever a people labour under a political panic, however unfounded, he who accidentally removes the illusory fear may chance to receive a nation's unmerited gratitude. The person of the Prince, which had been placed in possible danger by the hardy imprudence of the adventurous minister, had been more secured by the inviolability of Spanish honour than by any wisdom of his conductor—yet, in the heat of English fears, Spain appeared an enemy, and Buckingham a patriot. Coke saluted the Duke as "the saviour of his country." In this blaze of popularity, when the name of Buckingham echoed from the mouths of the people, the Duke found no difficulty in intriguing with the Opposition through the agency of Dr. Preston, a courtly Puritan, and chaplain of the Prince, and in laying the foundation of a coalition with his former adversaries in Parliament.

After these precautionary measures at home, he had to look abroad and to substitute a new influence in Europe for that which had ceased to be. He was to search into the long-neglected cabinet of France.

A quarrel with Spain was a certain means of uniting the Gaul with the Briton; for in politics there exists no impediment to the formation of a strict alliance, whenever a common prey is pointed out.

In the new system, France was to fill up the vacancy of Spain; and the political marriage, which had failed at Madrid, was to be consummated at Paris. The movements of statesmen are not always complicate; the mechanism of cabinets is sometimes a very simple operation.

A treaty, however, is always uncertain in its termination; and, however simple its objects, the treaty itself may chance to be extremely complicate; and, even after signature, utterly incapable of being executed.

As Hymen had now to lead the diplomatic corps, two ambassadors-extraordinary, the perfect representations of Love himself, were selected by the volatile and impetuous Minister of England. These graceful emissaries were two congenial friends,—the Earl of Holland and the Earl of Carlisle; two courtiers "as accomplished as were to be found in the palaces of all the Princes of Europe;"—heroes of a drawing-room, personages to

figure in a masque or a ballet, whose glittering and lovely forms were idolised by the women.

The Earl of Carlisle was the modeller of fashions, from whose inventions the vainest did "but transcribe copies." His boundless passion for magnificence was cultivated with all the earnestness of business, though Clarendon observes that "his universal understanding would have taken as much delight in any other way." His great abilities, and his firm and elevated views in negotiation, are displayed in his correspondence; and it is difficult to comprehend how so capacious a mind could contract itself into so diminutive a passion. so petty seems its object, so vehement its pursuit! He consumed the vast revenues which royal favour and two splendid marriages had provided; and, having thus expended nearly half a million of money in this personal lustre, "he left not a house nor an acre of land to be remembered by." He was a Scotchman, who, bred in France. and living in England, had wisely cast off his nationality when it could only occasion pain, and he was perhaps the only Scotch follower of James whom Englishmen loved.

A life of pleasure—to delight himself and to be the delight of others—he considered more innocent than a life in which, though inspired by severer virtues, the hearts of men rankle with rivalry, or are criminal through ambition. The Earl died as he had lived; the Epicurean calmly withdrew from this festival of existence, careless even of death!

Henry Rich. Lord Kensington, and, in the progress of the French treaty, Earl of Holland, from the moment he was received at Court, had attached himself to the Duke of Buckingham, whose vehement friendship was sure to accelerate the prosperity of the creatures of his favour. He had fixed Lord Kensington about the person of Prince Charles, as gentleman of his bed-chamber, and had thus secured at all times one who would protect his interest with the heir of the Crown. The Earl's conversation was attractive;—Clarendon notices his "lovely presence," and a contemporary poet describes it—

"Thy beauty too exceeds the sex of men."

The correspondence of these lords is characteristic, and to the political investigator their letters are highly instructive. These two accomplished courtiers, though intimates, were of opposite characters. We see the soft corrupt creature of place and power in the Earl of Holland, pliant in his principles. inexhaustible in his adulation; but we are struck by the force of dignity, and the elevation of intellect, in the profound councils of the Earl of Carlisle, who, with the talent of developing truth, had too much greatness of mind to disguise or to conceal it.

Lord Kensington was, about three months after the return of the Prince from Spain, sent on a secret mission to the Court of France. He bore no official character, for it was a voyage of discovery preliminary to a more settled intercourse. Mary of Medicis, the Queen-Mother of France, however, had long desired this political marriage. As far back as in 1620, five years before the present time, it appears by some letters recently published of Lord Herbert, that he wrote from Paris to James the First, that "a proposition of marriage had been carried by the Lord Buisson to England; but that James had answered that he was now too far engaged with Spain." The match was popular with the French nation; and when the diversity of religion was alleged, it was said with characteristic levity, that "a wife ought to have no will but that of her husband."

The English envoy on his arrival found that the Queen-Mother governed the state; and his first visit was to the Louvre. So little was Louis the Thirteenth interested by this arrival, that the young monarch did not suspend his perpetual movements, and the following day went to the country; but the presence of the English Earl produced not quite so slight an impression on the Spanish Ambassador, who, disturbed and agitated, appears to have had a full conception of the purport of the visit. The Spaniard instantly sent forth a rumour that the alliance between the two Courts of Spain and England was completed, and that the marriage was on the point of taking place; so that, as this Spanish comment ran, Lord Kensington might have spared himself a journey, which was only designed, as it was maliciously insinuated, to hasten his master to do that which he considered the same as done. To paralyse the efforts of the English visitor, and to conciliate the confidence of the French, was the first business of the politic Spaniard.

The Queen-Mother, however, was only the more curious in her inquiries about the terms on which the Spanish alliance stood.

Lord Kensington was guarded in his first answers. He did not deem it prudent to open

at once, and he only complained of the Spanish tediousness, which, according to their old custom, had out-wearied the King and the Prince, and he thought that the Spanish alliance would soon have an end.

As the term "Spanish Alliance" included both the treaty and the marriage, it was still ambiguous. The Queen-Mother on this point, more a woman than a politician, then directly touched on the marriage. His Lordship, by repeating more strongly that he considered the treaty was at an end, delicately insinuated that the marriage would never take place. Day-light was breaking on this dark business, to the comfort of both parties.

Lord Kensington, though unfurnished with official powers to address himself direct to the Ministers, had however taken up his station. They knew where to communicate with him, and politicians lose not a day. They contrived to acquaint him with their dispositions of amity and alliance. Not only the Ministers secretly communicated their wishes, but the Queen-mother added her part, assuring his lordship that she had often indulged the hope that her daughter should be given to the Prince of Wales, "but," she significantly observed, "the female must be sought; she may be no suitor!"

Thus Lord Konsington was treading a path of roses. The Ministers were as eagerly compliant for the political union, as the Queen-Mother gloried in the more tender one, in spite, it seems, of the manœuvres of the Spanish ambassador, who having at first indulged his Cervantic vein by putting the question to every one—"Whether the Prince of Wales could have two wives, since he is married to the Infanta?"—afterwards, more angrily, in his rhodomontades, talked of the armies his master could shortly bring into the field. Olivarez, in process of time, sent bigger words from Madrid; for there he told our ambassador, that if the Pope granted a dispensation for the match with France, the King of Spain would march to Rome and sack it! On which Mary of Medicis, that long-experienced politician, promptly answered—*Vraiment nous l'empêcherons bien, car nous lui taglierons assés de besogne ailleurs.* A year afterwards she was herself a solitary exile!

The Spaniard was moving heaven and earth against the alliance of France and England—the Pope, the press, and cabinet intrigues. The Court of Madrid long influenced his Holiness to refuse the Dispensation, without which the marriage would be invalid. They got up a mysterious conspiracy against Buckingham and Charles, in secret midnight interviews with James, and unquestionably had succeeded in terrifying the aged monarch, who was on the point of dismissing the favourite from his councils. They opened the presses of Italy, Germany, and Flanders, with a volley of pamphlets. They procured a German Jesuit to publish two, on the unnatural alliance between a Catholic monarch and Lutheran heretics, which made the more noise when the Sorbonne condemned them as libels.(1)

But Lord Kensington, however he might feel the roses springing under his feet, seemed unambitious of handling the thorny politics. He therefore suggested to his Court the propriety of separating the propositions of the treaty from the arrangement of the marriage; for in the delicacy of his fears he considered that, by insisting on both together, it would look as if the one were designed to force the French king to the other. He dreaded the mutual jealousies of both parties in framing a treaty, incited, as they might be, by the crafty wisdom of the Spaniard, who, in despair, would do everything to win over one side. In France they imagined that Spain might still seduce England by the restitution of the Palatinate; but in England they might dread that France would be divided from us by the restoration of the Valtoline.

Such is a picture of the mutual suspicions which harass our Cabinet politicians—and of the unhappiness of their far-sighted views of that mutual susceptibility of inconstancy, so prevalent whenever new state interests are to be substituted for former ones.

A fresh impulse came from London. The favourable dispositions of the French Cabi-

(1) These were *Admonitio ad Ludovicum* XIII.—and *Mysteria Politica*. The author was Keller, or, as the name is translated into Latin, Cellarius. There is a curious account of this famous *Mysteria Politica* in the Mercure François, XI., 34. It is a collection of pretended letters from eminent persons in different parts of Europe. The writer ingeniously enters into the views of the different cabinets with unsparing freedom. The art of this political writer consists in infusing jealousies among the Combined Powers. He appears to have been well furnished with information; he would alarm France that her new ally is again "entering the garden of the *fleurs de lys*;" and while he treats James with irony for his warlike preparations, he attempts more solemnly to kindle suspicions between the father and the son; the Parliament; the Anglican Church; and the Puritans.

net, which Lord Kensington transmitted to the Duke, induced the minister to touch a secret spring of communication, in an overture to the Count de Tillières, the French Ambassador. A gentleman is hastened with a secret dispatch for the French king, containing the joyful intelligence; the royal answer arrives immediately, that no one more than the French monarch valued the alliance of so great a monarch as his Britannic Majesty. The Earl of Carlisle, provided with ample powers, sets off to open the negotiation, which was to combine the strength of two great nations, and change the face of Europe.

There was no difficulty in conveying to the French the arguments of the English Ministry for breaking with Spain; at Paris, they were most valid, since both parties found their political interest to be the same. It is curious to observe the arguments of the Count de Brienne, the French first secretary of state, and afterwards minister, in favour of this new alliance with England. The justice of the complaints of the Cabinet of St. James's against that of Madrid are allowed to the full, and the policy demonstrated by the most subtle reasoning, of the restitution of the Palatinate, that favourite object of the Protestant cause, and of the English nation. The English interests in an instant are identified with the French.

The minister, the Duke de la Vieuville, had earnestly opened this amicable intercourse with England. The French Cabinet was strongly disposed for a Spanish war; but sometimes it is difficult even to raise a pretext for an open declaration, and the minister, therefore, now gladly took up the Protestant and forlorn cause of the Palatinate, while his most Christian Majesty in the style of diplomacy, or of the French *Mercure*, with "all justice and piety," acted with the disinterested resolution of succouring the allies of France, the United Provinces, the Swiss, the Northern Powers, and even the Turks—to check the growing ambition of Spain pressing on its neighbours. In a treaty of alliance, and a royal marriage with England, each was a pledge of that unity of power and coalition of interests, which were to strike at the preponderancy of imperial Austria in the wide career of her ambition, and divido Europe into two vast confederacies, where the Protestant interest was not only to oppose the Roman Catholic, but, the flame once kindled, political interests were even to unite the Lutheran with the Catholic. The Venetian, who feared Spain, and did not love France, was to combine with the Swiss, the Hollander, and the Dano; while the far-distant Bohemian was invited to plunder certain cities of Germany, and quaff tho wines of the Moselle, which, it seems, the Emperor had accorded to be their "honourable stipend."

Lord Kensington had imagined, by the ardour with which he himself and the Earl of Carlisle were entertained, that no possible obstructions could arise in the smooth progress of the treaty, and still less in that of the marriage, and he counted on the accomplishment of these important objects as on an affair of ten days.

The Duke de la Vieuville was a zealous but a weak minister, directing a cabinet divided into small parties. He sought for an accession of influence by conciliating the Queen-Mother's favour in procuring her favourite, the Bishop of Luçon, who soon became the redoubted Cardinal de Richelieu, to be admitted into the Cabinet Council. It was the Minister's intention, as the young King made no scruple to inform the secretaries, not to admit the Bishop to tho more interior secrets of state, but to advise with him only in occasional consultations; a custom which it seems the Premier had been wont to adopt with others to whom he had never yielded his entire confidence; least of all men, did he desire to yield this confidence to the Bishop of Luçon, whose character he was so judicious as to dislike, but whose aid he was so weak as to require.

The King, who was governed by his mother, wished, on the contrary, to grant the most unreserved confidence to this political aspirant, whose talents were already felt by those about him. Mediocrity, seeking for an ally in Genius, is inviting the most dangerous of its enemies; and such half-measures as the present are sure to end in the very evil they dread. All this is verified in the fate of the Duke de la Vieuville—his weak precautions ensured his ruin. Even while the treaty with England was in progress, the obscure favourite of Mary de Medicis was to be the man who was adroitly to expel from the royal councils those who had called him there; to cast into exile his unhappy patroness; to hold his sovereign in bondage; to guide the destinies of Europe; and unquestionably to contribute to the destruction of Charles the First, the very prince whose double union, personal and political, with France, at present so

deeply engaged his labours. What a career may a mighty genius run, unconscious to itself!

The treaty of marriage was the more favourite negotiation with Lord Kensington, and this hymeneal ambassador, faithful to his charge, was studying how to make the Prince of Wales and the Princess of France enamoured of each other. A confidential letter was sometimes addressed to Charles, as well as to the Minister. His Lordship repeats how all in France repute his Royal Highness to be "the most complete young Prince and person in the world."

"The sweet Princess Madame" long felt a passionate desire to view "the shadow of the person so honoured," the Prince's picture, which his Lordship wore about his neck, yet this poor young lady durst not, like the Queen and other princesses, open it, and consider it, and admire it; she only saw it afar off, "she whose heart was nearer it that any of the others that did most gaze upon it." Impatient for a leisurely inspection of a physiognomy doomed by politics, if not by love, to be the arbiter of her happiness or her glory, a confidential lady was the messenger to his Lordship to entreat for a short loan of the portrait of Prince Charles. Our flowery courtier may tell the romantic incident in his own words, a curious specimen of an amatorial embassy. We seem to read a passage from the Arcadia of Sidney.

"As soon as she saw the party that brought it, she retired into her cabinet, calling only her in, when she opened the picture in such haste as showed a true picture of her passion, blushing in the instant at her own guiltiness. She kept it an hour in her hands, and when she returned it, she gave it many praises of your person. Sir, this is a business so fit for your secrecy, as I know it shall never go farther than unto the King your father, my Lord Duke of Buckingham, and my Lord of Carlisle's knowledge. A tenderness in this is honourable, for I would rather die a thousand times than it should be published, since I am by this lady trusted, that is for beauty and goodness an angel."

There was, however, something more serious in this diplomatic correspondence, between Kensington and the Prince, for his Lordship records his Royal Highness's opinion, as he had received it from Buckingham, that the treaty of alliance should precede that of the marriage, so that business, as well as love, engaged the attention of the intended bridegroom. But to return from love to politics!

Lord Kensington arrived at Paris in February, where, though he found all parties disposed to his purpose, yet France required a public demonstration from the English Court, that her ancient amity with Spain had terminated. This was now no longer any obstacle in this negotiation with France; Buckingham told his own tale in his own way; Charles had sanctioned it; war with Spain was decreed by the voice of Parliament, and the pacific James reluctantly armed for the Palatinate in the succeeding month.

As in the Spanish, so in the French negotiation, an intractable article concerned the English Catholics. At first the French had appeared less catholicised than the Spaniard; the pulse of the Minister beat temperately, and he seemed satisfied by certain explanations of Lord Kensington, which threw a new light over the ambiguous conduct of James, whose frequent revival of the penal laws against his Catholic subjects had been in compliance with the cries of his Parliaments and his people. The French Minister only requested that the English Monarch would not tie his hands up so strictly as to be disabled from bestowing some moderate favours on his Catholics; and that he would allow of the mediation of France, in case the alliance should take place, "Else," observed the French statesman, "we shall not save our honour, and shall hardly be reputed Catholics."

But a sudden change interrupts the negotiation. They rise in their demands. The English ambassadors declare that what they asked in favour of the Catholics, to be allowed an Established Church, was contrary to the laws of England, and they would never consent to it. The French then appeal to the Spanish treaty, and they declare that their Princess is not to be treated for on inferior terms than the Infanta.

The English now were forced to propose, that, in their high consideration of the King and Madame, the Catholics should be as favourably treated as the articles concerted with Spain had allowed, provided this article was not inserted in the contract. The King and the Prince should sign a letter, which was to contain the offensive obligation which they dared not disclose to the nation at large.

But a letter, it was observed, might be easily disavowed, while a marriage contract was a solemn act perpetuating its object.

The distressed negotiators looked on each other in dismay. Both sides seemed to dread a renewal of the seven year's treaty of Madrid. The Queen-Mother had openly said "*Qu'il méritoit d'être lapidé qui s'y opposeroit.*" Conferences multiplied, difficulties were debated, and the Minister de Vieuville, in equal impatience and embarrassment, agreed with the English ambassadors that, provided the letter were written in very strong and positive terms, he would satisfy his own Sovereign; and, to gain over the other French Commissioners, he proposed that Lord Kensington should hasten to England, bearing a letter of credit from Louis the Thirteenth to James the First, finally to adjust the more difficult points. After this suggestion, the Minister followed the French King to the country, and on his return commanded the Count de Brienne to expedite this letter of credit to Lord Kensington, constituting his Lordship the secret agent of the French Monarch, and which latter he and the ambassadors of England had concerted together.

The Count de Brienne, or Lomenie, first Secretary of State, and one of the Commissioners for the Treaties, was evidently engaged in the interests of an opposite party. Struck at the consequence of writing a letter conferring such secret powers on Lord Kensington, and suspecting that the Minister had gone far beyond the intentions of the Cabinet, and further considering that where doubt was so decided, disobedience might be a prudent duty, the Secretary of State played off a trick on the Minister and the Ambassador. Aware that Lord Kensington understood the French language but very imperfectly, as he tells us, instead of drawing up a letter of this confidential nature, he composed one in which was no mention of business; it only described the amusements which then occupied His Most Christian Majesty. (1)

The English Ambassador proceeded to England with this amusing letter; but as soon as Richelieu arrived in Paris, an extraordinary *éclaircissement* occurred. The Count de Brienne in raillery reproached the Cardinal's reserve towards him, in having concealed his consent in so important an affair as the King's letter of credit. The news startled the Cardinal, and he ruminated; lauding, however, the sage precaution taken in a matter of infinite delicacy, by his most judicious friend the Count de Brienne.

The result of this communication appeared not long after. The Cardinal is now *Chef du Conseil*. De Brienne, or Lomenie's, signature is affixed to the royal *ordonnances*, and the late minister is thrust into an old castle. He stands charged with abusing the King's confidence while treating with foreign ambassadors, and with other accusations, such as a fallen minister is liable to. He is accused of a chimerical enterprise to convey water to Paris, which was much in want of it; of squeezing purses in the disposal of places, by some who could not get promotion; of a design to take possession of a house which did not belong to him—in a word, De Vieuville furnished the *colporteurs* of the Pont-Neuf for a month, with pamphlets *sous le manteau*, in which, among other charges, it was asserted that he was so penurious that no one could get anything by him; but the choice scandal was entitled, "The public voice to the King," though it might be considered as a private one, coming as it did from a person who had been struck off the Pension List when the Minister attempted an economical reform.

Thus that very impracticable treaty about English Catholics, which had cost fruitless years in Spain, in a few months turned out the French Premier. (2)

The disavowal of the acts of a minister threw everything back. It shook the councils of James the First, who concluded that "the French King was taking up the fashion

(1) Whether Count De Brienne has told a pleasant story to enliven the memoirs which he composed for the instruction of his family, or flattered himself on his dexterity more than was his due, I cannot decide; but it seems not probable that the Earl of Holland, afterwards a great favourite with Henrietta Maria, was so inexpert in the French language. During the present negotiation he has given in his letters some conversations in their native idiom.

(2) Mercure François, X., 671.—Mémoires du Comte De Brienne.—Biog. Universelle, Art. de Vieuville. This minister, after having been expatriated, outlived his great enemy, and returned to France, resuming all his honours under Louis the Fourteenth, with the character of a disinterested and zealous minister. The fact is, that Vieuville was far too accommodating to satisfy the Catholic party. We gather this from the Mercure. The writer having observed the advantages of the treaty, in having *gained thirteen years for the education of the children as Catholics*, instead of ten, as had been granted to the Spaniards, he adds, "Had not the Marquis de la Vieuville passed over too many other points in this treaty, the interests of religion had been better served; had he continued in office, we should not even have succeeded thus far:—it was the happy change of administration which procured for us what has happened."—*Mercure François*, XII., 901.

of Spain to entangle this business." The Count De Tillières is recalled, and a new French Ambassador, the Marquis d'Effiat, is to repair the mischances of the past. Of an insinuating character, he winds into the good graces of the King, the Prince, and Buckingham.

In proportion to the Cardinal's ascendancy in the cabinet, the treaties moved the more sluggishly. Richelieu was inflexibly bent on supporting the Romanists in England. The most extraordinary argument the Marquis d'Effiat urged for their emancipation was, that, if that were granted, the Protestants would have the greater chance of their conversion, since then each party would fairly debate, and openly enlighten one another. Truth at least would prove infallible. It was imagined that the Protestant could not deny the force of free discussion; but "what is truth?" jestingly said Pilate, or rather Lord Bacon, particularly when both parties proclaim that they alone possess her, and also that they will both combat for her.

It was on this occasion that the French Ambassador, according to the Mercure François, held out as an illustration of his argument, that the late monarch of France, Henry the Fourth, by allowing freedom of religion, had by this means gained over many of the "Religion pretendue," whom the monarchs his predecessors had thrown into rebellion, and made more obstinate in their opinions, by multiplying their persecutions. It is curious to listen to a Romanist advocating the cause of toleration, but it is always in a Protestant land! Of the present remarkable argument of the Marquis d'Effiat, which we shall have occasion again to refer to, we may discover the fallacy by noticing the close of Roman Catholic toleration in the cruel revocation of this very edict of Nantes, on which he grounds his argument for Catholic emancipation in England.

The negotiation thus advanced and retrograded, the agents on both sides were shocked at the vacillations of their own cabinets, at their ambiguous instructions, or their fresh demands. What had been agreed on was retracted; what mentioned, explained in a sense quite contrary to what the other party understood. Lord Carlisle at length was compelled to take down in writing their resolutions, and on one occasion silenced the debate by delivering them their former words. The Marquis d'Effiat was so wearied of the part he had to play, that he requested to be recalled.

At one period, both parties being at a loss to proceed, the French agreed to be satisfied with a solemn promise, that the Roman Catholics in England should at least be not less favourably treated than they were to have been if the Spanish match had been concluded. De Brienne observes, "We would not explain particulars, or enter into conditions, and the ambassadors then consented that this hitherto insurmountable article should, in such general terms, appear in the contract."

But when they came to particulars, they did not find their work the clearer by such clumsy botching. On another occasion, when a fair copy was made of the *Ecrit Secret*, which James and Charles were to sign, concerning the English Catholics, to use Lord Carlisle's words, "the infamous word *Liberty* was, by the false suggestions and artifices of Ville aux Clercs, foisted in." By this "infamous word Liberty," we must infer that it was a covert attempt on the French side to disguise Catholic emancipation. But if at one moment they relaxed into general terms, defining nothing, at another they rigidly assumed the most specific and absolute conditions.

The real cause of the phases of this negotiation was the anxiety of James, who, knowing that Spain was practising with France upon any terms to break off this treaty, and who alarmed lest this rupture should a second time expose him to the laughter of the world, was evidently more compliant to the Marquis d'Effiat at London, than the Earl of Carlisle was to Richelieu at Paris. James even consented to "the infamous word," if it could not be razed out without disturbing the amity of France; observing that "it carries with it a great deal more show than substance;" and unquestionably it would hereafter, by the force of royal logic, signify nothing. But this facility at home traversed the efforts of our ambassador, who was often singing to the deaf; and he requested that they would speak to the French ambassador in a higher tone. Lord Carlisle writes home, with great force and discrimination: "Quarrel with the Marquis d'Effiat; not with his person, for that is worthy of all favour and esteem; but quarrel with his charge, with his commission, and with his minister's arts; who, when they find 'tis inflexible, set him awork. If any thing be granted to him, then they stop our mouths withal; if he promise any thing, that they disavow, as having no commission to treat."

When Lord Carlisle alluded to the French agreement of furnishing their quota of troops in the common league, the Cardinal replied by alluding to the freedom of the Catholic priests. "*Donnez-nous des Prêtres, et nous vous donnerons des Colonels!*" exclaimed Richelieu in the combined spirit of a cardinal and a commander-in-chief.

The dispensation from the Pope was used as a great machine, to be worked or to be stopped as suited the French party.

At Rome it was ever delayed. We had there a Roman Catholic lord acting for us against the close intrigues of Spain. The French Archbishop of Ambrun came over here, and has left us a mystifying memoir, in which he either persuaded himself, or would others, that James was a Roman Catholic. The situation of James was pitiable. Every endeavour on his part to relieve his Roman Catholic subjects, then far more numerous than in our times, every expression of a conciliatory nature, every vain dream of the re-union of the opposite churches, was sure to be construed far beyond its meaning by those who still lingered in hope.

The French Cabinet could not confide to his Holiness their own secrets of State; and the Pope lightly appreciated the bare word of an heretical sovereign. Could "the Father of the Faithful" sanction a league of the "pretended reformed" against his own ancient children? The true child of the Pope was his beloved Spain, and she was on her knees before him.

But as the Papal Cabinet was still the arena of the political wrestlers, Father Berulle, not long after Cardinal, was dispatched on the French interest, to demonstrate to his Holiness that from this royal marriage great advantages would accrue to the Catholics of England.

The secret history of this dispensation would form no incurious tale. It was slowly wrung from St. Peter, and was long in coming. A menace from Cardinal Richelieu hastened its last steps. When the Minister grew impatient for the state-espousal, he declared that the marriage should take place without the dispensation, which might arrive after.

At length De Brienne himself was dispatched to England ostensibly to ratify the articles, but really to procure what he calls "an act sealed by the Lord Keeper," which should secure the favourable conditions demanded for the Roman Catholics. These were probably those secret articles which were of so extraordinary a nature that they startled the world when they were revealed to the public eye.

The feelings of the Romanists were sadly put to the test by a circumstance which now occurred. The King, among other civilities, had desired the Lord Keeper Williams to invite the French ambassadors-extraordinary to a supper. His lordship resolved, as Dean of Westminster, to give the banquet in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, but to precede it by an episcopal collation of his own contrivance, taking advantage of the locality to introduce these bigoted Romanists into the heretical church. He got the resident ambassador to consent to be present at a prayer for the King; it being Christmas-day, he had the whole Christmas service performed, to show the Romanists that there was "no corruption of doctrine, much less of heresy," so that they might report favourably to the Princess Henrietta, and be witnesses how nearly the English service approximated to the Roman. At the north gate of the Abbey, his lordship, at the head of his clergy, received them in pontifical state; the exterior and interior of the Abbey were every where illuminated with torches, that the strangers might lose nothing of the pomp and solemnity of the ceremonies. Entreating the ambassadors, with their nobles and gentlemen, to enter, he promised, on the word of a bishop, that nothing should happen which could offend their feelings. The organ was played by the great musician of the times, Orlando Gibbons; the choristers, in their rich copes and with exquisite voices, chanted three anthems; and the Lord Keeper presented to each of the foreigners the Liturgy printed in their own language. The story is told in triumph by the biographer of the archbishop. (1)

The French company behaved decorously, and departed with a due impression of "that form of holiness in which the English monarch worshipped." However, the ambassadors themselves, for whom the treat was designed, had not only no reverence to bestow on this occasion, but were strongly affected, both by their religious and diplomatic character. Ville aux Clercs kept on his hat, and when all others carried away their French book of prayers, he left his, in the stall of the choir in which he sat, as if it had been forgotten, and no one thought proper to bring

(1) Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams, p. 210.

it to him. The truth is, that there were two causes why this ecclesiastical entertainment proved so trying to the feelings of the French ambassadors. To assist at the service of Protestants was accounted no light sin, and the English Romanists were watchful of the conduct of the French party, that they might report it to the Spanish. One of the French ambassadors, the Count de Brienne, whose name does not appear in the biography of the Lord Keeper, has recorded the horrors of that evening. "I reproached," he says, "Monsieur d'Effiat ever to have consented to this invitation of hearing a prayer for the King of England. I pointed out to him the consequences of French ambassadors joining in prayer with Protestants. It was a trap which I resolved to elude, and, leaving my lodging late, meant to go straight to the deanery, and not to the church. But I found the Lord Keeper dressed in his pontifical habits, advancing with his clergy to receive us at the porch; he obliged us to follow him, and conducted us, in spite of ourselves, to seats which had been prepared for us. I therefore resolved, while they chanted anthems, to kneel; and to show that I did not participate in their prayers, I said my *chapelet*, counting my beads. This greatly edified the English Catholics." (1)

De Brienne, however, was more particularly gratified by the political civility of the English Cabinet, in qualifying his Most Christian Majesty "King of France and Navarre," and not according to the ancient custom of England, as "the French King." "For the English," he tells us, "argue, that if the people of France acknowledge this Prince and obey him, that nevertheless his Britannic Majesty possesses a legitimate claim to the country and the territory of France." (2)

But at the very moment that De Brienne was here engaged in a solemn ratification of the treaties, he was himself suddenly shocked at their infraction by his own Court. The English army, already collected at Dover, under Mansfeldt, was preparing for their passage through France, where they were to be joined by their new allies. This was a point long agreed on.

De Brienne was on the eve of departure; he had to partake of a magnificent supper given by Buckingham. A courier arrived from Paris, which, as he says, in his mind threatened to put an end to all such fêtes, and indeed violently agitated his honourable feelings. His dispatches contained an order from the French monarch, notwithstanding our convention, adds de Brienne, that the English would not be allowed to land at Calais, on the frivolous excuse that the Treaty of Alliance would not take place till after the marriage. At midnight he hastened to consult the French ambassador on this fatal intelligence, this first open violation of the treaties; and, however subtlely the Marquis d'Effiat afterwards practised on Buckingham, it only added one more deception to the chain of duplicity by which all parties were involved. This insincerity of the French monarch is perfectly explained by an observation which De Brienne has elsewhere thrown out, and it offers an interesting picture of that conflict of adverse interests which will often torment the breast of a sovereign. After all these negotiations, Louis the Thirteenth was irresolute in his own mind to break with Spain, whose sinister power, though it was suspected, was not more so than that of the English monarch; for it was known to Louis that his Huguenots, who were then acquiring daily strength, looked toward England as the true champion of their cause; and little was the French monarch solicitous to contribute in calling forth the force of England. Although the policy of his Cabinet had resolved to aid the Prince Palatine to recover his States, two contrary phantoms were continually haunting the mind of Louis. On one side he beheld with dread the elevation of the House of Austria, and on the other he feared that of England. (3)

(1) Mémoires du Comte de Brienne, i., 493.

(2) This obsolete absurdity of a pretension to the Crown of France, by a nation who could not maintain an army there, was carried on through a long series of reigns, and has been only recently corrected. The Dutch edition of De Brienne's Memoirs observes, that the addresses of our Parliament, when levelled against Louis the Fourteenth, always contemptuously treated this monarch as "the French King," but that his most Christian Majesty was sure to recover his titles in times of peace; and he adds, that children in their quarrels treat one another in the same way. It is thus great nations have sometimes perpetuated follies consecrated by ancient prejudices.

(3) It may be worth noticing, and it proves that this failure of the French King of his promise was not forgotten, that afterwards, in the address of Buckingham's secretary to the Rochellers, it is particularly ascribed to the influence of the Jesuits and Spanish interest over the French monarch. "By means of this faction, the refusal of a passage to the army in England provided for Count de Mansfeldt, at the moment of their departure, which had been

At length, on the 10th of November, 1624, the treaties had been signed by both parties, and it was imagined that, after almost a year's anxious labours, the moment of repose had arrived. In politics, it seems that affairs may be finished, but not concluded. Three months afterwards we have an energetic and an admirable letter from Lord Carlisle, from which I shall make some extracts, as not only continuing our narrative, but as also being an evidence that the epistolary style in the days of James the First, when not the work of pedantry and affectation, loses nothing in force and beauty when compared with our own.

"They are grown so indiscreetly and unreasonably presumptuous, as to impose a new treaty upon us, after a perfect treaty concluded, signed and sworn by his Majesty; under the Pope's borrowed name they would exact not only all the dishonourable and prejudicial circumstances which, with much labour and contestation, we had avoided or rejected, but would inforce no less than a direct and public toleration, not by connivance, promise, or *écrit secret*, but by a public notification to all the Roman Catholics of all his Majesty's kingdoms whatsoever, confirmed by his Majesty's and the Prince's oath, and attested by a public act. This holdeth proportion, I must confess, with the whole course of their former proceedings."

Lord Carlisle had British feelings. Indignant at Richelieu's manœuvres, in an elevated strain, by which few ministers are so fortunate as to be addressed by their political agents, he solemnly charges Buckingham to maintain the dignity of the crown, and secure the hearts of the people.

"Now, last of all, by pretence of the Pope's authority, they would impose upon us real alterations and new additions, extravagant in themselves, and incompatible with his Majesty's honour and the peace of his kingdom. Do but remember, my most noble Lord, how much your noble and generous proceedings in Spain did endear you to the loves and hearts of his Majesty's people, all which you will lose (I beseech your lordship to pardon my liberty, proceeding from a fast and sincere friendship), if you give way in this. The world will now conclude it was nothing but a particular passion and animosity, and not care of the public, which excited you thereunto. Nothing can more justify and advantage Digby, than the admission of the last of these new conditions, which carry with them more prejudice and dishonour than the conditions of the Spanish treaty, which might seem out of necessity to be extorted, the Prince's precious person being in their hands; but now, there being no such necessity, the envy will be wholly cast upon the negotiators. I beseech your lordship to give your humble faithful servant, who hath made a league offensive and defensive with your friendship, leave to assure you, that you will find little faith or fast friendship in any but the true British hearts; much less, in these inconstant and perfidious monsters, who will make little scruple to ruin their best friends, so as they may not fail to compass their ends."

In the treaty, it is specified that "the children of the future marriage shall be brought up by their mother till the age of thirteen years."(1) This would have made an English Protestant's cheek tingle with indignation; yet, after having extorted this impracticable concession from the British Cabinet, when the dispensation was finally sent, it came clogged with a clause, so insurmount-

solemnly agreed on, the liberty of Germany was betrayed, and twelve thousand Englishmen had nearly all perished."—*Le Mercure François*, xiii., 805.

(1) The Dutch and, doubtless, Protestant Editor of De Brienne's Memoirs, not without reason, seems astonished at this article, as he finds it given by De Brienne. "James the First," he says, "here betrayed the cause of his religion, and thus drew on his posterity all their calamities." It must be confessed that Hume was somewhat perplexed on this discovery; but his philosophical genius, in my opinion, as I shall shortly show, has struck into the right vein. He says, "It can scarce be questioned, but this article, which has *so odd an appearance*, was inserted only to *amuse the Pope*, and was never intended by either party to be executed."

Dr. Lingard has vaguely stated that "the children should remain under the Queen's care until they were thirteen years old." But should not our historian have noticed the sense in which the Catholics accepted this article? The words in Rymer are more precise. *Les enfans seront nourris et élevés auprès de ma dite dame Reyne.* With the Catholics it was a stipulation for the religion of the children. It is always so asserted by one of the negotiators, De Brienne, in his Memoirs, vol. i., p. 188, and it is confirmed by Père Griffet in his excellent History of Louis the Thirteenth, vol. xiii., p. 422. "*Ce qu'il y a d'étonnant, c'est qu'ils ne faisoient pas tant de difficulté sur l'article qui regardoit l'éducation des enfans dans la religion Catholique jusques à l'âge de douze ans, qui devoit, ce semble, leur paroître d'une si grande importance.*" The reader has found here, at page 414, the self-congratulations of the Mercure, on the Cardinal's success in obtaining thirteen years instead of ten, for the education of the children *as Catholics*.

able, that even James or Charles, with all their facility, dared not perform it. It was nothing less than a Catholic emancipation, in the form of a treaty with the Roman Pontiff, to be sanctioned by an oath of the English sovereigns, which violated the fundamental laws of our Constitution.

Although the Gallican Church, in some respect, has freed herself from the Papal omnipotence, yet in the affairs of religion, and on points of doctrine, her enslaved intellect is still fettered by its holy chains. Even De Brienne confesses as a plea for these repeated tergiversations, that they usually arose from Rome. "There," he says, "the least matters are not easily obtained, and on this occasion they had raised many difficulties to follow up the intentions of the King, because we did not disclose the acts which we had passed with England, and that we were satisfied with the concession of his Britannic Majesty." This was a dilemma which seemed inextricable; but when affairs are inextricable, statesmen discover expedients. The hand of the English monarch was paralysed, he dared not put his signature, and to proffer his oath to Antichrist might have raised a general revolt in his three kingdoms. To satisfy the conscience or the dignity of the Pontiff, observes the acute commentator on "Bassompierre's Memoirs," a *mezzo termine* was contrived; and the French monarch engaged on the part of the King of England for those points in which the latter could not, or dared not, treat directly and openly with the Pope. To such miserable shifts were the greatest monarchs of the world driven by a power which they disavowed in terms, resisted in substance, and submitted to in form. (1)

In politics too much has been conceded to forms, which only adds to the insincerity of the parties. By this hollow etiquette, this veil that never hid what it covered, have the weak been flattered by the potent! Statesmen sometimes have to act very ridiculous parts, and it is not strange that their views should be so often misconstrued by the people, and adroitly pointed against themselves, by the artifices of an opposing party.

At length the Duke de Chevreuse, as proxy, espoused, in the name of the King of England, for the Prince had now become the Sovereign. Madame Henrietta Maria. In the *Mercure François*, the splendid ceremony, and the public rejoicings from Paris to Amiens, occupy a moveable page of festivals, processions, and triumphal arches. All the magnificence of France was radiant, and the details, from the mantles of violet velvet, spotted ermine, and cloth of beaten gold, to the allegorical entrances into towns, the comfits from the mouths of Dragons, or the verses from Sibyls or Muses, with an exhibition of all the daughters of France who had been Queens of England, represented as so many different virtues, were all unquestionably to the taste of Louis the Thirteenth, who perhaps edited, with particular care, the splendid chronicle in this Book of Kings. A circumstance in the marriage-ceremony was remarkable. Although the French had obstinately persisted, during their negotiation, in requiring a secret article respecting the education of the children of the marriage, under their Roman Catholic mother, yet when mass was performed at Notre Dame, with great delicacy they permitted the Duke de Chevreuse, as representative of the English monarch, to withdraw from the mass, and accompany the two English ambassadors, who were not present during its celebration; but who returned to the French monarch to take their rank in the procession the instant it was concluded.

Scarcely had the marriage ceremony closed, when, to the astonishment of the whole Court, the unexpected arrival was announced of the Duke of Buckingham, accompanied by a train of English gentlemen. The hostile Count De Brienne observes, "This Englishman appeared to the Court to have his head filled with chimeras that broke out in his conversation; he pressed for the departure of the Queen of England, and every one earnestly wished for that of the presumptuous stranger." The departure of her Britannic Majesty was delayed by the indisposition of the King, who was desirous of accompanying his sister to Compiègne.

(1) Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to the Court of England in 1626. Translated, with Notes, 8vo, 1819. I recollect no volume of the size in our historical literature more desirable for the general reader. The varied information contained in the notes is perpetually enlivened by a searching spirit, which strikes at the results of historical evidence, deducing inferences, and detecting nice discriminations, such as a mind practised in the business of life, and drawing from its own experience, could alone discover, and which prove that the writer has been conversant with Courts more modern than those of the historical antiquary. The Editor is the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker.

Our comet of fortune blazed with intolerable light. Even the severity of the sullen Secretary of State softens, as his reminiscences sparkle, in describing the singular beauty of his person, the grace of his movements, the strange magnificence of his dress. We hear from our own quarters, of Buckingham's twenty-seven suits, the richest that embroidery, lace, silk, velvet, silver, gold and pearls could ornament, and more particularly of the white uncut velvet, set all over, both suit and cloak, with diamonds, valued at four-score thousand pounds, set off with great diamond buttons, and diamonded feathers. To the women Burkingham seemed a degree above a mortal; for among tho seductions of his gallantries, he practised one peculiar to his own fantasy—he had his diamonds tacked so loosely on, that when he willed, somo graceful motion would shake off a few—and he obtained all the celebrity he desired from tho pickers-up—the *Dames de la Cour;* whatever any fair hand condescended to take from the ground, the Duke conferred on her as an unalienable possession.

But alas! his presence at the Court of France was fatal to her who seemed placed beyond the reach of Fate—to Anne of Austria, the Queen of Louis the Thirteenth, and Buckingham was perhaps the only man who dared to become enamoured of a Queen. The royal lady, too, was one whose pride was to subdue the hearts of distinguished persons, and who, in Europe, was as distinguished as the magnificent and fascinating English Duke.

Buckingham shed tears on the Queen's hand at his departure. Were those drops the melting effusions of his mind, or the burning heat of his senses? The annals of gallantry, usually so circumstantial with the French, have preserved a sullen and royal silence. Was the passion of Buckingham refined, as Hume in the calmness of his philosophy would conjecture, who tells us, "that attachment at least of the mind which appears so delicious, and is so dangerous, seems to have been encouraged by the Princess." But the discontent of her royal husband, the rage of the Cardinal, here a double rival to Buckingham, and the covert style of the Secretary of State, indicate the treason. "Had this Princess followed my advice," says De Brienne, (which was to remain at Paris with her sick husband) "she would have received great advantages; but she preferred the counsels of Madame de Bervay," who probably was not unacquainted with her Majesty's confidential inclinations, nor the promised festivals of every day, which were to make gay the progress to the coast. We fear that Humo is here but an apologist for the French Queen, when we find in the graver historian, Père Griffet, that "several of the Queen's household were suddenly dismissed, the Marchioness de Vernet, her *dame d'atours*, and Ribera, her physician, as persons who had proved to have been too favourable to tho design of the Duke." And farther, when we recollect the reply of Voiture, when her Majesty met him musing in the garden of Ruel. "What are you thinking on?" inquired the Queen. "I am thinking," replied the wit, in impromptu verses, "that if at this instant the Duke of Buckingham should appear before your Majesty, who would lose the day, the Duke, or Père Vincent?" the Queen's confessor. The mystery of the loves of Anne of Austria and Buckingham is not diminished by a letter of the Earl of Holland to our Duke, in which, among other state affairs, we discover certain hieroglyphics of love—a *crown* to designate the King of France, a *heart* the female lover, and an *anchor* our Lord High Admiral. It appears that the anchor was most urgent to revisit Paris, but the crown continued in its strongest suspicions, and the heart "hath infinite affections." A throat of the young bravadoes of the Court, set on by the crafty Cardinal, that he is not a good Frenchman who would suffer the *anchor* ever to return from France, might have its effect. "You are the most happy unhappy man alive, for the *heart* is beyond imagination right, and would do things to destroy her fortune, rather than want satisfaction in her mind. I dare not speak as I would. I tremble to think whether this will find a safe conveyance to you. Do what you will, I dare not advise you—to come is dangerous, not to come is unfortunate." A specimen of love-letters inclosed in the dispatches of ministers of state!

The calamity of *Roman Catholic* and *Protestant Marriages* in the royal family, for calamitous they have always proved to be, by exciting the fears and jealousies of the nation, in an age of controversial faiths, was so far from having yet been ascertained, that on the contrary both parties then calculated on mutual advantages from this forced union of opposite interests. The first difficulty lay in the preliminaries; for while one party required so many concessions which could never be conceded, the other, in its perplexity, ac-

commodated matters by promises which could never be performed. It seemed the art of one party to evade what the other at length would abandon, and it appears that, notwithstanding the secret articles of the treaty ostensibly signed, there were others still more secret, which annulled them, as the English Cabinet, in their subsequent discussions and rupture with France, always asserted.

Rapin wonders what could induce the English to have acceded to this treaty, and Mr. Croker, whose enlarged views are those of a statesman, has, in this particular instance, as I think, too easily adopted Rapin's suggestion—that it was owing to three causes; James the First's avarice, vanity, and indifference to the Protestant religion. Such assumptions too easily pass into history, and it is as necessary to exercise a critical spirit upon historians themselves, as on the materials with which their histories are composed. Our honest Huguenot emigrant, influenced by the horrors of intolerant Papistry, which once massacred the brothers of his faith, and at the moment of his writing had hunted him and his from their hearths—Rapin, a suffering Protestant, adopted the Puritanic prejudice, that the father and the son were really indifferent to the religious establishment of their country. Were James and Charles then indifferent to retain their crowns, and did they prefer the private interests of a minority to the universal feeling of the nation?

We have shown that the restitution of the Palatinate was the ceaseless and tormenting burthen of the Spanish negotiation, and among the last letters still extant, which Charles the First wrote to the Prince, afterwards Charles the Second, may be found a reiterated and solemn charge to obey his mother in all things, saving in religion; on this head he was to guide himself by the English Bishop (Cousens), and the excellent council which Charles had provided for his son. The governors of Charles the Second, from his infancy, were Protestants. Charles the Second was indeed so flexibly filial, that he appears to have equally obeyed his father and mother, for on the throne he lived a Protestant, and died a Catholic. He probably acquired his Roman faith abroad, where every day he experienced the benefits of perpetual absolution.

Rapin's observation then is merely popular and superficial; nor perhaps had that diligent historian a mind sufficiently comprehensive of the nature and character of these *political marriages*, and much less of the *state-reason* or policy of the present one.

The French marriage with Henrietta Maria was the natural consequence of an entire change in the foreign relations of the English Cabinet. An alliance with France had been resolved on to balance the loss of the other great power; a marriage would doubly cement the union of interests. Whoever would ascribe it, with Rapin, to "the avarice and vanity" of James, at least must allow a great deal to the political wisdom of his "kingcraft," in preferring the potent alliance with France to one with a secondary power, and of secondary powers only consisted the Reformed. What had James acquired by his marriage and alliance with Protestant Denmark? In war she was but a weak ally, but in her own troubles she hung upon the strength of England.

The nature and character of these POLITICAL MARRIAGES in our own history is a subject of some curiosity and importance. Royal marriages with us were long the results of political combinations, and the contract of marriage was nothing more than a clause in a treaty; the treaty itself being an act of political co-partnership, framed by all the fears and jealousies of the high-contracting parties. In the wooing of the crowned and conjugal pair, the ambassadors, who were the adroit match-makers, and the grave Ministers of State, who did not forbid the banns, had no other motive than what Italian politicians term the *Ragion di Stato*. A daughter or a sister were the victims, if they are to be considered as such, whenever by their means a great political purpose could be obtained. Henry the Eighth enjoined his executors to effectuate a marriage between Edward the Sixth and Mary of Scotland. The Scots, however, being under the influence of French councils, rejected the overture. The Protestants then resolved to bring about an alliance and union by arms; and it was on this occasion that a Scottish nobleman said, "I like the marriage, but fancy not the wooing."

In that darling project of Catherine of Medicis, of uniting our Elizabeth with a prince of the royal line of France, when, after the first repulse, it was proposed by the French Court, that the Duke of Alençon should succeed his brother the Duke of Anjou, and the English ministers seemed as desirous of the arrangement as the French monarch, the King impatiently observed, "You have now

only to change the name of my brother, the Duke of Anjou, and insert in its place that of my brother the Duke of Alençon, in the articles which were agreed on; as was extremely well observed to you by my Lord the great Treasurer (Burleigh)." So simple is the style of these plotters of political marriages!

James has suffered an animadversion, because, when Prince Henry died on the 6th of November, his brother Charles was offered to the Spanish Princess on the 9th. But, in political marriages, it appears that not a single post is to be lost. Love neither precedes, nor accompanies, the Hymen of the *corps diplomatique*, who often waves a smoky torch over the diplomatic treaty of a political marriage.

Royal marriages are a tribute paid to the interests of the State. A Duke of Orleans is selected for a Princess of the House of Mantua, which means that France resolves to maintain her footing in Italy; or, they are the price of new projects of ambition, and as such they were considered by Napoleon, when he long vacillated between an Austrian or a Russian Arch-duchess, a political marriage on which the fate of Europe revolved! The potent monarch of Spain condescended to cross the seas to unite himself with an English Queen, and could afterwards bend the knee to her renowned sister; and, because the suppliant but haughty Castilian could not obtain a political marriage, his unsuccessful wooing was concluded, as usual, by a political war.

The double marriage of Louis the Thirteenth with Anne of Austria, the Infanta of Spain, and Madame Elizabeth of France with Philip, Prince of Spain, spread a general alarm among the Protestant states. England and Holland, by means of their respective ambassadors, strained every effort to break off this family alliance. Even some of the French Catholics had approved of the resolution of Henry the Fourth, to avoid a family connexion with the Spanish Court, already too formidable for the peace of Europe; but the policy of Mary de Medicis changed the political system after the death of the King. The double political marriage was designed by Spain to maintain the predominance of the House of Austria in Germany, and to deprive France of the confidence of her numerous Protestants.

It may, however, be a question how far these domestic unions operate upon the public interests of princes, and whether a royal marriage necessarily includes the adoption of the same system of politics. It has been sometimes insisted on that a royal marriage has no connexion with the higher interests of the state; and that the new brother or the new father are as likely to declare war against each other as against any other sovereign. In the present case, when the Protestants were alarmed at the double marriages of France and Spain, the Constable Lesdiguières assured the French Protestants, that a prince in espousing his daughter to his neighbour did not espouse his councils, and that the French monarch would never put his kingdom in flames for the pleasure of the Spanish sovereign. This principle of royal conduct seems, however, more plausible than true; for, however it be disguised, the real design of the two Cabinets at first manifested itself in these royal marriages, though circumstances afterwards occurred, as they did in the case before us, to alter the political position of the royal relatives.

A royal marriage must, in general, be considered as the confirmation, and not the cause, of a particular line of policy. It is a public announcement of an alliance, which the supposed interests of the contracting parties have already cemented, and not an union, which is to create interests between the nations, which do not exist.

The monstrous union of our Elizabeth with the Dukes of Anjou and Alençon made the Puritan, who wrote a book against the French marriages, and lost for it the hand which wrote it, exclaim, that "a daughter of God was united with a son of Antichrist;" while foreign Catholics said of Charles the First, when that Prince was proposed to the Infanta of Spain, and afterwards to a Princess of France, that it was the abomination of "a Heretic with a Christian;" and some in England ascribed the calamities of the present reign according to the expression of Hamon l'Estrange, as "an ireful stroke of divine justice, from his Majesty marrying a lady of misbelief."

The nature of these royal marriages, indeed, was never comprehended by the people, either at home or abroad. The people are occasionally mystified by statesmen, but they are too impatient to inquire how the tricks of political jugglers are performed.

Even Charles the Second cheerfully submitted to a grave and tawny Princess of Portugal, repulsive in her person; and we now hold Bombay from this marriage. The over-

tures and proposals of the conjugal union of William the Third with the daughter of James the Second at the time were unwillingly consented to by the royal parent, and as coldly received by the Prince of Orange, yet how vast the results of this memorable union!

Of such adverse elements has been often compounded the royal alliance of persons whom nature and affection had never brought together; nor is this natural communication necessary for the designs and the ends of government; and it may be curious to observe, that such marriages are so strictly political, that whenever it has happened that they have been unexpectedly broken off, inasmuch as such rupture is the consequence of a most contrary change in the policy of both parties, they have usually terminated by a declaration of war.

CHAPTER VI.

Of the critical and variable Situation of the English Sovereigns, with regard to their Roman Catholic Subjects.

The difficulties which were insurmountable in the Spanish match, and which were only eluded in the French, lead to the consideration of an important subject.

I know of no historian who has yet developed the critical, and often the variable, situation of the sovereigns of England, in regard to their Roman Catholic subjects. Elizabeth was denounced by Romanist and Protestant; James and Charles, perpetually accused of sacrificing the national cause, were reproached by the Roman Catholics for deception and evasion.

To form a just conception of the state of the English Roman Catholics, we must not only view their condition at home, a picture which I have already exhibited, but we must also become acquainted with their external relations with the Continental powers.

The secret history of England may be often looked for among the great family of European Governments, and the solution of many a political enigma in our own country may be detected in the policy of foreign cabinets. It is there we find how many paradoxes are only truths unexplained; how conflicting interests have been forced to unite; and how consistency of conduct may be developed among the most contradictory schemes. Statesmen have been fascinated by a fond error, in imagining that their closet-intrigues can make permanent incompatible things, which from their very nature cannot stand together; and that the expedients, so ingeniously formed by their mutual deceptions, will avail against the eternal force of principles.

In this history, we must not at once leap from the Papistry of Mary to the Protestantism of Elizabeth; an awful interval lies between, which is lost in the perspective view of the historian.

It is asserted that the great change in religion, under Elizabeth, was carried by six votes, and passed in a single session; that "a superstitious" practice (the striking the breast with an exclamation) observed at the elevation of the Host was abrogated only by a single vote, and that no greater majority decided on the abolishment of parts of the ceremonial. At first it was announced that no change should take place in religion till Parliament met! Affairs were best arranged when not put to a lottery of public opinion, which seemed to depend on uncertain chance. The term of transubstantiation was saved by a vague description of the elements, by which the Romanist was enabled to partake of the Sacrament with the Protestant. Of "the Supremacy in Church and State," assumed by Henry the Eighth, that eternal stumbling-block of Papistry, the bill having long been tossed to and fro in Parliament, Elizabeth softened the oath, as we are told, by her great statesman Walsingham, "Her Majesty not liking to make windows into men's hearts and secret thoughts, except the abundance did overflow into overt acts, impeaching her Majesty's supreme power by maintaining a foreign jurisdiction." (1) That is, her Majesty wisely resolved to maintain her supremacy, though in the oath "she removed the hardness of the name and appellation of supreme head." In politics the name is often yielded while the thing is preserved.

The Queen dreaded what she foresaw would occur, controversies and contentions, and, to prevent these, she inhibited all preaching, both by Papist and Protestant. She even expressed her displeasure when the late exiles of Protestantism attempted to exercise their ministry—and, as honest Strype truly observes, "thus even and impartially did the State carry it to both parties." During forty years' continuance, every project was tried to reconcile the Papist to what was called

(1) Cabala, p. 407.

"the new Religion," and in that dawn of religious controversy great results were expected from "the force of truth." But a Protestant writer has told us, that, by this means, many true Protestants were lost. (1)

On the accession of Elizabeth, the Romanists were so numerous, that one of their English historians asserts that they formed two-thirds of the nation. Possibly at a particular period they might have reached to this number, for the great body of the people were always to be reconverted to the religion of their new sovereign, and the multitude, stupified by the changeful times, seem to have passed as easily from the accommodating Protestantism of "the child-king," to the heated papistry of the bigot Mary, as to the mingled settlement of the virgin reign. Elizabeth herself, half Protestant and half Catholic, was the true representative of her own people. She deemed it advisable, that a Roman Catholic bishop should place the crown on her head, and in her royal councils Catholics were mixed with anti-Catholics. The Queen, from the first, looked forward to that conformity in the national religion, which to enforce afterwards caused the despair of our statesmen, and the unhappiness of the people.

The Romanist still entered the same church with the new religionist. Elizabeth, herself a lover of stately magnificence, still lingered amidst the grandeurs of the pontifical rites and ceremonies. Her feminine eye had been allured by the snowy alb, the flowing amice, and the gorgeous stole, and her imagination had yielded to the sculpture and the painting —to her, yet hallowed accessories to devotion! A crucifix, pale in the light of tapers, consecrated her chapel, as long as it was—legal, and it was some time before the Queen would consent to degrade the Image or the Picture into "superstition"—by Act of Parliament! So obscure, so cautious, and so undetermined were the first steps to withdraw from the ancient Papistical customs, that Elizabeth would not forgive a bishop for marrying, and auricular confession, however condemned as a point of Popery, was still adhered to by many. Bishop Andrews would loiter in the aisles of Paul's to afford his spiritual comfort to the unburtheners of their conscience. (2)

But Elizabeth had to rule over those terrible men with all their dark hatreds—political theologists; many of whom were Papists, or Puritans, as Walsingham expresses it, "not so much in conscience as in faction."

The English exiles, who had flown to the Reformed of Switzerland during the Marian persecution, many of whom had imbibed the republican notions of the petty Presbytery of Geneva, were now urging the Queen to what they called "a thorough reformation," a favourite term with all rising parties, but always ambiguous, and, in the present instance, most perilous to the balancing and cautious wisdom of the royal councils. At that crisis, between Romanism and Protestantism, England might have bled through all her veins; a spirit more exterminating than that of her civil wars was on the watch to be let loose among the people; for a war of religion breathes a more terrible inspiration than the decaying interests of political parties, whose contests are but temporary, and whose passions at least are mortal.

What was passing among the people at these critical times, we gather from the letters of Bishop Jewell, the famous author of "The Apology for the Church of England." This venerable Protestant was so disgusted at the lenient measures pursued by the Queen, and so dubious of the awful issue, that in despair he threatened to return to his former exile at Zurich. He did not find our "insular" people at first so Protestant as he had imagined; the clergy, for the most part, were Papistical, and the brutish and indifferent multitude had not yet had sufficient time to recover from a reign of terror; but the people remain always the people, and their torpid natures are ever to be acted on by some happy artifice. A petty incident in the great history of the Reformation seems to have accelerated its impulse among the humbler classes of society. Psalm-singing, which had already spread with such popular success in Switzerland, was introduced into our churches, and when three or four hundred persons joined in chorus, the new religion excited more sympathy; at length, when "the boys in the street spat upon the priests," Jewell puts off his return to Zurich, and exults in the improved state of the Reformation.

But when the "monuments of antiquity" were defaced, and the parish crucifix was

(1) Hamon l'Estrange, "The Observator Observed," p. 28.

(2) This last remains of Popery may still be traced among us; for, since the days of our Eighth Henry, the place of Confessor to the royal household has never been abolished.

dragged by those who had worshipped before it, to kindle a new fire in Smithfield, in vengeful memory for other fires which had there been lit; though Elizabeth punished the rioters, yet then many Romanists took a sad farewell of their father-land—the horror of heresy was gathering round. Divided power was scorned equally by the implacable haughtiness of the Roman Pontiff, and the vindictive spirit of his former victims. The Romanist and the Reformed could only meet for mutual annihilation.

Now rolled the thunders of the Vatican. Pius the Fifth, blessed with the spirit of St. Dominic, the great Extirpator of Heresy, anathematised the English Queen, and delivered her dominions to Mary of Scotland. The joyful martyr, who in open day affixed the Bull of Excommunication at the gate of the Bishop of London, was executed as an English traitor. "A pious conspiracy," as the Catholic historian terms an attempted insurrection in the North, was to have been aided by the Spaniards of Alva in the Netherlands. Whenever a party rushes to an extremity, the opposite interest either sinks in its weakness, or establishes itself in its strength. This very rebellion partly purged the ill-humours of the realm, observed the statesman, Walsingham. The Bishop of Rome now discovered his inept infallibility, and perhaps regretted his impolitic impatience. In order to repair the irreparable breach, both himself and his successors granted a dispensation to their English Romanists, to allow them to show outward obedience to the Queen—till a happier opportunity! But the Catholic politics and the Catholic faith of Rome had betrayed their immutable nature.

Thus, a single blow for ever separated Englishmen from Englishmen; Papist and Protestant now became distinctive names. In the fashion of that day, the rising religion called themselves, in glory, "Gospellers," and their adversaries, in contempt, "Papelins." In the ascending scale of the *odium theologicum*, the more odious designation of *Recusant* at length branded the Romanist; though it had anciently been confined to those disturbers of the public repose, who refused to acknowledge all legitimate authority. The papal supremacy was treason against the native sovereign.

The anathema of Rome deprived the English Queen of the loyalty of a considerable part of her subjects, while it inflamed the passions of a new party, who themselves had become protesters against "the good Protestants of Elizabeth," as the first moderate Reformers attached to the hierarchy were afterwards distinguished in the succeeding reign. At this crisis, the tempered wisdom of the Queen saved the nation. She maintained her shaken throne, as a Queen of Protestants.

Thus early sprung the critical dificulties of our sovereigns. Now religion was running into factions, conscience inspiring acts of treason, and the missionary of Rome, or the Presbyter of Geneva, the Jesuit, or the Mar-Prelate, were fired by the same ambition of predominance. Roman Catholic and Protestant writers are still discussing whether the victims of the State under Elizabeth and James perished as martyrs for their faith, or as traitors to the Government, and the same difficult distinction occurs in the history of Catholic France. Louis the Thirteenth insisted that he did not war with and persecute the French Reformed for their religion as they imagined, but for their rebellion. It is the philosopher alone, who has discovered that monster in politics, whose hermaphrodite condition he has called "political religionism." (1)

In the darkness of the Court of Rome, one prolonged dream hovered about the Tiara—it was the conquest of England by invasion; or a scheme more consonant to the subtile genius of Italian policy—the rule over England by intrigue. Clement the Eighth, unlike the profound Sixtus the Fifth, imagined that there was no insurmountable difficulty to the vicegerent of Heaven gathering once more his Annates in the lost island. The busy spirits of Cardinal Allen, of Father Parsons, and other expatriated Romanists, were most active after the failure of the Spanish Armada, and still later, when the Father, one of the most political heads in Europe, ineffectually laboured to secure James on the Roman side. After the failure of the invasion, it was the great object of Father Parsons and his party to exclude James from the English crown in favour of the Infanta of Spain or the Duke of Parma. This great political Jesuit repeatedly declared, that the possession of the throne was a matter of perfect indifference, provided that the possessor were a Catholic—leaving to the princes who were interested in the

(1) See an article on that subject in the second series of Curiosities of Literature, vol. ii.

settlement of this crown to appoint among themselves the English sovereign. (1)

This settlement, however, could not have been accomplished with all the facility which in their Papal fascination was imagined by these able English agents of the Court of Rome. The verse of Virgil had separated the isle of Britain from the world, when Rome, as it seemed to the Roman, was the whole universe; but in the vast revolutions of time the solitary island had become the arbitrator of dominion. The two potent monarchies of Spain and France, amid their rival jealousies, courted the insular sovereign as their mistress, and the alliance of England was a casting weight in the government of the world. By its locality, as much as by the power of its ruler, England had protected Europe from the universal monarchy of Spain, as long afterwards Anne did from the universal monarchy of France; a glorious office, the inheritance of the English nation, whose title, as the protector of the freedom of Europe, has been confirmed by the great captain of our days.

Yet, with all our physical force, and all the wisdom of our councils, which extorted the admiration of that great statesman, Cardinal d'Ossat, (2) which were confessed by the Spanish secretary of state, Antonio Perez, (3) and admitted by the official writer in the Mercure Français, (4) in our own country the Catholic interest was still active, and the English Romanists were still looking to their allies on the Continent.

A knowledge of the secret policy of the Court of Rome we acquire from a conversation of the French ambassador, Cardinal d'Ossat, with the Pope, Clement the Eighth. The Frenchman, dreading the subjugation of England by Spain, brought forwards all the difficulties of a projected invasion, reminding his Holiness of the former discomfiture of the Spaniards. To quiet the alarm of the French ambassador, his Holiness opened a different project, and to allay the rival jealousies of the two powerful monarchies, Clement the Eighth proposed that a third monarch should be placed on the English throne, who should be their mutual friend. Should this arrangement fail, a partition of England between France and Spain would equally serve the purpose, as his Holiness exemplified by that partition of Naples which the combined nations had effectuated in the time of Louis the Twelfth. (5) We have witnessed, in our own times, this political artifice of partitioning a great kingdom, and sacrificing the independence of one nation to the coalition of injustice and rapacity.

The machinations of the Papal Cabinet were more numerous than appear on public records. Mary of Scotland was long the sustaining hope of France, of Spain, and of Rome, and her political immolation was a martyrdom of Catholicism. In the Roman scheme of subjugation, they had seated on the throne of England the phantom of an Italian cardinal, who by a dispensation was to marry the hapless Arabella Stuart. They continued to dispute even the claims of the son of Mary to the English crown. A pope had also fixed on one of his courtiers to be the King of Ireland. Such were the dreams of the Roman Pontiff!

The day that the royal anathema was nailed on the Episcopal gate at London may serve as the date for a new æra in modern history—the establishment of the civil liberties of Europe, and the martyred slave of passive obedience, who perished as an English traitor, sealed with his blood the emancipation of his fellow-countrymen from the supremacy and the despotism of Rome.

From that day, England was politically separated from her potent neighbours; and

(1) The Rev. Charles Plowden, p. 151, on Berington's Panzani. See for a further account of Father Parsons, *Amenities of Literature*, on "the First Jesuits in England."

(2) Cardinal d'Ossat, when he saw James the First quietly ascend the English throne, without the interposition of foreign powers, which they flattered themselves the English would have called in on this occasion, writes, "The people of this island have shown that they know how to settle their own affairs, and that in the surest way; and those out of doors (*ceux de dehors*) are very much mistaken in their designs and their hopes; particularly the Spaniards," adds our French ambassador, "who, though most vexed at this event, will be among the first to get over the King of Scotland on their side, if you do not prevent it."—Lettres, vol. v., 254.

(3) Antonio Perez, in sending a book to the Earl of Essex, in a Latin letter, alluding to a passage in that volume, observed, "What is here said of the equilibrium of France and Spain, and of England being the balancer of Europe, while those two kingdoms are the scales, is not to be lightly treated by any prudent observer." The original may be found in Obras de Antonio Perez, p. 693.

(4) Mercure Français, 1526. p. 891. "The most powerful Crown in Christendom, after those of France and Spain, is that of Great Britain; and it is indeed of such consequence, that it can give a predominance to either of those two Crowns to which it may choose to unite itself, to the great prejudice of the other."

(5) Cardinal d'Ossat's Lettres, ii., 363.

this novel state of affairs was productive of some phenomena in history which have not always admitted of explanation.

The great monarchies of Europe were Papistical, and the proscribed sovereign of England had to open new principles of conduct —to raise up new interests—and while on the Continent the balance of power long preponderated against the advocates of civil and religious freedom, the policy of England was to ally herself with the secondary governments of the Christian world, and to sustain the weakness of the Reformed, who flew for aid to the only formidable power in Europe who could be their protector.

Although the distinctive titles were not yet assumed, which in the progress of time were adopted, the secret springs which now were moving the Cabinets of Europe, and which were to raise such continued intrigues—act by such mysterious motives—and show themselves by such contradictory measures, at home as well as abroad, were the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Cause.

We long stood alone in Europe, and often the object of the systematic Intrigues of the Papal Court. In a confidential letter, which was lately read at the Society of Antiquaries, Lord Leicester, in the reign of Elizabeth, describing the state of public affairs, impresses the urgent necessity of a close and common union among themselves; for at this moment they stood unconnected with any one of the great Continental powers, who are all Catholics. The whole letter offers a striking evidence of the unsettled state of home affairs; and the solitary existence of England, left to herself among the great governments of Europe.

In England the Catholic interest was as an under-current, working its dark and silent passage against the mightier stream; and abroad the protestant cause was at times in the most imminent peril. What could be the consequence of this cruel condition, which placed our friends among their enemies, and held our enemies within ourselves? The state policy of the English Cabinet, and of the Cabinets of the Romanists, became uniform, for it consisted in secretly aiding their own parties in foreign lands. The Papal Court, and its allies of France and of Spain, fostered the vain hopes of, or silently acquiesced in, the conspiracies against heretical princes by their own Catholic subjects. On our side, we had to sustain the minority of mankind in Europe against their masters. This perpetual reaction throughout Europe between Catholics and Protestants may be often traced in our own history; yet the true springs of action were rarely revealed to contemporaries, although by some they seem to have been obscurely surmised. Old Camden observed, that the Papists were ever most busied in fermenting divisions at home whenever the nation was attacked from abroad.

In this unhappy condition, long were the Papists under the government of the Reformed, and the Protestants in the dominion of the Catholic, dangerous subjects. History abounds with their intrigues, their conspiracies, and their mutual persecutions. From the days of Elizabeth we had to aid, openly or covertly, the oppressed or the rebellious Protestants of France, and that infant republic in the Spanish Netherlands, whose glorious emancipation forms one of the most interesting revolutions in modern history. In a large correspondence which I have turned over of Charles the Ninth of France with his ambassador at London, I discovered reiterated complaints of the insidious conduct of our Elizabeth, who, at the moment she was professing the most sisterly love, was in fact secretly aiding the French Huguenots; but it must also be confessed, that Charles, on his side, was not more innocent; for his close and secret correspondence with the Scotch, by his active agents, might have furnished an ample recrimination to the English Queen. The same conduct may be observed in the political relations of England and Spain. In 1585, while we were yet at peace with that potent monarchy, Philip was actively fomenting the insurrection in Ireland, and Elizabeth not less earnestly assisting in the formation of a republic in the Spanish Netherlands. The political system of aiding Protestants, who were the subjects of a foreign prince, became a case of conscience with the pacific and casuistical James the First, with whose high notions of divine right ill accorded an alliance with insurgents or rebels. It was a question with him, "How far a Christian and Protestant king may concur to assist his neighbours to shake off their obedience to their own sovereign?" In what manner this delicate point was resolved by the casuistry of Archbishop Abbot is not material; the ministers of James, or the gunpowder of the Catholics, might have speedily settled this case of conscience. Charles the First, who entered into a bolder system of politics than his father, eagerly adopted the cause of the

Duke of Rohan at the head of the Huguenots of France. This indeed was an English and a Protestant interest; but it provoked a potent enemy. This interference of the English sovereign in the civil wars of France was afterwards avenged by the great and implacable Cardinal, who, patient and watchful through a series of fifteen years, was silently active in his dark intrigues with the Scots, till he worked them into open revolt; and the vengeance of this great statesman was at least a secondary cause of the destruction of Charles the First. The open scene in which the *Catholic and Protestant interests* assumed a palpable form was the memorable war which so long disturbed Europe with the groans of Germany. It was in one continued battle of thirty years, such these awful and protracted conflicts may be deemed, that the *Evangelical Union* finally liberated itself from the *Catholic League;* for by these undisguised names they are recognised in history.

It was, however, by a fortunate accident, the state policy of Franco, and its jealousies and fears of the House of Austria, that the foreign Reformed saved their independence; as formerly in their outset, it is considered that Charles Fifth, from a similar political jealousy of the power of his own German princes, to balance contending interests, silently acquiesced in the growth of his heretics. The Emperor spared the monk Luther from the seduction of a cardinal's purple. France, who had ever been the persecutor of the Reformed, now, to keep down Austria and to wrestle with Spain, raised up an intermediate power, by confederating with the Protestant princes. The councils of her statesmen were allowed to prevail over those of her ecclesiastics. Kings are more tender of their sovereignty than of their religion. For France, the predominance of Austria or Spain was an immediate danger; but points of faith may be safely adjourned. The security of empire would necessarily include the security of religion.

Had France confederated with the other great Catholic powers, the Reformation, and with it the cause of political independence and civil freedom, had possibly sunk into an obscure schism. Spain and Italy have shown the astonished world how human opinion can be walled out by the frontiers of a spurious faith. The foreign Reformed might have been left without a single independent State, and without a sanctuary for refuge, save the solitary island to which they would in vain have turned their eyes. Thus, the Protestants owe their political existence possibly to the aid of that France which afterwards expelled her children of heresy from their hearths.

Those only who have read the letters of the times can form any adequate notion of the agonising and universal interest which pervaded the English people at every advance or retreat of the Austrian Tilly, the Danish Christern, and the Swedish Gustavus—the fate of Protestantism, in the battle of Lutzen, hung on the thread of victory; but the victory itself brought no consolation for the loss of "the Liberator and Deliverer of Germany," for the fears of the Reformed survived their victory many succeeding years.

At this period, the critical difficulties of our sovereign arose from two causes. First, from the refusal of the English Romanists to take the oath of allegiance to their native sovereign—and secondly, from the vacillating conduct of the English monarchs in their occasional suspension, or occasional enforcement of the utmost severity of the penal laws against the Catholics.

The Pope who succeeded the excommunicator of Elizabeth, guidod by the same invariable principle, admonished his English flock to refuse the oath of allegiance to her successor—"for the salvation of their souls." Here many affected to treat this brief lightly, as not emanating from his own will, but a second ratified the irrevocable fiat; and those who had taken the oath of allegiance wore held infamous by their own party. This conduct of Paul the Fifth opened a source of misery to the English Romanists, and to their sovereigns. Charles the First conceded to his Catholics that he would not press their acknowledgment of him as supreme head of the Ecclesiastical state, but this monarch could never be convinced that his English Catholics should refuse that oath of allegiance, which merely bound the subject to his sovereign; it was a pledge for civil and not for religious purposes. But in the spiritual government, the monarchy of the earth was not the least of its prerogatives. The oath of allegiance, which had originated in the gunpowder plot, necessarily included an unequivocal disavowal of the *deposing power of* the Pope; an inviolable doctrine bound up with the Papacy, by which "the Servant of the Servants of God" remained the real, though not the ostensible, sovereign of his English slaves.

Hence all the sufferings of the Romanists of England! Whenever it became necessary to tender the oath of allegiance, and whenever it was conscientiously refused, the consequence, as a Catholic feelingly observed, was "worse than excommunication." Of such undefinable horror is composed a premunire which they incurred. Pursuivants, or King's Messengers, might at all times enter the abodes of Catholics; children might seize on the property of their parents; all the charities of life were denied the proscribed Papist.

The Romanists in the days of Charles the First were divided in opinion respecting the oath of allegiance; some offering vague arguments and subtile corollaries, which tended to separate the temporal from the spiritual dominion of the Roman Pontiff; but what seemed perfect logic at London was rank heresy at Rome. The great body of the Romanists in England disdained the subterfuge. Panzani sympathising with the English monarch, whose forbearance he acknowledged, and compassionating his brothers, whose interminable sufferings he foresaw, suggested a conciliatory modification of the oath of allegiance.

This enlightenod, at least this humane, agent of the Romish see, was sentenced to eternal silence, and was soon recalled by his Court. Such is the immutable despotism of the Papacy! and fervent as we are at this day to alleviate these sufferings of our fellow-countrymen, have we found that these cruel exigencies form but a vanished tale? The insurmountable difficulties seem still to be lying before us. Like the hero of antiquity we are combating in darkness, and against an Immortal. (1) We have witnessed, but yesterday, the principles and the conduct of the two parties among the English Romanists; the one, wholly papal from ancient days, have surrendered to the chair of St. Peter the heavens and the earth; the other would throw into speculative doubt the secular jurisdiction of their spiritual sovereign. We have seen how, in their attempts to win over their brothers, they have cast themselves into inextricable confusion; a protestation drawn up by their own hand, with some names subscribed and deposited in our national library, has only encountered other protests, has been refused signatures, and the faithless instrument has even been called for by some to retract their own subscriptions. (2)

It is remarkable that these two parties of Romanists are nowhere to be discovered but among Protestants. It is in a land of Protestants that the Romanist elevates his tone, advocates the freedom of mankind, and eloquently cries for toleration. James the Second, who suffered the martyrdom of a kingdom for his Romish creed, eagerly sought to remove all tests from the Dissenters; (3) but in a land of Romanists, the soil has been kept sacred from polluters. (4) Toleration is a term which the very Roman Catholic lexicographers never admitted into their dictionaries, and which they dare not explain. (5)

As Charles the First only required from the Romanists a political or civil oath of allegiance as their sovereign, in refusing this, they incapacitated themselves from becoming his subjects. The monarch and his cabinet

(1) A Jesuit inclining to the liberal feelings of Panzani, and therefore in odium with the Society, Father Blackloe (or Mr. White) has expressed himself with the utmost force of words, on *the Pope's infallibility*. "It were a less crime to violate a maid upon an altar, than to settle amongst us the belief of the Pope's infallibility." Our Jesuit has branded the doctrine of *opus operatum* with the censure of *pagan superstition, hypocritical witchcraft*. Further he writes, "Mr. Montague and others are sending to Rome for his Holiness's Bulls, to beat English calves. He tells Sir Kenelm Digby what doubtless he would still have repeated: "*Our clergy are fools, not worth the pains you take for them; they will never dare to act without a Breve from Rome.*"

(2) This chapter was written in 1828, before the Act for the Emancipation of the Roman Catholics had passed the British Legislature.

(3) When James the Second put out a declaration for liberty of conscience, in which he was sure that all Nonconformists would join with him, Baron Wallop, famous for his repartees, said, "All this is but scaffolding; he intends to build another House (Popery), and when that House is built, he will take down his scaffold."—*Dr. H. Sampson's Diary*, MS.

(4) It is rather a curious fact, that the Roman Catholics themselves have been alarmed at the tyranny which the Protestants would exercise over them, as much as the Protestants have been frightened at their persecutors. Guy Patin has conjured up this phantom of dreaded retribution. "All the Huguenots of Europe will one day agree together, and occasion a general revolt under the name of Religion; particularly whenever they shall have for their chief an enterprising genius like that of the King of Sweden—Charles the Twelfth. If these people get the upper hand of us, they will treat us savagely, very different from what we do them. They will not suffer us to hold our mass. The Huguenots are dangerous politicians, as has been lately shown in England and in France." Such at least was the opinion of that day.

(5) See the last edition of the *Dictionnaire de Trevoux*, 1771—"Tolerance is a word getting into use. It is the weak who raise such outcries for Toleration."—*Curiosities of Literature*, second series, ii. 397.

were, therefore, anxiously concerting measures with his party, and protecting these Roman Catholics. Both sides were straining to reconcile the most repulsive difficulties.

We are now to open some extraordinary incidents which seemed equally inexplicable and alarming to contemporaries, and which many still consider as no doubtful evidence of the concealed disposition to Popery of Charles the First.

The celebrity of the Jesuits, and the favouritism they enjoyed with the Roman Pontiff, had awakened the complaints and jealousies of the secular priests; and between the Jesuits and their foreign principles, and these priests of English birth, who, though they were rigid Roman Catholics, cherished the feelings of Englishmen, existed irreconcilable hatreds.

The hopeless reunion of the two churches, the real source of all James's compliances and arts, was still the fatal seduction of the ministers of Charles. Like James, Laud would probably have acknowledged the Church of Rome to be the mother-church, provided she would have owned her daughter. The loyalty and allegiance of his own Catholics only was required by the sovereign. What else could he want from the Court of Rome?

This reunion was often discussed, and great indulgences were granted to the pacifying priests. The Queen's confessor, Father Philip, was for softening and smoothing, and even altering, some insurmountable points; Panzani was desirous of assisting in this work of amity; and on this system of reconciliation several books were published by the priests. Charles had long been prepared to trust to this chimerical project; for James was disposed to treat some of the Roman doctrines—their transubstantiation, invocation of saints, and tenets of similar concoction, merely as "scholastic questions," as he termed them in one of his speeches. But the whole fabric of Roman superstitions stands, as it were, like witchcraft; and would the Thaumaturgus throw open his mystical bulwarks, that the creeping spirit of Protestantism might, with a Judas-kiss, plant its revolutionary standard there?

Charles the First was particularly pleased with a work of Franciscus à Sancta Clara, a Franciscan friar, alias Father Davenport; it was designed to bend the Roman Catholic system as nearly as it could to the Protestant. But, however it gratified the English monarch, at Rome it was immediately condemned, and the writer summoned to appear before a tribunal, where to appear is to be guilty. Father Philip incessantly interceded with the Papal Cabinet to forbear rigorous proceedings against Davenport, who, while he was a favourite with the English Court and the learned, at the same time professed perfect obedience to the Papal decisions. The book was condemned, but the censure was not published, and the writer's excuse of personal infirmity was accepted for the journey to Rome.

But what the intolerant genius of Rome deemed of the tendency of this work, so grateful to Charles and Laud, appears in one of those numerous passages in the manuscript copy of Panzani's Memoirs, which the editor has suppressed in the printed volume. "This work in Rome was thought very dangerous, because it laboured to accord together the same English schismatical Church with the Roman Catholic; that is to say, Hell with Heaven; or rather, as the English Catholics used to say, the author would join together Christ with Luther."

Another edition came forth. The Jesuits, enraged at this new offence, instantly published the censure it lay under at Rome. Davenport apologised, declaring that the new edition had appeared without his consent, and submitted himself entirely to the decision of his Holiness. However, the Franciscan would not trust himself with his Italian sovereign, while he reposed under the protection of his English monarch.

The fact, however, of the condemnation of the book could no longer be concealed from the King, while another work by Father Courtenay, which Rome had highly approved, asserted the Pope's deposing power. Charles was so deeply irritated, that Panzani found that it was scarcely in the Queen's power to pacify the English monarch respecting these artful proceedings of the Roman Pontiff.

To me it is evident, although I do not find the fact noticed by former historians, that Government secretly patronised these English priests, who in this country were assiduously employed in emancipating the Roman Catholics from their temporal slavery to the Court of Rome. These priests looked up to the English Court for protection from their implacable enemies the Jesuits. (1)

An extraordinary incident occurred, which at the time alarmed the English public, and

(1) See two letters of Father Leander to the Secretary of Windebank, descriptive of their situation. —Clarendon State Papers, i., 106—128.

apparently sanctioned the prevalent notion of Charles's devotion to Rome.

In the prison of the Clink several priests had long found an asylum. Some who had been condemned to imprisonment for the space of sixteen years (since the gunpowder treason), and had been discharged more than seven years, still voluntarily remained in prison. By some officious informer, the Marshal of Middlesex was urged to obtain a warrant from the Attorney-General to search the Clink, "to seize all Popish and superstitious matters." A very extraordinary scene was now exhibited.

The Marshal discovered a number of priests who were attended by men and women servants. One Father Preston occupied a range of three or four apartments, part of the Bishop of Winchester's house, forming a large library, "supposed to be worth two thousand pounds at least," and described "with shelves like a bookseller's shop." There he found also altars ready furnished for mass, rich crucifixes, chalices of silver and of gold, bags of money unopened, and abundance of manuscripts. In the apartments of one Father Cannon, among similar things, particularly his holy water, which he "instantly cast out into the chimney," there was a small collection of pictures, a crucifixion, a Magdalen, all of high price. What seemed remarkable, there were pictures of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King Charles—"the taking of the pictures did exceedingly move the priests to impatience." There was a portrait of an old priest, named Collington, of whom Cannon affirmed, in his scoffing manner, "that that man's beard had done King James more hurt than an army often thousand men could have done." Other chambers were stored with similar objects, abundance of books, great wealth, boxes of oil for extreme unction, "much trash with plenty of church stuff."

On the first assault of the Marshal, the priests were melancholy and thoughtful; and while the Marshal was so busily occupied in locking up the apartments, or in breaking into them, the priests seemed only anxious to convey a notice of their situation to the Archbishop; and when they heard that their message had reached his Grace, they suddenly expressed their joy, that now nothing would be suffered to be removed away. "And it came to pass accordingly," says the Marshal in his report. "For having locked up stores of wealth in various apartments, and while we were in full search in the third chamber, a countermand was brought from the Archbishop and the Attorney-General, and the Marshal and his men forbidden to take away as much as a paper. (1)

This scene is somewhat strange, and exhibits several mysterious circumstances.

It is evident, whoever these English priests might be, and there were others in the same predicament in other prisons, that they considered themselves tenants for life. They accepted even a voluntary imprisonment; they turned their prison into a monastery, and their labours were their studies—their large libraries, their catalogues of books priced, their great wealth, their rich church-ornaments, and every object about them, indicated that they were neither obscure nor forgotten. They could not be disloyal subjects, for Father Cannon had discovered in his pictures, not only curiosity of taste, but curiosity of loyalty; for he would not have collected a series of the portraits of our English monarchs, had he looked on them with the eyes of a Jesuit.

We are let into the secret history of these priests by the letter which the Archbishop (Abbot) wrote to the Attorney-General on the Marshal's seizure and disturbance of this nest of priests.

"Good Mr. Attorney,—I thank you for acquainting me what was done yesterday at the Clink; but I am of opinion, that if you had curiously inquired upon the gentleman who gave the information, you should have found him to be a disciple of the Jesuits; for they do nothing but put tricks on these poor men, who do live more miserable lives than if they were in the Inquisition in many parts beyond the sea.

"By taking the oath of allegiance, and writing in defence of it, and opening some points of high consequence, they have so displeased the Pope, that if by any cunning they could catch them, they are sure to be burnt or strangled for it. And once there was a plot to have taken Preston as he passed the Thames, and to have shipped him into a bigger vessel, and so to have transported him into Flanders, there to have made a martyr of him. (2) In respect of these things, King

(1) Rushworth, i., 210.

(2) Father Preston was the great champion for the oath of allegiance, and wrote several books in its defence, in answer to Bellarmine, Suarez, etc., under the name of Roger Widdrington. He was a learned Benedictine, and missionary in the reign of

James always gave his protection to Preston and Warrington, as may be easily shown. Cannon is an old man well affected to the cause, but meddleth not with any factions or seditions.

"They complain their books were taken from them, and a crucifix of gold, with some other things, which, I hope, are not carried out of the house, but may be restored again unto them; for it is in vain to think that priests will be without their beads or pictures, models of their saints; and it is not improbable that before a crucifix they do often say their prayers.

"I leave the things to your best consideration, and hope that this deed of yours, together with my word, will restrain them for giving offence hereafter, if so be that lately they did give any. I heartily recommend me unto you, and so rest

"Your loving friend,'

"G. Cant."

We have now an idea of the real occupation of these priests, and the necessity of their voluntary confinement, for their own personal safety. Their object was to emancipate their fellow Romanists from their foreign despotism; they were in heart, or at least in outward appearance, true-born Englishmen; but they were not the less Roman Catholics; and while the series of the collected portraits of the English monarchs marks their patriotic feeling, the flout of old Father Cannon, "that Collington's beard had done James the First more damage than an army of ten thousand men," shows that, though ready to acknowledge the English monarch as his sovereign, the priest held but lightly his skill in divinity.

The ignoble means practised by the Papal Court to silence their refractory subjects is not exaggerated by the Archbishop. The historian of the Roman Catholics himself notices the fate of an unfortunate Benedictine, who, having written against the temporal power of the Pope and the loose casuistry of the Jesuits, was decoyed abroad, and confined for twenty years a prisoner at Rome.(1) That implacable tribunal could not even forgive the miserable apostate who returned to its bosom; for, while it pardoned, it pronounced his death, as appeared by the mysterious fate of the Archbishop of Spalatro, who was lured to quit England, and to expiate his apostasy at Rome. The more modern fate of the great historian of Naples, whose learned genius dared to investigate the sources of the ecclesiastical power, attests that power's unrelenting intolerance. Giannone, enticed from his retreat in a neutral dominion, betrayed, and cast into a tower, in the tenderness of Papal mercy was suffered to pine away in solitude.

We have now ascertained the design of Charles the First and his minister in their intercourse and protection of that small party of the English Roman Catholics who would not refuse their oath of allegiance to their native sovereign, and who occupied themselves in writing books to enlighten their fellow Romanists. Their little success attests the desperate cause they advocated. The result of this temporising spirit of the English Government, which we have with some pains developed, was at the time to renew the jealousies of their own people, and finally to leave their own character in history doubtful and ambiguous.

It is said that Charles the First, in the course of his reign, discharged more than eleven thousand priests. They were sent to prison by shoals, and regularly every year great numbers were liberated by privy seal. This appeared very strange to the public. A statute of Elizabeth, confirmed by James, had declared that all natural subjects in priest's orders, by the authority of the Roman See, were traitors, and were condemned for execution. It was considered by Parliament, in 1640, that Charles the First was censurably remiss in not hanging all these priests; and the King's conduct on that occasion discovers his perplexity.

One John Goodman, convicted of being a Romish priest, was condemned, but reprieved by the King; on this reprieve the Commons hold a conference with the Lords, and petition for his execution. The King, in his answer, observed that when the Recorder had

James and Charles. He stood out long against the intreaties of his friends, and the menaces of Rome; but after this firm and even successful resistance having prevailed with many, both Clergy and regular, to join with him, I find that this able champion in so noble a cause, Englishman as he was, surrendered all his rights and his understanding to despotic Rome! How, therefore, could a Protestant, for a moment, depend on the conviction of a Romanist, since the firmest advocates for tendering allegiance to their English sovereign, in the face of their own arguments, and against the very oaths they have offered, were backsliders into the supernatural darkness of the Roman cavern. — *Dodd's Church History*, ii., 420.

(1) Dodd's Church History, iii., 101.

attended on him, as usual, with the names and crimes of convicts, he had found that Goodman had been condemned for being in priest's orders; but that he had been acquitted of perverting the people in their belief. Tender of blood in cases of conscience, the King considered that such a man was fitter to be banished or imprisoned. This produced a remonstrance, urging the justice of the law.(1) A deputation of the Houses waited on the King, when one of the King's arguments was, that "Elizabeth and James did never avow that any priest in their time was executed merely for religion." The King however (it was in 1640) declares that since he is pressed for execution, he would not discontent the people, and he wholly remits the prisoner to the mercy of both Houses; but he adds, "I desire ye to take into consideration the inconveniences which may on this occasion fall on my subjects and other Protestants abroad, since it may seem to other States to be a severity. I have told you this, and now think myself discharged from all ill consequences that may ensue from the execution of this priest."

The royal answer was received with humming, as Baillie informs us; and this mark of their approbation attests that the majority of the members were not yet perfectly trained up for mere party purposes.

In this dilemma, the noble conduct of the unhappy convict himself appears to have relieved both parties. Goodman petitioned to be executed, that "he might not live the subject of so great discontent in your people against your Majesty. If this storm be raised for my sake, let me be cast into the sea, that others may avoid the tempest; my blood will be well shed to cement the breach between your Majesty and your subjects on this occasion." This magnanimous offer of his life seemed to have disarmed the Commons, for nothing more occurred about this priest.

On this case, I must observe on two historians. Even Mr. Brodie alludes to "the intolerance of the Commons," and would apologise for it, by insinuating that the secret motive of persecuting this priest after the reprieve was the fear of the rising party in the Commons, "lest the suspension of the law in the case of Goodman should pave the way for the pardon of Strafford." It must be confessed, that he here makes our patriots astute pupils in the school of Machiavel; for with this motive we must suppose them to have preconcerted their plans, and taken long views of their future operations. The Presbyter Noale, in composing his own history of the sufferings of Nonconformity, one might have imagined, would have felt a more tolerant spirit; yet he not only asserts that it was strange in Charles to allege that Elizabeth and James did not hang men for being Papists, since many were executed for denying the Supremacy, etc., but, without any reserve, he condemns the King for not hanging the priests; and he has favoured us with the secret motive of the unhappy monarch. "Such was his Majesty's attachment to *this people*, to the apparent hazard of the Protestant religion, and the peace of the kingdom." Such are the passionate historians of party! They take up the vulgar impressions of the great objects of their inquiries when these are convenient, and rarely view them as statesmen, and much less as philosophers. Charles's hint of the probable retaliation abroad had, no doubt, raised the "humming" of the wiser members.

A year afterwards, however, the same principle was acted on, and terminated in the same result. The scene, however, was on a wider scale, for in one week they petitioned to have seven priests hanged.

At this moment, in December, 1641, Charles was still more subdued, while the patriotic party was still more popular. The King did not, however, alter his conduct, which finally produced the same result. The recent Irish massacre had embittered the spirit of the Commons, and offers some excuse for their unworthy persecution of seven miserable men.

Seven priests were convicted in one week, and, as usual, reprieved by the King, who, in a message to the House, informed them that the French ambassador had intereeded to have their sentence changed into banishment. The Commons desire the concurrence of the Lords to hang five of the seven priests; and the Lords confer with them to learn the curious reason why five should be executed and two saved? I do not find the reason recorded. If it were on any principle of mercy, it lost that virtue in its progress; for I find the House petitioning to hang without exception. The King replied, that if the Houses would consent, he would banish these seven priests; and, as they returned no answer, the King suspended this sanguinary execution.

It appears that, two months afterwards,

(1) Rushworth, iv., 138.

when the Venetian ambassador reported that the Pope threatened to land an army in Ireland if these priests were executed, the Commons indignantly renewed their petition. The King now hinted at the dread of retaliation by the Irish Rebels, and again left the priests to the mercy of the Parliament. As they could neither agree to pardon or to hang they were silent. (1)

But these difficulties of the King greatly prejudiced him in the public opinion, and the clemency shown to Goodman and the seven priests was easily ascribed alike by Royalist and by Puritan, equally alarmed, to the influence of the Queen. Charles was always protesting that he would put the laws in execution, yet he never failed in contriving some means to elude them. Our honest Rapin is sadly perplexed to account for such contrary proceedings; for while he candidly confesses that Charles was not "popishly affected," yet during the first fifteen years of his reign he not only screened the Roman Catholics from the rigours of the law, but even countenanced them by confiding to their care some of the most important offices,—as those of Privy-Councillors, Secretaries of State, and Lords Lieutenants of Counties. The opinions and motives of conduct of this monarch may be more obvious to us than to his contemporaries. Charles unquestionably had often conciliated his numerous Roman Catholic subjects, and most of them afterwards displayed their inviolable loyalty, for in the civil wars that loyalty did not interfere with that creed which bound them to their foreign sovereign at Rome. The King and his minister fell victims to the vain hope of amalgamating them with the great body of the Protestants. As for the affair of these priests, Charles well knew that they were not of that class which had terrified his father as well as Elizabeth; they were not gunpowder traitors, poisoners of saddles, or rapier men who were to fall on the beefeaters; some were bookmen, who had engaged their inkstands in the cause which the monarch was so desirous to maintain. He knew them to be zealots, who at least suffered for conscience sake; many were condemned merely for having taken priest's orders, though living obscurely as the disguised dependents of some ancient Roman Catholic family. Could he, divesting himself of the true dignity of a sovereign, and of that intelligence which the office of sovereignty should include, run with the clamours of a party and the illusions of the people? Charles could not have imagined that the common weal was to be preserved by a hecatomb of miserable priests. Much we grant to the panic of those unhappy times, and more to the passions; but can we entertain a doubt that the merciless persecutions of these priests was one of the stalking-horses of party?

I cannot quit this subject without pausing on one of the most pathetic incidents in this history of human nature—the situation and the feelings of these most miserable men, the Roman Catholic priests. How many inevitable crimes, and how many untold sufferings, never appear in the history of a people!

One of the Capuchins who attended on Henrietta has left a memoir, which affords us the secret history of that devoted party. Père Gamache writes with the simplicity of a child, and he convinces me of his sincerity, even when he describes some miracles which he himself witnessed. He perpetually reiterates that there can be no other religion than the Catholic Apostolical and Roman; it is the true religion, founded by Jesus Christ, and was the only one in which a mortal soul could be saved.

It appears that, by "the solid reasons" which his great genius could enforce, Père Gamache was very adroit in converting young ladies and old gentlemen. He exults in the martyrdoms which he certainly witnessed in England, under "the detestable Parliament."

The pursuivants, who were employed to hunt out Romanists, he describes generally as persons of an infamous character; the greater number consisting of apostates, whose intimacy with the haunts and customs of their former associates assisted their pursuits. They had free entrance into the houses of Romanists at all hours, and priest-catching became actually a wicked trade, in which they

(1) I find a memorandum, that on this occasion, in the Lords, the Bishops withdrew themselves before the voting of the question, it being *in agitatione causæ sanguinis*. On this principle, the Inquisition burn men, that they may not shed blood. Had the Bishops betrayed this humanity in the Star Chamber, they would have shown to the world that they did not resemble the Spanish Inquisition. The story of the seven priests I drew from Nalson, ii., 732—740. I wished to confront his statement with Rushworth; but, to my surprise, I find no notice of the conferences of the Houses about hanging these seven priests. Did Rushworth judge that this piece of history would be little honourable to the wisdom or the humanity of the popular party? The omission must have been voluntary, and impeaches his integrity.

laid traps and directed decoys to inveigle their victims. These pursuivants resembled the worst class of Bow-street runners, if it be true that some of them verify an old proverb. These Englishmen were dragged to prison, and on the mere conviction of being priests, either by their own confession, or the deposition of witnesses, these helpless beings, whose profession the Government had made a state-crime, passed from the prison to the gallows.

The Capuchins, who still remained in England, after the departure of Henrietta, awaiting her return, now disguised in their persons, for their beards would have been in their way, by bribing the jailors, were admitted to visit the condemned priests, and offer their spiritual aid; and as the matter was understood, the jailor's Protestantism melting away in his hand, he would lock them all night in the cells, and thus secure the imprisoned the rites of their religion.

The priests said the mass, received the confessions, distributed the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist, and received from the hands of those who in a few hours were to be saints, images bearing some signature from their blessed hands, and relics which the Romanists would collect with avidity. Such were the Vigils of Martyrdom!

"These faithful and generous warriors of God," exclaims Père Gamache, "issued from the prison-gate to their glory." At the tree, some disguised priest would insinuate himself among the crowd to grant absolution to the condemned man; it was done by a secret sign agreed on, either by holding down the head or lifting the arms, but if the disguised Capuchin, in the fervour of his act, should have betrayed himself, the barbarous cry from the mob, of "Priest! Priest!" was a fatal signal that immediate disappearance could alone save his life.

Some of these priests rejoiced when they listened to their barbarous sentence—it secured them the martyrdom they aspired to. There were others who loved life, without yielding up their religious faith. Gamache one night waited on five condemned priests. One was more sullen than the others; he had flattered himself, by his great interest, that he should be saved, but the King at that moment could not exert his clemency, and yielded to the Parliament these five priests. The news was brought to the sullen priest that he must die in the morning. At that moment, when all hope failed, a sudden change took place; he was now as desirous to die as he had before been reluctant. "It is better for me," he cried, "that I perish to-morrow in the cause of Jesus! Fathers! let us rejoice for this divine favour!" The supper was before them, "Hold!" he cried, "we will rejoice!" and giving money to the attendants, he bid them go and fetch some Spanish wine. He passed the supper-hour in innocent gaiety, and then they prayed till the break of morning, and he died with the same courage as the others.

One of these priests, by an ingenious trick, resolved to give a singular testimony of his religious faith before an innumerable multitude. "This generous soldier of Jesus" on the scaffold, the cord already about his neck, addressing the sheriff, said, "Sir, you see me condemned to death, not for any crime against the King or the State, but simply for having said mass, and being a priest. Death is terrible of itself even for the most resolute,—what will be done for me if I renounce the Catholic religion, and become Protestant?" "You shall be saved from this shameful and bloody death, you shall have life, and the means of living." This offer he expected, and it gave him an opportunity of turning to the people, to show that life had been offered to him, and that he now rejected it for his religion. The sheriff, provoked, ordered immediate execution, but the Romanists rejoiced, and some Protestants were touched by pity—it is well that Père Gamache did not add that they were all converted. (1)

To the Catholic, the deaths of these priests were so many martyrdoms, and, deeming them such, they used every means and spared no cost to procure some of their remains, as the most precious and authentic relics. To dip some memorial in their blood,—to snatch a heart still beating with life from the flame,

(1) Although I give more credit to Père Gamache's Memoirs than some of my readers will incline to, I must at the same time observe, that his feelings are so perfectly papistical that they at times deeply imbue, and give a false colour to his style. I will not think that the Capuchin was capable of inventing stories, but that he told them to great advantage for his own cause. In the present anecdote he says, that the sheriff offered the priest, in case of his abjuring his popery, that he should be recompensed *de quelque opulent bénéfice*. Now it is not probable that a Roman Catholic, with a rope about his neck, abjuring his creed for his life, could ever be trusted with any church preferment, and therefore Père Gamache must here, and elsewhere, be charged with a little pious fraud, and twisting facts, which are true in themselves, to his own particular purpose, which makes them false.

—to preserve the dismembered limb of a victim,—were objects which the Romanists had at heart, and which it appears were often supplied by the avarice of the executinner. The pious ambassador of Portugal was desirous of procuring the head of one of these priests—this was a most difficult acquisition, for the heads were always placed on spikes over London Bridge, all counted and out of reach. The ambassador, however, sent for the executioner, and offered a large sum for a particular head, and paid him half the money down. Ketch, if he took one head, found it absolutely necessary to place another, to prevent any inquiry. He hit on an expedient worthy of himself. At night he opened a fresh grave, cut off the head of his neighbour, and, climbing to the top over the bridge, succeeded in spiking the Protestant's head and carrying off tho martyr's, but in his trepidation he fractured a limb, and, just escaping from the Thames, carried the remembrance of converting a Protestant's head into a Papist's to the day of his death.

Such were these fated priests, and such the adoration of the Romanists!

In the cause of civil and religious freedom we have persecuted—but our persecutions at least have been in detail. A principle more terrific is the eternal reproach of the Romanist, the massacre—the auto-da-fé—the expulsion of a whole people of fellow-citizens—these are written in blood, in the histories of Italy, of France, and of Spain. Centuries of persecution have passed over, yet, of all men, the religious are least reconciled to one another! We must not look in the Gospel for the cause—it is among thomselves.

To return to our original subject. The other critical difficulty of our sovereign arose out of the state-roasons which often interfered with a rash compliance with the reiterated petitions of Parliament against the Romanists. At every proclamation which our Government issued against this unhappy race, at the instigation of their alarmed and jealous Prntestants, remoustrances were renewed by the great European powers; retaliation was provoked, and one frequent cause of relaxing the severity of our penal code was the desire to abate that spirit of persecution which Rome busily revived against the Continental Reformed. The emancipation of the British Romanists was one of the great state-interests of France and Spain. It always formed one of the chief articles in their treaties, and was the subject of the incessant representations of thoir rosident ambassadors. Whenever James the First had to propitiate the foreign powers, a habit which his pacific system too often indulged, a conciliatory style towards the Catholics was held out to his Parliament, which was sure to revive the dread response of "the alarming growth of the Austrian power, and the state of our poor oppressed brethren abroad." To further the projected alliances with Spain, and afterwards with France, the execution of the penal laws against the Romanists was suspended; but Fuller describes the popular uneasiness in his own manner. "The peoplo suspected that if the treaties took effect, more water of the Tiber than of the Thames would run down London Bridge." It is to these cabinet measures which James alluded in one of his later speeches. "It is true, that at times, for reasons *best known to myself*, I did not so fully put the laws in execution, but did wink and connive at some things that might have hindered more weighty affairs." Charles also assigned the reason of his lenient conduct to the Roman Catholics, when his third Parliament seemed in dread of the designs of Popery. "It had been with the hope that foreign Princes would have used the like moderation towards the Protestants, but, not finding the fruits of it, he was now resolved to add some farther severity to what the petition desired." A statesman-like answer! The King could not contend with the voico of the people, but, in yielding to it, he gave this public warning to foreign powers, of the necessity of a reciprocal forbearance.

Foreign Cabinets imagined that it only depended on the will of the English monarch to grant an open toleration to his Catholics; and therefore the repugnance which James and Charles showed to put forth an opon declaration in their favour, at the very timo they consented to a suspension of the penal laws, argued to them an uncertain grant, and seemed a gross duplicity. And whenovor it happened, as it frequently occurred, that the temporary quiet which the Catholics enjoyed roused the fears of the people, and Parliament, too often operating on these panics, called out for the severe execution of the penal laws against the Catholics, the English sovereign was denounced by France, and Spain, aud Italy, for disingenuousness and perfidy. James always assured the foreign ambassadnrs that he could only grant a connivance, but not an open toleration, to his Catholic subjects.

These critical difficulties were perpetually

recurring. The secret though slight intercourse which Charles held with Rome diffused a terror through the nation; yet we may now learn that on his side the sole objects of that intercourse were the restitution of the Palatinate — and perpetual projects to alleviate the state of his own Roman Catholic subjects, and secure his royal supremacy, by passing over in silence his ecclesiastical. The administration of his minister, Laud, was, on the same principle, to melt two opposite faiths into one, by a reunion of the churches; and thus to reconcile contraries, which attempt ended so fatally.

Yet the popular error run, that the Protestant cause had been utterly abandoned; and those popular panics a party knew well how to direct for their own purposes. The prejudices against Charles for his connivance of Popery proved fatal to him in many of the most critical periods of his reign. The Queen's "idolatry" was always a lively *reveil*, for the Royalists were as jealous of the King in this respect as the Parliamentarians and the Puritans.

Alone, in the midst of violence and war, after the loss of the battle of Naseby, Charles resolved, in despair, to engage the Irish Romanists. Their forces cast into the scales of fortune might have turned them. But in this attempt Charles placed himself in a dilemma. To have done this openly would have struck with jealousies and terrors his Protestant people, and his having done it secretly has countenanced an opinion with some that Charles would have sacrificed the religion and constitution of his country. His success would have been pronounced a *coup d'état*; his ill-fortune has cast on him the odium of a duplicity of conduct into which his hard fate too often hurried him. This frequent contradiction in the conduct of the English sovereigns has seemed inexplicable both to their apologists and their censurers. Mr. Brodie, observing on Charles the First's "insincere dealing in regard to recusants," which he tells us, "even his apologists admit," cannot account for "the line of policy which the ministers of the crown pursued, when they endeavoured to alarm Parliament by the audacious proceedings of Jesuits." (1) In the one case the King protected these unhappy Romanists, the recusants, from the fury of the popular prejudices as long as he could; and in the other he was compelled to sacrifice them to the popular feeling, to obtain supplies from the Commons.

This is the true picture of the complicated state in which James and Charles were involved between the jarring interests of their Romanists and their Protestants.

The subject before us may be illustrated by the position of other monarchs and ministers abroad, since the Reformation; and we shall invariably find that the people so little comprehended their designs, that these eminent personages have incurred the same public censure, though, in fact, they were devoting themselves to the public cause.

Henry the Fourth of France, a genius born for empire, himself a Protestant monarch, doomed to rule over a Roman Catholic nation, could see no stability in his government, if he persisted in protesting against the authority of Papal Rome; his state-policy cut the gordian knot of theological politics, and with equal fortitude and prudence he bent to human circumstances. The one was sacrificed to the many. But the hand which subscribed a public profession of Popery at the same time signed the benevolent Edict of Nantes, which conferred toleration on his oppressed Protestants. But Henry has incurred the usual odium of apostasy from the Protestants he loved! Cardinal Richelieu found himself much in the same predicament, and, by acting in the same manner, drew on himself the odium of his own Romanists. The Cardinal, having granted a peace to the Huguenots, was instantly assailed by his enemies as a man of no religion. Libels were showered on him from every part of Roman Catholic Europe. He was called "the Cardinal de la Rochelle; the Patriarch of Atheists; the Pope of the Calvinists." He felt these aspersions sensibly, and the burning of these libels did not suppress them. Yet certainly it was not any lukewarmness in the cause of Papistry which had induced this subtile Cardinal to treat heretics with forbearance; his secret intention was far opposite to what appeared, and it was not necessary to inform the Huguenots that he had only deceived them. After 1628, no one accused Richelieu of tolerating heretics. "He never discovered more ability as a statesman," observed Le Clerc, "than at the moment his conduct suffered such popular censure," and which censure came from those for whose cause he acted.

In the great intercourse of European nations, politicians seem doomed to act by in-

(1) Brodie, ii., 474.

direct means. An open avowal of the real purpose of the negotiator would close at once all negotiation; for such complicate and clashing interests can only be accorded by the tediousness of mutual accommodation. In the most successful negotiation, the most active genius has only gained the most he could, and yielded the least he was forced to. Hence those dark and intricate practices of state-policy, state-secrecy, and state-craft; subterfuges, expedients, connivances, and the juggle of deceptious treaties. We may smile at the mystifying style of James the First, but it veils a dark truth—"You must not dip too deep in what kings reserve among themselves, among the *arcana imperii*." He alluded to those dilemmas whose horns transfix both the sovereign and the people.

And this unhappy result must happen, that often, while the statesman is earnestly engaged in obtaining the objects of popular interest, by means which appear quite contrary to their purpose,—like James and Charles, and Henry and Richelieu,—he is suspected and condemned. Yet who but the statesman in office can know the secrets of Cabinets? the humours of the influential persons—the projects of the moment—the divided interests, the strength and the weakness of the parties? These can never reach the people at large, and may not always be comprehended, even by their representatives.

Such are the cabals of statesmen! In according incongruous interests, and with all the infirmities of human nature about them, a more open conduct on their part seems hopeless. The perfectibility of politics must be deferred to the day of the perfectibility of man; a millenarian politician would be a very romantic historian.

The critical and variable situation of our sovereigns, in regard to their Roman Catholic subjects, long formed a political phenomenon which perplexed contemporaries, and has puzzled historians. It occasioned the English monarch, as we have shown, sometimes to excite the clamours of his own people, and sometimes the murmurs of foreign Cabinets, and has caused an apparent contradiction in the professions and the acts of the sovereign. The mysterious motives and the involved principles which led to this paradoxical result could not have escaped the scrutiny of our historians, had they written with less partiality, and with far more philosophical investigation; in a word, had they dared to look upwards to the fair countenance of Truth, which all parties have so often veiled.

CHAPTER VII.

The Genius of the Papacy.

It was a single blow, I repeat, which for ever separated our fellow-countrymen among themselves, but the stroke was not human! The supernatural royalty of the Papacy was an invisible dominion placed beyond the reach of a human hand.

It is absolutely necessary that the student of modern history should form some notion of the genius of the Papacy, if he would comprehend the astonishing effects of that anomalous power which startle us in the sobriety of history.

No philosophical genius has yet composed the vast history of the Papacy. The elaborate researches of Giannone in his *Istoria del regno di Napoli* will provide the curious inquirer with an intimate knowledge of the Ecclesiastical Constitution, should his curiosity not weary in accompanying the erudite Jurisconsult through his five discursive quartos. (1) We would not draw our waters

(1) Giannone was betrayed, and condemned to perpetual solitude. The occasion of his flight from the realms whose history he had composed is characteristic of the Papal Government. On the first publication, the ecclesiastics practised every art of calumny to kindle the hatred of the populace against Giannone, who soon discovered that he could not venture to walk in safety the streets of Naples. I translate his words. "They invented a diabolical rumour that I had denied the evident periodical miracle of the prodigious liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius." The rumour was followed by a menace that should the blood of the Saint, on the approaching day, be obdurate, and the miracle cease, the people would now know to whom they were to ascribe the loss of their celestial patron. Giannone was advised by his friends not to stand the trial.

By the style of his narrative, it would seem as if the historian by no means denied the miracle. Indeed, when at Geneva, he professed the Roman Catholic faith; and it was to perform the Papistical rites more publicly that he was inveigled by a Piedmontese officer, an agent of Rome, to the Paschal communion in an Italian village; this Mouton finally conducted the credulous historian to his dungeon. Giannone, hostile to the Popes, was not so to Papistry. He bitterly censures our Henry the Eighth for usurping the supremacy in the Anglican Church; but the deformity of this error was much greater, he says, when Elizabeth ascended the throne; and contemptuously adds, "Then, for the first time, a woman bore the title of the head of the Church,—an event which offered to the universe the ridiculous scene of a spiritual sovereignty degraded to the distaff." I fear we must despair of finding a philosopher in a Roman Catholic.

from the troubled streams of the early Protestants; the amiable Huguenot Plessis de Mornay, (1) and the vindictive Calvinist Jurieu; (2) nor from that heap of works which were thrown out in heat and passion. The tribunal of posterity admits not suffering witnesses to sit among the jury, or decree with the judge. One glorious fragment indeed, long suppressed from the world, is consecrated by genius—and it comes, too, from Rome itself! The indignant and Protestant spirit of the grave historian of Italy broke forth, till, startled by the force and multitude of his own truths, he apologises for his noble ardour—*il dolore giustissimo del danno publico, m'aveva piu ardentamente, che non conviene alla lege dell' Istoria traportalo* (3) —as if history had laws to suppress the emotions which it would inspire! The error was not in Guicciardini, but in human weakness; in that Roman Catholicism, which stands confused between what it deems sacred and knows to be criminal. The Papistical nephew who suppressed the passage may claim our pardon and our gratitude for the conscientious impulse which prevented its annihilation.

Concealed among polemical disquisitions or traced by the curious idleness of mere antiquaries, we have still to explore into the secret principles, by which a power more than human has arisen among mankind. The philosophical inquirer will not limit his researches by simple dates, for dates, which commemorate events, furnish no discovery of their causes. The principle of actions often lies remote from the acts themselves; nor must we, in the novelty of a name, lose the recollection of the antiquity of the thing. The genius of the Papacy existed before there were Popes. On this critical principle of historical investigation, the future historian of the Papacy may yet detect, how the religion of modern Rome has disguised Polytheism, and mimicked Judaism.

We can hardly recognise the mystical Being whose growth shadowed the earth by an universal dominion, when we would trace him through the obscurity and neglect of the first centuries of his existence. The pastor of Rome with his flock, often suppliants, even to Pagans, for a precarious aid, claimed but a portion of the common alms devoted to the poor, or piously collected for the building of a church. As yet was there no pride of supremacy in that meek bosom, no avarice for Jewish tithes, no longing for Levitical first-fruits. *Pasce oves meas*, was the apostolical command, and the humble Presbyter or Bishop knew only to obey. The sole vestige of his poverty is retained in the title prefixed to his Bulla and his Brevcs, of "The Servant of the Servants of God;" but, in the *Ceremoniale Pontificale*, we find his truer style, for there the tiarred Pope rules "the Lord of Lords, and the King of Kings."

At length, when the Episcopal jurisdiction grew stronger in the mental darkness of Europe, in those ages when even the chieftains of nations might be classed among the meanest of their own hordes, it was assumed that the Bishop of Rome had been divinely instituted by Jesus, in the person of the first Bishop, whom they asserted to have been the apostle Peter. When men were familiarised with miracles, and a Pope was elected among his rival candidates, from the circumstance of a dove resting on his head, it was hardly accounted miraculous, that a mortal Bishop should be the Vicegerent of Heaven. Certain it is, that the West received what the East rejected. In the possession of the invisible world, the usurper became irresistible on earth—and a mortal omnipotence was founded on a pun, a proverb, and a metaphor, and authenticated by a legend and a forgery. (4)

The *Papa* became the vicar of Christ, and was saluted as God! It is scarcely credible, but it rests on multiplied authorities, that

(1) In his *Mysterium Iniquitatis, seu Historia Papatus*, etc. This pure and noble spirit Voltaire paints as the most delightful of men:—

Censeur des courtisans, mais à la cour aimé;
Fier ennemi de Rome, et de Rome estimé.

Were this so, it would do great honour to Rome; for Mornay labours to demonstrate that his Holiness is the Antichrist; however, as one *sobriquet* is as valid as another, the Romanists call Mornay "The Pope of the Huguenots."

(2) Histoire du Calvinisme et celle du papisme mises en parallèle, 2 vols. 4to, abounds with curious matters, but their correctness sometimes has been impeached. It is a voluminous answer to Father Maimbourg's History of Calvinism. Bayle took up the subject, and proved to be the greater favourite with the public. Jurieu, who was no half hater, and the friend of Bayle, never forgave his friend his eminent success; and the mortified controversialist, irascible and visionary as he was, finished by hating the philosopher as well as the Pope.

(3) Guicciardini, lib. iv.—towards the close. The reader must not look for it in the contents appended to each book, which were probably taken from the original edition, in which it was cautiously omitted. The authentic passage, recovered from the autograph of the author, after having been published by Protestant collectors, was not finally inserted till the Florence edition of 1775 appeared under the imprint of Friburg. The MS. is preserved in the Magliabecchian Library.

(4) Blount—but he was a Roman Catholic—might

the papal divine institution could have occasioned this extreme idolatry, even among the barbarians of the age when it rose. The Pope has been held as "*Un dio in terra*," Giannone affirms in his "Profession of Faith," p. 12. The Canonists have impiously called his Holiness, *Dominus noster Deus Papa*—"Our Lord God the Pope."(1) The same style was adopted by the Council of Lateran, sess. 4th. The title of *Pont. Opt. Max.* is common on papal medals, and in dedications; the epithets are the same which are given to the Divinity. There is a curious treatise on schism, by Cardinal Zaberella, Archbishop of Florence, where he declares, alluding to the Popes, whose ambition he wished to control by holding frequent councils—*Quod omnia possint quicquid liberet, etiam illicita, et sit plus quam Deus*, p. 703. —"That all things are permitted them, even what is unlawful, and so they can do more than God himself." This treatise on schism was put into the index, and has been frequently reprinted by Protestants. It must, however, be acknowledged, that some of the Canonists, pretending to be more moderate on the divine person, have been more confused. These assert *Papa nec Deus est nec homo; sed neuter est inter utrumque*. "The Pope is neither God nor man, but neuter, partaking of both natures." In books printed at the Vatican, its master has been imperiously styled "the Vice-God." Constantine, it seems, actually saluted the Pope as God! Such a revolting piece of idolatry has been solemnly alleged as an authority for the divine honours conferred on the pretended successor of Peter. But was Constantine a Christian? On this perverse association of ideas, which some of the advocates for Popery have joined together, of *a God in Heaven, and a vice-God on Earth*, Warburton has observed, that they accuse those who deny the infallibility of the Tiara, of a direct tendency to Atheism.

In this divine institution of the Roman Bishop, in this immediate connection with the Supreme Being,—we behold the re-institution of the Jewish Theocracy, and earth is again hallowed by the presence of a "kingdom of priests." The consequence of this impious but successful mockery appears in

have placed the Papal titles to their fabulous domains among his "Jocular tenures."

The celestial empire, and the divine institution of the Papacy, are founded on Matthew xvi., 18, 19. Our translation runs—"Thou art Peter, and upon this *rock* I will build my church;" but, in the original Greek, the name Peter has the equivocal signification of *stone*. In the versions of the New Testament in French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese, they have been enabled to preserve this play on words; the French by their *Pierre*, the Italians by their *Pietro*, the Spanish and Portuguese by their *Pedro*. By converting the *stone* into a *rock*, our version gains in dignity and Protestantism, but the Pope's title, dependent on the Autonomasia, has been left to our Catholic neighbours.

The *keys* of the Papacy, and their terrific consequences, were furnished by a metaphor. "I will give unto thee the *keys* of the kingdom of Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt bind on Earth shall be bound in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on Earth shall be loosed in Heaven." This power the Romanists apply solely to the Apostle Peter, and hence derive the Papal dispensing powers. Some Protestants have inferred that this power was equally conferred on all the Apostles, but it is impossible to deny that it was solely addressed to Peter. Bishop Horsley at once concedes the point, but triumphantly asks the Romanist to prove that Peter had ever any successors.

Their purgatory, that new-found land in the regions of Theology, originates in a proverbial expression in the 1st of Corinthians iii., 13, 15. To save their own "stubble" from the "fires," the Pope clemently levied his "indulgences" and his "masses" *pro redemptione animorum*.

To make Peter confer the succession of the Roman See in his own right, it was necessary to conduct the Missionary there. The Scriptural authority not furnishing any evidence, a Romanist desperately asserts that Peter's epistle, dated from *Babylon*, was written at *Rome*, in his reply to our learned Pearson. The adventures of Peter at Rome may prove their own authenticity, where Simon Magus challenged Peter to fly, and broke his own legs to show he could not himself.

Even a Romanist acknowledges—

An Petrus fuerit Romæ sub judice lis est.

The Ecclesiastical *forgeries* of Rome are too numerous to specify, beginning with the fabulous donation of Constantine. The pretended original is preserved in the Vatican. Du Plessis Mornay tells us, that the scribe has ventured to add at the end this strange paragraph:—*Quom fabulam longi temporis mendocia finxit*. Mornay's *Mysterium Iniquitatis*, p. 35. As I have not seen the Instrument, I almost doubt this honest confession.

However, Peter the fisherman of Galilee, at all events, was quite a different person from the Bishop of Rome; even Pope Sylvester, several hundred years after, preferred holding his title from the Emperor, rather than from St. Peter; and refused wearing a golden crown as not fit for a religious head, as Platina tells us. It was long afterwards that a Pope placed his foot on the neck of an Emperor. These are the materials of Papal history.

(1) The famous Jesuit, Father Parsons, had the ingenious impudence to affirm, that he could not find any such expressions, though he had troubled himself in looking after them. Foulis, who has written an extraordinary folio against the Romanists, supplied him with a catalogue of ten editions of Paris and Leyden, where he might read them. The learned Giannone, however, is the best of authorities.

what is at once the object and the foundation of the papistical Empire. Gifted with the attributes of the Deity, was it unreasonable in the Pope to demand, or in the people to yield, a passive obedience to one who was all-knowing and all-mighty? A despotism was thus established, in comparison with which the rule of an Eastern monarch was the lightest of governments, for the despotism of modern Rome was not an empire only over the body, but also over the mind. Passive obedience was demanded not merely from the animal man, but from the sensible being. The power of an earthly tyrant is transient, and the theatre of his rule is limited; but in the successor of St. Peter mankind beheld a terrestrial deity, and in an empire half divine and half human, Heaven might be lost by an Excommunication, and Earth become a desert by an Interdict.

The philosopher will pause to inquire by what miraculous contrivance the neck of his fellow-creatures was so nicely fitted to this unparalleled yoke—he will ask by what means such a degree of mental terror could have been infused into the minds of men without the aid of material force. It is here that we shall detect the secret principle of the Papal Government. The very power which ventured to invoke from the silence of its Jewish tomb the severe and sacred spirit of the abrogated theocracy, with the same wave of the wand, summoned from its gay funereal urn the wanton genius of departed Paganism, and dared to combine in the novel system the characteristics of both. The Pope, seated on his eternal throne, smiled even amidst his sublimity, and the same power that founded its rule on eternal terror established its empire by endless indulgence. Roman Catholicism is a combination of the supernatural agency of the Judaic Theocracy, and the seductive ceremonies of ancient Polytheism. Is it wonderful, then, that none resisted the enchantment? Is it wonderful that all hurried to propitiate and prostrate themselves before that power, which secured their spiritual existence, while it indulged their earthly carnality?

Such was the Papacy! The sacerdotal throne, like some miraculous vision, hung amidst the triple regions of Heaven, of Earth, and of Purgatory. A bewildering and mystical fabric of curious superstitions was thrown open to mankind. What they touched were shadows, what they heard were fictions, magical illusions of a scenical religion from the Jubilee to the Tenebres. There all things were made holy,—their bread, their water, their beads, and their bones; these were "the love tokens" which enchanted the people's affections—and for the children of society they had their shows, and their festivals, and rabbinical romances of St. Dominic and St. Francis; for the imaginative, a glory of beatitude; for the impassioned, celestial loves! There sat the judge who could never be judged, changing unrighteousness into righteousness, absolving, dispensing, indulging, squaring the circle and rounding the square. To him alone upon this earth is permitted to prohibit virtues, which then become vices; or to consecrate vices, which then become virtues; for to obey his commands is the greatest of virtues, and to do what he forbids is the greatest of crimes. (1)

Such is the Pope! This mystical being kings made more than regal, emperors more than imperial; while the multitude, like the slaves of Ava, cast themselves on the earth, nor dared to lift their eyes on the human being before them. The awful prostration of the understanding in the being who was distinguished as *ter catholicus*, even among minds of intellect and spirits of enterprise, is one of the most mortifying examples of self-degradation. The victories of French monarchs were gained for the Vicar of Christ, and their successors still pride themselves on the cheap reward of the peerless title of "The Most Christian King." None more willingly surrendered themselves to their holy Father than the wealthy and the wicked. These covered the land with abbeys and priories, chauntries and shrines, gorgeously erected and munificently endowed, for the salvation of their own souls, and the redemption of their ancestors. The charter of donation, by the largeness of its grant "to God and the Church," often attested the criminal votary. Thus the empire of Papal Christianity found an unfailing growth in the crimes and the remorse of men, and even in the refuse of human nature it could inspire heroes and victims.

Whether the triple crown denote, as the Pope's great antiquary, Angelo Rocca, tells us, three powers—the imperial, the regal, and the sacerdotal, investing the sacred personage with universal authority over the globe; or whether, as some explain, it be the awful emblem of his three mysterious domi-

(1) See the language of Bellarmin. Giannone *Professione di Fede*, p. 11.

nions, certain it is, that his Holiness was a human being, whose likeness never had been seen on this earth, and it is not strange that he should have been so frequently demonstrated to be the Antichrist.

His terrestrial pride was viewed on the day of his election. Mounted on a white palfrey, he rode under a canopy supported by Italian nobles or foreign ambassadors, and, when emperors and kings were at Rome, an emperor was to hold the golden stirrup, a king was to guide the silken reins. If too aged to ride, the royal personages were to bear him on their shoulders. At the Pope's banquet, beneath the state covered with cloth of gold, were placed his plain chair and table; an emperor was permitted to sit on his left hand, but a king was to take his station at the lower table of Cardinals. Who shall have the blessedness of carrying the laver to wash the hands of the Pontiff? An emperor shall have the blessedness of carrying the laver to wash the hands of the Pontiff. Who shall set his plate before him? Both emperors and kings might contend for that honour. The people only believed what they saw. The masters of the world they knew to be subjects, like themselves, of that mystical being whose human divinity was a mystery too great to be comprehended, too certain to be denied. They knew that the sovereigns of the earth were chained together at the chair of St. Peter; while the sealed edict of a soldierless chief dispersed armies, or dethroned monarchs, and partitioned out empires which were not yet discovered. God himself, in the Roman creed, was in the hands of the Pontiff. Whenever he went forth, he was accompanied by the divinity. The Eucharist preceded him, inclosed in a small case, cautiously steadied on the back of a snow-white steed, beautiful in form and proud with ornaments, around whose neck the small bell tinkled which ushers in the presence of the body of Christ! If, as the crowd cast themselves on their knees before that small case, one truly pious and philosophic mind, undazzled by the processional pomp, had dared to turn aside and think, he might have been reminded of the ark of the God of Israel, of the time when the Lord of Hosts was carried before the people, while the eyes of twelve armies were bent towards the ark, as they guided their march by the presence of the Deity.

This Papacy was a monstrous sovereignty, which the profane legislators of antiquity had never contemplated. It was a polity without a public. In fact, there was no public mind throughout Europe, for Europe was Romanised. The ancients, indeed, had invested the sovereign with the sacerdotal character; for with them religion was a subordinate and accessory part of their political system; but modern Rome had invested its prelate with sovereignty. The difference is immense. When the monarch was also the priest, he bowed to the gods, as to the protecting power of the state. When the priest was also the monarch, he trampled upon man, as upon the creature of his omnipotence. When the monarch officiated at the altar, he trusted that the sacredness of his office might render his temporal authority more respected. When the priest was seated on the throne, he knew his temporal power could enforce his spiritual tyranny. The monarch consulted the interests of his people, for whom he exercised the priesthood. The priest only consulted the interests of his order, by whom he had risen to the monarchy. With the monarch, the people was the great object; with the priest, the people was the great subject.

In these latter ages, it would have been a moral impossibility to have reared the divine and human government of the Papacy, which, we must repeat, was a portentous compilation of Oriental despotism, Polytheistical idolatry, and the Judaic theocracy. The most potent of all governments could only have originated in the rudest ages; for in the history of mankind it will be found, that every excess of delegated power has ever been proportioned to the wants and infirmities of men. In the political infancy of Europe, the evils of universal barbarism were alleviated by an universal government, where, in the person of one common father, the paternal sustained the feeble, for he required slaves, and stayed the indomitable, for he would suffer no rival. The great political secret of supporting the inferior against the superior was known to Rome. Meanwhile, a supernatural power seemed to guard the holy patrimony. There the conqueror arrested his invasion, there the marauder dropped his rapacious grasp, more terrified by excommunication than by the commandment of Heaven. Had Christianity purified its barbarous nations, Europe would have formed the Platonic dream of the politician—an apostolical commonwealth; but the barbarous nations corrupted Christianity, and he who was called the father was more corrupt than the sons.

In more refined ages, the mundane father

of Christianity was not ignorant how to maintain his terrestrial influence, by the intrigues of the cabinet—by infusing mutual jealousies among his own children, and by exciting a war in Europe, or preaching a crusade in Asia, often averting the danger of the times, which might have reached the holy see itself. The Machiavelism of the Roman Pontiff has inflicted sufferings on Christianity far deeper than it ever received from the vagrant Hebrew and the expelled Morisco. The Court of Rome, in affecting spiritual and temporal influence, necessarily made its religion its politics, and its politics its religion.

But all human institutions partake of the mortal nature of man; and at length we view the vicegerent of Heaven figuring only as the uninfluential sovereign of a tract of Italy.

In considering, however, the Pope as an aged prince, whose territories might be swept away in one morning by any of the petty sovereigns who have partitioned out among themselves the Eden of Europe, we must beware lest we form a very erroneous conception of the pontifical domination. No inglorious conquest of the Pope can remove the principles of an unextinguishable Papacy.

Were I writing a volume instead of a chapter, it might not perhaps be difficult to show, in examining the consequence of the civilisation of Europe, that while the individual Pope has become less influential, the Papal system may not have fallen into any decline, and that the very causes which have reduced the vicar of Christ to a state of comparative insignificanco have also, and necessarily, rendered tho Papacy indepondent of the Pope. In these days the Pope may be a prisoner in tho castle of St. Angelo, while the Papal system may be all dominant at Madrid, and while the nominal head of the Papacy may bo owing his safety to the exertions of a Protestant prince, tho genius of the Papacy, at the same time, will be attacking the interests of that very Protestant prince, in Portugal, in Ireland, or in Mexico.

In an age when we flatter ourselves that even the castes of the Hindoos are losing their fatal distinctions, it will be considered too bold to avow that the empire of modern Rome is as eternal in its principles as the empire of ancient Rome was in its pretensions. Yet we cannot forget that the most ancient of religions, and the most ancient of nations, in spite of millenniums of war and captivity and persecution, count at this day members and votaries not less numerous than when they confounded the chariots of Assyria, or sacrificed on the banks of Siloah. Like the old theocracy, has the imitative Papacy also separated its followers from all other beings. In ceasing to be Catholics, they cease to be a peculiar and a favoured people—a people before whom are placed, and for whom alone are reserved, both earth and heaven—a people who may possess the one without losing their confidence in the other. Who would reason if he be happy? Who would relinquish his own certainty for the doubts of others? The God which his lip presses is a God; the saint which he invokes is a saint; the religion he adores is the only true religion. Passive obedience, the grand political secret of unity and conformity which some statesmen have perished to obtain, is secured in this government by the immutable imagination of its slaves. Sovereigns indeed have wrestled for their freedom; a nation indeed has rejected this creed; but were I a Catholic, I should perhaps consider that in lapsing from Rome we fell like Lucifer, and that our daring rebellion only conduced to render Omnipotence more omnipotent.

Long previous to Luther, heresy in the Celestial Empire had enraged, without alarming, its divine chieftain. With Moses and Mahomet he had already waged a successful war; and in his unrelenting dominion, where man often ceases to be a brother, the flame was consecrated as an act of faith, assassination inculcated as a doctrine, massacre honoured with a panegyric, and the expulsion of a whole people of fellow-citizens twice formed a Papal triumph. (1) But before the sin of clamourous Reformation, the abomination of silent heresy was as dust in the balance; and the might of Rome was never more evidenced than when a whole nation had emancipated itself from its influence. To counteract the new rebels, even the Inquisition was not deemed sufficient—that merciless tribunal where they search for the thoughts of man by the torture which anni-

(1) By their expulsion, Spain lost by her Moriscoes her agriculture, which she has never recovered, and by her Hebrews her trades and manufactures—truer sources of wealth than her galleons of Mexico. France, in violating her public faith by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and by rejecting from her bosom the most ingenious of her children, enriched by their arts the looms and workshops of her Protestant rival.

hilates them. Even this Inquisition was a power which seemed not omnipotent; the Pope dared to create another power even greater than himself. Modern Rome sent forth her flower of chivalry in "the ordor of Jesus." The soldier, its founder, had stamped his military character on these novel adventurers. Ambition to conquer the world for Rome, was the genius of tho order. They flew at the signal of their monarchical general to take possession of all countries. They had chiefs of legions in both hemispheres—sentinels at all posts. Life was not valued by its first enthusiasts, but their successors were masters of all the wisdom which preserves it. But the atom of glory still worked through the system, and they sacrificed all private interests to their public cause, which terminated at Rome. Politicians in the cabinets of Europe, they were sapping the governments which they themselves were conducting. Casuists in domestic life, their relaxed morality moulded the conscience to the inclinations of the austere or the licentious. Slaves of Rome, every where else rebels; arrogant and meek, obdurate and indulgent, they were the ornaments of society whose happiness was incompatible with their secret government. The character of this versatile body is a solecism in human nature. their history is an enigma unsolved, and their dissolution is even a subject of sceptical inquiry.

These were the men who, during the reigns of our early Protestant sovereigns. were attempting by all means, and in all countries, the subjugation to the Roman yoke of this solitary and rebellious Island of England.

When Charles ascended the throne, the Jesuits, from their conduct under Elizabeth and James, were a proscribed race by the law of the land; nevertheless, they swarmed throughout his kingdom. Disguised, but active, they were concealed in lay dresses, in the recesses of private houses, and, finally, were busied even in the royal palace. Under these circumstances, amid the exultation of the Romanists. and the alarm of the Protestants, Charles the First led to the altar a Roman Catholic princess, and on this alliance were most probably founded the hopes of all Romanists, that the great result, which they hitherto had failed in bringing out by force, might finally be consummated by intrigue. The monarch could not have been unconscious of their expectations; but his tenderness for a portion of his subjects, then numerous and valued, as a sovereign would influence his conduct in the cabinet, and at times his feelings as a man. Alternately to keep down and to protect the Romanist, as we have seen, was a labour of danger and difficulty. The King's conscientious profession of Protestantism, and the strength of his character, were the best guarantees against the kingdom of England sinking once more beneath the Genius of the Papacy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Charles ascends the Throne.—The first Parliament, —Arrival of the Queen.—Secret History of the King's first Ministers.—Buckingham.—Williams. —Laud.

The youthful Charles ascended the English throne with all the prodigal hopes of sovereignty. At this moment, in the warmth of his age, and with his own sanguine temper, the King was not, perhaps, the least happy man in his dominions. A daughter of France, in the bloom of sixteen, was his bride; his Favourite's quarrel with Spain had fallen in with the passions of the people, and the rupture of the threatened Spanish treaties had obtained, even for Buckingham, a few months' popularity.

The nation had long wantoned in the luxuriance of peace. England stood the envy of the Continental powers. When we turn to the French *Mercure*, which may be often considered as an official state paper, and always as a useful commentary on the times, we discover that our country was the only kingdom in Europe untroubled by foreign or intestine war; an asylum to which many had flown, to pursue their industrious trades, and where shortly after they sought a royal patronage for the more delightful arts. The political watchword "Grievances" from the lips of party leaders had not yet been multiplied by the echoes of the populace; the undefined terms of the royal prerogative, and the privileges of the Commons, had yet been only touched on by the scholastic fancies of James, and not expressly insisted on by the Parliament itself; politics had not yet been artfully grafted on religion; and the supernatural doctrines, which implied a critical knowledge of the will of Heaven, and treated theology as a system of the schools, had not yet been mixed with privy loans and subsidies. All these were seeds of evil which were lying in the soil. It must be confessed, that the affairs of a people may look better

in perspective than the interior view may justify.

A new era, however, was about to be opened by an enterprise of a hardier nature than the nation had long been accustomed to, and the eyes of Europe were watchful over the first great act of the spirited young Prince.

Charles the First, on his accession, was desirous of changing his style to that of *the King of Great Britain*, in all legal or civil acts, as well as in acts of state. This comprehensive style was probably suggested by a design of amalgamating the diversified portions of his dominions, of giving coherence and unity where the jealousies of three distinct races had often carried their rival feuds. This design anticipated the "Unions" of happier days; but it was so little comprehended at the time, that when the King intimated his design to his judges, the sages of the law agreed, after consultation, that this change of the regal title could not be effected, and the two Houses, with equal wisdom, delivered the same judgment. (1)

The King's earliest act was to assemble the great national Council. Awaiting the arrival of the Queen, Charles, not without expressions of impatience, delayed for a very limited time the meeting of the Houses.

Charles, attended by his Court, sojourned at Canterbury. He went for some days to Dover, to direct the accommodations for the Queen—and then returned to Canterbury, that the Queen on landing might have time to recover from the voyage before their first meeting. The ordnance from the French coast proclaimed the Queen's departure, and, after a stormy passage, at seven in the evening, she stepped "out of her boat on shore by an artificial bridge, framed for that use only. Master Tirwhit brought the news of her arrival within half an hour and six minutes" to the King at Canterbury. The messenger of royal love had wings swifter in flight than our jockeys can calculate.

The King and his Court arrived at Dover Castle at ten in the morning; and, though at that moment unprepared to meet the impatient bridegroom, Henrietta flew from her apartment to receive him. Kneeling at his feet, with all her spontaneous grace and native vivacity, she kissed his hand; the King, bending over her, wrapt her in his arms, and kissed her with many kisses. This royal and youthful pair, unlike others of their rank, met with the eagerness of lovers, and the first words of Henrietta were those of devotion. "*Sire, je suis venue en ce pais de votre Majesté pour être usée et commandée de vous.*" Her dark eyes sparkled, and her motions were quick and volatile. It had been rumoured that she was short in stature, but she reached to the King's shoulders. Charles cast his eyes down to her feet; anticipating his thoughts, Henrietta, playfully showing them, declared that "she stood upon her own feet, for thus high I am, neither higher nor lower." After an hour's conversation in privacy, they proceeded to Canterbury, and on Barham Downs the Queen found a number of the ladies of the Court waiting her arrival. Descending from her carriage, they were presented to Henrietta in this rural levee by the King. Henrietta took her dinner surrounded by the Court. The King performed the office of her carver, in cutting up a pheasant and some venison.

By the side of the Queen stood her ghostly confessor, solemnly reminding her that this was the eve of John the Baptist, and was to be fasted, exhorting her Majesty to set no scandalous example on her first arrival. But Charles and his Court were now to be gained over as much as John the Baptist. Henrietta affected to eat very heartily of the forbidden meat, which gave great comfort, it seems, to several of her heretical subjects. She carried her dissimulation so far, that, being asked whether she could abide a Huguenot, she replied, "Why not? Was not my father one?" In all this conduct Henrietta was acting a part the most distressing to her feelings. Her ready smiles, the graceful wave of her hand, the many "good signs of hope," as are mentioned in a manuscript letter, induced some of the English to conclude that their Queen would become one of themselves. Even the grave Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the puritanic antiquary, struck by her deportment to her women, and her looks to her servants, "which were so sweet and humble, could not abstain from deep-fetched sighs, to consider that she wanted the knowledge of true

(1) James took the title of King of Great Britain in the second year of his reign; but Mr. Hallam observes, that "it was not long afterwards abandoned." The very change of name to Great Britain was objected to;—one of those hard and minute acts of jealousy in the Commons, which delighted to thwart the first Stuart, and made James threaten to live alternately in the two kingdoms, and keep his Court at York.

religion;" a circumstance, however, that Henrietta would have as zealously regretted in Sir Symonds himself. It is evident that this vivacious French lady, at her first moments, resolved that all England should fall in love with her; but, a few days after, at Whitehall, she dispensed "a frown," as an alarmed courtier writes, which indicated that her "pleasing countenance" was capable of expressing "a spirit and vigour" which, in the mind of the observer, seems to have connected itself with a terror of Papistry! The Queen at dinner, feeling inconvenienced by the heat and the company, "drove us all out of the chamber. I suppose none but a Queen could have cast such a scowl." Nature had formed Henrietta to be charming and haughty; a volatile vivacious woman, who sometimes remembered that she was the daughter of Henry the Fourth.

In his new Parliament Charles discovered a more sullen bride, and the youthful Monarch, warm with hope and glory, with all the impatience of a lover, was ungraciously repulsed even in the first favours.

Charles, in his anxiety to assemble Parliament, had proposed to summon the body which had last met. The Lord-Keeper, Williams, reminded the King, that the late Parliament had naturally expired with him who had called it in his own name. Charles then commanded that writs should be issued "without the loss of a day." The Lord-Keeper observed, that it had been usual to take certain precautionary measures to allow the King's trustiest friends "to deal with the counties, cities, and boroughs where they were known, to procure a promise for their elections." The King refused the counsel, and Buckingham opposed Williams. With the generous earnestness of his age, Charles had resolved to throw himself unreservedly into the arms of his Parliament, looking to no other party to maintain a war of their own, than the Parliament itself.

Amid the pomp of the regal office, and in the view of the French nobility who had accompanied his Queen, Charles studiously dignified his first meeting with the representatives of his people by the peculiar solemnity of its ceremonial. As yet uncrowned, on this day, the first on which he addressed the Lords and Commons, Charles wore his crown, and vailed it at the opening and at the close of his speech, a circumstance to which the Parliament had not been accustomed. Still more to solemnise this meeting, the King would not enter into business till they had united in prayer; commanding the doors to be closed, and a bishop to perform the office. The suddenness of this unexpected order is said to have disconcerted the Roman Catholic Lords, of whom the less rigid knelt, and the moderate stood; one startled Papist did nothing but cross himself.

The King addressed both the Houses with an earnestness of manner and a plainness of style which strongly contrasted with the oratorical elocution of the late monarch, and with the solemn honours by which Charles had, as it were, recognised their dignity and their authority.

The speech may be found in Rushworth—the friendly tone must be shown here:

"I hope that you do remember that you were pleased to employ me to advise my father to break off the treaties (with Spain). I came into this business willingly and freely, like a young man, and consequently rashly; but it was by your interest, your engagement. I pray you remember that this being my *first action*, and begun by *your advice and entreaty*, what a great dishonour it were to you, and me, that it should fail for that assistance you are able to give me."

It cannot be alleged against Charles the First that he preceded the Parliament in the war of words, or in those slights and insolences which laid the seeds of civil war. But the simplicity of his style, the friendliness of his demeanour, the modest allusion to his own youth, and the gentle imagination that this war had been entered into by their desire, excited no sympathy. They voted not a seventh part of the necessary expenditure.

Unquestionably this first reception which the King met with from Parliament was, by him, altogether unexpected. Thus early his first Parliamentary distresses opened on him. His ardent and impatient hopes were baffled, the season for action had advanced; that frequent affliction of the times, a pestilence, was raging in the metropolis; most of the members were flying from their station; few remained but a party which was, as it seemed, that wormwood from which his servants in office could never extract the bitterness. To keep them together with death hovering about them, when, as one of the speakers emphatically exclaimed, "while they were now speaking the bell was tolling every minute," was deemed a cruel manœuvre to hasten their supplies, and to break up the Parliament was

the ruin of the Sovereign's hopes, his honour, and his power.

There was also a fatal discord among the King's intimate counsellors. The secret history of the Lord-Keeper Williams, and Buckingham and Laud, would show a chain of cabinet intrigues, whose links are more perceptible to us than they were probably to the parties themselves.

Of these eminent political rivals, the Lord-Keeper Williams—then Bishop of Lincoln, and afterwards Archbishop of York—was the master genius. As a scholar he partook, in common with many of that learned age, of that prodigal erudition which delights in inexhaustible quotations from writers whom we now deem obscure—but whose aptitude or felicity startle us, while we are reminded, that what lies forgotten may be as valuable as that which is remembered. But the native faculties of Williams excelled his acquired powers. His scintillant wit, his acute discrimination, his vigorous eloquence, come vitiated to our taste, by the quaintness or the pedantry of the prevalent style; his great powers seem encumbered by their worthless ornaments, but this ecclesiastical Lord-Keeper had far advanced beyond his age in the wide comprehension of his mind. His practised touch opened the hearts of men, and his commanding spirit appeared as much in the magnificence of his life as in the might of his genius.

As a statesman, his quick apprehension acted like inspiration; his sagacity struck with the force of prediction; but his restless ambition, though capable of more noble designs, and even of more generous feelings, had systematised intrigue; and what he could not obtain by wisdom and integrity, he would circumvent by servility and cunning. A great politician, but as subtle a Machiavellian, he maintained a whole establishment of the "juggling fiends" of espionage, and a long line of secret communication made him the centre of every political movement. It was a maxim with him, that no one could be a statesman without a great deal of money, and he once confessed that from his studies of divinity he had gleaned another principle, *licet uti altero peccato*, to make the sins of others useful. As he was not scrupulous in his means, among other extraordinary methods of gaining men for a temporary purpose, he exercised a peculiar faculty, which, if it deserve a name, we may call political imagination. Clarendon tells us, that on any particular occasion he could invent entire scenes and lengthened conversations, perfectly appropriate to the persons, all which had never occurred. Such artful fictions had all the force and nature of truth. These apparent confidential disclosures made the stubborn credulous; and the irresolute firm.

During the absence of the Favourite in Spain, the Lord-Keeper had practised on the fears, and perhaps on the wisdom, of the aged monarch. We discover papers slipped by sleight of hand into that lion's mouth for state-accusations—the pocket of the King,—midnight interviews—addresses *ab Ignoto*—mysterious suggestions,—by which our wily politician at length possessed himself of the royal confidence, and had so effectually undermined his patron Buckingham, that had James not died at the critical moment, the fall of the great Favourite had certainly been resolved. With the most refined duplicity, this Episcopal Lord-Keeper was conducting two opposite systems. He was combining with the Earl of Bristol and the Spanish interest, at the moment the faithless confidant was warning his absent patron of "ingrateful devils at home." Williams displayed the ambi-dextrous felicity of one who pursues his certain end by uncertain means. Master of himself on all occasions, he would show himself in all forms; and versatility with him seemed no change in the unity of his designs.

But these subterranean workers are frequently countermined, and are often taken by surprise as they grapple together in darkness. The mysterious conduct of the Lord-Keeper could not entirely hide itself from the jealous eyes of the Duke, who once avowed to Lord Bacon, as his settled principle, that "the man who would not live by his smile should perish by his frown." On his return from Spain, Buckingham found that Williams was running a course opposite to his. The Lord-Keeper was neglected; their intercourse was neither friendly nor frequent; his counsels were no longer required, and, though he remained in office, he was in fact discarded.

When the Parliament met, the practices of the Lord-Keeper with some of the leading men in the House of Commons had insured him a strong party. This party was an awful engine, which his potent hand might wield at a secret touch. The Lord-Keeper, observing the rising faction which had threatened to call him to account, in the very presence of the King, on the first day he deliver-

ed his official speech,—soon turned round. He knew the lawyers were more particularly vehement against a churchman holding the seals, which they deemed to be the privilege of their brotherhood. Williams, conscious that he himself was one of "the fatted calves" for sacrifice, directed the storm from bursting on his own head. By his reluctant confession it appears that he had held a secret intercourse with some of that party whom the courtiers called "the chief tribunes of the Parliament." He urged them to look about for nobler game, "fitter for such hunters than a silly priest." The suggestion was not whispered to the deaf or the dumb. The hunters soon chased the Duke, and in the reaction the Duke chased the Lord-Keeper.

Intriguers usually drink out of the same poisoned chalice. The betrayer of his patron, in his turn, was betrayed by him whom he had patronised. This person was the famous Laud; he for whom Williams had procured his first rochet, and who then declared that "his life would be too short to requite that goodness." This new Bishop, ere his linen robe had hardly fallen into its folds, within eighteen months of his gratitude,—so short is its term in politics!—observing that his patron was incurring the anger of Buckingham, avoided the falling greatness; while in that fall he meditated, night and day, on his own rise. If the worldly passions of a mere laic can work among churchmen at the distant prospect of a peaceable mitre, they rise with redoubled violence when churchmen are ministers of state, and ascend to pre-eminence in power by the dislodging of a rival. In this particular instance these passions so strongly affected the busy brain of Laud, that they painted their scenes in his very dreams. These he has superstitiously chronicled; they were the terrors and the jealousies, the hopes and the pleasantness, of his political day. (1)

At the accession of the new sovereign, the Lord-Keeper, ere he sunk on the arena, would wrestle with his mightier rival, the Duke. The young King was unhappily placed amidst the struggle, and had to choose between the cold policy of an artful statesman, whom his Father's wisdom had sanctioned, and the warmer influence of affection for the companion of his youth, and one on whom his hope now rested, as the hero and administrator of his glory.

When Charles found that the inexorable Parliament would offer but scanty supplies, and that the contagion at London was spreading, he was at a loss how to act. To dissolve them was to leave himself amidst his utmost wants. Buckingham proposed to adjourn to Oxford; but was immediately opposed by the Lord-Keeper, who advised the prorogation. "It was not," he said, "a change of place, but a change of time, to which the King might

(1) Certainly Laud had "an alacrity" at dreaming; but at that day, which, in the annals of human nature, is not very distant from our own times, dreams—omens—apparitions, and a long train of vanished superstitions, were chronicled in diaries. I shall leave to the reflection of the reader those relating to his rival, the Lord-Keeper, Williams. Such dreams, combining politics and fancy, form a very entertaining mode of writing secret history.

"1623. October 3, Friday.—I was with my Lord-Keeper, to whom I found some had done me some very ill offices. And he was very jealous of L. B.'s (Lord Buckingham's) favour.

"December 14, Sunday night.—I did dream that the Lord-Keeper was dead; that I passed by one of his men that was about a monument for him; that I heard him say, his lower lip was infinitely swelled and fallen, and he rotten already. This dream did trouble me.

"December 15.—On Monday morning I went about business to my Lord Duke of Buckingham. We had speech in the shield gallery at Whitehall. There I found that the Lord-Keeper had strangely forgotten himself to him; and I think was dead in his affections.

"December 27, St. John's Day.—I was with my Lord of Buckingham. I found that all went not right with the Lord-Keeper, etc.

"January 25.—It was Sunday. I was alone, and languishing with I know not what sadness. I was much concerned at the envy and undeserved hatred borne to me by the Lord Keeper.

"February 18, Wednesday.—My Lord Duke of Buckingham told me of the reconciliation and submission of my Lord-Keeper; and that it was confessed unto him that his favour unto me was a chief cause. *Invidia quo tendis?* etc. *At ille de novo fœdus pepigit.*

"March 17.—Lord Keeper his complimenting with me."

Three years after, his political dreams of Williams followed fast on one another.

"January 13, Saturday.—The Bishop of Lincoln desired reconciliation with the Duke of Buckingham, etc.

"January 14, Sunday.—Towards morning I dreamed that the Bishop of Lincoln came, I know not whither, with iron chains. But, returning, loosed from them, leaped on horseback, went away, neither could I overtake him."

However Laud did overtake Williams some years after, and kept him in the Tower for three long years.

March 27.—A certain person appeared to him who was dead, and, "whispering in my ear, told me that I was the cause why the Bishop of Lincoln was not again admitted into favour and to court."

I have sometimes thought that some of these strange *dreams* were an allegorical representation of his own state of mind and circumstances, which

look for a favonrable change; six months hence might alter the spirit of the Commons." The Duke, casting an angry glance on his opponent, impatiently cried out, that "Public necessity must guide us more than one man's jealousy!" On this the Lord-Keeper prayed the King for a private audience, which was granted. In this interview, Williams informed his Majesty that the Lord-Duke had enemies in the House of Commons, who had no other aim but to bring the Duke on the stage. "Let this malady, or malice, call it which you will, sleep till after Christmas. There is no time lost in whetting the scythe well. At that time I hope to give such an account, by managing the *chief sticklers*, that they shall abate their bitterness against your great servant, and your Councils shall be peaceable."

The King was startled. This was probably the first moment that he learnt that a faction was formed against his minister and his friend. "Why," he asked, "do you conceal all this from Buckingham?"

"Good Lord, Sir!" was the reply, "fain would I begin at that end, but he will not treat me with moderation."

It was obvious that the Lord-Keeper was now staking all his winnings on a single card, in a desperate game of political intrigue. He had succeeded in alarming the father, and now he hoped to lure the son into his tutelage. He failed with Charles, whose affections were too real to be shaken, and whose fears were not less genuine of trusting himself in the hands of a powerful intriguer. The Parliament, therefore, according to the advice of Buckingham, assembled at Oxford.

Charles now expressed his disappointment at their ineffectual grant. Still no echo of sympathy responded in the House! And now they asserted in a vain and quibbling manner, that "this Parliament was not bound by another Parliament," and, with a cruel mockery, suggested that "the King should help the cause of the Palatinate with his own money." The King in vain pressed for dispatch of business, lest the season should be lost for the navy; observing that, "it was the *first request* that he had ever made to them." The words "first request" had an instant effect on some few; but his "poor Commons" offer their "dear and dread Sovereign" only protestations of duty, alarms of Popery, and petitions on grievances, a term which Coke acknowledged to be premature at so early a period of this reign. There were a few whose hearts had still a pulse to vibrate for a young Prince perplexed by a war which themselves had instigated, and which, by having placed him at the head of a confederacy in Europe, had involved his own and the national honour in the awful issue. But "the chief sticklers," as the Lord-Keeper had called the rising opposition, and which afterwards he designated by a variety of denominations, as "the stirring men,"—and "the dangerous persons of the House of Commons,"—and "those disaffected persons who appeared so opposite to the royal ends"—these chief sticklers, when the pressing necessity of the times was urged, rejected Necessity as a dangerous counsellor, who would be always furnishing arguments for supplies. "If the King were in danger and necessity, let them answer for it who have put both King and kingdom into this peril." This oblique stroke, which aimed at the favourite, Charles resented, declaring his ignorance of the cause by which the Duke had incurred their dislike, he whom, not long since, they had spoken of with the language of idolatry. The King, in despair, dissolved this uncompliant Parliament.

To judge rightly of the feelings of Charles at this moment, we must adopt them, in assimilating ourselves to him and to his situation. The writers of history are too apt to invest their personages with all the knowledge, and make them influenced by all the views, which time unrolls in that vast commentary, which can only be opened for their posterity. It would not be difficult to account for the opposition to Government which had partly shown itself under James, but which started up so unexpectedly in the new reign, when Charles felt that he was abandoned by his Parliament.

Although the Lord-Keeper had failed in the hardy attempt to carry away the royal favour, he had left behind him all the awfulness of a predictor. All things had occurred in the Oxford Parliament as he had anticipated. But the fulfilment of his prophecy was no consolation for the loss of his power. Williams summoned up his strength. One great last stroke seemed reserved. If he could not govern his royal master, might he not conduct the favourite by his hopes and his fears?

While the King and the Duke, disconcerted, were deciding on a dissolution of Parlia-

he wished to conceal by this cryptical mode of writing.

ment, at this very moment the Lord-Keeper, with all the devotion of ancient friendship, though unsent for, suddenly appeared before the Duke.

The creature of his favour addressed his old patron. "Your Grace made me, and I must and will serve you, though you are one who will destroy that which you made. I am as earnest as any friend your Grace hath, to save you from perishing. You brought the two Houses hither, my lord, against my counsel, and my suspicion is confirmed that your Grace would suffer from it. What's now to be done, but wind up a session quickly? Let the members be promised that they shall meet again after Christmas. Requite their injuries done to you with benefits, and not revenge; for no man who is wise will show himself angry with the people of England. Fear them not when they meet again in the same body. I will instigate their ill affections; if they proceed, trust me with your cause; and when it comes to the House of Lords, I will lay my life upon it to preserve you from the least dishonour."

The haughty Buckingham felt the insult of equality of power, and was indignant at the proffered protection of the political vassal, who had once professed "to love and hate as the Duke loved and hated," and who, in his letters, which I have seen, advising Buckingham to accept a place by which he would be always nearer the King, used this emphatic style :—"In your young, your middle, your decreasing age, be upon earth, as your piety will one day make you in Heaven, an everlasting favourite!" Thus had spoken the sycophant. At the present moment the Duke started at the winding serpent which had once licked the dust, but which he now viewed climbing amid the topmost branches of the forbidden tree.

Buckingham sent forth a mingled glance of anger and contempt on Williams. "I will look whom I trust to," exclaimed the Duke, and flung out of the chamber with a menacing countenance.

It is evident that, by this master-stroke to inveigle the favourite into his net, the wily politician would have entangled the noble victim, either for his destruction or his subserviency, as his own superior genius willed.

This political game for place and power was not played ill by the Bishop of Lincoln, although his lordship lost his stake.

The Lord-Keeper perceived that his real power depended on its exercise in the House; and that an opposition, presuming to act on popular principles, was the only means to balance the preponderating influence of the favourite, and to awe and overshadow the Court. He therefore studied to flatter the Parliament, and at that moment he saw no danger in running all lengths with their accelerating pace; he had provided for them the State victim, whose head would save his own. He now affected the highest reverence for Parliament; he entreated Charles not to break with them, that it might not disseminate unkindness through all the counties of his realm. He told the King, "the love of the people is the palladium of your crown. Continue this assembly to another session, and expect alteration for the better. If you do not do so, the next swarm will come out of the same hive." Such was the patriotism and sagacity of the Lord-Keeper! Fenelon could not have expressed himself with more political wisdom to his Telemachus; but so ambiguous is the character of the mere politician, that we must suspect the Lord-Keeper to have been a patriot out of pique, and wise from the spirit of opposition. We do not discover him the same under James as he was under Charles. Not further back than three years, our Lord-Keeper did not profess this reverence for the House of Commons, nor this earnestness to prolong their sessions. Then the party with whom he now sided were alluded to as "the spiders which infest that noble House of Commons, who convert the honey of his Majesty's letter into poison to feed upon." He then deemed their privileges to be only favours of former kings, and not their inheritance, or their birthright. Where were the Commons before Henry the First gave them authority to meet in Parliament? and he advises that the King should "break up this Parliament without any prorogation, that the kingdom may know their undutifulness and obstinacy," and proposes that his Majesty should "supply the present wants by other means;" in a word, that the sovereign should make himself independent of Parliament! So diametrically opposite were the principles adopted by Williams, that the chance was equal on which side of the House he took his seat.

The Lord-Keeper, in his dark and secret intercourse with the heads of the opposition, was like that lover who stole in the winter nights to his mistress till at length his footsteps were tracked n the snow. Buckingham

had detected and reproached the insidious courtier, who could no longer deny that he was engaged with the Earl of Pembroke, and others, to labour the redress of the people's grievances, and concluded that "he was now resolved to stand on his own legs."—"If that be your resolution, look you stand fast!" replied the Duke, and they parted.

The Lord-Keeper now found it necessary to lay before Charles an account of "my carriage all this last Parliament." In this paper, he artfully declares that he never spake at Oxford with any of "the stirring men." These were they whom he had formerly designated as "the sticklers." As he proceeds, however, he excepts some. This paper was graciously received, and the fate of the Lord-Keeper was suspended. Meanwhile, as politicians in distress, like frightened mice, will creep into new corners, the Lord-Keeper now turned his views towards the Queen. He had ingratiated himself with her, on the occasion of the introduction of the bishops to her Majesty, by fascinating the young princess with a French oration, which he had most happily studied, and by showing himself an active patron to her servants. This perfect politician had anticipated an influence, which did not yet exist.

It is a curious trait in the character of the subdolous Williams, that, during the Spanish match, he applied himself to the Spanish language, and under his eye entertained a Spaniard to translate the English liturgy, and, printing a limited number, presented them to the Court of Spain. Williams must have been enabled to taste the Spanish humour of Cervantes, for he had sufficient time allowed him, during the Spanish match, to study his Don Quixote. On the appearance of the French match, the political bishop dropped the Spanish, and was as earnestly conning his French task—which he appears, however hastily he got through the grammar, and, however unaccented his orthography, to have sufficiently well accomplished by the smiles of the French Princess. This perhaps is the only instance on record, where a learned Bishop learnt two languages—to cajole a Queen, and possess her ear by whispering in her own idiom.

The Lord-Keeper was doomed to fall, but he was a body too weighty and considerable to be precipitated at a blow. His genius rebuked even the impetuous spirit of Buckingham; nor was the elected counsellor of his father, whose mind seemed wisdom, and whose voice seemed prophecy, lightly reverenced by the royal son. Charles appears for some time to have been awed by the statesman, whom he equally feared to disgrace or to employ.

The intended removal of the Lord-Keeper threw "the Duke's cabinet," as it was called, into a variety of dilemmas; perhaps the greatest was the difficulty of framing some decent excuse for the act. They proposed his immediate dismission, on the plea of certain accusations, for which afterwards they were to look for their proofs in his conversations and his letters, both of which seem to have been occasionally free and pungent. This having reached the Lord-Keeper's ear, he let them know, by a friendly messenger, that at the council-table, speaking in the style of the times, "He would not fly the tilt,"—but if they designed first to punish, and afterwards to judge a man, he bade them have a care, lest such a preposterous course would not make every man in England feel himself in danger. The greatness of Williams lay not in his place, but in his popularity; and no one was yet found hardy enough to beard the lion in his lair.

But Buckingham and Laud had not relented, and the King was urged to rid himself of one whom they considered as a communicator with his enemies, and whose counsels tended to lower his sovereignty. Once more, Williams, in a letter to the King, asserts that he could not have held any intercourse with *those dangerous persons of the House of Commons*—these were his former "sticklers" and "stirring men"—and at the same time have concealed this intercourse in "a family of sixty persons," of which his large establishment consisted.

It is evident that Charles, notwithstanding the importunity of Buckingham, would not consent to dismiss the Lord-Keeper with any impeachment of his services. A less painful decline, a smoother passage, was to break the abruptness of the fall.

At length a searching eye peered into a dormant resolution in council, which, whatever had been the occasion that gave rise to it, neither James nor Charles had thought on—that the Keeper of the Great Seal of England should not continue in that high office longer than a limited period, to be renewed every three years.

On this principle, a message was conveyed by Lord Conway, to command the Lord-Keeper to deliver up the Great Seal at "All-

hallow-tide," and a desire was intimated, that his lordship should retire to his bishoprick.

The Lord Keeper now read his fate. He fell with dignity, and made his terms. His firmness carried every point throughout the whole of this political transaction. He demanded to be admitted to a last conference with the King. Charles, who in more than one instance has shown that he was conscious of the infirmity of his own warm temper, declared that he would not, in conversation, assign any reasons for his lordship's dismissal, and it seems that the King was troubled, lest this subdolous and eloquent man should shake his resolution.

It was therefore preconcerted, as is not uncommon on such occasions, that this painful topic should not be touched on. A letter from Williams was presented to his Majesty after dinner, while the writer waited for an audience; in this again he protests, that he was "as great a stranger as any lord who served his Majesty to all *those disaffected persons who appeared so opposite to the royal ends in the House of Commons.*" One more description of the rising opposition.

The King admitted him into his presence, and twice held out his hand to kiss, granting all his requests, relating to his places and pensions, for which he betrayed great anxiety, and farther, the King renewed his promise of future church preferment. Williams intreated the King would intercede for him with the Lord Duke. Charles replied, "that it became not him, a King, to take up the quarrels between his subjects; nor had the Duke ever expressed such enmity in his presence." "Your Majesty," said the Lord-Keeper, "may hear reports of my discontent, which I pray may not be credited, comfortable as I feel in your Majesty's favour." The King replied, that "he would do him that justice," adding, that "he little valued reports." Presenting his hand once more to the discarded statesman, the King dismissed him with a smiling countenance, and a cordial farewell.

When Sir John Suckling brought the warrant to receive the great seal, Williams gave it with an unusual solemnity of form, which may account for Heylin's observation, that "it was unwillingly done." The dismissed Lord-Keeper inclosed the great seal in a costly cabinet in Sir John's presence; but he refused to trust the key to Sir John's hand. Folding it up in a letter addressed to the King, he sealed it with the episcopal seal of Lincoln. This would appear to have been designed either as a reprimand for the inferior rank of the messenger, or as a last hint to the sovereign, that he should be cautious into whose hands he confided the custody.

From that moment, with no diminished greatness, Bishop Williams retreated to the princely hospitality of his seat, where he busied himself in his studies and the cultivation of his grounds, and, at that day a novel taste, in forming a gallery of pictures. But his symposia attracted a closer observation from the freedom of his conversation, and some cursory strictures on the political movements of those inferior minds who had ejected the master-spirit from their councils.

Bishop Williams, great in his retirement, still presented the same object of uneasiness to the jealous Laud, who surrounded him with spies and eaves droppers, too faithful reporters of the biting sarcasms of his late rival. Williams was teased by the petty persecutions of the irritable Laud. Their principles were for ever irreconcilable. These political rivals stood on the sharpest and the extremest points of opposition. Laud stigmatised Williams as a Puritan; Williams inveighed against Laud as a Papist; the limited capacity of Laud would have approached without uniting with the Church of Rome, and inculcated passive obedience; the hardier character of Williams had cast him among the innovators of the age, with whom he went on, till he found that bishopricks were in danger; Laud detested Williams for his deficient zeal in church discipline, and Williams held Laud in contempt for his unstatesmanlike qualities. Often must Williams have remembered the prescient sagacity of James the First, when Laud was thrust on him by Williams himself and Buckingham. "Laud," observed James, "is a restless spirit, to be kept back from all places of authority, for he cannot see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change and bring things to a reformation floating in his own brain." And when at length the old monarch, as was usual with him, yielded to their importunities, he exclaimed, "Take him to you, but on my saul you'll repent it!" This was not the only political prediction of his father which Charles lived to see verified.

At length Williams overwhelmed Laud with all his learning, his wit, and his severity, in the volume which he published against him; but the vindictive Laud, with a meaner victory, inflicted ruin on his antagonist in

dragging him before the inquisitorial Star-chamber.

Such mutual persecutions do the heads of parties endure from each other, and so often do they involve the public in their private hatreds.

CHAPTER IX.

The Coronation; Political Etiquette.

At this gloomy moment the coronation was to take place. The King had been compelled to practise the most humiliating economy, and the coronation, as a contemporary letter-writer observes, seemed a private, not a public ceremony. The customary pomp of the procession from the Tower through the City to Whitehall was omitted; the alleged reason was, "to save the charges for more noble undertakings," that is, for means to carry on the Spanish war without supplies.

The Bishop of Lincoln, as Dean of Westminster, should have assisted at the service of the coronation, but, receiving no summons to attend, he addressed his late patron. The coronation had stirred a courtier's flame in a bosom still agitated by its reminiscences. The Bishop thus writes to the Duke—"Beseeching your Grace *to revive a creature of your own, struck dead only with your displeasure*, by bringing of me to kiss his Majesty's hand, with whom I took leave in no disfavour at all. I was never hitherto brought into the presence of a king *by any saint besides yourself*; turn me not over to *offer my prayers at new altars.*"

This last paragraph is an extraordinary amalgamation of flattery and menace, and the whole an example of that sycophantic blasphemy, which the court-bishops of that day carried to an incredible excess; a perpetual blot on these political prelates! Poets, mad with poverty and dedication, at all times have transgressed on decency and sense in their bribing panegyrics; but the present inflated court style in epistolary composition was not the natural style of that day, for the letters of Mede, and other contemporaries, to which I have so often referred, are examples of colloquial force and simplicity, free of those pedantic and far-fetched allusions.

The bishop received a royal command to depute one of the prebendaries; this, to use the quaint style of Heylin, "put him into some dispute with himself;" a dispute, however, from which he extricated himself with his usual prudence. As he did not care to honour his co-rival Laud, and as the putting him aside by electing another might have gained him the ungracious reproach of malice, the Dean furnished his Majesty with a list of the prebendaries, that the King might make his own election. Laud was nominated.

The coronation, it was imagined, would prove a joyous season, in an oblivion of all miscarriages, and a renewal of the loyalty of the people, whose imagination, awakened by their senses, would be struck by the hallowing ceremonies, and the binding oaths of that regal solemnity. But Fate had commenced her work early with him who was to be crowned, and the scene which naturally tended to reconcile the popular spirit aroused its jealousy under the conduct of Laud.

It is a curious fact, that, among many things left unreformed by the Reformation, the forms and order of the coronation had retained the rites, the ceremonies, and the style of the Roman Pontificals. Edward the Sixth and Elizabeth had been crowned after their predecessors' custom, and the coronation of James, which had been got up in haste, had retained many ceremonies of the old leaven. Charles, therefore, issued a commission that this solemn ceremony should be altered in happier accordance with the spirit of the Church of England. Alterations and additions were left to Laud. Among the innovations he restored a clause in a prayer, that "the King might have Peter's key of discipline, and Paul's doctrine." The clause had been omitted since the days of Henry the Sixth, as it seemed to confer a higher ecclesiastical jurisdiction on the sovereign than accorded with the Papal supremacy. As extremes of opposition at length meet when opposite means are pointing to the same end, and as under a different name the same thing may be concealed, so the Pontiff and the Presbyter, however they reverse each other's scheme, finally agree that the monarchs of the world are "to lick the dust of the feet of the Church." This restoration, therefore, now offended the Puritans as well as it had formerly the Papists. The jealousies of the Commons were awakened by another clause, in which Laud, placing the sovereign next to the Divinity, ranks the clergy in an odious pre-eminence over the laity, and exhorts the King to mediate between them. This imprudent division of subjects was not forgotten many years after, for, in the trial of Laud, the Long Parliament accused him of altering

the coronation oath, and of conferring on the King absolute power, to the detriment of the people.

Some persons at the coronation watched with jealous eyes, and listened with a malicious ear. Laud, having accidentally found an ancient crucifix among the antique regalia, which was always locked up with great secrecy in the abbey, and brought out on these occasions, and which consisted of the staff, the sword, the spurs, and the sceptre of Edward the Confessor—the Bishop displayed this ancient crucifix with great form on the altar, and this was alleged as evidence of a papistical prelate! but in restoring that clause which transferred the Pope's supremacy to the King as the Head of the Church, Laud had performed a Protestant's part.

As this too was an age of omens, trifles as light as air were afterwards expounded into presages. The King's grave character had already at the meeting of his Parliament given some indications of that solemn dignity which would consecrate every great public ceremony—and in the present, contrary to the custom of his predecessors, who when crowned were clothed in purple, the King now appeared in white satin. Perhaps he fancifully considered that the day of his coronation was as the marriage of the sovereign with his people; but the rejection of the regal purple for the robe of purity was variously commented on. Heylin, considering it ominous, as "fore-signifying that he should divest himself of his regal majesty, which might have kept him from affront and scorn, to rely solely on the innocence of a virtuous life, which finally exposed him to calamitous ruin." A wing of the gold dove on the sceptre was discovered to be quite broken off, "by what casualty God himself knows," observes Fuller, who calls the omen "a maim on the emblem of peace." Another omen was the unlucky text of his chaplain, "I will give thee a crown of life," Apoc. ii., 10. This was thought to be a text reminding the King more of his death than his crown, and the expounders of presages discovered, that it seemed "as if the King was to listen to his funeral sermon when he was alive, as if he were to have none when he was to be buried."

Such was the temper of the age, and though these, to us, are very foolish trifles, yet the modes of public feeling are to be recognised by them, as a straw or a feather, light as they are, serve to point the course of the wind, as much as the most elaborate weather-vane.

The Queen refused to be present in the Abbey church at the ceremony of the coronation, and the Marquis de Blainville, the French ambassador, who had recently arrived, had also excused himself. His motive was evident; for though Blainville, among the apologies offered to the Master of the Ceremonies, had declared that, from respect to the King of England, he would have risked making a small breach in his conscience, being bound by his religion not to assist at our prayers and church ceremonies, yet it would be incongruous that he should be a spectator where the Queen, his master's sister, had excused her participation of the solemnity of crowning, and even her presence, and to this declaration he added, as he was perpetually doing throughout his short embassy, some captious "exceptions" of etiquette. A place was offered to be fitted up for her Majesty, but she chose for her station the window of an apartment at the gate-house of the Palace-yard. The good Catholics made it a *jour de fête*; the Queen and her ladies were seen "frisking and dancing in the room," during the procession and on its return, in company with the Marquis, who attended not as ambassador, but in his private character. Henrietta was never crowned Queen of England; and, for a long while, she did not seek to create popular favour by any appearance of public regard, estranged as were her tastes, her language, and her manners, from those of the people.

The refusal of the French ambassador to be present at the coronation occasioned much inquiry. Was the spirit of Catholicism implacable? or was it the prognostic of a war? In that golden age of court-etiquette, when the peace of empires sometimes was disturbed by the jealousies of the drawing-room, this unexpected absence of the French threw into consternation the Venetian ambassador, who presumed to be his equal and his ally. This creature of etiquette, "tremblingly alive all o'er," breathed only by the nicest punctilios, and rested the glory, if not the existence, of his republic, on the jealous maintenance of being considered *pare alle teste coronate*; an unquestioned parity with crowned heads.

When precedence becomes politics in the wars of peace, the diary of a Master of the Ceremonies becomes a record of mischances and misadventures, of despair and of stratagem, which must be consulted to be credited.

A visit out of time may be a visit never to be returned; an informal invitation may occasion a fit of indisposition; or a reception at the stairs'-head, or at the door, may produce a protest or a remonstrance; and a political contest about a chair, or a stool, may open a campaign. It happened unhappily for our Venetian victim of etiquette, that he had recently been most deeply affected by an irregular invitation to the funeral of the late monarch. His *Excellentissimo* did not deny that he had received "the Blacks in the same full proportion for quality and goodness of cloth, as were sent to the two French ambassadors, who were then at the English Court." But Sir Lewis Lewknor, our first Master of the Ceremonies, was suspected to be of the Spanish faction, and not disinclined to put a slight on the jealous Venetian, who stood with the French. The two French ambassadors, the resident and the extraordinary, having inspected the *programme* of the procession, on a sudden changed their mind, and refused to assist at the solemnity. The Venetian, in consequence, was compelled to invent some excuse for his own absence, and, with Italian *astusia*, he fell upon the Master of the Ceremonies for an informality; a message having been sent, which should have been personally delivered. On this the remonstrance was so serious, and the Spanish partiality of Sir Lewis Lewknor so strongly insinuated, that, to appease the Venetian, our Master of the Ceremonies was actually put under restraint, and suspended from his office. Yet the real cause of the Venetian's mortification, as the secret was rumoured among the diplomatic corps, was, that one of the French ambassadors could not stomach having a third person—and that, too, the Venetian ambassador!—marching in even rank with the representatives of France.

The Venetian, thus already too sensitive by the malice of a former French ambassador at the funeral, was now thunder-struck that the same affront had again been put on him at the coronation. This forlorn victim of political etiquette, in his dilemma, debated the whole affair with himself—"If the French ambassador be absent at the coronation, I cannot be present; not from any scruples of conscience, as the Frenchman pretends, for I must understand it as an act of state, and not of religion. I cannot appear by the side of the upstart ambassador of the new States, a power of yesterday! without incurring the odium not only of joining with a heretic, but with a man whom the Spaniard would not sit with in his Majesty's presence—a man whom he calls 'the representative of his Master's vassals and rebels.'" The affair ended miserably for the Venetian. He who would have died rather than have been seen in public violating a point of etiquette, now tried, by the connivance and aid of the assistant Master of the Ceremonies, to slink into some corner where, unseen, he might be present at the coronation; but his late unrelenting persecution of the Master of the Ceremonies himself had extinguished all sympathy in the breast of the assistant, Sir John Finett, who observed, with equal judgment and malice, that if he attended on the Venetian, his official character would betray his Excellency to be a public Minister; and, as no man more learnedly than himself could decide in all *punctilios*, as indeed his Excellency had of late most memorably proved, he must excuse the assistant Master of the Ceremonies from doing that which might again bring the Master of the Ceremonies himself into disgrace. Such was the history of this forlorn victim of etiquette, who had to memorialise his Ducal Republic, that he was neither present at the funeral of the one King, nor the coronation of the other—because from malice or design their French allies had hindered him from taking his station *pare alle teste coronate*.

CHAPTER X.

The Expedition to Cadiz.—The Earl of Wimbledon.

The first Parliament abandoned the King. Charles was left without other means to dispatch the army and fleet, in a late season, than by voluntary loans on privy seals. These were circular letters, in which were stated the name of the person to whom they were addressed, and the sum required from him, the amount varying according to his condition. They took their title from bearing the private seal of the King. When those who either delayed or excused themselves from complying with the request discovered that they were reported to the Exchequer, they were taught that when a king requests a voluntary loan, his request implies a forced one.

It was undoubtedly the King's intention to pay off the privy-seals by some future grant; yet many considered that the next Parliament would not sanction the people giving what they themselves had denied. If the

form of levying these contributions at an immediate urgency was unpopular, yet it bore no character of tyranny. The loan exacted was as small as the style was humble. The privy-seals specified that—"This loan, without inconvenience to any, is only intended for the service of the public; such private helps for public services, which cannot be refused, had been often resorted to; but this being *the first time* that we have required any thing in this kind, we require but *that sum which few men would deny a friend.*" The claims on great personages did not exceed twenty pounds. The King was willing to suffer any mortification rather than endure the obdurate insults of the Parliament—even that of the mockery of an alms-basket; for, by letters of the time which I have seen, the charity of shillings was accepted! With such trivial contributions, demanded with a warm appeal to their feelings, was the King to send out a fleet, with an army of ten thousand men.

The political design of this expedition was to alarm the coasts of Spain; and thus to draw to various points the forces of the enemy. "Our allies," says Buckingham, who opened his cabinet secret to the Commons, "can only scratch with the King of Spain, taking a town to-day, and losing it to-morrow; now they will be strengthened by the dispersion of the Spanish power by land. By this kind of war you send no coin out of the land; you issue nothing but beef, mutton, and powder, and the kingdom is not impoverished, but *may make good returns*," that is to say, let us wage a predatory war—hostilities so undefined in their nature, that our enemies formerly considered us as a people of pirates. Indeed the Minister lets us a little more into his secret hopes; let us listen to him, If it be asked "Where is the enemy? the King bids you name the enemy yourselves. As you issue nothing that is loss, so you will bring home something that is gain, and henceforward maintain the war *by its perquisites.* When the enemy is declared, you may have letters of marque, none shall be denied; yourselves may go and have *the honey of the business.*" It is said that an occasional Spanish war was always popular in this country; no doubt, for the honey of the business"—when Spain had her galleons.

Like many similar attempts from the days of Charles the First to those of the great Lord Chatham, and to our own, this predatory attack concluded in a nullity.

It is the consequence too of this principle of action, that such predatory expeditions instigate the enemy in return to menace our own shores. Ireland was now alarmed by invasion from a Dunkirk fleet, designing to land an army, in case they failed in a descent on some parts of the English coast. While we were hastening to attack Cadiz, London was in dismay; "the trained bands were to be in readiness with complete armour, to march upon all alarms to what place soever."

The history of this expedition offers no imperfect picture of what such enterprises have but too often proved.

A veteran admiral, beloved by the seamen, put aside to make room for a chief commander unskilled in naval operations, raised an inextinguishable jealousy between the united services of land and sea. Each bitterly laid the fault of the failure on the other, but, while they were retorting and recriminating, possibly neither party deserved the disgrace which they incurred by an ill-planned expedition.

It was rashly determined to attack Spain, without having fixed even on a point. A plan of attack, drawn up by the old Admiral, Sir Robert Mansel, was not attended to, and he was removed from his command for Sir Edward Cecil, created on this occasion Earl of Wimbledon, and made Commander-in-chief. He was a military man who had grown grey in the wars of the Netherlands, but was totally unacquainted with naval operations.

All our historians condemn this unlucky veteran, and agree with Dr. Lingard, that the public voice pronounced that he was unequal to so important a command; but of what matter is the subject of this public voice often composed, and who are the utterers of this voice?

Perhaps this Earl of Wimbledon has received more than his share of the disgrace. Historians have usually neither space nor inclination for some necessary details. I shall give a series of absurdities, that are sometimes instructive as well as amusing—and they may teach a Commander-in-chief not to command those who have not yet learnt to obey. We may conceive the relaxed discipline of the army during a peace of twenty years. We had some able military men who had seen service under the New States of Holland. That young republic was a nursery for military adventurers; but our soldiers and our seamen had long been unaccustomed to warlike enterprise. They were now hurried together to go on an un-

known service, with little affection for the King or his Minister, who had never mixed in their ranks. The talk of the town ran on this mysterious design, while the Government seemed so destitute of adequate means, that the very household of the King was reduced to contribute its small savings. "The beggarliness" of the march to Plymouth, which is the term Lord Wimbledon uses, was a popular subject of raillery. They were laying wagers that the fleet would not go, and they punned on the names of some captains, among whom were Bag, Cook, and Love; for which, said they, the fleet would not speed the better; for they were Bag without money; Cook without meat; and Love without charity. It was also probable the party of the discarded Admiral, who were complaining of "young and single Council," alluding to the Duke—and Lord Cromwell, in a confidential letter, reported to him "the discourse of the world." If Buckingham went not out with the fleet, his personal bravery would be suspected; if it prospered, it would be thought no act of his; if unsuccessful, the blame would be laid wholly on him. How the thoughtless Minister felt on this occasion we know not, but he was too far engaged to deliberate, and every day pressed for the departure of the fleet.

The Commander-in-chief, from the first moment, despaired of success, and reluctantly complied with the desire of his royal Master, or rather his injudicious patron, the Duke. "This expedition I was content to take upon me, though against my judgment, as I did secretly deliver to his Majesty and your Grace before I departed from the coast."

A character of hopeless indecision is fatal to military success; but the veteran, who was now to be the victim, felt his disobedience to his Sovereign's command stronger than his own particular judgment. "I would rather have been torn in pieces than to have gone with so many ignorant and malicious people." The truth is, the opposition party was already formed, before they set sail, and the deepest anxiety and incessant occupation clouded over the faculties, or exhausted the frame of the despairing Commander-in chief. "When my adversaries slept I waked, when they made good cheer I fasted, and when they rested I toiled."

At length eighty ships, with ten regiments of a thousand men each, sailed from Plymouth. A storm disperses them. When they collect, a council of war is held to fix on a point of attack, for their instructions left them at liberty to choose. The Duke and his council left all things to chance; this was not a greater evil than the blunders they had unwarily committed; had they taken on themselves to prescribe the course the fleet was to have pursued, they might not have blundered less.

The Earl of Essex, Vice-Admiral, warned by the glory his father had won at Cadiz, deemed it right for him to attack the Spanish fleet; but difficulties were started, and they debated so long, that the coast had time to be alarmed.

The Earl of Essex, we are told by some, wished to attack the Spanish fleet; but Lord Wimbledon is surprised "that the Earl is not called into question for letting pass the King of Spain's ships that offered him fight." Probably some heroes are disposed for fighting at one hour, and not at another.

It is agreed that the ships in the port of Cadiz might have been taken; the Dutch ships, which had leagued with us on this occasion, were not wanting, but twenty English ones never stirred. Wimbledon asserts, that he has proved several persons guilty, whom he could never get examined by the council. Wimbledon went personally from ship to ship to enforce his commands. A body of seamen were landed with difficulty, but, being resisted, they retreated. Sir John Burroughs, one of our ablest officers, who was afterwards fated to perish in another expedition, at the head of his regiment, attacked and carried the fort of Puntal. The troops now landed, and the only enemy they had to encounter were the wine-cellars of Cadiz. Every man was his own vintner, as a contemporary expresses it; and had the fugitive Spaniards returned on such invaders, they had found an easy conquest.

The Commander-in-chief had published his orders expressly to warn them of the Spanish wines, but his undisciplined troops had not yet been habituated to the severity of orders from head-quarters, and the General gladly re-shipped his bacchanalian troops—no ships were burnt in the harbour—and they left the coast of Spain in no worse condition by their inroad, than what the morning showed the Spaniards in a vast number of empty casks. Their intemperance was punished by sickness, which spread in the ships—and by the ingenious contrivance of taking two sick men out of the sick ships to supply their

places by two sound men, they propagated the contagion through the whole fleet. They lay in wait twenty days for the Plate-fleet, which either passed in the night-time, or the day after they sailed; they could no longer keep their station, and returned to Plymouth with the loss of a thousand men, not occasioned by the enemy. The Earl of Wimbledon was for a considerable time denied the King's presence. An inquiry was opened to criminate the military veteran—journal was opposed to journal—opinions of landsmen were given on seamen, and of sailors on the tactics of the military. "He that commandeth is but one man, and the rest are many thousands"—pathetically exclaims this hapless Commander-in-chief—and he has declared that "many who should have assisted me were more careful in betraying me than in forwarding his Majesty's service."

This inquiry, like so many others of the kind, got more intricate and confused the farther they proceeded; accusers were themselves accused—witnesses were themselves criminals. In the cross interests of parties, one shielded the guilty, and the other aspersed the innocent. All parties were blamed, but none could be punished.

So, unhappily for the feelings of the youthful monarch, terminated his first great enterprise. Glory had been changed into dishonour! Scarcely had a few months elapsed since he was seated on the throne ere he was doomed to taste that bitterness of government which sickens the secret heart of majesty. Already thorns were in the ermine of his crown—and although he had not himself committed a single censurable act, yet he had found a Parliament hostile to the purposes for which they had clamoured—an army disorganised—a navy discontented—the affections of the people declining. His partial hope was still leaning on Buckingham, while he was looking for his urgent wants to be supplied by those who were intent to refuse their aid! There were greater evils in futurity!

CHAPTER XI.

Meeting of the Second Parliament.—The Contention between the Duke of Buckingham and the Earl of Bristol.

From the commencement to the disastrous termination of the ill-concerted and ill-conducted expedition to Cadiz, which from the destitution of Parliamentary supplies had been hastened by the most disorderly ways, Buckingham had been absent from England, actively negotiating in person at the Hague, with the northern powers, a treaty respecting the restoration of the Palatinate, the incessant object of popular clamour, and for neglecting which the pacific counsels of the late Monarch had been reproached with pusillanimity.

Now the scene had changed. A spirited and enterprising young Prince, under the influence of the Minister whom he loved too well, and the Minister under the influence of popular feeling, which he too vainly courted, had adopted rather the politics of the English public, than the policy of the English Cabinet. Buckingham, on his return from Spain, had been saluted as "the saviour of his country," and there was nothing this warm and volatile man aspired to more ardently than popularity.

Buckingham was in earnest, for it was in a stormy season, and in considerable peril, losing a vessel in the passage, that he had reached the Hague to hasten the treaties by his own personal zeal. After a month's absence, he returned home to witness the most sudden mutability of his fortune! All his anxieties, his official labours, and, according to his statement, large sacrifices of his private fortune had been devoted to this disastrous expedition, and now he had to encounter a more unexpected storm than that which had dispersed the fleets, and which, as sudden, but more terrible, was to overwhelm the Minister.

It is probable that a party against the royal favourite had been silently forming, and now found a voice in his ill-fortune; but it seems that the overt personal attacks came unexpectedly. Whatever the world thought, Buckingham in his own mind felt the change that was prepared for him undeserved, and this feeling is finely touched on by Sir Henry Wotton. "It could not but trouble him the more by happening when he came freshly returned out of a meritorious employment in his inward conceit and hope."(1) Buckingham found that he was even reproached for not having himself taken the command of the army and navy, and the Lord High Admiral and Commander-in-chief was accused of sparing his person from an ignoble motive. Sir John Eliot taunted him in the House when he said, "the Lord-General has the whole command both by sea and land, and can this great General think it sufficient to put in his deputy, and stay at home?" The intrepidity

(1) *Conceit* here means *idea*.

and daring of Buckingham yielded to no man's, as was afterwards proved. Charles knew that in this respect the character of his friend was unjustly aspersed, and the King did not wish to see his Minister's courage put to the test, when the venture was not absolutely required; but it was probably the bitter taunt of Buckingham's unsparing enemy, soon echoed by the public, which induced the Duke to take the command in person in his future fatal expeditions.

Buckingham had a foresight of the approaching Parliament. He took certain precautionary measures, and was particularly desirous of keeping out of the House his future great opponent, Sir John Eliot, among others. Bishop Williams, who was always stirring at a crisis, though now in disgrace at Court, pretended that, in communicating with Buckingham's enemies, he was warding off the threatened attacks of a barking opposition. It was, however, a dubious argument which he urged to protect the Minister, repeatedly reminding the party, that when "a beast got into the midst of a field of wheat, if the neighbours ran in and hunted it about with their dogs, they would run down more corn than five beasts could devour." Williams well knew that the simile was no argument for "the dogs" themselves. With the Duke's friends he used another counsel. He urged them to advise the Duke to retire to some great embassy, "as distant as that of Vienna, if he durst trust the King of Spain's nearest ally." To them Williams's advice seemed but an ambiguous friendship, as if this politic genius looked to clear the stage, and himself again to play a part to which he had been long used.

Charles summoned his second Parliament, as he said, "in the midst of necessities," and to learn from them "how he was to frame his course and councils." To induce their compliance for immediate supplies, he laid before the commons the most urgent reasons. "The unseasonable slowness may produce as ill effect as a denial," said the message.

The Commons, as duteously as ever, profess that "no King was ever dearer to his people, and that they really intend to assist his Majesty in such a way as may make him safe at home and feared abroad." They acknowledge—and this point has not been sufficiently observed—that "they will support that cause wherein your Majesty and your allies are now justly engaged." They sanction the principles and the design of the war entered into, while they pertinaciously are withholding the necessary supplies!

Before the supplies, the King was first to accept the information and advice of Parliament in discovering the causes of "the great evils, and redress their grievances." The King accepted this "as a satisfactory answer," and thanked them for it. In regard to grievances, Charles said, "for your clause of presenting of grievances, I take that for a parenthesis and not a condition; apply yourselves to redress grievances, but not to *inquire* after grievances." The fact was, that the Commons were preparing an impeachment of his Minister; and the King's style first betrays angried feelings. "You specially aim at the Duke of Buckingham; I wonder what hath so altered your affections towards him." Charles felt that the Commons designed to control the Government itself; and in his view he could only ascribe their antipathy to Buckingham to the capriciousness of public favour and to the envy of a few.

The Commons had now begun to practise the refined art of voting supplies without giving them. They were to be received virtually on some "condition," thus avoiding the term to which the King objected, but not the practice.

The affair, however, was not long doubtful. Dr. Turner, a physician, a class of men which it is unusual to find in Parliament, was chosen for the onset against the Duke. There were also rumours of a close intelligence which had for some time been kept up with certain persons in the Upper House.

Dr. Turner adopted an extraordinary mode for impeaching the Minister; or, as the King described it, "The House had emboldened one to do a strange act in a strange way." He drew up six queries. They were soon commonly called "Buckingham's Queries." Their object was, to inquire if the Duke were not the cause of the six monstrous grievances therein specified? concluding, that "all these were famed to be so."

This led to a singular debate, where "common fame and rumour" were separated by a curious distinction. "The general voice, the *vox populi*, is common fame; and if common fame might not be admitted as an accuser, great men would be the only safe men; for no private person dare venture to inquire into their actions." The House resolved, that "common fame is a good ground of proceeding for this House, whether by in-

quiring or presenting the complaints to the King and Lords." This was a bold and novel principle. Thus a Minister was liable to be impeached merely on *rumours*, which Parliamentary philology had discriminated by its own dictionary of synonyms. It is, however, rather curious to observe, by the "remonstrances" of the Commons, that they did not think that "rumours" *against themselves* should be thus elevated into evidence. They close their remonstrance by "beseeching that his Majesty would *not give ear to the officious reports of private persons for their own ends.*" Were the Commons certain that the reports which they themselves so eagerly adopted might not also have originated in *private persons for their own ends?*

Some of "the bold speakers," as the heads of the opposition are designated in the private letters of the times, had now risen into notice. They poured themselves forth in a vehement, not to say seditious, style, with more daring invectives than had ever before thundered in the House of Commons. The party against the Duke had now found a voice. One had declared that the cause of all the grievances, as was said of Louis the Eleventh of France, is, that "all the King's council rides on one horse."

Charles now sent for both Houses to meet him at Whitehall. Thanking the Lords for their care of the kingdom, he was sorry he owed no thanks "to their fellow-house of the Commons." "I must tell you, that I am come here to show you your errors, and, as I may call it, unparliamentary proceedings in this Parliament; but I do not despair that this Parliament shall end comfortably, though, at the beginning it hath had some rubs." The King left to the Lord-Keeper to say the rest. His lordship assured them, that "when the irregular humours of *some particular persons* were settled, the King would hear and answer all just grievances; but the King would have them also to know that he was equally jealous of the contempt of his royal rights, which his Majesty would not suffer to be violated by any pretended course of parliamentary liberty." The King considered the Parliament as his council; but there was a difference between councilling and controlling, and between liberty and the abuse of liberty. He particularised their conduct in sanctioning the strange unparliamentary way of Dr. Turner, who, without any ground of "knowledge in himself, advised the House to inquire concerning the Duke of Buckingham,—it was an example which the King could not suffer, though it were against his meanest servant. His Majesty wondered at the foolish insolency (1) of that man who could think that his Majesty should be drawn out to offer such a sacrifice so unworthy of a king or a good master. The Lord-Keeper closed by observing, that his Majesty "holds as insufferable" that they had signed a warrant for the signet-office to produce their records, books, and private notes—made for his Majesty's service.

The King, resuming his speech, remarkably reproached the Commons. "Now that you have all things according to your wishes, and that *I am so far engaged that you think there is no retreat, now you begin to set the dice and make your own game.* It is not a parliamentary way, nor is it a way to deal with a king. Mr. Clement Coke told you, 'It was better to be eaten up by a foreign enemy, than to be destroyed at home.' Indeed I think it more honour for a king to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy, than to be despised by his own subjects." (2)

There was a lofty tone in this reprimand, ill-adapted to soothe the inimical and jealous spirits which had to listen; it was indeed the indignant voice of Sovereignty in its wounded feelings—and since Mr. Clement Coke had elevated the tone of debate into something like heroism, it was not irrelevant in Charles, in the exultation of his emotions, to have responded by a sentiment equally heroic. (3)

But there was a sting in the close of this

(1) This expression indicated a personal feeling of the King's, which I shall notice hereafter.

(2) That the reader may have a specimen of that sort of comment with which the preconceived notions of party-writers have always so cruelly treated the memory of this hapless Prince, I shall give the remarks of Mr. Brodie upon this passage; and if the reader admire either the discernment or the feelings, he will thank me for informing him that he may find a hundred similar instances in the greater portion of Mr. Brodie's pages. This writer says, "By stating, that he thought it more honour for a king to be invaded and almost destroyed by a foreign enemy, than to be despised by his own subjects, he *distinctly declared, that in his opinion he reigned for himself alone, and not for the benefit of his people*, whose utmost miseries, for they must suffer the evils to which he alluded, were in his idea trivial, in comparison of his being crossed in his arbitrary measures."—ii., 104.

(3) The Commons *deny* that these were the express words of Mr. Coke—that he spoke nothing seditious, "howsoever he let fall some few words whereat the House being displeased, it was expressed by a general and instant check." Charles was then more right in the spirit than in the letter; but to have

address, which reminded them that "Parliaments are altogether in my power for their calling, sitting, and dissolution; therefore, as I find the fruits of them good or evil, they were to continue, or *not to be*." He finally conjured them "to look to the distressed affairs of the kingdom, so they would do themselves honour, and he hoped that all Christendom shall feel the good of it."

The Commons retreated after their lecture, closed their doors, and debated in an open committee, on certain parts of these speeches. Whether they dwelt on those ominous words, *or not to be*, (the germ of the civil wars,) does not appear by their "Remonstrance." All that we know is, that Charles commanded the Duke to explain some misunderstandings to which his language on this occasion had given rise; this Buckingham did in a most conciliatory speech, and by the King's command informed them that his Majesty intends to trust to a committee of both Houses to take a view of his whole estate, "the defects of which are not fit for the eyes of a multitude, nor any weakness that may bring shame upon us abroad." The personal distresses of the monarch were humiliating, whatever might be his style.

Buckingham took this opportunity of addressing them on his own behalf. He gave them an ample account of his arduous negotiations; of his suspected religion, which, had he had any ill inclinations, might have allowed him to have been tempted by the offers made him in Spain. He assured them that nothing was adopted by single counsels, and for the proof appealed "to a journal which my Lord Conway keeps," (1) and that if the late expedition had proved unsuccessful, it had not been without its use.

There is an apparent openness in the speech, which gives a favourable idea of the man. It might have been a premeditated address, and perhaps was written for him, which was not unusual; but the sentiments were his, and could only have originated in his instructions. He speaks of himself not without modesty; "I should be glad, before I end, to say something of myself; but I shall request your favourable construction, for I fear that I shall offend." "If in any of these employments my errors may be showed me, I shall take him for my best friend that will manifest them in particular. I have bent all my thoughts on nothing but my master's honour, the service of the State, and safety of them both. I never had any end of my own, and that may be perceived and proved by the expense of mine own estate. I am ashamed to speak it, and it would become another man's tongue better than mine own." But "his own estate" had entirely been derived from the prodigal favours heaped on him by his royal master. This is obvious; but what is not obvious, and which I am anxious shortly to show, is, that Buckingham was zealously active for public ends, and that the favourite was in earnest to merit the honours of a patriot. At his death, his family discovered that he had supplied unlimited sums to the King to aid him in carrying on the war, amidst the royal distresses, and had kept no vouchers or any accounts whatever.

"I am accused by common fame to be the cause of the loss of the narrow seas. I have always had twelve ships on the coasts, and allowance but for four—the rest my own care supplied.

"When you know the truth, and when all shall appear, I hope I shall stand righ in your opinions. It is no time to pick quarrels one with another—follow not examples. Gondomar and Inojosa would have had my head when you thought me worthy of a salute. Now, though I confess there may be some errors I will not justify, yet they are not gross defects as the world would make them appear. They are no errors of wilfulness, nor of corruption, nor oppressing of the people, nor injustice."

"Now, gentlemen, you that were eminent Parliament-men when this council was first given, make good your own engagement for the honour of your King and your own safety, and you that are young men in these active times, gain honour and reputation, which is almost sunk in the glory of your predecessors."

There was a spirit in this address designed

produced "a general and instant check" from the House,—that is from the majority, who were not yet seasoned by the party,—it is not impossible that Mr. Coke may have delivered something worse than what had been conveyed to the King. We learn from another quarter, that Sir Edward Coke reprimanded his son very severely for his *words*, and would not receive him for a considerable time after.

(Carte, iv., 156.) The Commons' denial of the King's accusation altogether was unworthy of themselves. —Thus it happened also on a subsequent occasion.

(1) This "Journal" has not escaped the ravages of the steward, the cats, and the rats, who committed such depredations on the Conway Papers. I could not discover it among them.

to infuse confidence among those who could feel none in the mercurial Minister. Neither the King's explanation, nor the Minister's conciliatory tone, delayed the articles which the Commons were preparing against him, while at the same moment Buckingham witnessed a rising adversary in one whom of all men he most dreaded, the Earl of Bristol. He had hitherto succeeded in removing this nobleman to a distance from the Court.

The quarrel of two jealous and powerful Ministers, both entangled in the most intricate and the darkest of negotiations, as the Spanish match still remained to all the parties concerned, was now to close in a fierce encounter *à l'outrance*, armed by mutual impeachments.

The Earl of Bristol, on his return from Spain, had been unquestionably estranging the late Sovereign's affections from the favourite. James had called the Earl "an honest man whom he would answer for." The death of James occurred at a critical hour. Buckingham, on his side, had early indisposed the tender mind of the young Prince against Bristol, and he had directed all the royal influence to keep Bristol in restraint. Two years had now elapsed since the Earl of Bristol had suffered the exile of retirement, and that repose, if exile can be repose to a discarded Minister, was only conditional, that he should "sit still without being questioned for any errors past" in the Spanish negotiation.

The present moment seemed favourable to any design against the favourite. Bristol broke the silence of two years by claiming his seat in the House. The Earl now decided to appeal to Parliament in vindication of his honour, and to throw off the political imprisonment, so long endured under the disguise of domestic privacy. A struggle ensued between the King and the Earl. Charles issued his writ to summon him to Parliament, in compliance with the desire of the Lords, who asserted their privileges, but at the same time insisted that he should forbear his personal attendance, in compliance with the condition of his former restriction. Bristol's resolute decision, to take his place in the House of Lords, was remarkable. It was therefore on this occasion that Buckingham showed the Lords the copy of a letter to the Earl of Bristol, in which the King himself, in unqualified terms, criminated the Earl for his conduct in Spain, and by which the Lords were to infer that Bristol was put in restraint for State affairs.

Bristol then petitions to be heard in accusation of Buckingham. Instantly the Earl is himself charged with high-treason. The artifice of preventing a blow by inflicting one was defeated by that perfect indifference in the House of Lords, which seems to have divided them by an equal interest for both the rival ministers. They therefore agreed to hear each cause in succession. By this means the accusations of one delinquent would not prevent the accused from making the accuser an equal delinquent; the criminations and recriminations of two great ministers would furnish all that fuller information and entertainment which both their Lordships and the public were quite prepared to expect.

Buckingham, who had hitherto succeeded in keeping Bristol in restraint, and absent from Parliament, well knew that the dignified character of the Earl would shake his lighter and vacillating conduct in public opinion. He feared the tale which yet remained untold; not the perplexed narrative of the Spanish match, which it would be more easy to contradict than to comprehend, nor the charge, that for the purpose of gratifying his own passion he had raised the Spanish war, conscious that Charles would sanction the whole, and that the Parliament would not care to look too scrupulously into a war of their own choice. In truth, whatever secret motive Buckingham might have indulged in a war with Spain, he well knew that he was acquiring popularity by humouring the present temper of the nation. It was another tale than all this which the Duke feared—the history of himself! The indecorous carelessness of the favourite had held in scorn all prescribed modes of conduct in life and in diplomacy; there was too a tenderness sore to touch in the religion of Buckingham; for, though James had furnished him with the result of Protestant arguments, he confessed that the Duke could not retain the arguments themselves, and though Laud, by hard conferences, steadied him from backslidings, it was credited that a certain bigoted Romanist, under whose influence he often acted, had more secret influence than the polemical Sovereign or the casuistical Archbishop—the old lady, his mother, who could not conscientiously suffer her son to stray from the only infallible Church.

Bristol charged Buckingham with being "popishly affected, absenting himself from all exercises of religion in the Earl's house,

frequented by all Protestants, and conforming so closely to the rites of the Spanish religion, as to kneel and adore their sacrament, endeavouring to procure the Prince's conversion by all possible means, and receiving a bull in parchment from the Pope, to thank him, and to encourage him in the perversion of the Prince."

To all these allegations, Buckingham might have replied that he was only practising a deception on the Spaniard, which might assist in hastening the torpid negotiation. But he could not have pleaded as successfully for "the scandal given by his personal behaviour, things neither fit for the Earl of Bristol to speak, nor indeed for the House to hear, however he leaves them to your lordships' wisdom how far you will be pleased to have them examined."

Bristol, and, indeed, all Madrid, had been as watchful as they were cruel observers of Buckingham's indecencies and eccentricities; and this great statesman has condescended to furnish himself with a *Chronique Scandaleuse*, a diary of licentious follies, supplied by the domestic spies of a most inconsiderate master. One of these communications exists.

Whoever will examine the elaborate articles of the Attorney-General against the Earl of Bristol, formidably classed into "offences before his Majesty's going into Spain, at the time of the Prince's being in Spain, and after the Prince's return," and the replies of Bristol to each article, minutely curious, will have before him one of the most extraordinary documents of the perversity of the human understanding, and the mysterious complexity of human events. According to Bristol, the Court of Madrid were at first not sincere in their propositions, but at the end they became so; but, when we find such perpetual misunderstandings requiring explanation, where so much was said which was never meant, so much done which remained to be undone, when the most equivocal language and the most suspicious actions were to be commented on at a distant day, we are not surprised that each party looked on these strange transactions according to his own particular view, and accounted for them on very opposite principles. But what is startling is the direct contradiction of facts asserted by one party, and denied by the other. Where the accusations are positive, and each accuses the other of doing the very thing he is himself taxed with, we start at the hardihood of perjury, or we may suspect that both parties are alike criminal.

The Earl is accused of offering to concur with the Prince in his presumed conversion to the Roman faith. At the Prince's first coming to the Earl, he asked the Prince for what he came thither? The Prince at first, not conceiving the Earl's meaning, answered, "You know as well as I." The Earl replied, "Sir, servants can never serve their masters industriously, although they may do it faithfully, unless they know their meanings fully. Give me leave, therefore, to tell you what they say in the town is the cause of your coming—that you mean to change your religion, and to declare it here, and yet cunningly to disguise it." The Earl added, "Sir, I do not speak this to persuade you to do it, or that I will promise you to follow your example though you do it; but, as your faithful servant, if you will trust me with so great a secret, I will endeavour to carry it the discreetest way I can."(1) At this the Prince expressed his indignation, and, as appears by the Earl's answer, asked "what the Earl saw in his Majesty, that he should think him so unworthy as to change his religion for a wife, or any earthly respect whatever?" And the Attorney-General goes on to show the treason of the minister, in the dangerous consequences of his conduct to the true religion and to the State.

The Earl, in reply, does not deny the charge, which, says he, refutes itself; for he exultingly points out that he, at that very moment, had declared himself a Protestant. The truth is, that, on the portentous arrival of the Prince with his companion, there was a general rumour among the Spaniards that Charles came to make his conversion. This seemed to be a State secret, which the jealousy of Bristol attempted to fathom, and, in secrecy, he tampered with the Prince to start a discovery, with all the guarded caution of a sage politician, by which conduct he had not compromised himself, while, at the same time, whether the Prince were Catholic or Protestant, he had equally offered to exert, on his side, the same unalterable zeal.

The Earl of Bristol was an able single man in the Cabinet, but the tumult and passion of the Senate disturbed the gravity and reflection which he had, perhaps, contracted from his long residence at the Court of Madrid. Hence his famous son, Lord Digby, we are

(1) Rushworth, i., 252.

told, looked on his father with more affection than respect, and as this son, in his versatility of opinions, came round to astrology and Catholicism, it has been suspected that the Earl of Bristol was himself inclined to the religion of Spain. Some persons contract more local habits than they are aware of. But it was the political creed of Bristol which was most relaxed, or rather enlarged, and which occasioned at times some ambiguous conduct and language which a rigid Protestant might suspect. He once advised a bold measure, when he recommended that the young Palatine, Charles's nephew, should be educated in the Roman Catholic Court of the Emperor, in order that a royal marriage might conciliate two opposite interests; and, when Sir Walter Aston, in a passion, declared that, "He durst not for his head consent to any such proposal," Bristol replied, that he saw no great inconvenience in it; the Prince might retain his religion; and, without some such great action, it was desperate to hope for the peace of Christendom. This great statesman had an odd notion respecting the state of Protestantism in his day. He declared that "conscience, and love to truth only, not any temporal respects, made men constant to the Protestant religion —for that they suffered too much, which was to their honour," and he was fond of repeating James's observation, that "he was the true martyr that suffered more for his religion than all the princes of Christendom besides," which he could instance in various ways. As mere political men, in balancing opposite interests when a great design is in hand, have not always discriminated the fine shades of conviction, these calamities of Protestantism sounded suspiciously from the lips of the statesman, and it might seem dubious, had Charles been a converted Romanist, whether the minister who offered to remain equally zealous might not have slided over like his son.

The Earl is positively accused by Charles not only of concurring with Charles's presumed conversion, but of enforcing it by pointing out to him its conveniences, it being impossible to effectuate any great purpose by other means. In what degree Spanish politics might mingle with English Protestantism in the breast of this able statesman, it might have been difficult even for himself to have discerned. The wisdom of a statesman was wrestling with the faith of a martyr. But assuredly it might have been expected that a zealous Protestant would not have advanced so far in such arguments, and that his indignation at this treason of loyalty in an English sovereign might have overcome the cold policy of the statesman, which, to say the least, had too evidently characterised these secret conferences. (1)

This Earl offers a curious evidence of the variable conflict of politics and religion in the same breast. In my own mind I entertain no doubt of the Protestantism, perhaps weak, of Bristol; he gave the Parliament the most ample testimonials from his earliest days and through his whole conduct in Spain; and Fuller has distinguished him, probably from his own testimony, as "a stout champion of the Church of England." But, be it remembered that the Digbys were a family of Romanists, and that their historian, Dodd, has inscribed the name of this Earl of Bristol in his catalogue, with a remark, "though he was always a Protestant, yet he discovered himself both in the treaty of the Spanish match, *and on several occasions*, to be no enemy to the Catholic interest." (2)

CHAPTER XII.

Impeachment of Buckingham by the Commons.

After the maturing silence of two years, Bristol could bring forward against Buckingham nothing but vilifying personalities, more adapted to supply the month's talk of newswriters and gossippers than to furnish an Attorney-General with articles of high treason.

(1) Mr. Hallam acknowledges that "the Earl of Bristol might be more partial to Spain than we may think right, or even he might have some bias towards the religion of Rome. The last, however, is by no means proved, for the King's word is no proof in my eyes." Mr. Brodie is blamed by Mr. Hallam for his severe attack on Bristol; the acknowledgment of the veracity of Charles would assist Mr. Brodie's arguments, nevertheless he could not let slip this opportunity of throwing great doubts over the royal honour. "It is impossible to determine what degree of credit is due to the statement." Yet probably overcome for a moment by the very conviction which I feel myself, Mr. Brodie adds, "though it is amazing to think, that a person in his elevated sphere should have had the frontless assurance to accuse one of his subjects to his face of such an offence, without foundation." *Amazing* indeed, because it seems to me *impossible!* I shall never believe that Charles was capable of the guilt of inventing an entire conference, particular in its detail and express in its language; particularly as we find from other sources that Bristol entertained in other instances the same equivocal notions and conduct.

(2) Dodd's Church History of England, ii., 357.

A parliamentary anecdote on this occasion has come down to us. When the Earl of Bristol had ended his charge against Buckingham, Lord Spencer, rising, inquired, "Is this all you have to say against the Duke?" "Yes, my Lord, and I am sorry it is so much." "Then," rejoined Lord Spencer, "if this be all, *ridiculus mus!*" and sat down. Lord Cromwell hastened to Mr. Richard Spencer, the younger son of his lordship, and who was zealously acting with the party in the Commons against the Duke, "Dick, what is done in your house to-day against the Duke?" "My Lord, he is charged with no less than high treason."—"High treason! tush Dick! if this be all, *ridiculus mus!*"(1) This humorous application of Lord Cromwell's seems like a comment on the opposite politics of the father and the son; but it is not quite evident which side the humourist himself would have adopted.

A theme of loftier interest, an accusation far more solemn, where orators were to be the witnesses, and public opinion the tribunal, were now to open for the sovereign and the minister, in the impeachment of the favourite by the Commons.

But the Commons did not come forward, as is admirably remarked by Hume, to accuse Buckingham for his conduct in the Spanish treaty. They approved the Spanish war too well to quarrel with its origin. Its object was English, for it was to wrest the Palatinate from ambitious Austria and to reduce Catholic preponderancy. The unanimous voice of the nation had sanctioned it, and the Lords and Commons on that occasion responded "as if the two Houses had been twins; what the one had thought and said and done, the other had thought and said and done." They chose the war, but they refused the supplies. To palliate this sudden change in the measures of the Commons, party-writers have imagined that the Commons had now discovered that Buckingham had deceived them, and that they had been seduced by his statement. Not a single member raised any objection of this nature. If Buckingham had hastened a war, he knew that by such conduct he should acquire the popularity which it, in fact, brought him; and so far from the Commons having been seduced by Buckingham, it would be more just to say that Buckingham had been seduced by the Commons.

In one respect, however, the charges made by the Commons against the favourite resembled those of Bristol; they turned chiefly on personalities.

The impeachment of Buckingham was opened before the Lords by Sir Dudley Digges, who afterwards was one of those who went over to the Court party. Professing to deliver himself, "in plain country language, setting by all rhetorical affectations," he informed the Peers that the Commons had discovered that all the evils which they suffered were drawn like one line to one circumference from one centre, which met in one great man, whom I am here to name—the Duke of Buckingham.

In mentioning the name, Sir Dudley looked up and made a sudden stand. The courtly patriot was disconcerted;(2) the undaunted Duke was facing his accuser. Sir Dudley held in his hand a voluminous roll, and in the preamble of the charge he had to read the lengthened and the multiplied titles of the plurality of offices, and all the honours held by, as the words run, this "young and inexperienced Duke."

The lofty titles resounding through the House raised our orator's spirit with a *paulo majora canamus*—and "the plain country language" rolls on in a folio metaphor. Earth and air are ransacked to describe the manufactures, the husbandry, and the commerce of the industrious Commons. The sun in the firmament is the glorious King, the fixed stars their Lordships, the elements of fire are the clergy, and the judges are the air they breathe. Amidst this elemental imagery, the discovery of a blazing meteor troubles the Commons, "who though they be the foot-stool, and the lowest, yet may well be said to be the settled centre of the State." But as for this "prodigious comet" they cannot look upon it, and, for want of a "perspective, commend the nearer examination to their Lordships."

Such a prologist as Sir Dudley seemed scarcely to threaten in the circumlocutions of his ornate style. He left the less graceful parts to men who were less awed by courtly dispositions, and who did not cherish a concealed hope of one day climbing into that radiant firmament which he had so painfully delineated.

On the first day, the Duke sat outfacing his accusers, and outbraving their accusations;

(1) Hamon L'Estrange, p. 32.

(2) The circumstance of Sir Dudley's sudden stop is noticed by Hamon l'Estrange, whence Rushworth appears to have drawn his curtailed information.

but he absented himself on the following day, when the epilogue to this mighty drama was elaborately delivered by Sir John Eliot, with a force of declamation and a hardiness of personal allusion, which have not been surpassed by the anonymous invectives of the modern Junius.

Eliot, after expatiating on the favourite's ambition in procuring and getting into his hands the greatest offices of strength and power in the kingdom, drew a picture of "the inward character of the Duke's mind, full of collusion and deceit. He was a chimerical beast, called by the ancients *Stellionatus*, so blurred, so spotted, so full of foul lines, that they know not what to make of it. In setting up himself, he hath set upon the kingdom's revenues, the fountain of supply, and the nerves of the land. He intercepts, consumes, and exhausts the revenues of the crown, and, by emptying the veins the blood should run in, *he hath cast* the kingdom into a high consumption."

Eliot descends to criminate the Duke's magnificent tastes, he who had something of a congenial nature; for Eliot was a man of fine literature. "Infinite sums of money, and mass of land exceeding the value of money; contributions in Parliament have been heaped upon him; and how have they been employed? Upon costly furniture, sumptuous feasting, and magnificent buildings, the *visible evidence of the express exhausting of the State!*"

One dark insinuation ambiguously expressed crimes more dreadful, relating to the King. "Not satisfied with injuries and injustice, and dishonouring of religion, his attempts go higher, to the prejudice of his sovereign. The effects I fear to speak, and fear to think. I end this passage, as Cicero did in a like case, *Ne gravioribus utar verbis quam rei natura fert, aut levioribus quam causæ necessitas postulat.*"

The implacable Eliot eloquently closes:—

"Your Lordships have an idea of the man, what he is in himself, what in his affections! You have seen his power, and some, I fear, have felt it. You have known his practice, and have heard the effects. Being such, what is he in reference to King and State; how compatible or incompatible with either? In reference to the King, he must be styled the canker in his treasure; in reference to the State, the moth of all goodness. I can hardly find him a parallel; but none were so like him as Sejanus, who is described by Tacitus, *Audax, sui obtegens, in alios criminator, justa adulator et superbus.* Sejanus's pride was so excessive, as Tacitus saith, that he neglected all councils, mixed his business and service with the Prince, seeming to confound their actions, and was often styled *Imperatoris laborum socius.* Doth not this man tho like? Ask England, Scotland, and Ireland, and they will tell you! How lately, and how often, hath this man commixed his actions in discourses with actions of the King's! My Lords! I have done—you see the man!"

The parallel of the Duke with Sejanus electrified the House. It touched Charles on a convulsive nerve. The young King was here not great, but indignant. Charles complained of Eliot's comparing the Duke with Sejanus; "implicitly he must intend me for Tiberius," said the King." (1)

The last charge against Buckingham was at least as merciless as it was offensive. Without possessing any other evidence than the appearance of the corpse, which, in a body of such gross humour as James's, seems not difficult to account for—the charge sanctioned the rumour of the poisoning of the late King, "by the plaister and the posset administered by the means of Buckingham." That rumour, at the time of which we write, was so rife, that even that political and dignified courtier, Bristol, in a moment of irritation, ventured on a painful allusion, when he had occasion to notice the late King's promise to hear him himself—"I pray God," he added, "that that promise did him no hurt, for he died shortly after." On a subsequent appearance at the bar of the House of Lords, Bristol craved pardon for his late earnest speech, confessing it to have been in passion. Whether Dr. Eglisham's famous libel originated in this rumour, or whether it were the contrivance of a party, is not now, perhaps, to be ascertained; but the cruelty of such dreadful accusations is, that they survive their victim, whether criminal or innocent. (2)

The foulest taint of suspicion must remain

(1) I find this piece of secret history inclosed in a letter of the times, with a solemn injunction that it should be burnt.

(2) "The Forerunner of Revenge" is a tract well known to collectors. It bears every feature of a dreadful political libel; the aggravating minuteness of its narrative betrays the extravagant imagination of the writer. The account of the presumed poisoning of the Marquis of Hamilton by Buckingham is ridiculous; and the description of the appearance

attached to the character of Buckingham. I repeat, what I have formerly observed, that it requires more time and cost to repair an edifice than to damage it; and more zeal to defend the calumniated than care to raise the calumny. An attack, if it deserve notice, is necessarily lively, but a defence can only boast of an honest intention; and nothing short of a miraculous demonstration will so completely eradicate a false or an aggravated charge, as to leave no traces of it behind in the minds of those who have long received the erroneous impression.

The conduct of Charles on this occasion, irritated as he evidently was, proved to be the beginning of his troubles, and the first of the more open attempts to crush the popular party.

The King came down to the House of Lords to vindicate the Duke from the charges of the Commons. "I can bear witness," said Charles, "to clear him in every one of them;" but "he thought fit to take order to punish some insolent speeches. I have been too remiss in punishing such speeches as concern myself, but Buckingham would not suffer me to take notice of them, lest he might be thought to have set me on. My Lords, I hope you will be as tender of my honour as I have been sensible of yours." The King evidently alluded to the last charge against Buckingham, which involved his own honour.

Digges and Eliot, the prologue and the epilogue orators, were called out of the House by two messengers, who, showing their warrant, took them to the Tower.

On this memorable day, a philosophical politician, had such a character existed at that time, might have presciently marked the seed-plots of events, which, not many years afterwards, were apparent to all men. The passions of Kings are often expatiated on, but in the present anti-monarchical period the passions of Parliament are not imaginable.

The Commons, with a fierce spirit of reaction for the King's threat of "punishing some insolent speeches," sent up to the Lords for the commitment of the Duke. (1) The same eager spirit which afterwards pursued Strafford to the scaffold had now appeared, though it was yet unrecognised.

The Duke's speech to the Lords in answer to this arbitrary conduct of the Commons must have been unpremeditated. It betrays neither the fears of a State criminal, nor the arrogance of a royal favourite. We may form some notion of the man himself, by the disclosure of his own genuine emotions.

"My Lords,—If I should hold my peace it would argue guilt; if I should speak, it would argue boldness. Your Lordships see what complaints are made against me by the House of Commons. How well I stood in their opinions not long since, your Lordships know; what I have done since to lose their good opinions, I protest I know not. I cannot so distrust my own innocency as to decline any course or court of justice; they have done me a favour to deliver me out of their hands into your Lordships'.

"I will not speak anything to cast dirt at those who have taken pains to make me so foul, but I hope to prove my innocency before such just judges. I desire my trial may be hastened, that I may no longer suffer than I must needs; but since my accusers have not been content only to make my process, but to prescribe to your Lordships the manner of your judgment, and to judge me before I am heard, I shall not give way to any of their unjust demands."

When the fate of the two patriots was known, the Commons instantaneously broke up, and in the afternoon assembled in Westminster Hall, to interchange their private sentiments on the fate of the two imprisoned members in sullen indignation. (2) The flame which had broken forth and had shown itself now seemed to sink within its own volcano, feeding itself on its own bed, to rage the more at a fresh eruption.

of the corpse is perfectly grotesque. Mr. Brodie has entered largely and fairly into this investigation. Referring to Sanderson's testimony, that Eglisham wrote as many lies as lines, who was told by Gerbier, that Eglisham, when abroad, offered to publish a recantation for four hundred guilders, Mr. Brodie does not incline to give credit to the tale. I find it, however, confirmed in the manuscript memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier himself. "The falseness of his libels," says Gerbier, "he hath since acknowledged, though too late. During my residency at Bruxelles, this Eglisham desired Sir William Chalooer, who was then at Liege, to bear a letter to me, which is still extant. He proposed, if the King would pardon and receive him into favour again, with some competent subsistence, he would recant all that he had said or written, confessing that he had been urged thereunto by some combustious spirits, that, for their malicious designs, had set him on work." Sloane MSS., 4181.

(1) Mr. Hallam confesses, that as the Commons heard no evidence in support of their charges, it was rather unreasonable in them to request that he might be committed to the Tower.

(2) The Diary of Sir Symonds D'Ewes, 616.—Harleian MSS.

The following day, the Commons met in their own House. When the Speaker reminded them of their usual business, with one unanimous shout they cried out, "Sit down! sit down!" they would touch on no business till "they were righted in their liberties." An open committee of the whole House was formed, and no member was suffered to leave it, yet no one spoke. They were either at a loss how to open this awful conference, or they expressed their indignation by a sullen silence.

At moments like these, an accidental folly, which another time might pass away, may render permanent the mischief it would prevent.

Tho Vice-Chamberlain, Sir Dudley Carleton, who had long been one of our foreign ambassadors, and who, having witnessed the despotic governments on the Continent, imagined that there was no deficiency of liberty at home, ventured to break the harrowing silence.

"I find," said the Vice-Chamberlain, "by a great silence in this House, that it is a fit time to be heard, if you will grant me the patience." He opened with an idle tale of having in his voyage to Marseilles been cast on a variety of sands, and when the passengers were in despair, an old mariner, looking on the compass, told them that to clear themselves from the sands they ought to know how they came there, for by taking a new point it would bring them out. The book of orders was the compass here, and he beseeched them to look, whether the gentlemen (in the aggravation of their charges, particularly the last, of the cause of the King's death) did not go farther than the orders did warrant them, and how easy it would yet be to bring us from these rocks.

Alluding to one of the King's messages, where it was hinted, that "if there was no correspondency between him and the Parliament, he should be forced to use new counsels;" he added, "I pray you consider what these new counsels are and may be; I fear to declare those I conceive." However, Sir Dudley Carleton plainly indicated them. "When monarchs began to know their own strength, and saw the turbulent spirit of their *Parliaments*, they had overthrown them in all Europe, except here only with us." The Vice-Chamberlain had not yet learnt to distinguish our own *representative* Parliament, from the *Parlementaires* of Lawyers in France. Our old ambassador drew an amusing picture of the effects of arbitrary governments on the Continent. "If you knew the subjects in foreign countries as well as myself, to see them look, not like our nation, with store of flesh on their backs, but like so many ghosts, and not men, being nothing but skin and bones, with some thin cover to their nakedness, and wearing only wooden shoes on their feet, so that they cannot eat meat, or wear good clothes, but they must pay the King for it; this is a misery beyond expression, and that which we are yet free from." A long residence abroad had deprived Sir Dudley Carleton of any sympathy with the elevated tone of freedom, and the proud jealousy of their privileges, which though yet depending only on procedents, unascertained, undefined, and still often contested, was breaking forth among the Commons of England. At the close, Carleton remarked on the tartness and personal attacks of Eliot, and here he was more reasonable.

The speech was designed to be conciliatory —but the physician had unskilfully applied an emollient, which produced inflammation. "These imprudent suggestions rather gave warning than struck terror," observes Hume. It was evident that "new counsels" meant, what subsequently was practised, a monarchical government without a Parliament! As for the ghosts with wooden shoes, to which the House was congratulated that they were not yet reduced, the House could only infer that it was necessary to prevent the possibility of any such clouted apparitions.

Some offensive words, in allusion to the death of the late King, the Duke persisted in asserting had dropped from Digges, and to prove which assertion he appealed to notes taken at the time. After an equivocal termination in the House of Peers, these were explained away, Digges declaring that they had not been used by him. It seems probable that he was suffered to eat his words. The implacable Eliot was made of "sterner stuff." He explained a good deal, without retracting much.

But peace did not return with the two imprisoned patriots. It was fated that the celestial spirit of our national freedom should not descend among us in the form of the mystical dove. The Commons did not decline in the serpent's wisdom with which they had begun. They covertly aimed at once to subjugate the sovereign and to expel the minister. A remonstrance was prepared against the levying of tonnage and poundage,

which constituted half of the Crown revenues, and a petition "equivalent to a command" for removing Buckingham from his Majesty's "person and councils."

The Remonstrance is wrought up with a high spirit of invective against "the unbridled ambition of the Duke," whom they class "among those vipers and pests to their King and Commonwealth, as so expressly styled by your most Royal Father." They request that "the King would be pleased to remove this person from access to his sacred presence, and that he would not balance this one man, with all these things, and with the affairs of the Christian world."

He who would enter into the views and feelings of Charles at this moment should consult another immortal page of the philosophical historian. (1)

In the eyes of Charles, Buckingham was not criminal, but the Commons were. They had engaged him in a war, and deserted their sovereign when they saw that for him a retreat was impossible. And to what amounted the charges against the Duke? The heaviest, that of the loan of the ships to France, to serve against the French Protestants, Charles knew to be a mere popular error, as we shall shortly show. Could they allege the ineptitude of the minister? Great evils under his administration had not yet occurred, and the people sent forth no cries of oppression. Could the young King sacrifice his friend to the clamours of a party, and, as it seemed to him, for the mean motive of pecuniary purposes? Long after, Charles, even at a more critical period, vowed that "He and Buckingham should perish together!" It was at this time that Sir Robert Cotton, returning from an interview with the King and the favourite, observed, that "the King will never yield to the Duke's fall, being a young man, resolute, magnanimous, and tenderly and firmly affectionate where he takes." (2) Charles, besides these private motives, had public ones. He considered that, in yielding, the sovereign authority would become "contemptible, and carried to the lowest extremity."

With the Commons, Buckingham was criminal enough, for they were not within the spell of his fascination. He was the splendid creature of the royal favour of two sovereigns. His youthful presumption, his towering ambition, and his undisguised enmities, had sickened the hearts of the envious, and stung the spirit of the vindictive. His enemies too were orators.

Charles, under the influence of angried feelings, hastily dissolved the second Parliament; and when the Lords petitioned for its continuance, the King warmly exclaimed, "Not a moment longer!"

From the opening of this Parliament the style of Charles the First had changed. It was now stately, and the courteous solicitation he once used, the language of his heart —was no longer theirs!

(1) Hume, vi., 221.
(2) From a manuscript letter.

CHAPTER XIII.

Of the principal Article of the Impeachment of Buckingham; Secret History of the Loan of English Ships to serve against the French Protestants.

Of this impeachment by the Commons of a minister invested with such a plurality of offices and honours—an individual so potent by situation, and so inconsiderate by disposition, as the Duke of Buckingham, it must be candidly acknowledged, as assuredly it might satisfactorily be shown, that Hume has not exceeded the truth in asserting that "the articles were either frivolous, or false, or both. After canvassing the matter near three months, they found themselves utterly incapable of fixing any legal crime upon the Duke."

I regret that Mr. Hallam has too hastily assumed a sweeping conclusion on the articles of this impeachment. "He tells us many of them were *probably* well founded." *Probably* is a term of nullity in historical evidence; it includes neither the labour of research nor the force of argument; it is the cypher of prejudice, which, placed by a unit of fact, swells out into a mighty sum what in itself is of very small amount. A more accurate knowledge of the prevalent customs of the age, a very little candour, and a closer investigation of the articles themselves, would have deterred the constitutional historian from this unjust severity to "the minion." Rapacity and avarice were not the vices of Buckingham. Even Mr. Brodie lays no stress on the impeachment, though he affects a solitary triumph by asserting, that by Hume's own account of the loan of ships to France, which were employed by that State against the French Protestants, Buckingham was guilty on this charge, which Mr. Brodie considers as "a principal article of the impeachment." The parliamentary historian, May, had indeed considered as among the

chief causes of the civil war, and as "most destructive to the Protestant religion, that King Charles lent a strong navy to the King of France, by whose force the Protestant ships were vanquished and scattered." (1)

Buckingham, in reply to this heavy charge, in his able defence, drawn up by Sir Nicholas Hyde, declares that "He did that which belonged to an Admiral of England and *a true Englishman*." A forcible expression, and in my mind at all times adapted to his genuine character. Buckingham certainly was always English in his feelings. But having made this declaration the Duke faltered, and acknowledged that, to clear himself, it was necessary to disclose a *State Secret*. On his solicitation to his Majesty, he afterwards obtained leave to do this, but the whole affair was interrupted by the dissolution of Parliament. On this Mr. Brodie observes, "The Duke had the effrontery to state, that he had been over-reached by the French Court, who pretended a design against Genoa, and that when he discovered the imposition he frustrated it, and by his measures in favour of Rochelle, the strong place of the French Protestants, he had hitherto saved it from destruction." All this Mr. Brodie considers as "the subterfuge of a State criminal."

We are deeply interested to ascertain the truth of this mysterious transaction. It will illustrate that important principle which I have already developed in a preceding chapter, and which throws a new light over those ambiguous events in our history, when the Government, from a secret policy buried in the Cabinet, and concealed from the public eye, appeared to act in opposition to the interests of the country, when, in short, State reasons prevailed over popular feelings.

The State secret, alleged by Buckingham, not having yet been disclosed, our historians have been thrown into the most conflicting reasonings, and the most fallacious statements, but this loan of English ships to the French Government, for the purpose of opposing the French Protestants, ceases to be a strange and ambiguous transaction, when its secret history is unfolded. (2)

The loan of a single man-of-war and seven merchant vessels to France, which France afterwards employed against the Reformed of Rochelle, certainly without the consent or the intention of our Government, was always looked on suspiciously by the English nation. Even Gerbier, the confidential agent of Buckingham, and to his last day the faithful servant of three English sovereigns, acknowledges that, "when these ships were employed contrary to the intention, it gave more colour to such as love to find fault than could have been wished."

The history of this loan of ships we shall trace from the beginning. When James the First, on the ruptnre with Spain, formed a strict alliance with France, the French Cabinet decided, however contrary to the private feelings of the French monarch, to head a league of the Protestant powers. The English government was cherishing the aid and amity of France for the recovery of the eternal Palatinate, as likewise were the Hollanders, with the view of weakening the power of their ancient enemy and sovereign. Spain, on her side, was not less active, and to avenge herself on her great rival, whose aid had essentially contributed to the emancipation of the New States of Holland, she had stirred up the malcontents of France into open insurrection. The Duke of Rohan, and his brother, Soubise, were the great chiefs of the Huguenots, and were raising an independent Government in France itself. (3) On the remonstrances of the French Government, the Protestant allies of France could only consider the French Princes in the class of rebels, and in intimate connection with Spanish interests.

The French Cabinet had promised to conclude a treaty on favourable terms with their Protestants; but ere this could be effectuated the French Government pleaded the absolute necessity of suppressing the insurrection in their own realms before they signed the terms already agreed on with the Reformed, that for their own credit it should appear that these conditions had been granted by good will and favour, and not by compulsion. The French marine was then at so low an ebb,

(1) May's "Breviary of the History of the Parliament," p. 7. This little volume must not be considered as a mere abridgment of his larger work; it is an original one on the same subject.

(2) I draw my information from the MS. memoir of Sir Balthazar Gerbier, to which I have already referred.

(3) This circumstance is alluded to in the "Testament Politique du Cardinal de Richelieu."—The Catholic style is remarkable. "L'Espagnol fit un Traité avec le Duc de Rohan pour former un corps de rebelles à Dieu et à V. M., tout ensemble moiennant un million qu'il lui devoit donner tous les ans, et dont par ce moien il rendoit les Indes tributaires à l'Enfer."

that Soubise seemed master of the seas. It was at this moment, and under these circumstances, that France urged the performance of a defonsive treaty with England and Holland. The Dutch statesmen, conscious of the State necessity of supporting France against the power and intrigues of Spain, furnished their great ally with twenty ships, according to an existing treaty, in return for money and other aid lent the infant Republic by France; and James, learning from his ambassadors at Paris that the treaty between the French Cabinet and the Reformed was nearly concluded, agreed to the loan of a single man-of-war and seven vessels, on the proviso that they were never to be employed against the Rochellers, for whom the English Monarch had already obtained favourable conditions; it was stipulated that these English vessels were to act against Genoa, or any other ally of Spain.

This affair now assumed to the public eye the most perplexed appearance. This State policy produced in Holland the very same consequences as in England. The Duke of Rohan, and his brother Soubise, having openly adopted the cause of the Huguenots, remonstrated on the iniquity of Protestants warring against Protestants for a Catholic power! It was proved against the States, that while they had indeed promised the Protestant deputies of the Rochellers all they required, they, at the same time, had dispatched secret orders to their admiral to join the French.

Such are the high mysteries of "Kingcraft," as James the First described the intrigues of Cabinets. Each State, to obtain its own purpose, is apparently acting against its own interests. The people, who know nothing of such political involutions, revolted in Holland at the present one. The clergy declaimed from their pulpits, the populace was incited to pull down the house of the admiral and his friends, and the public spirit was so uncontrollable, that the Dutch Government deemed it proper to give way to it. They were suspected by the French Cabinet of having connived at these tumults, though it appears that they did not dare to exercise any authority, dreading a general insurrection throughout the United Provinces.

The promised treaty with the French Protestants was still delayed, and Rohan and Soubise were still in revolt. When Charles learnt that the treaty was uncertain, Gerbier tells us, that the King began to act with great caution and suspicion. To prevent any injury to the Huguenots of Rochelle, in whose interests our Cabinet was engaged, and which afterwards led to the French war, the King commanded Gerbier to write in cypher to Captain Pennington, that though he had cast anchor in the roads of Dieppe, and the Marquis d'Effiat expected to have the eight ships given up to French officers, on the receipt of Gerbier's letter he was to weigh anchor and return to the Downs. Pennington gladly obeyed, which threw the Marquis into a violent rage, he declaring that for this open act of disobedience of orders nothing less than the life of Pennington should satisfy him, and he instantly dispatched a messenger to Charles. For the truth and accuracy of this statement, Gerbier appeals to Mr. Secretary Nicholas, then secretary to the Admiralty. (1)

Pennington returned home, and proceeded to Oxford, where the Parliament sat. Buckingham is accused by the Commons that, knowing from Pennington the state of affairs, he subtilely concealed it from Parliament, observing "holdly and untruly," say the Commons, that "it was not always fit for Kings to give account of their counsels, and that five or six months had already passed, and the ships were not employed against Rochelle, and prayed their lordships to judge the things by the event, to which he would refer the whole matter." "By which cunning speeches," so the Commons animadvert, "he made the Lords and Commons be-

(1) In the charge made by the Commons, the curious reader will find a most abundant detail of all the transactions relative to the loan of these ships.—Rushworth, i., 322 to 333. And when he shall have read the present chapter, he will learn how a heap of cross-purposes may furnish out a most formidable body of evidence against a statedelinquent. A round-robin by the sailors was laid under the Prayer-book of Pennington. It is evident that the English sailors were in as great a consternation as the Hollanders at fighting against their brother Protestants, and the Commons, as Hume says, "showed the same attachment with the sailors for the Protestant religion, nor was their zeal much better guided by reason and sound policy." Hume has taken the most profound views on this curious state of affairs. Such noble passages discover that political sagacity which confers immorlality on his pages.—vi., 209.—Smollett seems at a loss to solve the riddle. "Even these Huguenots were supported by the King of Spain, and their revolt prevented Louis from assisting the English monarch in his designs against the House of Austria."—A valid reason for the King of England assisting his brother and ally of France to put down the insurrection of the French princes.

lieve that the ships were never meant to be employed against the Rochellers." (1)

In the meantime, Charles having received satisfactory accounts from his agents at Paris, concerning the treaty with the French Protestants, Ponnington was again commanded to return to Dieppe, and give up the ships to the French officers. Mr. Larkin, who was an able and confidential agent of the English Government, had inforced the return to Dieppe, assuring our Cabinet that the peace was settled between the French Government and its Reformed; but a sudden chango in the French councils occurring, that Charles might be aware of this important information, Larkin set off himself post from Paris; embarking in stormy weather, he was cast away, and arrived too late. Another agent, one Clarke, who had also been employed in this negotiation, lost himself in the opinion of Buckingham, and was so sensible of his inept conduct that he died of grief.

Such is the secret history of this ambiguous transaction, and when Buckingham was accused of having betrayed the English cause, it was not wonderful that he should have faltered, and declared, that his vindication could only be effected by the revealmont of a State secret; but he boldly assured them that he had acted like "an Englishman."

We are now enabled to confirm the allegation of Buckingham. It now appears that the original destination of the ships was Genoa, with the design of alarming the Spanish coast. We can also oxplain certain obscure passages which Dr. Lingard has brought forward to criminate this minister. "The offence said to have been committed by the Duke, was, that he, as High-Admiral, had lent English ships for the purpose of opposing the Protestants. That Buckingham's allegation was false, is evident from the whole tenor of the transaction, from the unwillingness of the Duke to give an explanation, from a passage in his letter, dated Paris, May 30, 1625: 'The peace with them of the religion depends upon the success of that floet they (the French) had from your Majesty, and the Low Countries.' (2) And from another passage in the instructions given to him on the 17th of October: 'We conceive that the work which was required to be done by them, (the ships,) *being the suppression of Soubise*, is accomplished.'"

The reader will now, for the first time, understand these obscure passages, which perfectly accord with Gerbier's statement. "The peace with them of the roligion, *i.e.* the French Protestants, depended on the success of the ships borrowed from the two countries." This success refers to the suppression of Soubise's maritime force, as it is precisely so stated in the instructions. The King, concluding that work had been done, now insisted on the final termination of the treaty of peace so long depending between the French Government and their Protestants.

The story of this loan of ships to France is a very striking example of the effects of popular exaggeration. It is curious to discover, on turning to the French historian's account of this transaction, that the aid of the English on this occasion was deemed so incensiderable, that he almost passes it over in silence. I give Père Griffet's own words, as they confirm the truth of Buckingham's statement. "Comme on vouloit attaquer les Genois par mer et par terre on envnya demander des vaisseaux au Roi d'Angleterre et aux Hollandois. On ne tira du Roi d'Angleterre que des promesses vagues qui demeurerent sans effet; mais les Hollandois s'engagerent à donner vingt vaisseaux bien armés." (3)

We must consider the subject of this chapter, not only historically curious, as throwing a new light over the administration of Buckingham, but as developing political instruction of far higher interest. It proves that there are State secrets which cannot either in honour or in policy bo trusted to the public ear, and that when the Cabinet appears to be acting contrary to the desires of the country, the Government, with more wisdom than public newswriters and clamorous party-men will be willing to allow them, may be advancing the complicate objects of national interests. We see, in the present case, how tho Dutch Government was right, as statesmen, in adopting the unpopular measures, and we also see how fatally, by submitting to tho dictate of popular pre-

(1) It is useful to notice what sort of evidence a party will get up against a State culprit. A Monsieur *de la Touche*, probably a French Protestant, meeting at Salisbury Mr. Sherwell, a member, going to Parliament, and informing our member that the Duke had assured him these ships were not to act against his countrymen, notwithstanding they had since, concluded that *le Duc est un méchant homme*. The charge in the Impeachment winds up with this positive evidence of this good Monsieur de la Touche, of the delinqueney of this impeached minister!

(2) Clarendon Papers, ii., Appendix, xxv.

(3) Histoire de France, xiii., 442.

judices, they impeded the great design of reducing the mighty strength of Spain, the success of which design could only be insured by maintaining the interests of the only power which could balance Spanish predominance. In combating, then, with the Protestant insurgents of France, under Soubise, England and Holland were hastening that peace for the Protestant cause which had been so long delayed. There are parodoxes in history which conceal truths.

CHAPTER XIV.

Means resorted to by the King to raise Supplies without the Aid of Parliament.

When the Patriots abandoned their Sovereign to his fate, they retreated home sullen, indignant, and ready to conspire among themselves for the assumption of their disputed or their defrauded liberties. They industriously dispersed their "remonstrance," and the King replied by "a declaration;" but an attack is always more vigorous than a defence. The "declaration" is spiritless, and evidently composed under suppressed feelings, which, perhaps, knew not how to shape themselves. The "remonstrance" was commanded every where to be burnt; but the effect which it produced on the people we shall shortly witness.

The King was left amidst the most pressing exigencies. Charles the First has never been accused of a wanton profusion of the public wealth. Rapin even lays to his charge his strict economy in living, even to penuriousness. His tastes and his habits were those of privacy, and his claims on Parliament were solely for national objects, yet we now find him involved even in personal distresses. The King, from the first, had given up the pomp of his Coronation as "savings for more noble undertakings." He had mortgaged his lands in Cornwall to the Aldermen and Companies of London, to possess and enjoy till their money was repaid, and he had reduced his household.

Hume has alluded to the numerous wants of the Monarch, but he was unacquainted with the King's extremest necessities. To raise immediate supplies, the King's gilt plate was sold, and the royal distress was carried so far, that all the tables at Court were laid down, and the courtiers put on board wages. I have seen a letter that gives an account of "the funeral supper at Whitehall, whereat twenty-three tables were buried, being from henceforth converted to board wages." Wages, pensions, and debts, undischarged, filled the Court, not indeed with faction, but with discontent. We are not therefore surprised, that "since this dissolving of housekeeping his Majesty is but slenderly attended." Even long after this period, the poverty of the royal establishment was observed. Another letter-writer, describing himself to be only "a looker-on," alludes to the famous Masque of the Inns of Court, whose reminiscence charmed even the sage Whitelocke in the times of the Puritanic Administration, when he feelingly regrets that all these elegant "dreams had vanished." The "looker-on" exclaims, "I see a rich people, and the Crown poor!" This strange poverty of the Court seems to have escaped the notice of our general historians. Charles was now to victual his fleet with the savings from the board-wages; for, in this humiliating economy, this "surplusage" was taken into account to carry on the war with Spain—without supplies!

The unpopular conduct of Charles the First, in abandoning his intractable Parliaments, who, in truth, had early deserted him, and in attempting to raise supplies by expedients of his own device, flattering himself, as he declared, that he could supply his wants "by other means than by the grants of his Commons," we must consider as a political error—and it was an unavoidable one! It is this which renders the fate of the victim-Monarch still more pitiable. To reign without a refractory Parliament, and to seek among the people subjects more loyal than their representatives, was an experiment—and a fatal one!

Charles imagined that he should have been able to reign by the aid of his people, separated from Parliament; but Parliament was separating him from the people. He forgot that orators are heard, and that the multitude are all ear.

We have no reason to suppose that the King designed to wrest from the people more than he would have been empowered to exact by the accustomed legal grants, or than his present exigencies required. On his accession, Charles generously scouted the political management of Bishop Williams to secure a majority of the members for Court-interests. The young Prince, open and impatient, rejected the mean expedient. He was desirous of throwing himself into the hands of his Parliament. His conduct on this

occasion has even melted into an effusion the cold drop that lingered in the pen of Mr. Brodie—for even he has recognised the honourable impulse of the young Monarch.

It is, however, unquestionable, that Charles was early displeased with the obstructions he had unexpectedly encountered in the great national assembly; for, so early as in 1626, speaking of Parliaments, the King declared in council that "he abominated the name," and no affection grew up between them as he advanced in his reign. In 1634, alluding to the Irish Parliament, his imagination forcibly conjured it up as "a hydra, which at home he had found as well cunning as malicious." And still later the King declared to Strafford that "Parliaments are like cats; they grow curst (*i. e.* cross) with age." All these notions of Charles respecting Parliaments, however arbitrary they seem to us, were, in truth, not so much the ideas of a despot, as of a monarch aggrieved. In that day the privileges of Parliament were more unsettled than those of the royal prerogative. Mr. Hallam has candidly observed, that "no statesman of that age was ready to admit the new creed of Parliamentary control over the Executive Government." "Executive Government!" is the purified and more definite term of the sovereignty of England, but the phrase could not have been comprehended by the political student of the age of the first Stuarts.

What is tyranny but a rule cruel and injurious, unjust and arbitrary? These are the epithets which now must describe, or rather stigmatise, the conduct of the Commons. It was cruel to the Monarch, whose best feelings it outraged, and whose situation it embittered and degraded. It was injurious to the State, whose honour it violated, and whose interests it impaired. It was unjust, because it was a direct infringement of the sanctity of existing engagements. And it was arbitrary, because it was wilful, absolute, irresponsible, despotic, and as little founded on principle, or required by necessity, as it was authorised by custom, or supported by law.

Was there not quite as much of "tyranny" in the Parliamentary denial of revenue, as in the regal force which attempted to supply a craving exchequer? This determination of a party to withhold supplies from the Throne is an important point in the moral history of Charles the First. The enemies of the King cannot pass it over silently. The philosophic Hume has cast the dishonour for ever in their face. They cannot deny it, they cannot even palliate it. What therefore remains? The insolence of him who exults in the dexterity of a criminal act—or the sneer of vulgar and heartless spirits who love to bring down the great or the dignified to their own base level. They triumph that the Commons were reducing the Sovereign to the sharpness of his extremest necessities—those Commons who flattered themselves that, in rendering the Sovereign their abject pensioner, they might wrest into their own hands that sovereignty which they were subverting. No one can deny that the first Parliament refused the supplies for a war in which their young King had engaged with the sanction of the former Parliament. The Commons might have escaped from this eternal reproach, had they consulted their dignity, perhaps their policy, in raising a bold distinction between the inexperienced Monarch and the unpopular Minister. Had they held their loyalty sacred and inviolable, by supporting the Sovereign, however energetically they might have protested against the unpopular Favourite, although Charles might have denied the resemblance of the man to the portrait they would have painted, still would they have left posterity a glorious lesson,—nor was Charles the First one on whom it would have been lost. In this manner, the first Parliament would have nobly acted, with wisdom, and not with cunning; with justice, and not with malice; with the elevated dignity of senators, not with the petty policy of vulgar burgesses. (1) By the reverse conduct which the Parliament held, Charles the First only felt that he was be-

(1) The most recent writer on this subject is Mr. Hallam, who, though not insensible to the injuries inflicted on the Monarch, has palliated the conduct of the Parliament. I transcribe the passage for the benefit of the reader: "The first Parliament of this reign has been severely censured, on account of the penurious supply it doled out for the exigencies of a war in which its predecessors had involved the King. I will not say that this reproach is wholly unfounded. A more liberal proceeding, if it did not obtain a reciprocal concession from the King, *would have put him more in the wrong.*" This sentence must have cost Mr. Hallam some trouble—not in the arrangement of so many monosyllables, but rather in the nice adjustment of that delicacy of decision, which, while it discovers that the King was wronged, indicates how "he might have been put more in the wrong." More!—why, as it happened, and as we have shown, he was not in the wrong at all. This is a sharp conflict between the truth the historian loves, and the party which he loves more. What follows is much special pleading

mayed by Parliament; and he scorned to barter their favour by that vulgar traffic of treachery—the immolation of the single victim who had long attached his personal affections, and who was a man at least as much envied as he was hated. That cruel duty had not yet been inculcated on a British Sovereign, that his bosom must remain a blank to all private affections,—that severe lesson Charles the First was hereafter to be taught.

Amid this world of troubles which was now opening on the nation, particularly after the return of Buckingham from the disastrous expedition to the Isle of Rhé, hard was the conflict of contending duties between the Sovereign and the people. The spirit and sense of the country gentlemen claim our sympathy; for many of this honourable class, willing to assist the King in his distresses, but dreading lest such illegal shifts and arbitrary demands for levying money from his subjects might, if they yielded, be established into precedents, entered their prisons with patriotic fortitude. One instance represents many. George Catesby, of Northamptonshire, being committed to prison as a loan-recusant, alleged, among other reasons for his non-compliance, that "he considered that this loan might become a precedent; and that every precedent, he was told by the Lord President, was a flower of the prerogative. The Lord President told him that 'he lied!' Catesby shook his head, observing, 'I come not here to contend with your Lordship, but to suffer.' Lord Suffolk then interposed, to entreat the Lord President not too far to urge his kinsman, Mr. Catesby. This country gentleman waived any kindness he might owe to kindred, declaring that 'he would remain master of his own purse.' The prisons were crowded with loan-recusants. The friends of these knights and country gentlemen flocked to their prisons, and the disturbed scenes in the country assumed a more alarming appearance. The great novelty and symptom of the times was the scattering of letters. Sealed letters, addressed to the leading men of the country, were found hanging on bushes; anonymous letters were dropped in shops and streets, which gave notice that "the day was fast approaching when such a work was to be wrought in England as never was the like, which will be for our good." Addresses multiplied "to all true-hearted Englishmen!" When the country gentlemen petitioned for more liberty and air during the summer, it was policy to grant their request. But it was also policy that they should not reside in their own counties; the relaxation was only granted to those who, living in the south, consented to sojourn in the north; while the dwellers in the north were to be lodged in the south. These country gentlemen insured their popularity by their committals, for many stout resisters of the loans were returned in the following Parliament against their own wishes. About eighty of these country gentlemen were imprisoned; they were not hardly treated, and the King granted them an allowance according to their rank and fortune. By an anecdote which Carte has given, there was a colonel who declared that he had cost his Majesty fifteen hundred pounds for his weekly allowances.

These country gentlemen and the Sovereign were thrown into the same unhappy predicament. Neither party could relieve the other, though unquestionably both would gladly have avoided their mutual persecution,—the enforcement of his claims by the Sovereign, and the refusal of them by his subjects. The party who had for ever divided them alone triumphed. Many were heavily fined for declaring that "they knew no law besides that of Parliament to compel men to give away their own goods," and the cry in return for "a subsidy" was ever "a Parliament!" The King ordered that those who could not subscribe to the loans should not be forced; but it seems there were orders in council to specify the names of those householders who would not subscribe, and that those who could not pay in purse should pay in person. This proceeding is one of many evidences of a weak Government and strong measures,—of Charles's disposition to respect the rights of the people, and of the distresses which urged him to circumvent those rights.

What was the result? Every mode that the Government invented seems to have been easily frustrated, either by the intrepidity of the parties themselves, or by that general understanding with enabled the people to play into another's hands. Those who were pressed were sent to the depot; but either the soldiers would not receive these good citizens,

about the necessity that "a foundation of confidence should be laid between the Crown and Parliament" Heaven knows, that Charles the First had on his side confidence "over much" in his first Parliament. He had trusted all his hopes to them—and they were bankrupts in their promises.

or they found easy means to return. Whenever they levied a distress in consequence of a refusal to pay the imposition granted by the Common-Council at Guildhall, which the people called *Yield-all*, there was nothing found but "old ends, such as nobody cared for;" or if commodities were seized on, it was in vain to offer pennyworths, where it was a point of honour that no customer should be found. A wealthy merchant, who had formerly been a cheesemonger, was summoned to appear before the Privy Council, and required to lend the King two hundred pounds, or else to go himself to the army and serve it with cheese. It was not supposed that a merchant so aged and wealthy would submit to resume his former mean trade; but the old man, in the spirit of the times, preferred the hard alternative, and baulked the new project of finance by shipping himself with his cheese. When at Hickes's-hall the Duke and the Earl of Dorset sat to receive the loans, the Duke impatiently threatened, and the Earl affected to treat with levity those who came before them, with all the suppressed passions of popular indignation. The Earl of Dorset, asking a fellow who pleaded inability to lend money, of what trade he was, and being answered "a tailor," said, "put down your name for such a sum; one snip will make amends for all." The tailor quoted Scripture abundantly, and shook the bench with laughter or with rage by his anathemas, till he was put fast into a messenger's hands. This tailor was a remarkable person, one Ball, renowned through the parish of St. Clements, not only as a tailor, but as a prophet. He had formerly discovered that Prince Henry was prefigured in the Apocalypse, and had prophesied that his Royal Highness should overthrow "the beast." The honest prophet, crediting his own prophecy, lent out money to receive it back double or treble, when King James should be elected Pope! He was now consigned to a messenger; but hardly could even this prophet have foretold that, twenty years after, tailors and prophets should employ messengers themselves!

Men of a certain rank, for their contumacy, were menaced to be sent to serve in the army for the Palatinate, or on other foreign employment. Among these, Sir Peter Hayman, a member of the House of Commons, opened his own case, and told his own story. The characteristic style of our sturdy patriot is amusing, and tempts me to lay it before the reader—

"I was called before the Lords of the Council, for what I know not. I heard it was for not lending on a Privy Seal. I told them, if they will take my estate, let them, I will give it up; lend I will not. When I was before the Lords of the Council, they laid to my charge my unwillingness to serve the King; I said I had my life and my estate to serve my country and my religion. They put upon me if I did not pay, I should be put upon an employment of service. I was willing. After ten weeks' waiting, they told me I was to go with a Lord into the Palatinate, and that I should have employment there, and means befitting. I told them, I was a subject, and desired means. Some put on very eagerly, some dealt nobly; they said I must go on my own purse. I told them, *Nemo militat suis expensis*. Some told me, I must go; I began to think what must I? None were ever sent out in that kind. Lawyers told me, I could not be so sent. Having that assurance, I demanded means, and was resolved not to stir upon those terms, and in silence and duty I denied. Upon this, they having given me a command to go, after some twelve days they told me they would not send me as a soldier, but to attend on an ambassador. I knew that stone would hit me. I settled my troubled estate, and addressed myself to that service."

That great lawyer, Sir Edward Coke, pithily observed on these odious imprisonments and forced foreign employments:—"No restraint, be it ever so little, but is imprisonment, and foreign employment is a kind of honourable banishment. I myself was designed to go to Ireland; I was willing to go, and hoped, if I had gone, to have found some Mompessons there. There is a difference when the party is the King's servant, and when not."

These illegal and irregular contributions of money, to which Charles the First was forced in his great distresses, have furnished some scenes of arbitrary power, and even of tyrannical courses, for those historical painters, who, with a hatred of the Monarch, have left us such a distorted portrait of the Man. The King declared that "not one penny borrowed by loan should be bestowed or expended but upon those public and general services wherein every one of them, and their wives and children, and posterity, have their personal and common interest." The Court party pleaded, that the sums thus reluctantly wrested from individuals were much less than the subsidies which, had Parliament sym-

pathised with their Sovereign, would have been granted. Lilly, who had himself been a collector of the ship-money, and who had no prejudices in favour of Charles, tells us that his proportion of taxes in the King's time was twenty-two shillings and no more; while the assessments which he had to pay at the time he was writing under the Commonwealth were nearly as many pounds! The Commonwealth then sold their liberty dear. Cromwell did not dispense it at a cheaper rate. However, the nation, it appears, was more glorious, but the individual was pinched for it!

To discover the fairest means of raising supplies was the great financial difficulty of Charles the First. This investigation formed the perpetual discussion in Council—but the contrivances and the artifices to disguise the forms of the royal exactions, as is in the nature of such things, were often equalled by the contrivances and the artifices of the people to elude them; and the King's exchequer often drew little profit by the odious measures in which there was at least as much of distress as of tyranny.

At first Charles had hoped, by the pathetic appeal to a "Benevolence," that he should have touched the hearts of the resisters of unparliamentary taxation, but the term proved unlucky, and was construed into a "Malevolence," for the nature of the thing, said a member, does not agree with the name. When Benevolences lost all their virtue, the subject was cautiously informed that the sum demanded was a *loan*—or he was honoured by a letter under the *privy seal*. till privy seals got to be hawked about to persons coming out of church. At length, as the distresses of the Monarch rose on him, appeared the *general loan*, which in fact was a forced loan. Ingenious in the destruction of his own popularity, a new mode of "Secret Instructions to Commissioners" was contrived. Those gentlemen were to treat apart with their lenders,—never in the presence of any other person; beginning with those who were likely to set the best example, they were then to show the roll to the more reluctant. Their skill was to find out those who could afford to bear the largest rates; but how were they to acquire this secret and inquisitorial knowledge? After a number of interrogatories had been put to a person concerning others who had spoken against loan-money, and after having drawn from him the arguments which had been used against these loans, the communicator was to be charged in his Majesty's name, and upon his allegiance, not to disclose to any other person the answers which had been enforced from him by the Commissioners. This is a striking instance of human fatuity. A weak rather than a tyrannical Government is attempting arbitrary measures, and they seek to obtain a secret purpose by the most open and general means; a self-destroying principle!

Shall we at once condemn the King for his arbitrary measures in levying money? It is possible that such were never in his contemplation. Charles, whose favourite literary amusement seems to have been our dramatic writings, when once reading a manuscript of Massinger's, entitled "The King and the Subject," found this not unappropriate passage was given to the tyrant Pedro of Spain:—

"Monies! we 'll raise supplies what ways we please,
And force you to subscribe to blanks, in which
We'll mulct you as we shall think fit. The Cæsars
In Rome were wise, acknowledging no laws
But what their swords did ratify."

Against this passage Charles the First wrote

"This is too insolent, and to be changed."

The criticism of Charles was not as excellent as the feeling which dictated it. The Master of the Revels, who has afforded us this anecdote from his office-book, adds, "It is here entered for ever, to be remembered by my son, and those that cast their eyes on it, in honour of King Charles my master." The courtly Master of the Revels might have been surprised that the King appeared to have been disgusted with his own practice.

The expedients which Charles the First was often reduced to practise sometimes placed him in a very ridiculous position, from his earnestness to obtain his purpose without a manifest injury to the subject.

The oppressive system of monopolies still practised on the Continent had long been a grievance in this country. Monopolies were a wretched mode of drawing a certain revenue from a particular article, by the contractors engaging to make a stipulated annual payment for their privileges. When Government grants such a patent for the sole vending of an article or manufacture, it extinguishes the highest virtues of commerce;

competition and its consequences, improvement and low prices.

A monopoly of soap was granted by Charles the First to certain courtiers. To render this company more odious, in a pamphlet of the day we are told, it was composed of "Popish Recusants." Connecting Popery with soap-boiling was, it seems, no clumsy artifice to rouse popular clamour. But as these monopolies were often in the hands of Roman Catholics, it is probable that the Catholics, thrown out of the more honourable professions, may have turned their attention to this species of commercial speculation. The Roman Catholics at that time in our country occupied the same station as the Hebrews—they were driven to pursue baser occupations, from being prohibited the more liberal ones.

The proposal for making soap, no doubt originated with one of those projectors who abound in periods of public distress. In the new patent, every good quality of soap was specified, a lower price was fixed on, and the King was to receive ten thousand pounds per annum. On these specious pretences this monopoly was granted. The regular traders would in their own defence practise every artifice to damnify the new invention, and a civil war was carried on between the old and the new soapers. It was alleged that the new soap blistered the washer's hands, burned the linen, scalded the laundresses' fingers, wasted infinitely in keeping, being full of lime and tallow. In its defence, it was urged that barrels of the new soap had been sophisticated by the malice of the old soapers, throwing in a quantity of rhubarb, or a glass of sack, with other adulterations, and finally that "the King and the Lords were well satisfied with the goodness of this new soap." Complaints, however, were still rife. "The new company of *gentlemen soap-boilers*," however, procured Mrs. Sanderson, the Queen's laundress, (1) to subscribe to the goodness of their soap; but Mrs. Sanderson "told her Majesty that she dare not wash her Majesty's linen with any other but Castile soap;" and, to the shame of those ladies who had subscribed their names to the certificate of the excellence of the new soap, it was known that they, like the Queen's laundress, privately did, what they publicly professed they did not,—use the Castile soap! "On Sunday last," says a letter-writer, "the *King and Council* set again upon the soap business. On Monday the *Lord Mayor* was sent for to the Court, where *His Majesty and the Lords* rebuked him for his partial proceeding in favour of the old soap, disparaging the new! Their lordships sent a warrant, with four of their hands to it, to bring a poor old woman out of Southwark before them, for speaking invectively against the new soap! She was well chidden and dismissed." On this occasion there seems to have been more than one old woman present at the Council. "Four Lords" actually signed the warrant!

And in truth the Lord Mayor had not fairly incurred the royal rebuke! His lordship and the whole *Court of Aldermen* had consented to join with the *Lieutenant of the Tower, and several Knights, to hold two general washing-days at Guildhall*, where every one might come and wash their linen before the worshipful assembly. Many came, but chiefly of the feminine gender, who, as all washerwomen are accustomed at their work, could not hold their clack. So loud and clamorous was the babble against the new soap, that it appears that his lordship with the Court of Aldermen and the Lieutenant of the Tower and the Knights were panic-struck. The letter-writer proceeds, "The *Lord Mayor*, by the King's commandment, received a shrewd reprimand for his pusillanimity in this business, being afraid of a troop of women that clamorously petitioned against the new soap. My Lord Privy-Seal (the Lord Mayor's brother-in-law) was to give it him at the Board, and did it very sharply." In a word, the Lord Mayor was treated by "the King and Council" as they had before used the "old woman from Southwark," who, probably on the occasion of "the two general washing-days at Guildhall," avenged her cause among the heroines who, armed only with their tongues, put to flight the whole Court of Aldermen and the Lieutenant of a royal fortress.

All this was only ridiculous. The monopoly did not perform its promises, the soap grew worse and worse, and the King's revenue less and loss. After many vexatious persecutions, for "the new soapers" made "forcible entries and seizures" on the old, the new yielded up their patent to the old. So that these were compelled to re-purchase at an enormous rate the right of following their own trade, and having the duties doubled.

The patent professed that this monopoly arose from the royal care to promote the

(1) Bridget, daughter of Sir Edward Tyrrell, Knt., and wife to William Sanderson, the historian, who at the Restoration was made gentleman in ordinary to the King's Privy Chamber, and knighted.

home manufactory, in preference to the foreign commodity. (1) This soap monopoly was, no doubt, considered by the Cabinet as a fortunate measure, for the Lord Treasurer, finding himself opposed by the Lord Marshal, observed, "If you will be against the things that are for the King's profit, so that he cannot have money, your pension must be unpaid." (2)

An instance more honourable to the honest feelings of Charles the First, on another financial expedient, is sufficiently curious.

Among the extraordinary expedients of the Duke of Buckingham, was that of a new coinage, which offered an immediate certain profit. The King was to have more than a double number of shillings out of a pound of bullion. The Duke had already executed the project, and sixty thousand pounds of these debased shillings were actually issued. Most of the merchants who were summoned before the Lords in Council, to deliver their opinions, declared it to be a ruinous scheme; (3) but the Duke found supporters with an opposite party. On a second meeting, Sir Robert Cotton drew out a paper, and, by his Majesty's command, began to read. (4)

The third article startled the Duke, who, looking sternly, and leaning over Sir Robert's shoulder, exclaimed, "Sir Robert Cotton, are you come hither to instruct the King and Council?" This silenced Sir Robert, but in defiance of the looks and taunts of Buckingham, who stood beside the royal chair, Cotton, kneeling down, delivered the paper into the King's hands, beseeching his Majesty would by no means omit reading it over. Charles graciously accepted the paper. The Duke, who counted on the strength of his present party, and the absence of most of the others, eager to conclude, moved that the Lords might sit instantly to close the Council. Again Sir Robert Cotton cast himself on his knees, requesting his Majesty to observe, that the majority of the Council were absent, and that a business of vital importance to the nation might not pass so imperfectly examined, and humbly entreated that the Council might adjourn to the next day. The King granted his request against the Duke's motion.

The same night, before he retired to rest, the King studiously perused Sir Robert's paper. On the following day, when his Majesty appeared in Council, no one could discover by his countenance to which side he inclined. Having heard different opinions, the King, with his peculiar ability in summing up arguments, convinced the Lords of the Council that he had made himself perfectly master of the subject, and decided against the Duke.

The Master of the Mint was severely reprimanded for having issued out this new coinage, and a proclamation was sent out, that "all monies of gold and silver coined since the issues of this debased coin should be esteemed as bullion, and not be current." Charles, in his distress, not only would not do wrong, but eagerly repaired the mischief which had been done, and this public repulse of an adopted measure of the Favourite's, with the judicious preference he gave to the knowledge of Cotton, is not only said to have greatly mortified Buckingham, but appears "to have raised some hopes and exultation among the moderate part of the Opposition."

The result of our researches must be, that the arbitrary mode of levying supplies without the aid of Parliament, when Parliament refused to aid, does not prove, as is usually assumed, any preference in Charles to tyrannical modes of raising money. Had Charles been a tyrant, like other tyrants, he would have opened a much shorter and an absolute way.

CHAPTER XV.

Secret History of the Queen's Household, and of the attempt to organise a French and Catholic Faction in the English Court.

CHARLES THE FIRST, at this early period of

(1) The Patent, with its particulars, may be found in Rushworth, ii., 189.

(2) Strafford's Letters, i., 372.

(3) Perhaps our political economists may be curious to learn the arguments which their homely fathers used on this occasion. The merchants said that at first the King might perhaps gain largely by this new coinage, but it would ruin trade by the alteration of the exchange, would greatly reduce the revenues of the King and all men, enhance the price of all things, raise the value of Spanish bullion, and afford a new profit to foreign countries by counterfeiting our coin, and by this means even deprive the King of his expected profits. On a similar conduct under the inept administration of the Duke of Lerma, by doubting the value of the copper coin, copper money was poured into Spain from all parts, and their silver suddenly swept away, as if it had been by enchantment. It is evident that Government acquires nothing by raising or lowering the standard of the circulating medium.—Mariana.

(4) This paper, which we have found in a MS. letter, dated September, 1626, is however printed among the posthumous pieces of Sir Robert Cotton, which Howel edited. It could not therefore be *Sir Thomas Rowe's speech*, made at the Council-table in *July*, 1640, though, as such, it is published by Rushworth, in his Collections.

his reign, had not only to encounter the troubles of his Parliament, the disaffection of the people excited by his financial difficulties, and the anxieties attendant on his military expeditions; but even his own household opened for him a long scene of mortification, such as has rarely been exhibited under the roofs of the palace of the sovereign.

Charles and Henrietta had met in youthful love; ardent and heartfelt had been their first embrace; but the design and results of a POLITICAL MARRIAGE could not long be concealed, and their personal happiness was soon not in their own power to command.

Henrietta, among her French household, forgot her endearing entreaty to Charles, which had so gracefully opened her lips on her arrival, that "he would ever himself, and by no third person, correct her faults of ignorance, youthful and a stranger as she was." In thanking her, the young Monarch desired that "she would use him as she had desired him to use her."

But Henrietta had the whole French Cabinet invisibly operating on her conduct. Her mother, the Dowager of France, and her brother, the Monarch, flattered their hopes that a ductile princess of sixteen might serve as an instrument to maintain the predominance of the French interest in the English Court, nor does the English King appear to have been insensible to their attempt. It is only by entering into the domestic privacies of these royal personages, that we can do justice to Charles in a dilemma equally delicate and difficult.

Of this political marriage, as of so many others, we may detect the secret motives of an union of adverse interests.

No one, I think, has noticed the character of the French ambassadors who were sent immediately after the marriage. Every ambassador sent by France was acting under the councils of the Louvre to influence the Queen. The Count de Tillières, who had first come over here as Chamberlain to Henrietta, and was afterwards appointed ambassador, was dismissed with the rest of the French; and Charles sent an express prohibition to Tillières, that he should not presume to set foot on English shore to be near her Majesty, for that "he would no longer suffer his sworn servant to be check-mate with him. (1)

De Tillières was succeeded by the Marquis de Blainville, whom we find keeping up a secret intercourse with the Queen and her numerous establishment. His official capacity was favourable to this disguised *espionnage*; and his conduct here was such as to have incurred the peremptory refusal of Charles to allow his admittance to the presence either of the Queen or himself.

One of the objects of the mission of De Blainville was to remonstrate on the protection which the English Court afforded to Soubise, one of the chiefs of the French Protestants.

But De Blainville had other important objects, and Charles was aware of them. Our acute English commentator on Bassompierre's journal of his short embassy to the English Court, in alluding to Father Sancy's conduct, one of her Majesty's political attendants, observes, that "one is surprised to find the English Court so early and so well apprised of this man's mission, as it appears they were." The fact is, that Charles had no careless intelligencers at the French Court. Larkin was an active agent of the Duke's; and before De Blainville's arrival in England his designs had been detected, and Larkin had anticipated his views. He had watched closely for them, and two dark speeches of the Queen-Mother and the Cardinal were for some time riddles hard to unriddle, but he succeeded by the open confession of the Duke de Chevreux. "De Blainville comes," says Larkin, "to spy and discover what he can, and, according as he shall find cause, to frame cabals and factions, whereunto he is esteemed very proper, being characterised with the marks of a most subtle, prying, penetrating, and dangerous man." (2)

At that time, it was the usage for ambassadors to be maintained at the expense of the Court, who provided them with house, diet, and even post-horses; and the ambassadors, on their return home, left the marks of their liberality, or their parsimony, in gratuities to the Master of the Ceremonies, and other attendants. This absurd custom was productive of perpetual jealousies on the side of the ambassadors, and at length was found so inconvenient at the Exchequer, that Charles was compelled in his distresses to curtail and, finally, to refuse this established mode of royal reception. De Blainville, from the moment of his arrival, insisted on being lodged in the King's Palace, and had reverted to some precedent as far back as the reign of

(2) Sloane MSS.

(1) Cabala, fo. 320.

Elizabeth; but Charles firmly objected to any foreign ambassador residing so close to him. De Blainville was ever on the watch to make what, in the style of the Master of the Ceremonies, is called "an exception;" that is, an allegation of something irregular in etiquette; and this French ambassador proved the most troublesome of guests to the hapless Master of the Ceremonies. Vaunting his high rank at his own Court, as *Monsieur le premier*, the first Gentleman of the Chamber, and his own great means, he threatened to refuse his Majesty's diet, and live at his own cost. This seemed tantamount to a proclamation of war to the urbane Master of the Ceremonies, who in his curious diary has registered these "stomachous speeches" with great indignation, and some trepidation. This wayward guest drove poor Sir John Finet to many a cruel shift to allow the ambassador, as a private person, what, if acknowledged to have been granted to him in his public capacity, might have become—that most serious of solemn affairs in the eyes of a Master of the Ceremonies—a precedent!

How De Blainville occupied himself here, was doubtless not unobserved; but the best accounts of an ambassador's secret proceedings will usually come from the other side of the water. In a confidential dispatch of the Earl of Holland at Paris, our minister was informed of what he could not himself have so well discovered. "I must tell your Grace, that by a friend whom I am tied not to name, I was showed the private letter that Blainville wrote to the King, in the which he sent him the whole proceedings of the Parliament, and concludes they will ruin you, naming great factions against you." (1)

De Blainville was evidently exerting an undue influence over the Queen, and sometimes outwitted the most correct arrangements of Sir John Finet. Once, on the removal of the Court, and the Queen staying behind, the Marquis's train of coaches and attendants having also set off, and all being prepared for the Marquis's stepping into his own carriage, at this instant he called for the Master of the Ceremonies to confide to him the important secret, that he should stay behind—"pour se purger," as he professed—a stratagem for his greater freedom of access to the Queen! His mysterious intercouse became evident, and one day, when the King was going to Parliament, a difference arising between Charles and the Queen about the place where she was to stand, De Blainville was discovered to have occasioned her Majesty's obstinacy. From that moment the ambassador was forbidden any farther access to their Majesties. The Frenchman stormed, and required an audience; Charles replied, that "If he demanded an audience for any busines of the King his master, it should be readily granted; but if it was to expostulate about his own grievances, his Majesty refused to see him." The ambassador replied, that he was here for the King his master, and not for himself; the audience, therefore, referred to the person represented, and not to the representative. On the following day, dispatching couriers, and refusing the King's diet, he prepared for his departure. His imperious conduct had often excited the indignation of the mob; the ambassador was assaulted in his house; and the Master of the Ceremonies notes down, that "the Marquis de Blainville was reputed to be the main *boutefeu* of our war with France." He has made a lamentable entry in his diary: "the Marquis, after all the vaunts of his own great means, seemed to prefer his ill-humour, for he left the King's officers and servants, (myself in particular, after my so long and painful attendance) ill-satisfied with his *none at all*, or most unworthy acknowledgements."

By the marriage contract, Henrietta was to be allowed a household establishment composed of her own people. As this arrangement was made during the life of James, it was limited to one hundred and twenty persons, in her state as a Princess of Wales. The French afterwards pleaded for an increased establishment for her rank as the Queen of England. (2) Thus they gradually contrived to form nothing less than a small French colony, and, by a private account, it is said to have branched out, with their connections, to about four hundred persons. This French party was forming a little republic within themselves; a political faction among them was furnishing intelligence to their own ambassadors, and spreading rumours in an intercourse with the English malcontents; while the French domestics, engaged in lower intrigues, were lending their names to hire houses in the suburbs, where, under their protection, the English Catholics found a secure retreat to hold their illegal assemblies, and where the youth of both sexes were edu-

(1) Cabala, p. 252.

(2) Mercure Français, xii., 224.

cated and prepared to be sent abroad to Catholic seminaries. The Queen's palace was converted into a place of security for the persons and papers of every fugitive.

They had not long resided here, ere the mutual jealousies between the two nations broke out. All the English who were not Catholics were soon dismissed from their attendance on the Queen, by herself; while Charles was impelled, by the popular cry, to forbid British Catholics serving the Queen, or even to be present at the celebration of her mass. Pursuivants would stand at the door of the Queen's chapel to seize on any of the English who entered, while, on these occasions, the French would draw their swords to defend the concealed Romanists. "The Queen and Hers" became an odious distinction with the people; and what seems not improbable, the Papists, presuming on the protection which the late marriage seemed to afford them, frequently passed through the churches during divine service, "hooting and hallooing." A Papist Lord, when the King was at chapel, is accused "of prating on purpose louder when the chaplain prayed," till the King sent his message, "either let him come and do as we do, or else I will make him prate farther off." Such were the indecent scenes exhibited in public; in private they were, of course, less reserved.

Those who have portrayed the Queen as displaying an ascendancy over the political conduct of Charles the First must at least acknowledge that she had not become a politician by any previous studies, or any disposition towards deep councils. Henrietta first conducted herself as might have been rather expected, than excused, in an inconsiderate Princess of sixteen; and exhausted her genius and her temper in the frivolous interests of her bed-chamber ladies and her household appointments.

Henrietta yielded herself wholly to her confessor, Père Berulle, afterwards Cardinal, who was soon succeeded by a more offensive character in Father Sanoy. The genius of Catholicism is that of Proselytism; for in that Church, out of whose pale there is no salvation, it is charity to inveigle every human soul to enter, and pious frauds or a more terrific force are alike sanctioned by the only true Church. The Queen, in her zeal, obtruded her papistical ceremonies on the observations of her Protestants. Even at a later period, I find by a Roman Catholic manuscript, that "on a certain fast-day, the Queen being with child, and refusing to eat flesh, even at the King's request, his Majesty desired the French ambassador to procure a licence from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Calcedon, who, the King knew, lay hid in his house," notwithstanding that a proclamation had been issued against him. This is one more evidence, had any been wanting, of the royal connivance with which James and Charles frequently indulged their Roman Catholics, at the moment they were compelled, by some public remonstrance, openly to put the penal laws in force against them.

Henrietta indeed, as we have seen, on her first arrival, had affected to disregard her ghostly confessor. This piece of acting was probably a French lesson, retained for the moment, but it was never got by heart. The Queen's priests, by those well-known means which the Roman religion sanctions, were drawing, it was alleged, from the Queen the minutest circumstances which passed in privacy between her and the King. They indisposed her mind against her royal consort; they impressed on her a contempt for the English nation; and, as was long usual with our egotistical neighbours, they induced her to neglect the English language, as if the Queen of England held no common interest with the nation. Yet all this seemed hardly more offensive than the humiliating state to which they had reduced an English Queen by their monastic obedience. The ascetic austerities of Catholicism, in its daily practices, had occasioned the death of a female of distinction among her attendants, who, on her death-bed, had complained of such rigid penances.

On the Queen they had inflicted the most degrading or the most ridiculous penances and mortifications. Her Majesty was seen walking barefoot, or spinning at certain hours, and performing menial offices. She even waited on her own domestics; but the most notorious was her Majesty's pilgrimage to Tyburn, to pray under the gallows of those Jesuits who, executed as traitors to Elizabeth and James, were by the Catholics held as martyrs of faith. This incident Bassompierre, in the style of the true French gasconade, declared that "those who formed the accusation did not themselves believe." The fact however seems not doubtful; I find it confirmed by private accounts of the times, and afterwards sanctioned by a State paper.

Priestly indiscretion was perpetually exploding. Once, when the King and Queen

were dining together in the Presence, (1) Hacket being to say grace, the Queen's confessor would have anticipated him, and an indecorous race was run between the Catholic priest and Protestant chaplain, till the latter shoved him aside, and the King pulling the dishes to him, the carvers performed their office. Still the confessor, standing by the Queen, was on the watch to be before Hacket for the after-grace; but Hacket again got the start. The confessor, however, resounded his grace louder than the chaplain, and the King, in great passion, instantly rose, taking the Queen by the hand.

When Henrietta was unexpectedly delivered of an infant, which afterwards died, the Popish priest ran forwards, but the King insisted that the royal infant should be baptized by an English clergyman. A ludicrous anecdote has come down to us, respecting the birth of the Duke of York, afterwards James the Second. The nurse being a Roman Catholic, Sir John Tunstone offered the oath of allegiance. She refused it; they tampered with her to convert her. This threw her into a fright, and spoilt her milk; the infant suffered. They then resolved to change her, but the Queen was so evidently affected at the proposal, that it was considered necessary, for her own health and the nurse's milk, to pass over in silence the oath of allegiance.

One of the articles in the contract of marriage was, that the Queen should have a chapel at St. James's, to be built, and consecrated by the French bishop. The priests became very importunate, declaring that without a chapel mass could not be performed with the state required before a Queen. The King's answer at this moment, as it is mentioned in a letter of the times, betrayed no respect for Popery. "If the Queen's closet, where they now say mass, is not large enough, let them have it in the great chamber, but if the great chamber is not wide enough, they might use the garden, and if the garden would not serve their turn, then was the Park the fittest place."

Such was the state of mutual displeasure! The French priests and the whole party slighted, and sometimes worse treated, were wearying others, as they themselves were wearied. To English notions, there was something ludicrous in the person of a lively juvenile Bishop, hardly of age, whose authority was but irreverently treated by two beautiful viragos, Madame St. George and another Lady of the Bed-Chamber, in a civil war of words. The young Bishop, however, became a more serious personage in his eager contest with the Earl of Holland, about the stewardship of the manors which had been settled on the Queen for her jointure, that office being conferred on the Earl by the King, while the French Bishop claimed it by a grant from her Majesty.

In the marriage treaty, many points had been arranged, with small attention to their nature. The French had secured the dower of Henrietta, in case of the death of the King; but they afterwards discovered that her revenue or jointure during the King's life, being a custom unknown to France, had been omitted. This, therefore, though not refused, led to questions whether a Frenchman or an Englishman should be the receiver. Bluster and broils, chatter and clamour, were never ceasing in this troubled French household in an English palace. Madame St. George, her former governess, who stood paramount in the graces of the Queen, was most intolerably hated by the English. Vivacious and high-spirited, she stood on the perpetual watch to claim her right of place as first Lady of Honour to the Queen. In the full dignity of office, she would thrust herself into the royal carriage, seizing on that seat as her due; which it appears, by De Brienne's Memoirs, was her right, according to the French appointments. She insisted on this, in preference to the English Ladies of higher rank. From the carriage she was once repulsed by the King's own hand, and never was Charles forgiven! notwithstanding the blandishment of his munificent presents when he finally dismissed the lady.

The custom in France of purchasing appointments in the Royal Household, which some did with all their means, seemed a monstrous anomaly to Charles; nor would he submit to a foreign regulation, which forced on him domestics who were nominated by his brother of France. The unhappy foreigners passed their days in jealousies and bickerings among themselves, which exposed them to the ridicule of their sarcastic neighbours. We smile at the dispatches of the Ambassador Extraordinary, this great mediator between two kings and a queen, addressed to the minister in France, acknowledging that "the greatest obstacle in this most difficult negotiation proceeded from the bed-chamber

(1) There is a curious picture of Charles and Henrietta dining in the Presence, which may be seen at Hampton Court.

women!" for Marshal Bassompierre found more trouble to make these ladies agree, than to accommodate the differences between the two monarchs.

A year had not elapsed, when we find Charles himself opening his griefs to the French Monarch; he complains of the difficulty of access to the Queen; he is compelled "to manage her servants" to obtain an interview. The King has described her conduct in a very particular manner, in regard to her revenue. "One night, when I was abed, she put a paper in my hand, telling me it was a list of those that she desired to be of her revenue. I took it, and said I would read it next morning; but withal told her, that, by agreement in France, I had the naming of them. She said there were both English and French in the note. I replied, that those English I thought fit to serve her I would confirm; but for the French, it was impossible for them to servo her in that nature. Then she said, all those in the paper had breviates from her mother and herself, and that she would admit no other. Then I said, that it was neither in her mother's power nor hers to admit any without my leave, and, if she stood upon that, whomsoever she recommended should not como in. Then she bade me plainly take my lands to myself, for if she had no power to put in whom she would in those places, she would have neither lands nor houses of me, but bade me give her what I thought fit in pension. I bade her then remember to whom she spoke, and told her that she ought not to use me so. Then she fell into a passionate discourse, how she is miserable, in having no power to place servants; and that businesses succeeded the worse for her recommendation; which when I offered to answer, she would not so much as hear me. Then she went on saying she was not of that base quality to be used so ill. Then I made her both hear me, and end that discourse."

An interesting bed-curtain lecture! We may be sure of its accuracy, not only as it bears the sign-manual, but because it is full of nature and truth, as some critics will be more able to decide than others. It is evident that Charles must have acquired a perfect mastery of the language of his pouting Queen, to have been enabled so completely to have maintained his rights, and so successfully to have circumscribed hers.

The French establishment was daily increasing in number and expense, but the grievances were of a more delicate nature. The personal happiness of the King and the tranquillity of the people were involved in a French and Roman Catholic faction in the English Court. The most obnoxious person was Father Sancy, who was instigating the Queen to the most unqualified demands, urging the treaty to a tittle. He was extremely offensive to Charles, and is unquestionably the person alluded to in Charles the First's letter to Louis the Thirteenth. "I will also omit the affront she did me, before my going to this last unhappy assembly of Parliament, because there has been talk enough of that already, etc. The author of it is before you in France." Charles indeed had expelled Father Sancy, and sent him back. We shall shortly see what sort of an actor he was in this political pantomime.

The single act of sovereignty alone could triumph over these domestic and public troubles. And this Charles at length resolved on, at the risk and menace of a war with France. In November 1625, Charles wrote to Buckingham, who was at Paris, that he was then deliberating on the most convenient means "to cashier" the whole party, for "I am resolved it must be done, and that shortly." He transmits by the same courier a double letter to Buckingham, which he might read to the Queen-Mother, that the measure might not come unexpected. The firmness of Charles on this occasion originated with the King himself, and not with the Duke, as the French themselves and some historians have supposed. The dismissal of these persons was not the act of a hasty and vindictive monarch; for though his resolution appears in November 1625, it was delayed till July of the following year. One evening, accompanied by his officers of state, he summoned the French household to Somerset House. He addressed them without anger.

"Gentlemen and Ladies,—"I am driven to that extremity, as I am personally come to acquaint you, that I very earnestly desire your return into France. True it is, the deportment of some amongst you hath been very inoffensive to me; but others again have so dallied with my patience, and so highly affronted me, as I cannot and will no longer endure it." (1)

The King's address, implicating no one, was immediately followed by a volley of pro-

(1) L'Estrange.

testations of innocence. The Bishop desired to learn his fault, that he might defend himself while here; while the haughty Madame St. George, now seconding the young Bishop in their common cause, referred the King to her mistress. "Sir, I make no question but the Queen will give a fair testimonial of my conduct to your Majesty." The King, in departing, only replied, "I name none." All bowed to the King, and he returned the compliment. (1)

The Queen, overcome with grief and anger, impetuously remonstrated with the King. Her tender years had not yet suffered so open an indignity. Was a daughter of France and a Queen of England to be treated like a prisoner, rather than a Princess?—Was she not to retain even a domestic, but at the precarious pleasure of her husband's will? It required the strength of character of Charles not to have yielded to the tears or the rage of his youthful Queen, who, in her vehement anger, is said to have broken several panes of the window where she stood taking a sad farewell of her confidential companions and servants, till the King forcibly dragged her away, and bade her "be satisfied, for it must be so."

An hour after the King had delivered his commands, Lord Conway announced to the foreigners, that early in the morning carriages and carts and horses would be ready for them and their baggage. Amid a scene of confusion, the young Bishop protested that this was impossible, that they owed debts in London, and that much was due to them. On the following day, the *Procureur-General* of the Queen flew to the Keeper of the Great Seal at the Privy Council, requiring an admission to address his Majesty, then present at his Council, on matters important to himself and the Queen. This being denied, he exhorted them to maintain the Queen in all her royal prerogatives, and he was answered, "So we do."

Their prayers and disputes served to postpone their departure. Their conduct during this time was not very decorous. It appears, by a contemporary letter-writer, that they flew to take possession of the Queen's wardrobe and jewels. They did not leave her a change of linen, since it was with difficulty her Majesty procured one. Every one now looked to lay his hand on what he might call his own. Everything he could touch was a perquisite. One extraordinary expedient was that of inventing bills to the amount of ten thousand pounds, for articles, and other engagements in which they had entered for the service of the Queen, which her Majesty acknowledged, but afterwards confessed that the debts were fictitious. Even "the Bishop's unholy water" served to swell the accounts. In truth, the breaking up of this French establishment was ruinous to the individuals who had purchased their places at the rate of life-annuities. The French party were still protracting and resisting. The King's verbal dismissal had been delivered on the 1st of July, and the French were still here on the 7th of August, as we find by a note from the King to Buckingham. Its indignant style, some historical critics, with too little knowledge of personal history, have quoted as an evidence of Charles's unfeeling tyrannical temper.

"Steenio,—I have receaved your letter by Dic Greame (Sir Richard Graham). This is my answer. I command you to send all the French away to-morrow out of the towne, if you can by fair meanes (but stike not long in disputing), otherways force them away, dryving them away lyke so manie wilde beastes, until ye have shipped them, and so the devil goe with them. Let me heare no answer, but of the performance of my command. So I rest

"Your faithful, constant, loving friend,
"C. R.

"Oaking, the 7th of August, 1626."

Charles wrote in honest anger; yet, notwithstanding his personal provocations, he was still tender of their feelings and their interests. He discharged even the fictitious debts, and provided for their pensions, at the cost, as it appears, of fifty thousand pounds. Even the haughty beauty, Madame St. George, was presented by the King, on her dismission, with several thousand pounds and jewels.

The French Bishop and the whole party having contrived all sorts of delays to avoid the expulsion, the yeomen of the guards

(1) The account of the *Mercure Français*, drawn up by one of the parties, closely agrees with that which I find in Hamon L'Estrange, the first English historian of Charles. The French writer, however, adds, that "Some of us observed that the King's countenance was sad, and he seemed to hesitate in speaking to us, which the Earl of Holland perceiving, he whispered three or four words behind the King."

were sent to turn them out of Somerset-house, whence the juvenile prelate, at the same time making his protest and mounting the steps of the coach, took his departure "head and shoulders." In a long procession of near forty coaches, after four days' tedious travelling, they reached Dover, but the spectacle of these impatient foreignors, so reluctantly quitting England, gesticulating their sorrows, or their quarrels, exposed them to the derision and stirred up the prejudices of the common people. As Madame St. George, whose vivacity is always described as extravagantly French, was stepping into the boat, one of the mob could not resist the satisfaction of flinging a stone at her French cap. An English courtier, who was conducting her, instantly quitted his chargo, ran the fellow through the body, and quietly returned to the boat. The man died on the spot, but no farther notice appears to have been taken of the inconsiderate gallantry of this English courtier.

To satisfy the King and Queen of France, Lord Carleton was sent over to Paris, and very ill received; Marshal Bassompierre was dispatched to London, as ambassador extraordinary, to remonstrate with Charles.

The first open insult from the French Court was the reappearance of the obnoxious Father Sancy, in the suite of Bassompiorre. Charles signified his instant command that he should be sent back to France, but this the Marshal, according to his instructions, refused; observing, that the King could have nothing to do with his domestic arrangements, by which Father Sancy occupied the place of his confessor. This, however, was but the public language of that adroit ambassador, and not his private opinion; for he had remonstrated with his King and the Queen-Mother of France, on the impropriety of forcing this intermeddler on him, and he had foreseen the offence the presence of Sancy would occasion to the English monarch. The commentator on "the Embassy of the Marshal Bassompierre to the Court of England," in perceiving the jealousy which Charles entertained of this embassy, could not discover "why this man was so peculiarly agreeable to one Court, and so peculiarly offensive to the other." This knot is not difficult to untie. This political religionist, by consulting in his conduct the pleasure and interest of one Court, was, in fact, necessarily incurring the jealousy and anger of the other. We have already shown that Father Sancy was expelled by Charles, and there is no doubt that he was secretly invested with some dominant authority from the Queen-Mother; for Bassompierre discovered, that when the Queen quarrelled, both with her husband and with himself, as ambassador, Father Sancy was at the bottom of the intrigue, and maintained his authority with such audacity, that Bassompierre found out that the ambassador was not the chief person in the embassy.

Charles thrice insisted on sending back Father Sancy, before he would grant a private audience. The Marshal could only promise that the Father should remain confined to his house, nor ever show himself either at Court or in the city. No specific ground of complaint had been produced against this "domestic;" as Bassompierre observed, "This Father was neither guilty, nor condemned, nor accused;" and yet we see that Charles would tolerate his presence on no account. It is evident that his offences were of a nature not less grievous than delicate; offences which Charles would not condescend to detail, but which, if we connect with the circumstance alluded to in his letter to his brother of France, the former expulsion of Father Sancy when Henrietta's confessor from the English Court, the intriguing character of this political instrument of the Royal Family of France; the promise of Bassompierre that Sancy should not be seen either at Court or in the city, and certain rumours prevalent at the time that the Queen had violated her secret intercourse with the King, by disclosures to her confessor, we cannot but infer that this *espion* of a priest would be meddling with other matters than religion.

The reception of Bassompierre, before he reached London, was studiedly uncivil, in order to balance the cold entertainment which Lord Carleton had suffered at Paris. The Master of the Ceremonies was ordered not to meet him nearer than at Gravesend, and to prepare no house, all which the Marshal perfectly understood, and refused the King's diet, for that "he would not eat at another's expense in his own house." And at his first interview with the King, at Hampton Court, he came too late, "purposely it was thought," for the dinner which had been prepared, and when "a collation was then set on the table, it remained untasted by him or his fellows," from whence Sir John Finet, in the ambassador's loss of appetite, sagaciously predicted *war! war!*

We have a curious account by the French Marshal, how Charles was so personally indignant at the matters proposed to be discussed, and so disconcerted lest the womanish passions of the Queen would break out at a public interview, that he refused to grant one. This intelligence was conveyed by Buckingham, who was at a loss how to proceed in this delicate conjuncture, and confidentially begged for the advice of the French Marshal. The vivacious Gaul, who found himself on the point of receiving this affront, to save himself, and at the same time to insinuate himself into the good graces of Buckingham, hit on an expedient worthy of French diplomacy. After a pompous declaration, that "he could not act otherwise than as had been prescribed by his royal master, he granted that the King of England might shorten or lengthen the audience he demanded, in what manner he would." It was then the French Marshal threw out a project how both parties might save their honour This cunning child of diplomatic etiquette suggested that the King, being then at Hampton Court, might, "after having allowed me to make him my bow, and having received with the King's letters my first compliments, when I should come to open to him the occasion of my coming, the King may interrupt me, and say, Sir, you are come from London, and you have to return thither; it is late; this matter requires a longer time than I could now give you. I shall send for you at an earlier hour, etc., and after some civil expressions about the King, my brother-in-law, and the Queen, my mother-in-law, his Majesty will add, that he would not further delay the impatience the Queen, my wife, has to hear of them from yourself. Upon which I shall take my leave of him, to make my bow to the Queen." Buckingham appears to have been enraptured by this notable preconcerted public interview. The English Duke embraced the French Marshal, exclaiming, "You know more of these things than we!" and went away laughing, to tell the King of this expedient, who accepted it, and it appears most punctually conned over his part.

At length, a stormy interview took place. De Blainville appears to have been sent to quarrel with the King, but Bassompierre to hold him in awe. Charles could not restrain the heat of his temper, and once exclaimed to the ambassador, "Why do you not execute your commission at once, and declare war?" Bassompierre's answer was firm and dignified —"I am not a herald to declare war, but a Marshal of France to make it when declared." The King was firm, and even stern, during the discussion, but he seems to have been struck by the temper, the presence of mind, and ingenuity of Bassompierre. At the close of the audience, his own temper became more mollified, and the King himself conducted the Marshal through several galleries to the Queen's apartments, where he left him, and subsequently honoured the French Marshal with all the civilities, in his private character, which Charles had denied to his public.

This mission was a total failure, and the French Marshal, with all his vaunts and his menaces, discovered that Charles was inflexible, and sternly offered the alternative of war, rather than permit a French faction to be planted in an English court. At this moment, Charles the First was the true representative of his subjects, and the sovereign participated in the same feelings with his people. Four years afterwards, when the attempt was again revived, of settling a French bishop and a French physician about the Queen, Charles absolutely refused them admittance, and it appears by Panzani's Memoirs, that when Charles learnt that the Abbé du Perron, the Queen's confessor, was raised to a bishoprick in France, he was earnest in desiring his recall. So jealous was the English monarch of any Catholic bishop at London, and in close communication with the Queen, without his sanction. The Court of England, too, was always wary of the liberties which foreign ambassadors took in admitting English Catholics into their chapels, for the English Catholics would be divided into French and Spanish factions by the bishops of either nation. (1)

Bassompierre returned home mortified at the intractable character both of the English monarch and the English nation. In addressing the former French bishop who had been sent off, the Marshal writes, "See, Sir, to what we are reduced! and imagine my grief, that the Queen of Great Britain has the pain of viewing my departure, without being of any service to her; but if you consider that I was sent here to make a contract of marriage observed, and to maintain the Catholic religion, in a country from which they formerly banished it to break a contract of marriage, you will assist in excusing me of this failure."

(1) Panzani, 185.

This affair of the French Household, which constituted a party of French politics and Roman Catholicism under the roof of the Sovereign, was one of those intricate cases, where political expediency seems to violate all moral right. The Queen and her party were obstinately pressing for the treaty, but all promises and conventions in State-treaties imply, that affairs should not change, so as to affect the interests of the State. The intention is more concerned in these treaties, than that strictness of terms which might possibly exact the performance of that which should never have been required, any more than it should have been granted. If French politics were fomenting civil discord, and Roman Catholicism exciting odium among his own people, Charles would have indeed betrayed his weakness as a Sovereign, had he not dismissed the French party.

Louis the Thirteenth had found himself in a parallel though not so perplexing a state, with his own foreign Princess, and was compelled to discard her Spanish household, and while the French monarch was now complaining of the violation of the treaty, he well knew that it could never be carried into execution. The subscribing parties to this deed of imposture and insincerity had never imagined that the treaty in all its details should be carried into effect, and this was honestly acknowledged by the very Ambassador Extraordinary who came to complain of its infraction.

This history of the household of the Queen of Charles the First would be imperfect were we to pass unnoticed the return of a certain number of priests for the religious service of the Queen, four years after this dismissal. The *rentrée* was granted at the peace, at once public and domestic, between the two Courts.

The manuscript memoir of one of the Capuchins who was employed in "the Mission of England," as he denominates his residence here, supplies some curious particulars. Of these missionaries, for such they deemed themselves, and as such they were regarded by Urban the Eighth, we may observe their system, their designs, the little artifices they practised, and other details of the conversions of many English persons of both sexes.

The Capuchins was an order which professed the severest asceticism; and the English Catholics rejoiced as if these men had come from Heaven, that those who had abandoned the faith of their ancestors might once more contemplate, in the very habits worn by these missionaries, the poverty of Jesus; in their manners, the humility of the Gospel, and in their language the contempt of riches and pleasure. The people were struck with their long beards and their monachal dresses, and crowds came to see a class of men, whose voluntary mortifications seemed to have been long forgotten among a people, who, even at this period, according to the representations of many foreigners, enjoyed more personal comforts, a word said to be peculiar to ourselves, than were to be found among other nations. The good fathers, discovering that their apparent state of self-mortification seemed to raise the wonder of their visitors, practised a little pious fraud. The Capuchin historian ingenuously observes, "*The land of the English is abundant, and without taxes; the inhabitants lead easy lives, far removed from the miseries of other places*, which accounts for the surprise with which the sight of our austerities strangely affected them." To edify them and incline them to a holy conversion, they resolved, with one common consent, to add something striking and sensible to their usual austerities. Their beds consisted of a paillasse, a straw pillow, and a coverlet. They took out every morning the paillasses and the pillows, exposing to the eye the rough naked boards on which they lay, and placed an unhewn block of wood for a pillow. This apparent rigour was admired by the English, whose curiosity led them into the chamber of the Capuchins, and when they seemed touched by the inspection of this hard life, then they were reminded of the suffering life of Jesus; that they must imitate St. Paul, who, confirmed in grace, mortified his flesh; and at last, with a gentle close, they were exhorted to think of the importance of living and dying in the true religion where these things are practised. These showy austerities seem to have produced a certain effect. The fathers, too, without loss of time, among their penances, had set about learning the English language, and within a year were capable of receiving confessions in the native language of their penitents; but the greater number of confessions were made after the building of the chapel, of which her Majesty laid the foundations with her own royal hands.

The detail of the remarkable opening of the Queen's Chapel is a curiosity of picturesque devotion. It may serve, at least, as a

splendid evidence of a scenical religion, and the art of getting up something like a modern opera, or rather an ancient mystery, aided by all the magic of the voice and the instrument, and the optical illusions of perspective.

In 1636, the Queen's Chapel was erected, and "to give greater glory to God, and esteem for the Roman Catholic religion to the Huguenots, her Majesty would bear the first mass celebrated with all the pomp and magnificence possible." The Capuchins were commanded to omit nothing which they could invent to render the solemnity more august. An illustrious sculptor had recently arrived from Rome, to whom they applied to assist the pious design. He graciously assented. He raised a machine, the admiration of the most ingenious artists, to exhibit the most holy sacraments with the greatest majesty.

A paradise of glory, adapted to the dome of the chapel, was raised forty feet in height; a broad arch was sustained by two columns before the great altar; the spaces between the columns and the walls served as passages to pass from the sacristy to the altar; the choirs of music were placed with the organs and the other instruments at both sides of the empty spaces. In the opening on each side appeared a prophet with a scroll of prophecy, and above the arch was viewed the portative altar, to which they ascended by three divisions of steps. The greatest, in front, had a balustrade, which admitted a full view of the altar to the assistants, and those on either side were surrounded also by balusters, where the priests, dressed in their pontifical habits, without interruption of the people, were viewed ascending or descending to and from the altar.

At the back of the altar was the Paradise elevated above circles of clouds, in which were intermingled the figures of angels, archangels, of cherubim and seraphim, to the number of two hundred; there some seemed adoring the holy sacrament, others were singing, or touching all sorts of musical instruments,—painted according to the rules of perspective; the most holy sacrament was the point of sight where the concealed lights, which were of graduated dimensions, made the depth and the distance appear very great; and the number of figures seemed doubled, deceiving, by an ingenious artifice, not only the eyes but the ears, for every one imagined, on looking on that Paradise, that they were listening to the melodies played by angels.

Of the circles of clouds, the first were the widest, diminishing in proportion to the last. The three first circles contained the angels larger than the natural size, seated on clouds, singing and playing; in the fourth and fifth were also angels, habited as *Diacres*, holding censers; others *Navettes*, those silver vessels in the shape of a ship, in which incense is burned; while others, on their knees, were suppliants; and others, prostrated, were pointing to the holy sacrament; all of size proportioned to their distances. In the sixth and seventh circles, winged children, in various attitudes, like young angels, were seen coming out of a cloud, playing together, but with gestures full of respect, inviting the people to rejoice with them at the sight of the adorable sacrament. In the eighth and ninth circles, appeared the cherubim and the seraphim, among the clouds, surrounded by luminous rays, contrived by a most singular artifice. The place where was laid the holy sacrament had a ground of gold, surrounded by a deep red oval, with golden beams, so that it seemed a celestial fire. Four hundred lights, besides a great multitude of tapers, artistically arranged upon the altar, lighted the first circle.

These things being thus disposed, the whole was covered over by two curtains. When the Queen entered with her Court to celebrate mass, and had taken her seat, the curtains were drawn, and these wonders suddenly burst on the spectators, to the admiration, the joy, and the devotion of her Majesty, and all the Catholics; at the same moment, the musicians and choristers resounded a motet of soft harmony, seeming to come out of the clouds and the angelic figures. Paradise was opening, and the angels were musicians! so it seemed, for the singers themselves were hidden, and thus the eye and the ear rejoiced in this subject of piety and artifice. The motet or hymn finished, the Accolytes, the Soudiacres, and the Diacres, and my Lord du Perron, Bishop of Angoulême, and grand almoner to the Queen, dressed in their pontifical habits, issued from the sacristy, mounted the eight steps of the altar, celebrated with the greatest solemnities the holy mass, which was chaunted in eight divisions so melodiously, that nothing less than a heart of stone but would have been deeply touched: tears of joy were seen to fall from the eyes of the Queen, considering in this pious and splendid ceremony the grace which

God had bestowed on her, to raise a church where the divine offices were celebrated, which heresy had banished from England for more than one hundred years. The mass celebrated, a multitude of Catholics crowded to receive the holy communion from the hand of the bishop, who gave his benediction and dispensed his indulgences.

After dinner, her Majesty again returned to vespers, and complines, and the sermon. Messieurs the musicians, perceiving the effect they had produced on the Queen at the morning service, now surpassed themselves. At the close of vespers, the Archbishop delivered a pathetic sermon, congratulating the Queen on having a Catholic church, and publicly celebrating divine service, which had been abolished so many years in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Great was the applause of the audience. Those who were in the chapel found it difficult to issue from the vast confluence of people, who forced their way to witness the magnificence. This continued influx lasted so long, that it was impossible to close the gates of the church till the third night, when the King commanded that they should all retire. He came himself to be a spectator of this magnificent representation, accompanied by his Grand Marechal, the Comptroller of the Household, and other Lords—he admired the *artifice*—he kept his eyes long on the beautiful scene—declared that he had never viewed anything more beautiful, nor of a happier invention. The chapel thus ornamented was kept open from the 8th of December to Christmas, consecrated to the immaculate conception of the most holy Virgin. Crowds flocked, and waited two or three hours before they could enter a confessional. They held controversies and conferences, to confirm the Faithful and to reclaim the Heretic. The historian exults in a favourite argument, by which it was inevitably shown that there could be no salvation for separatists from the true Apostolical and Roman Church; but some Protestants, who had conceived that this glorious proposition was false, were desirous of receiving more solid reasons for their maturer consideration—of these, we are told that many, convinced of its truth, renounced their errors.

One of the Capuchins held secret interviews with some of our divines, intimate friends of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who, with the Archbishop, were desirous of approximating the two churches so nearly together, that a union might be insensibly formed.

Before the arrival of these Capuchins, we are told that the schismatics had a strange aversion to the Pope and the Catholics—they really believed that his Holiness was the Antichrist—and the Catholics, idolaters, persecutors, seditious, and enemies of peace and kings. Our memorialist describes the Representatives of the English people: "So many persons collected together from all parts of the country, who compose the Parliament, had issued against them (the Papists) the most terrible ordinances—for the simplicity of the more moderate had been sadly imposed on." The Capuchin has collected together all the penal laws against the Roman Catholics—a code of blood and persecution equal to any they could themselves have dictated!

But "the ancient piety of the English," which our simple fathers were flattering themselves they were to revive, and which had even lasted through the reign of "the barbarous Queen" (Elizabeth), could only be beaten down by "the cruelty of the Protestants" in "the mad fury of a regicide Parliament."

As a prelude to what is to follow, I find a parallel closely run through a long page or two, between the Jews mocking at Jesus Christ, and the Protestants, who had lately pulled down a crucifix, and were very nearly pulling at the beards of *les Pères Capucins* themselves. At length, when the day arrived that the Queen unexpectedly left her palace, never to return to it, the mission, which had hitherto proceeded quietly, became strangely inconvenienced. Nothing now but spitting and coughing at their sermons. "The Puritans" had now resolved to abolish the very name of Catholic in England—*Exinanite, exinanite, usque ad fundamentum!* (1) The solemn omen of their impending destruction has been chronicled by our memorialist. One morning they assembled to perform the august ceremony of the most holy mass—preparing to take out the *Ciboire*, the vase which held the body of their God—in opening the cupboard—the host was not there! Tremour and agony and despair shook the brotherhood, who, looking on each other in dismay, felt like the ancient Jews when the Shekinah had departed from them, when the veil was rent from the Holy of Holies, and nothing was

(1) Observe the nature of intolerance. This very passage was applied by the Jesuits when they razed the foundations of the *Port Royal*. Whenever the persecuted in their turn become the persecutors, they speak alike.

to be seen but a naked wall. What followed shortly after seemed to be connected with the malicious sacrilege of all their consecrated wafers. The Puritans sent three thousand apprentices to the Parliament, to demand the expulsion of the Capuchins from England. The fathers awaited their death by the side of their altars, where they were prepared to suffer the blessings of martyrdom; but they were only sent to prison for a month, and then shipped off for Calais.

Thus terminated the history of the household of our Catholic Queen, Henrietta-Maria.

CHAPTER XVI.

War with France.—Causes of the War.—Nature of the Protestant Party in France.—Expedition to La Rochelle.

"CHARLES," says Hume, "as if the half of Europe, now his enemy, was not sufficient for the exercise of military prowess, wantonly attacked France."

The war with France has been traced to the personal resentments of Buckingham, for an affront he received from the French monarch, in consequence of his ambitious gallantries with "a lady of a very sublime quality," as Lord Clarendon, in his courtly delicacy, guardedly describes the eminent female. She was a lady who exercised in "a sovereign degree all the coquetry and intrigue of her nation," says Cardinal de Retz, furnishing us even with a list of her lovers, in which he has not omitted the English Duke. When Buckingham proposed to revisit the French Court as ambassador, Bassompierre, in conformity with his instructions, assured him that, for reasons well known to himself, he would not be received. Lord Clarendon's anecdote, that Buckingham "swore in the instant, that he would see and speak with that lady in spite of all the power of France," may be true enough, and in this lover's vow his lordship detects the origin of the French war!

Our philosophic Hume, with his habitual ease, adopts the Court-gossip of Clarendon, which was too pleasant and romantic entirely to be passed over by memoir-writers, but his sagacity could not fail to betray its astonishment. "All authentic memoirs," says Hume, "both foreign and domestic, represent him (Buckingham) as actuated by motives which *would appear incredible*, were we not sufficiently acquainted with the violence and temerity of his character."

If we have now learnt the cause, the story would remain imperfect, were we not also informed of the intention of the war, and the means of carrying the covert point here alleged.

Buckingham's end in a war with France was the remote view of being employed as the ambassador who was to reconcile the two crowns, and by this circuitous route to arrive at length at the Louvre and visit his mistress.

Were this the fact, Buckingham must be considered as a more intrepid hero than any we may find in a folio romance; for well he knew that, though by no means a disappointed lover, his double rival in love and politics, the famous Cardinal, had an eye over him, whose glances were poignards; and that the French noblesse had vowed to avenge in the blood of the foreigner the honour of their Sovereign. He knew this, for he had hardly escaped assassination. It must be acknowledged that, when we calculate the nice contingencies and the uncertain chances of the plan which made a war between two great nations, because, in accommodating a consequent peace, an errant knight might acquire an opportunity of visiting a fair lady, at whose feet he was to perish, the adventure might enter into a political system, which would have illustrated the history of the immortal Don of Cervantes.

Well may we exclaim with Hume, that the assigned cause of this war with France "is incredible." Hume, in his day, was not supplied with some of the most valuable materials of our history at this period.

Dr. Lingard has sensibly observed, that "it is plain that whatever may have been the secret motives of Buckingham, he must have alleged some very different reason in defence of a measure which threatened to prove so prejudicial to the interests of his own Sovereign." And, surely, had our historians less servilely copied such unhistorical facts, and such unnatural pretexts from the Lord High Chancellor of human nature, and had looked into what had recently occurred between the French and English courts, and what was then passing in France, they might have discovered causes more obvious, and interests far deeper, to instigate a French war than the "incredible one."

The elements of war are often gradually accumulating before they settle into an open rupture. Like petty domestic quarrels, they seem insignificant and partial, till at length we are surprised that these fractional dis-

putes close into one mighty and irreconcilable enmity.

The marriage of Charles was highly political on both sides, and as such it was acted on immediately by the French Cabinet. The French party here, we have seen, was obnoxious to Charles. The dismissal of the French Household had nearly produced a war. Charles was prepared to offer the alternative, and it would have been accepted by Louis, had the French monarch at that moment been in a condition to maintain one. This is the opinion of one of the Capuchins who at a later day attended on the Queen, and it seems probable, when we observe the French Government so fully occupied in putting down the Huguenot Insurgents; a war with England would have reinforced the French Protestants with a potent ally.

But a more pressing motive for war with France originated in that system of politics which since the administration of Elizabeth had created one of our great State-interests —the adoption of the cause of foreign Protestants. Whenever the standard was raised by those of "the Religion," as the term was applied at this period, they always looked up to England as their nursing mother, or their armed champion; and in England the malcontents of France were sure to find a secret or an open ally. But war on these occasions did not always show itself with an open front, nor was it always heralded by generous principles; it crept out of secret intrigues, and wound about in concealment, till concealment ceased to be practicable.

The leading chiefs of the French Protestants, or, as the French describe them, the Calvinists of France, were the Duke of Rohan, and his brother Soubise. Of a princely origin, the Duke was allied to many crowned heads, but his genius was even more elevated than his rank. His heroism was only equalled by his fortitude; he was one of those great commanders who remain unconquered when the enemy is most successful. Such were his talents, that he would have been a distinguished man in Europe, had he been born among the obscurest classes of society.(1) His brother Soubise, with whom our own history is more intimately connected, participated in all the party or the factious zeal of his eminent brother, without any portion of his courage or his capacity.

The Protestants of France then constituted a more formidable body in that kingdom than the Roman Catholics in England. Their general assemblies, which annually met, always occasioned great uneasiness in the French Cabinet, and they were so numerous and powerful as to have their resident deputies at the Louvre, ever prompt to disturb the royal audience by voluminous *cahiers* of remonstrances and petitions. If Henry the Fourth, as a great Statesman, had complied with the forms of the national religion, he had never forsaken the cause of those to whom perhaps he was secretly attached; and the tolerating Edict of Nantes had conferred on his Protestants as large a portion of freedom as could be safely allowed to a hostile minority in the State.

The regency of Mary of Medicis had passed in struggles with the haughty Princes of the blood, and a nobility not less potent than factious; insatiate in their claims, and restless with ambition, they seemed at times to aspire to separate sovereignties. Disdaining the feeble government of a female, whose views seemed narrowed to her palace, and who had concentrated her passions in her Florentine favourites, these Princes and Dukes were in a perpetual state of confederacy and rebellion. At length the favourites fell the hateful victims of the State. Among the powerful malcontents the Huguenot party had found friends and chieftains, who had often coalesced with the Protestants, without always being Protestants themselves. Four civil wars, and frequent revolts, were as often concluded by a peace with an unvanquished party. Such a peace could only be a truce; a suspension of hostilities till one party regained the superiority they had lost; deceptive treaties were signed, and when the Deputies of the Huguenots insisted on the demolition of certain forts, according to the articles of the treaty, the demand was never refused but only evaded. The Huguenots might learn, that in a treaty, when one party requires the other to do that for them which they cannot do themselves, the compact will be most obstinately violated. The French Cabinet, before Cardinal Richelieu's accession

(1) His "Memoirs" are well known, but a little volume composed in his retirement at Venice, *Les Intérêts des Princes*, was long the manual of politicians, and may still be studied. It is here we find this curious reflection, "England is a great animal which can never die, unless it destroys itself." The Duke was in England and Scotland. Elizabeth called him "her knight," and James the First requested him to stand sponsor at the baptism of Charles the First.

to the fulness of his power, was a miserable junto of intriguing Ministers, solely intent on dislodging each other. The genius of Richelieu alone could at once subdue an indomitable aristocracy, and a whole people of heroes —the Huguenots of France.

But the day of Richelieu's triumph had not yet arrived. The Protestants of France were as formidable as ever.

The sea-port of La Rochelle might be considered as the metropolitan city of the Protestantism of France. It was a town haughty from its independence, for its citizens had never forgotten that a Sovereign of France, Louis the Eleventh, had sworn on his knees never to invade their privileges. It had long formed a Government in France, independent of France; it was a Republic in a Monarchy.

The Catholic had long looked on La Rochelle with horror as the nest of heresy and rebellion; and among the most curious circumstances in the early life of the renowned Cardinal, is, as he has himself told us, that when only a juvenile and obscure Bishop residing in his diocese of Luçon, in the neighbourhood of La Rochelle, among his dreams and vain imaginations, often would his solitary thoughts turn towards that unholy spot, musing on means to reduce it to that obedience which it had long rejected. This reverie of his youth he had cast aside among other chimerical fancies.

The cause of the French Protestants could not be separated from that of civil freedom and political independence; and La Rochelle was to be in France its cradle or its grave. The independence of the party and the place was so deeply cherished in the minds of the nobles of France, as a balance in the State against the despotic predominance of royal authority, which already appeared in the rising Favourite, that Bassompierre, with his characteristic frankness, revealed the secret thought of his companions, when serving against La Rochelle he sarcastically observed, "We shall be mad enough to take it."

Historians, who have considered La Rochelle merely as the strong hold of the Reformed, and beheld in its terrific siege only a spectacle of sectarian fanaticism, have fallen into a great error. So easy is it to mistake that spirit of political independence, whose devotion is fervid as that of religion, and which can boast of martyrs not less numerous. In the afflicting history of La Rochelle, through all its unparalleled sufferings, the Protestants have only viewed an immolation to the Moloch of Catholicism. Even a great philosopher, in an unguarded moment, once adopted the popular appearance of this memorable scene. It is a curious fact, that Hume, in the first edition of his history, in alluding to the horrors of the siege of La Rochelle, closed with this observation: "Such mighty influence had the religious spirit over that sect, and so much did it over-balance in their breasts every motive of self-preservation, of duty to their friends, and of regard to their native country." This reflection was erased in a subsequent edition. It is probable that, on maturer study, Hume discovered the secret connection between the higher political parties in France and the French Protestants; that the cause of civil freedom was entangled with the cause of the "new religion;" that if they suppressed "every motive of self-preservation," it was because they well knew that, after four civil wars and continual revolts, there were no longer any terms for the citizens of La Rochelle; and that so far from violating their "duty to their friends, and their regard to their native country," they perished by the inspiration of their patriotism and their honour. Perhaps, too, Hume might have discovered the fact, that in the eventful siege of La Rochelle, all those who would have sacrificed their lives for its preservation were not contained within its walls, for many such might have been found in the ranks of that very army which came to annihilate it. These were not sectaries; they held not the same religious creed; but in the fate of La Rochelle they contemplated the fall of political freedom in France.

A secret correspondence with the citizens of La Rochelle had been opened with England. Already Soubise had assumed the novel style of "Admiral of the Churches," on the coast of Saintonge, Aunis, Poitou, and Bretagne. Soubise, accompanied by Saint-Blancard, the confidential friend of his brother, had passed over into England, as deputies or agents for the Rochellers, and though they were not yet publicly received at our Court, the repeated complaints of the French ambassadors prove that the secret intercourse must have been uninterrupted.

Vast plans of ambition were opened in the bold sketches of these French princes, not ill-adapted to dazzle the eyes of a young monarch and a young minister. One of the reveries of the Duke of Rohan was to form federative republics in France; to create independent Protestant States between the

Loire and the Garonne. The English were to invade France at three different points. They found that a single one proved fatal. Mr. Montague was negotiating with the Duke of Savoy, the Duke of Lorraine, and the Duke of Rohan. Richelieu suffered the youthful statesman to mature his negotiations, till the Cardinal contrived to lodge him in the Bastille. When his Eminence had digested at leisure all these ingenious schemes, which let him into the secret designs of the enemies of France, he had obtained all the good he could by the imprisonment of the young diplomatist, and raised no objection, on the intercession of our Henrietta, to restore the baffled envoy for some happier mission. Soubise charmed the imagination of the English minister, with the prospective view of the fleet and army of England appearing before La Rochelle,—Rochelle herself opening her gates, Rohan raising his standard, and a hundred thousand Huguenots flying to arms, to greet the deliverer of the Protestants in the person of Buckingham. Such are the visions by which clandestine suppliants enchant our ministers, when our ministers are sanguine and determined!

The expedition to Cadiz, though it had performed no exploit, was, however, in some respect beneficial, as Buckingham told the Parliament; for this demonstration of our national energy had not only struck a terror into Spain, and, by intercepting her trade, had prevented supplies being sent to her army in Flanders, but employed her in fortifying her coast. It had, however, considerably alarmed Richelieu, and that great minister, with his statesman-like sagacity, foresaw the danger of its direction against France, and we are positively assured that he prognosticated that one day our fleet would be seen before La Rochelle. (1) This is not improbable. The reverie of his ambitious youth was still hovering in his brain, and the minister wanted no evidence of the secret communications of the parties.

Richelieu anticipated these projects. Conscious of the miserable state of the marine of France, an inferior genius might have exhaled his despair in some solitary Jeremiad, but Richelieu, once resolved, never quitted his object till it became his own. He laboured day and night; he made every public and even private sacrifice to encounter a naval enemy. He hastened an alliance with Spain, whose interests were adverse to those of France, and whose friendship was incompatible with his remoter designs, that he might combine with her fleet to attack Ireland and England; but he soon discovered that the Spaniards were not in earnest, and were not less desirous than the English to witness the success of the French Huguenots. (2) Still the vigilant minister of France preceded his enemy's movements. Toiras, who commanded at La Rochelle, was warned for preparation, and the Isle of Rhé had been for some time strengthened in its fortifications.

Buckingham, who had now felt the capriciousness of popularity, imagined that it might be as easily regained as it had been easily lost. A chivalric adventure would restore to him that favour which, at this moment, might have been denied to all the wisdom, all the policy, and all the arts of an experienced statesman. Unquestionably his imagination had been kindled by the flatteries and by the promises of Soubise and Saint-Blancard; and in the eagerness of his hopes he declared, that "before midsummer he should be more honoured and beloved of the Commons than ever was the Earl of Essex," (3) the romantic hero and favourite of Queen Elizabeth. In such cradled fancies he rocked his own and his master's imagination.

A fleet and an army, sufficiently formidable to assure the Rochellers of their security, were now collected, and the Lord Duke, anticipating a conquest by their open reception, went to war as if he had been hastening to a tournament. "Buckingham," says De Brienne, "appeared in this expedition with the equipage of an amorous knight, rather than the equipage of a general." Splendour, however, not effeminacy, characterised the romantic warrior; for he afterwards honourably vouched his words by his deeds.

The preparations for his departure attracted the public eye. Even his provisions, his stalls for oxen, and his coops for poultry, and the beautiful horses, richly caparisoned, presented by his friends, seemed "as strange and exceeding," as the magnificent train of his trumpeters, and the bands of his musicians, in yachts lined with crimson velvet, playing their melodies to the rough waves. They saw even his coach and litter shipped, and it was rumoured that he had taken his

(1) Père Griffet, Histoire de France, xiii, 337.

(2) Père Griffet, Histoire de France, xiii., 355.
(3) I learn this from a manuscript letter.

jewels. Our Lord High Admiral and General had made himself ready to attend either a ball or a siege, whichever the Rochellers might prefer. It was an armament not solely devoted to the Graces; for there were armories and arms, and the most able military and naval officers were selected for the occasion. The destination of the fleet and troops was not known, but Soubise had been seen in the King's coach.

This expedition at length appeared before Rochelle; but Buckingham, who had too long listened to the vague hopes of the two Frenchmen, was surprised that he had to force a landing, that troops came down to oppose him, and that the Rochellers neither advanced nor communicated. The town, in fact, was divided between two opposed parties; those who indulged the hope of peace with their sovereign hesitated to join the English, lest they should irrecoverably forfeit his favour; the uncompromising Calvinists, who preferred death to submission, were for opening their gates to their potent ally. Amidst this conflict of irresolute prudence and obstinate revolt, the aged Duchess of Rohan, in her ninetieth year, stole to one of the gates, and, having collected some scattered friends, pleaded for the admission of her son, Soubise, and his companions. Accompanied by the Secretary of Buckingham, Sir William Beecher, these chiefs of the Huguenots harangued their own party, and Saint-Blancard was dispatched to the English fleet to assure Buckingham that the town would shortly declare itself. Meanwhile they returned their thanks, and left their new ally to combat alone.

The English left behind them the Fort of St. Prie, called by Rushworth "the meadow-castle," which must have surrendered on the first summons. They might also have taken possession of the fertile Isle of Oleron; but, though this had been agreed on, Buckingham changed his descent for the rocky Isle of Rhé, where they made good their landing, after a sharp resistance, gallantly driving the French before them to their strong hold.

Four months afterwards, when the active enemy, landing from the French coast, poured down from both these neglected quarters, the military blunder was detected, of having passed by the fort, and the isle, of which possession might have been easily obtained.

The Rochellers remained immovable, and the English were stopped in the Isle of Rhé by the formidable citadel of St. Martin, which had been not unprepared to receive them. Entrenching themselves, they sat down before this impregnable citadel, which could only be forced to surrender by a blockade at sea, and a tedious siege at land.

Buckingham, unwearied in his ardent duties, at least had resolved by his zeal to discover, as Charles the First said, "his proficiency in the trade which he so happily began." He failed not to be in every part of the camp; he was in the trenches, he inspected the batteries, he observed where the shot lighted on the enemy, and was present in the most imminent dangers, unsparing of his person more than befitted a Commander-in Chief. His life was attempted by an assassin, a fanatical Catholic, whose knife, of a peculiar construction, was found slung in his sleeve. Its singular construction attracted notice, and it was engraved in a published narrative at London; but the Lord-General was not doomed to be struck by this French Felton. The intrepidity of Buckingham was not exceeded by any of the heroes of Plutarch. It was said, what one is unwilling to believe, that the assassin was instigated by Toiras, but the conduct of Buckingham towards that Governor seems to exculpate the Frenchman from such a violation of legitimate warfare.

With Buckingham, it seemed a war of courtesy and magnificence. When Toiras sent a trumpet to request a passport to convey some wounded officers to the coast, Buckingham sent them his grand chaloupe, or yacht, furnished with every elegant convenience, and lined with *très-belle écarlatte rouge;* while his musicians, with all the varieties of their instruments, soloced and charmed the wounded enemy in crossing the arm of the sea. Toiras, next day, expressed his grateful sense, by sending back five English soldiers, who had just been taken.

In a private letter of the times, it is mentioned, "That my Lord Duke being offered a thousand pounds for one of the dead bodies (there were thirty Marquises, Earls, and Barons, reported to have perished), he nobly refused the money, and offered his own waggons to carry back the bodies, taking especial care of those who are hurt amongst his prisoners." Buckingham addressed a letter to Toiras, where he said, "That every person of merit would always be treated by him with the courtesy which is their due, and he hoped that hitherto he had shown himself not more negligent in this respect than the laws of war allow; but if affairs should com-

pel him to adopt other modes of conduct, he exhorted Toiras to consider his own necessities, which indeed he had endured with heroic patience. If his courage still led him to form vain hopes of relief, it might prejudice his safety, which would be avoided by accepting the most honourable conditions."

Toiras was not deficient in the same style —"The courtesies of the Duke of Buckingham are known to all the world, and as they are bestowed with judgment they can only be truly valued by those who merit them. I know of no greater merit in a man than to devote his life in the service of his King. Many brave men here are of the same opinion, and they would be ill-satisfied with themselves if they could not overcome any difficulties whatever. I should be unworthy of your favour, were I to omit a single point of my duties. It is yourself, Sir, who will contribute my glory, whatever may be the issue."

These letters were afterwards followed by an intercourse of civilities. Even in little matters the same attentions delighted. Toiras once inquiring, "Whether they had saved any melons in the island?" was the next day presented, in the Duke's name, with a dozen. The bearer received twenty golden crowns, and Toiras dispatching six bottles of orange-flower water, and a dozen jars of cypress powder, the Duke presented the bearer with twenty jacobuses. After a sharp action, when Toiras sent one of his pages, with a trumpet, to request leave to bury some persons of distinction, the Duke received the messenger with terms of condolence.

But amidst this profusion of mutual civilities, perhaps more crafty on one side than the other, neither party was less intent on fighting. At London, however, this intercourse of civilities and messengers, it was reported, gave the enemy an opportunity of seeing the works and the army. Many inauspicious rumours were bruited among the people, "and some of higher rank gave out that nothing could go well at the Isle of Rhé; that there must be a Parliament, some must be sacrificed, and Bishop Laud was as like as any." Laud, who was easily alarmed, repeated these rumours to Charles, who desired, that "he would not trouble himself with reports, till Laud saw him forsake his friends." Thus early was threatened the sacrifice of Laud; but the connecting his name with a military expedition is an evidence from what party it proceeded. A French song at Paris bore for its burden, that if the Duke of Buckingham could not take the citadel at Rhé, he would succeed in taking the Tower of London.

Buckingham and Toiras, in truth, were both looking for reinforcements; Buckingham had been disappointed in his reception by the Rochellers, and his inactivity may be fairly attributed to his difficult position. He was anxiously waiting for the Earl of Holland, who, when he was ready at Plymouth to embark, found that the ships were provisioning at Chatham. When the provisions were shipped, it was some time before they could get the men to a rendezvous; and when the fleet was ready to sail, the winds proved contrary. Charles, in a letter to Buckingham, laments the slowness of the promised supplies. "Now we know how to prevent those faults which we, without some experience, could hardly foresee." A young monarch, and a nation long unaccustomed to military enterprise, knew little of the cares, the disappointments, and the management of a large expedition, which depend so much on the "commissioners," as Charles denominates them; who, he adds, are "subject to such slow proceedings." We were then but in the infancy of war and glory, and we suffered in the weakness of that condition.

Toiras, on his side, was reduced to misery. His provisions had alarmingly diminished, and he could hold no communication with the French army on the coast. In despair, how to convey a dispatch to the camp, three soldiers offered their lives to be the bearers, by swimming through the English fleet, and far across the ocean to the distant land. The dispatch, in cypher, thickly coated with wax and inclosed in a tin-case, was fastened to the necks of these patriotic Leanders. One soldier sunk, another exhausted was shot by the English, the third, discovered at a distance, was pursued by an English cutter. To escape from them he dexterously floated and dipped in two opposite currents; occasionally raising his head from beneath the waters to respire, he would again bury himself in the ocean. The English perceiving an object which was continually disappearing, imagined it to be a fish, and gave up the idle chase. A storm arose, and, as he could no longer swim, the messenger in despair cast himself upon the waves, till the waves at length threw him on the shore. There he lay exhausted;

he was found crawling on his hands and feet covered with blood, which he declared to have been occasioned by the frequent bites of fish, which had pursued him during half a league in this remarkable passage.(1)

I shall preserve one of those inexhaustible expedients, by which the universal capacity of the Cardinal enabled him to overcome difficulties in matters which did not seem to come under his cognizance.

The victualling of the citadel of St. Martin, which was blockaded on the sea-side, became every hour more urgent. It was deemed impossible to convey supplies in the face of a fleet of a hundred sail. At this moment Richelieu recollecting a chance conversation in which he had heard of certain skiffs which the peasants of Bayonne and Juan de Luz, in carrying their provisions to market, dexterously run through the narrowest channels, using at once *oars and sails*, he instantly ordered from Spain some of these light pinnaces, which floated like cork.

One night the sea-watch struck up an alarm; a light and shadowy fleet was suddenly seen gliding among the thickest of our ships. Buckingham himself started out to sea, and commanded it to be set on fire. He was ill supported. Their admiral was taken, but a great part got into the citadel; the others, dispersed, returned to Oleron. The provisions which these skiffs conveyed, though but small, diffused joy and confidence through the famished garrison, who in the morning held out in triumph, on their pike-heads, the mutton and turkeys. Their provisions would not have lasted two days,—they were now safe for a month. On this incident, perhaps, the fate of this expedition turned. Our soldiers and seamen were weary, wasted, and discontented. The vintage is an auxiliary to an invaded country; half the army were nearly perishing by their immoderate eating of grapes; they expected to return home in a few days, and now the fresh supply which they had witnessed announced that the siege would still be long. A sudden and great change was observed among the English; their confidence sunk into despair, they no longer thought on victory, but on retreat. "It could not be fear, but it was very like it," observed a letter-writer from our camp. The uxorious talked of their wives, and those who were tired of their salt meats, of the Christmas beef they should eat by their firesides; all dreaded the hard duties of a winter in the face of an enemy invulnerable as the stony ground they were daily treading. Buckingham was often assailed in plain language, both by officers and men. Four months were elapsing; the reinforcements were still delayed. Soubise's party, though they had raised their standard at Rochelle, rather required protection than afforded aid. It was evident that preparations were making to embark. Batteries were dismantled, cannon were shipped. At this moment dispatches from the Earl of Holland announced that he was on the point of setting sail; and Soubise, accompanied by the deputies of La Rochelle, on their knees were imploring that the Duke would no tabandon them, promising every sort of aid, far beyond their ability to perform. At this moment Buckingham was irresolute, and scarcely knew what to decide on. He had already lost some of his best officers, particularly Sir John Burroughs, and Saint-Blancard, a leader of great spirit and ability, far superior to Soubise,(2) and he had now resolved to retire. The French had been for several days past landing detachments at the fort of St. Prie. The adventurer Soubise and his small body of partisans, in despair, urged that a general assault should be made on the strong fort of St. Martin. It was to satisfy the Rochellers, and to evince how earnestly England had fathered their cause, that Buckingham consented to this desperate movement; he was not sanguine of the result,—for just before it took place, a passport being requested for three wounded officers, he declared that "the sick and the healthy would soon have a free passage, having resolved to quit the island." The English were

(1) This great swimmer, who swam for his country's good, became the theme of poets, and received a pension secured by the Salt-tax of the province where he landed. *Mercure*, xiii., 857

(2) The character of Saint-Blancard indicates the temper of the party of the resolute Rochellers, from the mayor to the humblest inhabitant, after they had declared themselves. That conflict terminated with one of the most dreadful sieges of famine and death recorded by history.

The Duke of Rohan, in his Memoirs, in lamenting the death of this young man, his confidential friend, describes him as one equally remarkable for his piety, his courage, and the solid qualities of his mind. Père Griffet, who, though a Jesuit, has written history with impartiality, tells us, that he was one of the most determined Calvinists in the whole kingdom:—He has sold his estates to live in a foreign country, that, as he said, he might have nothing more to lo e in France, and only return to make war as often as he could, to live at the expense of the King.

seen in motion. Toiras armed himself with his cuirass at the break of day, which was not his usual custom, and it announced to the garrison what he expected. The English bravely mounted the walls, but were so warmly received that they made but one step from the top of their scaling-ladders to the bottom, as the *Mercure* reports. Another point of attack at a bastion was not more fortunate. After a combat of full two hours, the English were beaten off, with the loss of several hundred men in that assault. On the succeeding day Buckingham sent a message to Toiras, to bid him a farewell, and to assure him that he was hastening to embark, that Toiras, whose valour and patience he admired, might have the entire honour of his retreat unshared by others.

It is positively asserted, that Buckingham designed to have shipped his troops that day, when his evil genius in Soubise again implored only for the suspension of a single day, that they might remove in security all the corn in the island of La Rochelle.

This was on a Sunday, and it was in the night of this very day that Marshal Schomberg advanced with six thousand infantry and some cavalry, and early in the morning of Monday suddenly appeared in view of the citadel. Toiras hastened to the French army, and a council of war was immediately held whether they should allow the English to re-embark without attacking them? There are always two opinions respecting the attack of a retreating enemy. Toiras, now the active general, and no longer the courteous correspondent, decided for immediate combat; the honour of France required that the English should be chased from their shores. On the other side, Marillac, Maréchal-de-camp, was averse to risk the flower of the King's army; were the English reduced to despair, they might become formidable. He reminded them of the battle of Poictiers, and offered a more recent instance, when at the siege of Amiens the late King (Henry IV.) was satisfied to retake the city, but suffered the Spaniards to depart, without risking an unnecessary battle, though certain of victory; and according to the proverb, the Maréchal-de-camp cautiously reminded them, "to a retiring enemy we should offer a golden bridge." There were others who were for suffering the English to retreat without pursuit, but the French officers were in general inflamed with military ardour. They ridiculed the timid prudence of the Maréchal-de-camp, and from that hour Marillac was nicknamed "the golden bridge."

The English were retiring, slowly marching in good order. They had first to cross a wide plain of more than half a league. It was here that the French came down in considerable numbers. Buckingham drew up in line, several times offering battle. It was refused by the enemy. They were more certain of their prey by its pursuit. The retreat was covered by the cavalry. To reach the ships the English had to pass over a narrow causeway among the marshes and salt-pits, thence to cross a wooden bridge which Buckingham had erected for that purpose, to collect together on a small island. Part of the army had passed over the bridge, but on the causeway the destruction began. Charged furiously by the French, the cavalry disordered the infantry. Our own horse rode over our own men, and no man could find his officer. The van was unconscious of what was passing in the rear; no one seemed to know what had happened, or what he was to do. In the rush and flight of that *déroute*, less fell by the sword than were buried in the marshes and drowned in the river. We lost our men and our standards, but hardly our honour. Buckingham, sword in hand, attempted in vain to rally his scattered troops; the enemy was content to see us perish. They could not, however, force a passage over the wooden bridge, where, though the English had neglected to erect some defensive works, they faced about, and maintained that post by their firmness and courage till the remains of the army had re-embarked. The last person seen on the beach was the unhappy General. He departed, but not without a promise to the Rochellers, that he would again come to their relief. So firm at least was his dauntless spirit, and we know that the promise was a solemn pledge.

This, like all similar expeditions, was oppositely discussed at home. Historians have echoed the condemnation of Buckingham for the faults committed at the Isle of Rhé; and, had the Duke enjoyed the advantages of historians who write after the fatal results, he might have agreed with their opinions, he might have heard of certain matters which perhaps had never reached him, and he possibly might have informed the historians of others which they knew nothing about.

What, however, has not been noticed, even by the later writers of history, is an admirably written dispatch from Buckingham

in July to Lord Conway, by which we learn that he foresaw the possible dangers which afterwards were so fatally realised. Alluding to the fleet, he says, "All our shipping is so dispersed round about the island, that unless some fatality happens, which cannot yet be foreseen, no considerable force can come to them." The unforeseen fatality happened! He was aware of the possible result of Cardinal Richelieu's preparations of "the shipping preparing at various places, which, once joined, would make such a strength, as if they did not endanger us by sea, yet would they so divert our forces, now scattered about the island, as we must of necessity gather our fleet into one body, and so leave the other places naked for the enemy to come in with succours, which he would not fail to have in readiness to put over on such an occasion." In this observation, Buckingham discovers the prescience of a military mind, for thus it was that the affair terminated. His description of the sort of soldiers he had to encounter, and their commander, is an evidence of his diligent information and lively judgment. "They are strong in number, both of horse and foot, their horse consisting most of gentlemen—and their foot, of the regiment of Champagne, which in this kingdom is called the 'Invincible.'" He hits off at a single stroke, "The governor (Toiras) who had made the preservation of the citadel the scale of his honour and fortune, out of which, having the Queen-Mother and Cardinal for enemies, he will find no safety; so that, before he will yield up the place, he will make it his death-bed—and if he cannot live, surely he will die for it." Such is the dispatch, which none but Buckingham could have written; and, when we compare this letter, dated "from the camp in July," with the catastrophe of the expedition in November, it will prove that the real Buckingham is a very different individual from the fictitious Buckingham in our history, that rash and hare-brained creation, of whom Hume says, and others will repeat, "all his military operations showed equal incapacity and inexperience." The writer of this energetic letter could never be condemned for "incapacity," and Buckingham never displayed more sedate thought than in this enterprise. (1)

The Duke in his defence asserted, that he had always consulted his council of war, and that he had been ill-supported on various occasions. Some officers on their return from this expedition, which, after all, was only disastrous in the fatal march to the ships, pleaded in favour of the council of war. The veteran officer of the highest reputation was Sir John Burroughs, who was unfortunately shot in reconnoitring the enemy. Gerbier assures us that this officer was in the closest confidence of Buckingham; but he also tells us that "the Duke would have taken the fort, making use of their present fear, and the heat of his own men, if Colonel Burroughs, having the reputation of the elder and more experienced soldier, had not crossed his more wise and gallant resolution." (2)

It sometimes happens,—as after the battle of Vimeira, where the pursuit of the enemy might have closed in the capture of Lisbon, and not in the nullifying Convention of Cintra,—that old officers act more prudently than happily, and the fortunate audacity of Buckingham might have been more wise at the moment than the caution of the veteran. In the game of war is there to be no venture? On the other hand, I find another witness of a very opposite character to Gerbier. The patriot, Dr. Turner, member for Shrewsbury, alluding to the death of Sir John Burroughs, said: "The man for whom I wear this black riband counselled the Duke, at his very first sight of the fort, that he should never put spade into the ground, but embark, and undertake some other design." (3) This confirms Gerbier's account, that Sir John Burroughs "crossed" the Duke's resolution. I can give no opinion on the other part, whether it were "more wise and gallant."

If Buckingham had possessed the skill of the great Duke of our days, as well as the intrepidity, which he certainly did possess, we should not hesitate to censure the veteran adviser. War, like Love, has its moments for capture, which may never return. (4)

(1) The curious inquirer may consult this letter in Lord Hardwicke's Collection. Vol. ii.

(2) Sloane MSS. 4181.

(3) Harl. MSS. 383. Letter 435.

(4) Observe how unfortunate heroes are condemned by their later historians. Hume has said of Buckingham, assuming all that he found in Rushworth to contain "all the truth, and nothing but the truth," that "having landed his men, though with some loss, he *followed not the blow*, but allowed Toiras, the French governor, five days' respite." The reader now learns, for the first time, by Gerbier, that the Duke would have "*followed the blow*;" and from Dr. Turner, that the veteran officer, whose opinion was the oracle, entertained a very opposite notion of "following the blow" than Sir Balthazar Gerbier and our Philosopher, who was melodising his pages on a sofa. Smollett echoed the opinion

Soubise does not appear to have afforded Buckingham any other advice than the most fatal one which could have been adopted, and, in truth, Soubise was an unworthy brother of the illustrious Duke of Rohan. He was an adventurer, who, having possessed himself one night, by a surprise or stratagem, of a French man-of-war and some smaller craft, set himself up as "Admiral of the Churches," and roamed the seas as a corsair. That he was deficient in physical courage,—at any rate one of the great essentials of military character,—appears from various facts. He was sick in the assault, and sane in the retreat. So far from distinguishing himself in action, he was present only in one, where he stood aloof, and was the first to fly. Soubise's courage was the jest of the French Court. On his flight from the action alluded to, it was observed, that if he continued this mode of combat, he would probably be the oldest general in Europe. When Buckingham made his descent on the Isle of Rhé, the filial Soubise set off to visit his mother at La Rochelle; on which Monsieur observed, that he acted in conformity to the commandment, *Honora Patrem et Matrem*, so doubtless his days would be prolonged for him.

Thus, while it was the evil chance of Buckingham to listen to the counsels and to embrace the views of this adventurer and partisan, the luckless Admiral and General was to encounter the invincibility of Toiras, the French commander; while it may be said that the more awful genius of the Cardinal met Buckingham at the Isle of Rhé. It is a fact worthy of record, that such were the foresight and preventions which Richelieu had taken for the defence of La Rochelle and its neighbouring islands, that the discomfiture of the English was not so much ascribed to the firm and intrepid resistance of Toiras, the commander, as to the sagacity and wisdom of the minister. "I do not deny," said the Keeper of the Seals to Toiras, "that you have served well and defended your island; but what have you done more than five hundred gentlemen in France would have done in your place?" Toiras bitterly replied: "It would, indeed, be unfortunate were there not more than five hundred men who knew their duty as well as myself; I have done it, but there are in this kingdom also more than five thousand as able to hold the seals as yourself." The Keeper of the Seals had published an account of the siege of the citadel of St. Martin, in which he had highly extolled the Cardinal de Richelieu and little Le Sieur de Toiras. "To what end," adds the sensible Père Griffet, "would all the cares of the Cardinal have tended, had Toiras been less obstinate in his defence, with a courage, a patience, and a firmness of which we have few examples?" In history this is not a singular instance of men of the cabinet valuing their own services above those which they possibly conceive to be less intellectual.

What were the feelings of Charles the First on this trying occasion—this second baffled expedition? Awakening from the dreams of Monsieur Soubise and Saint-Blancard, he saw his unhappy friend, who he well knew was devoting his life to secure his master's power and his nation's glory, returning with obloquy to encounter fiercer enemies at home than those who had chased him from their shores. With Charles, nothing could shake the strength of his tenderness, and the fulness of his confidence. His agitated spirit could only deeply sympathise with the misfortunes of his friend, and regret that he had not lightened these griefs by a nearer participation of them. The monarch still flatters his discomfited general with honour and reputation, and still leaves to him the brilliant hope of some new design, or the consolation of returning to his sovereign in the entireness of his affections.

All this appears by a letter which Charles the First had dispatched to Buckingham during his uncertain return, at a moment when the last retreat from Rhé had been resolved on, but had not yet occurred. That letter, which the King was not sure would reach its destination, came to Buckingham on his first landing in England. I have transcribed it from the original, preserved in the great treasury of our national manuscripts. It is an overflowing effusion of friendship from the heart of a monarch. We feel the hurried and the deep emotions in every sentence.

STEENIE,—I pray God that this lettor be useless, or never come to your hands, this being only to meet you at your landing in England, in case you should come from Rhé, without perfecting your work, happily begun, but, I must confess with grief, ill seconded. A letter you sent to Jack Epslie is the cause of this,

of Hume; but when history is to be composed by the sheet, in weekly numbers, the animated writer can have no time to scrutinise into opinions and statements. The first, which is usually the popular one, is always the best for sixpence!

wherein ye have taught me prudence, and how to seek the next best in misfortunes. This is, therefore, to give you power, in case ye should imagine that ye have not enough already, to put in execution any of those designs(1) ye mentioned to Jack Epslie, or any other that you shall like of, so that I leave it freely to your will, whether after your landing in England ye will set forth again to some design before you come hither; or else that ye will first come to ask my advice before ye undertake a new work, assuring you that, with whatsomever success ye shall come to me, ye shall be ever welcome; one of my greatest griefs being that I have not been with you in this time of suffering, for I know we should have much eased each other's griefs. I cannot stay longer on this subject for fear of losing myself in it. To conclude, ye cannot come so soon as ye are welcome, and unfeignedly in my mind ye have gained as much reputation with wise and honest men in this action, as if ye had performed all your desires. I have no more to say this time, but to conjure thee, for my sake, to have a care of your health, for every day I find new reasons to confirm me in being your loving faithful friend, CHARLES R. (2)

Whitehall, 6 Nov. 1627.

CHAPTER XVII.

State of Affairs after the Failure of the Expedition to La Rochelle.

BUCKINGHAM was received by his royal master with all the sympathy of a common affliction—his own spirit was still undismayed, and still intent on some future triumph. But he had returned to witness the miseries of his calamitous retreat in the griefs of domestic privacy. There were few families who had not to mourn a father, a husband, or a brother. Some of our officers appear never to have overcome their utter dejection at the recollection of the scene they had just quitted. Sir Henry Sprey, one of the commanders, when his lady, joyfully embracing him, asked him how he did? answered, "Though I am returned safe, yet my heart is broken"—and telling over the names of those slain in his sight, many of whom had determined to sacrifice themselves, to avoid the imputation of cowardice, with which they had been reproached by the Duke's party, men far superior to himself, he modestly added, "and he cared not to outlive the memory." His death, which shortly after happened, was believed to have been hastened by grief.

The public talk was disturbed by daily rumours. They reproached the pride of the Lord Duke, that seemed as if he had scorned to retreat; and ascribed the cause of the disaster to an over-daring delay in marching, that the English might not seem to fly; otherwise the army might have been out of danger before the French could have overtaken them, and more than two thousand brave men had not been slaughtered in a short passage. The clergy were prohibited alluding to the dismal expedition; an Oxford man, who preached at the cross, had his sermon castrated before it was delivered. The King's physician was committed, for contradicting the Duke on the number lost, and a lady, for calling the Isle of *Rhé* the Isle of *Rue*.

The spirit of the people had been at first elated by the promise of some splendid enterprise, and the more active spirits of the times, who had so long been crying out upon the dull and sleepy time of peace, and had so often dinned the ears of James the First, how the country was dishonoured, and religion endangered, while the Palatinate was lost, were now incurring all "the pains and penalties" of war, and of unsuccessful war. Their wits and their murmurs now ran as fast on the other side. Since the war, all trading was dead, their wools lie on their hands, men were without work, and our ships were rotting in our ports, to be sold as cheap as fire-wood. Besides, if the wars continued, more forced loans must supply the Lord Duke's prodigality, which was the same either in peace or in war, in his banquets or his campaigns

The King was now involved in a more intricate and desperate condition; the nation was thrown into a state of agitation, of which the page of our popular history yields but a faint impression. The spirit of insurrection was stalking forth. The imprisonment of the Loan Recusants had alarmed their counties, and a mutiny of the soldiery and the mariners was terrifying the metropolis. It was an unarmed rebellion.

An army and a navy had returned unpaid and sore with defeat. In the country the farmer was pillaged, and few could resort to church, lest in their absence their houses should be rifled. London was scoured by seamen and soldiers, roving even into the

(1) One was an attack on Calais; the Duke of Rohan had pointed out several others.
(2) Harleian MS. 6988 (30).

palace of the Sovereign. Soldiers, without pay, form a society without laws. A band of captains rushed into the Duke's apartment as he sat at dinner, and when reminded by the Duke of a late proclamation, forbidding all soldiers coming to Court in troops on pain of hanging, they answered that "whole companies were ready to be hanged with them, that the King might do as he pleased with their lives, for that their reputation was lost, and their honour forfeited for want of their salary to pay their debts." When a petition was once presented, and it was inquired who was the composer of it, a vast body tremendously shouted "All, all!" A mob of seamen met at Tower-hill, and set a lad on a scaffold, who with an "O yes!" proclaimed that "King Charles had promised their pay, or the Duke had been on the scaffold himself." It is said that thirty thousand pounds would have quieted these disorganised bodies, but the Exchequer could not apply so mean a sum. These, at least, were grievances more apparent to the Sovereign than those vague ones so incessantly reiterated by his querulous Commons. There remained only a choice of difficulties between the disorder and the remedy. At the moment the Lord High Admiral got up what he called "The Council of the Sea," to afford the sufferers relief; he was punctual at the first meeting, but afterwards was always engaged on other affairs; and "the Council of the Sea" turned out to be one of those shadowy expedients which only lasts while it acts on the imagination.

A general spirit of insurrection, rather than insurrection itself, had suddenly raised some strange appearances throughout the kingdom. "The Remonstrance" of the late Parliament, unquestionably, had quickened the feelings of the people, but more concealed causes may be suspected to have been working. Many of the heads of the Opposition were busied in secret confederacy, a mode of conduct which was afterwards adopted with great success. About this time I find many mysterious tales,—indications of secret associations, and other evidence of the intrigues and the machinations of the popular party, who became now more active as the distresses of the Government became more complicate and desperate.

We may conceive the disordered state of the administration, from some secret histories which have been preserved in the private correspondence of the times. When the King was urging the general loan, and committing the Loan Recusants, which raised such a ferment in the country, a rumour ran that the King was to be visited by an ambassador from "the President of the Society of the Rosy Cross." He was, indeed, an heteroclite ambassador, for he is described "as a youth with never a hair on his face," in fact, a child, who was to conceal the mysterious personage which he was for a moment to represent. He appointed Sunday afternoon to come to Court, attended by thirteen coaches. If the King accepted his advice, he was to proffer three millions to fill his Majesty's coffers, but his secret councils were to unfold matters of moment and secrecy. A letter in Latin was delivered to "David Ramsey of the Clock," to hand over to the King. A copy of it has been preserved in a letter of the times, but it is so unintelligible, that it could have had no effect on Charles, who, however, declared that he would not admit this ambassador to an audience, and that if his Majesty could tell where "the President of the Rosy Cross" was to be found, unless he made good his offer, he should be hanged at the Court Gates. This served the town and country for talk, till the appointed Sunday had passed over, and no ambassador was visible! Some considered this as the plotting of crazy brains, but others imagined it to be an attempt to speak with the King in private on matters respecting the Duke.

Later, when the King had consented to call the third Parliament, a sealed letter was thrown under the door, with this superscription: *Cursed be the man that finds this letter and delivers it not to the House of Commons.* The Serjeant-at-Arms handed it to the Speaker, who would not open it till the House had chosen a committee of twelve members to inform them whether it was fit to be read. Sir Edward Coke, after having read two or three lines, stopped, and, according to my authority, "durst read no further, but immediately sealing it, the committee thought fit to send it to the King, who, they say, on reading it through, cast it into the fire and sent the House of Commons thanks for their wisdom in not publishing it, and for the discretion of the committee in so far tendering his honour, as not to read it out, when they once perceived that it touched his Majesty." (1)

(1) I deliver this fact as I find it in a private letter; it is, however, noticed in the journals of the House of Commons, 23 Junii, 4 Caroli Regis: "Sir Edward Coke reporteth that they find that enclosed

Others, besides the freedom of speech in the House, which they justly insisted on, introduced another form, of "A speech without doors," which was distributed to the Members. We are glad to possess it, for it exhibits the popular grievances with tolerable impartiality—without any deficient terror of "him who hath the Prince's ear open to hearken to his enchanting tongue." (1)

Some in office employed proceedings equally extraordinary. An intercepted letter, written by the Archduchess to the King of Spain, was delivered by Sir Henry Martin at the Council-board on New Year's Day, who found it in some papers relating to the navy. The Duke immediately said he would take it to the King; and, accompanied by several Lords, went into his Majesty's closet. The letter, written in French, advised the Spanish Court to make a sudden war with England for various reasons. First, his Majesty's want of skill to govern of himself; secondly, the weakness of his council in not daring to acquaint him with the truth; want of money, disunion of the subjects' hearts from their Prince, etc., etc. The King only observed, that the writer forgot that the Archduchess writes to the King of Spain in Spanish, and sends her letters overland.

These minute facts exhibit an extraordinary state of the public mind, and the feebleness of the Government which had made itself liable to experience this disaffection, and to endure this contempt and these public reproaches. At such a moment, Buckingham, in despair at the popular prejudices "growing with their growth," was busily planning a fresh expedition to relieve the Rochellers, who were hard besieged by their Sovereign.

The deputies of La Rochelle, with Soubise, as early as in January, were urging the hastening of the promised expedition for the relief of the besieged. Charles could not overcome his repugnance to try a third Parliament; he still hoped to provide for his army and navy by levying his usual contributions. They were moderate, but in the present temper of the nation they were intolerable. There was a race of divines, whom a member of the House, in the preceding King's time, had severely characterised as "spaniels to the Court, and wolves to the people." The pulpits were resounding the most slavish tenets, and proclaiming as rebellious those who refused their aid to Government. One of these had dared to avow in his Lent sermon, that "all we have is the King's by divine right." The sermon was published, and the sermoniser's house was immediately burnt down!

Many of the divines, more learned than this hardy theological adventurer, were searching for ancient precedents to maintain absolute monarchy, and inculcate passive obedience; nor were there wanting lawyers to allege precedents for raising supplies in the manner which Charles had adopted. At this moment the King vacillated between his urgent wants and his legal rights; he was momentously pressed by his new and distressed ally; he was disgusted with Parliaments, and yet was unwilling to enforce what his judges had declared to be illegal. Charles instantly recalled the new duties on merchandise, which he had imposed on his own authority—and for this manifestation of the very opposite quality to arbitrary measures, Charles is so unfortunate as to have incurred the censure of Dr. Lingard for his "vacillating conduct!" (2) Had the King designed to have been the monstrous tyrant which the democratic writers in their historical calumnies have made him, he might at least have escaped from the censure of "vacillation!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Meeting of the Third Parliament. 1628.

The Favourite, who was always seeking for that popular favour which his envied greatness had lost him, is said in private letters to have been twice on his knees to intercede for a new Parliament. At length the King consented, and in March Parliament assembled.

The elections foreboded no good; the coun-

in the letter, to be unfit for any subject's ear to hear. Read but one line and a half of it, and could not endure to read more of it. It was ordered to be sealed and delivered to the King's hands by eight members, and to acquaint his Majesty with the place and time of finding it, particularly that upon the reading of *one line and a half*, they would read no more, but seated it up and brought it to the House." That *one line and a half* should contain such infamous matter, as is reported "unfit for any subject's ear," may excite surprise. It must either have been some horrid charge accusing the King of his father's death, which the malignant spirits of the times dared to insinuate, or *the line and a half* must have contained some intolerable appellations of the unfortunate monarch by one of that party which at length laid his head on the block.

(1) This speech without doors occupies ten folio pages of Rushworth, i., 489.

(2) Lingard, ix., 376.

try gentlemen recently discharged from their confinement were chiefly the favourite members. A courtier, in describing the new Parliament, prophetically declared, "we are without question undone!"

The wealthiest men in the country now composed the House of Commons. A Lord, who probably considered that property, or as it was then usually called "propriety," was the true balance of power, estimated that they were able to buy the Upper House, his Majesty alone excepted! The aristocracy of wealth had already begun to form a new class in the community, influenced by new interests, new principles, and a new spirit of independence.

In the Westminster election of two centuries past, we witness one of our own. The Duke had counted by his interest to bring in Sir Robert Pye. The contest was severe, and accompanied by the same ludicrous electioneering scenes which still amuse the mob in their saturnalia of liberty. When Sir Robert Pye's party cried out "a Pye! a Pye!" instantly resounded "a pudding! a pudding!" or "a lie! a lie!" At the present election, whoever had urged the payment of the loan was rejected, and passing over such eminent men as Sir Robert Cotton, and their last representative, a brewer and a grocer were actually returned as the two members for Westminster.

The King's speech opens with the spirit which he himself felt, but which he could not communicate.

"The times are for action, wherefore for example's sake I mean not to spend much time in words. Your good resolutions, so I hope, will be speedy, for tedious consultations at this conjuncture of time are as hurtful as ill resolutions.

"The common danger is the cause of this Parliament, and supply at this time is the chief end of it. I will use but few persuasions; for if, as now the case stands, the just defence of our true friends and allies be not sufficient, then no eloquence of men or angels will prevail.

"If you, as God forbid! should not do your duties in contributing what the state at this time needs, I must in discharge of my conscience use *those other means*, which God hath put into my hands, to save that which the follies of some particular men may otherwise hazard to lose.

"Take not this as a threatening, for I scorn to threaten any but my equals; but an admonition from him who, both out of nature and duty, hath most care of your preservations and properties. And, though I thus speak, I hope that your counsels will lay on me such obligations as shall tie me by way of thankfulness to meet often with you.

"My Lord-Keeper will make a short paraphrase upon the text I have delivered you, which is, *To remember a thing, to the end we may forget it.* You may imagine I came here with a doubt of success of what I desire, remembering the dissensions of the last meeting, but I assure you that I shall very easily and gladly forget and forgive what is past." (1)

This speech from the throne is of so different a nature from any King's speech to which we are accustomed, that the reader may exercise his acumen in detecting the secret conflict of the feelings by which it was dictated. If we discover in it some touches of that lofty conception of majesty which inspired Charles, whether on the throne, in the prison, or at the scaffold, there are others, which betray the sensibilities of the monarch who felt himself aggrieved, and of the man who would infuse friendliness into those obdurate tempers, whose national energy alone could retrieve his honour, and give peace to his private hours. But we see that Charles still looked on Parliaments with hopelessness. A letter-writer represents the opposite feelings of the day. "Some of the Parliament talk desperately—while others, of as high a course to enforce money, if they yield not." This is the perpetual action and reaction of public opinion. When one side refuses what is just, the other insists on more than is right.

Some ill omens of the Parliament appeared. Sir Robert Philips, the member for Somersetshire, moved for a general fast: "We had," said he, "one for the plague, which it pleased God to deliver us from, and we have now so many plagues of the Commonwealth about his Majesty's person, that we have need of such an act of humiliation." Sir Edward Coke held it most necessary, "because there are, I fear, some devils that will not be cast out, but by fasting and prayer." The Romanists were always a burnt-offering on the altar of the Parliament, and a petition to re-

(1) The critical reader may observe how all parties alike agree either in colouring highly, or casting into shade, everything relative to Charles the First. It accorded with Dr. Lingard's system to give only the ungracious parts of this speech. Lingard, ix., 378.

new the penal acts against Popish Recusants was as pious an act as a penitential fast for all good Protestants. Secretary Cooke, however, was by no means averse to frighten them into supplies. In the last Parliament, he had discovered "a whole Parliament of Jesuits sitting in a fair-hanged vault" in Clerkenwell, and he would then have alarmed the Commons that these Jesuits, on St. Joseph's day, had designed to have occupied their own places. It was a gunpowder plot, without the gunpowder. Cooke, too, insinuated that the French ambassador had persuaded Louis, that the divisions between Charles and his people had been fomented by his ingenuity, and he assured the House that he knew the ambassador had been rewarded for his efforts. In all this there was some truth; a party, or rather a small college of Jesuits, had been discovered, and the intrigues of the French ambassadors with the French household of the Queen, as we shall soon see, appear sufficiently evident; but ministers are supposed sometimes to have conspirators for "the Nonce," and ambassadors occasionally flatter themselves that they do more mischief than the world suspects them capable of. At this moment, the old secretary insisted, that though "the Lords of the Council had dug out of the earth this nest of wasps," still were the seculars and the regulars of the Romish priests more active and dangerous than ever. "Even at this time, they intend to hold concurrent assembly with this Parliament." (1) By this portentous secret, did the wily Secretary attempt to strike a panic through the bench of Bishops, by a hierarchy of the square-caps, and terrify the Commons by a phantom-parliament of Jesuits!

The speeches in the great council of the kingdom at this particular period, which forms an era in the history of our constitution, from the circumstance of the PETITION OF RIGHT having been passed into an act, must have remarkably struck the mind of the philosophical historian; for Hume has transcribed entire pages of their noble sentiments and their irrefutable arguments. It seemed a grave and dignified assembly, who were solemnly met, perhaps for the last time, to ascertain the personal liberty of the subject, and the sacredness of property. Though perhaps somewhat awed by the lofty style of Charles, and somewhat touched by his more relenting emotions, still, conscious of the dignity of their senatorial character, and indignant at the arbitrary acts which they had witnessed, the Commons now deeply entered into constitutional points, and the cases and the precedents gleaned by antiquaries and lawyers were animated by the living spirit of patriotism, glowing with public reverence, and sore with private injuries.

It is remarkable that, in the early speeches of the Commons, the name of the unhappy favourite no longer served as the war-whoop of a party. No historian has noticed this extraordinary change in the conduct of the Commons; but, although we are not positively and entirely furnished with the secret history of its cause, it reveals itself in the course of the events. Charles, we find, had laid a solemn injunction on the Speaker, that the House, in their debates, should abstain from any personal allusions to Buckingham. On this agreement, probably, had the King consented to call a Parliament. We shall trace the effects of this feeble expedient as we proceed.

The House unanimously voted against arbitrary imprisonments, and forced loans, and the Court party extenuated the past grievances. Charles, they observed, was a young monarch, who, on his accession to the throne, found himself engaged in war, and urged by his extreme necessities, which had solely originated in the refusal of supplies by the two former Parliaments.

The Commons voted five subsidies, about three hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This was considered as a liberal grant, although inadequate to the pressing exigencies and the pending enterprise.

Secretary Sir John Cooke, having brought up the report to the King, Charles expressed great satisfaction, declaring that at that moment he felt more happy than any of his predecessors. Inquiring of Sir John by how many voices he had carried it, Cooke replied, "But by one." At which the King seemed appalled, and asked how many were against him? Cooke answered, "None! the unanimity of the House made all but *one voice!*" The King was so strongly affected as to weep. (2) The emotion must have been indeed profound, for on all sudden emergencies Charles displayed an almost unparalleled

(1) Rushworth, i., 514.

(2) This circumstance is mentioned in a manuscript letter, but the tears of Charles on this occasion have also got into history. What the Secretary declared to the House is in Rushworth, i., 525.

command over the exterior violence of his feelings.

The Favourite himself was in transports. Sympathising with his royal master, he voluntarily offered himself as a peace-sacrifice. In an admirable effusion of his feelings at the council-table, he said, "I now behold you a great King, for Love is greater than Majesty; opinion that the people loved you not had almost lost you in the opinion of the world; but you who are now loved at home will be feared abroad. I, who have been your favourite, may now give up that title to them; they, to be your favourites, and I your servant. Consider them as a body of *many* members, but all of one heart. This is not the gift of five subsidies alone, but the opening a mine of subsidies that lieth in their hearts." At the close, the touches of personal feelings gush out of every sentence.

"To open my heart, please to pardon me a word more. I must confess I have long lived in pain, sleep hath given me no rest, favours and fortunes no content; such have been my secret sorrows to be thought the man of separation, and that divided the King from his people, and them from him; but I hope it shall appear they were some mistaken minds that would have made me the evil spirit that walketh between a good master and a loyal people."

Buckingham added to this warm effusion, that, for the good of his country, he was willing to sacrifice his honours, and, since his plurality of offices had been so strongly excepted against, that he was content to give up the Master of the Horse to the Marquis of Hamilton, and the Warden of the Cinque Ports to the Earl of Carlisle, and was willing that the Parliament should appoint another Admiral for all services at sea. (1)

It is as certain as human evidence can authenticate, that on the King's side all was grateful affection, and that on Buckingham's there was a most earnest desire to conciliate the favours of Parliament. The King, undoubtedly, sighed to meet Parliament with the love which he had at first professed; he declared that "he should now rejoice to meet with his people often;" but Buckingham, at times, was susceptible of misery, amid his greatness. He feared the friends around him, and the terrific Opposition, which seemed a growing monster, haunting his footsteps.

It could not have been imagined that the luckless favourite, on the present occasion, should have served as a pretext to set again in fermentation the chaos of evil. Yet it so happened, when Secretary Cooke, in closing his report of the King's acceptance of the subsidies, too imprudently or too zealously mentioned, that the Duke had fervently beseeched the King to grant the House all their desires. As Charles had laid an injunction that no personal allusion should be made to the Duke, it was but fair for the patriotic party to insist that the rule should equally be observed by the friends of the Court, and that the name of Buckingham should not be thrust forward to receive honours which, even when deserved, they abhorred to bestow.

At the name of the Duke, Sir John Eliot caught fire, and vehemently checked the Secretary for having dared to introduce it, declaring "they knew of no other distinction but of King and subjects. By intermingling a subject's speech with the King's message, he derogated from the honour and Majesty of a King. Nor would it become any subject to bear himself in such a fashion, as if no grace ought to descend from the King to the people, nor any loyalty ascend from the people to the King, but through him only."

This speech was received by many with acclamations; some cried out, "Well spoken, Sir John Eliot!" (2) It marks the heated state of the political atmosphere, when even the lightest corruscation of a hateful name made it burst into flames.

But the supplies, which had raised tears from the fervent gratitude of the distressed monarch, though voted, were yet withheld. Charles had already reminded them that "if they did not make provision speedily, we shall not be able to put one ship to sea this year."

It was now resolved that grievances and supplies were to go hand-in-hand. Several ineffectual messages came from the King for turning the vote of the subsidies into an act. The negotiations of the Cabinet were said to be at a stand, nor could the soldiers either be disbanded or put into service. A startling message, on the 12th of April, came down

(1) The Duke's speech at the council-table is preserved in Rushworth, i., 525. The offer of his personal sacrifices I found in MSS. Letters. Sloane MSS., 4177. Letter 490, etc., etc.

(2) I find this speech, and an account of its reception, in manuscript letters; the fragment in Rushworth contains no part of it. Stoane MSS., 4177. Letter 490, etc., etc.

from the King for dispatch of business. The House, struck with astonishment, desired to have it repeated. They remained sad and silent. No one cared to open the debate. A whimsical politician, Sir Francis Nethersole, suddenly starting up, entreated leave to tell his last night's dream. Some laughing at him, he observed that "Kingdoms had been saved by dreams." Allowed to proceed, he told them, that "he saw two good pastures, a flock of sheep was in the one, and a bell-wether alone in the other, a great ditch was between them, and a narrow bridge over the ditch."

He was interrupted by the Speaker, who told him that it stood not with the gravity of the House to listen to dreams, but the House inclined to hear him out.

"The sheep would sometimes go over to the bell-wether, or the bell-wether to the sheep. Once both met on the narrow bridge, and the question was who should go back, since both could not go on without danger. One sheep gave counsel, that the sheep on the bridge should lie on their bellies, and let the bell-wether go over their backs. The application of this dilemma he left to the House." (1) It must be confessed that the bearing of the point whether the King or the Commons were to give way, was more ambiguous than some of the important ones which now formed the matters of their debates. *Davus sum, non OEdipus.* It is probable that this fantastical politician did not vote with the Opposition; for Eliot, Wentworth, and Coke, protested against the interpretation of dreams in the House.

The House of Commons sat four days without speaking or doing anything. (2) Two months had elapsed since the meeting of Parliament, and the voted supplies were still doubtful.

CHAPTER XIX.

The History of the King's Conduct with Regard to the Petition of Right.

The Representatives of the people were now laying down some foundations for the establishment of their "Right," which produced the famous "Petition." They felt that they required a stronger security against the late irregular acts, than the passing of a mere vote of censure by their House. They projected the enactment of a law against arbitrary imprisonments; but, in the discussion of this project, the highest principles of the constitution were as often disputed by one side as they were maintained by the other.

Selden, with learned industry, vast as the amplitude of his mind, had to unbury the personal freedom of the subject in the dust of the Tower-records; and Coke, the greatest of lawyers, was still poring into Parliamentary rolls for precedents. Some even would have awakened the hoar antiquity of popular liberty among our rudest ancestors. In what was called the conference of the Commons, held before the Lords, the argument for the personal freedom of the subject was admirably conducted, and yet the Lords considered that the Crown lawyers urged the more cogent reasoning. Heath, the Attorney-General, affected to slight the precedents and arguments offered, and to consider the one as mutilated out of the records, and the other as proving rather against than for the Commons. Then it was that Sir Edward Coke rose, affirming to the House, upon his skill in the law, that "it lay not under Mr. Attorney's cap to answer any one of their arguments." Selden declared that he had written out all the records from the Tower, the Exchequer, and the King's Bench, with his own hand, and "would engage his head Mr. Attorney should not find in all these archives a single precedent omitted." Mr. Littleton vouched that he had examined every one *syllabatim*. Sometimes the references were to the articles of the Great Charter, "in a book to be seen in a library at Lambeth." An expression in Magna Charta admitted of a great latitude and difference in exposition, whether *Lex terræ* was to be expounded by *Lex Regis*? (3) But the personal liberty of the subject was rested on twelve direct and thirty-one indirect precedents. Of so ambiguous and delicate a nature was then the liberty of the subject, that it might depend on even the syllables of some forlorn precedent.

At that day what would have become of those "Rights and Liberties" which long after were declared to be "undoubted," but which, in the reign of Charles the First, could not have been established by any precedent? Precedent is but an ancient superstition, the wooden idol of the lawyers; for many things are practised on the plea of a

(1) Manuscript Letter.
(2) This appears in a MS. Letter.
(3) Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams, ii., 79.

precedent, which should rather have been a warning than an authority. Evil times have produced evil precedents; and the antiquity of a precedent may be an argument, not to prove its validity, but its obsolete nature. Before there was a precedent, there existed a cause to constitute one—the cause of a precedent then is the elder-born, and it is the philosopher who searches into causes, not the lawyer who hunts for precedents, whose wisdom will safost enlighten his fellow-citizens. Charles the First had the records searched, as well as the lawyers of the Commons; both found their authorities, and both alike eulogise "the wisdom of former ages." Both pretended that our ancestors had obtained a perfection of judicature; but for ancient laws to retain their perfection, every thing must remain in the same state as when these laws were planned; but as all things have altered, do alter, and will alter, an amazing absurdity is the consequence of resting laws on precedents, since by adopting this popular error we shall find that we have laws for things that no longer exist, and none for things that do exist.

Any observation which I may here make is not meant as offensive to the gown, whose sons have often ranked with men of sublime integrity. We have our Selden and our Somers, as our neighbours have their L'Hôpital and their D'Aguesseau. But lawyers are not the purest sources of our political principles, nor the most philosophical of our inquirers. Their position in society ties them down to special views; and thus the very excellence of lawyers becomes their inevitable defect; for the speculative judgment of the philosopher would only impede them in their single course. They must light up their object on one side, and they must offuscate it on the other. In their argument they appeal to precedents, assuming that whatever has been is authority for what now should be. In their eloquence to catch that momentary glory which vanishes around them, there is no sting in their conscience; with what artifice they first mould the bosoms of their auditors, and then cast the warm and melted metal of the passions into the form already prepared to return the impression! The great lawyers at this period on the side of the Commons, as on that of the King, equally succeeded in maintaining their adverse causes; and as a lawyer in the habit of facing a question but on one side can rarely be a philosopher, who looks on both, we may easily conceive that both parties were equally convinced of the force of their own logic, and the validity of their own proofs.

All historians condemn Charles the First for his evasions, his equivocations, and his delays in not at first assenting to the "Petition of Right," to which he afterwards acceded; and his conduct on this occasion has further involved the character of this monarch in one of the heaviest denouncements of insincerity by our last historian, Mr. Hallam. That political school, who hold for their first principle that Charles the First had resolved to govern by arbitrary principles, ascribe his conduct on this memorable occasion to his utter reluctance to grant the just liberties of the subject. The motives of no historical character are so clear and definite as those of the unhappy Monarch whose reign I am recording; his private and his public history often reflect a mutual light; and it is on this historical principle that we may view, in a new and surely in a truer light, the history of Charles the First as it concerns the "Petition of Right." It remains still untraced, and involves many singular points of considerable interest and curiosity.

At the momentous crisis when the "Petition of Right" was framing, the royal prerogative and the subject's privilege were closely brought into contact, and it seemed as if they could not touch without endangering each other, so hard was it to distinguish limits which seemed lost in their shadowy separation. Sometimes Charles imagined, that "the House pressed not upon the abuses of power, but only upon power itself;" and sometimes the Commons doubted whether they had anything of their own to give, while their property and their persons seemed equally insecure. With Despotism on one side, as it appeared to the people, and Faction on the other, as it appeared to the Government, Liberty herself trembled.

The main point in the "Petition of Right" was the inviolability of the personal freedom of the subject. The Commons asserted that they were requiring no new law, but simply confirming the old; when Charles offered his "royal word" that he would preserve all the rights of the subjects, "according to the laws and customs of the realm," and as this assurance, however solemnly pledged, did not make them the less urgent for their "petition" being granted, he was suspicious that under the modest title of "a Petition

for Right" his unfriendly Commons were tying him up by new bonds, and striking at the monarchy itself.

In this dilemna the King listened to his Attorney and his Serjeant, and they, as defenders of *his* "Right," declared that the propositions of the Commons tended rather to an anarchy than a monarchy—that if they put a sword into the King's hand with one hand, they took it out with another—that a King must be allowed to govern by acts of State, otherwise he is a King without a council, or a council without a power. Serjeant Ashley, who advanced these principles of absolute power, was committed by the Lords, and, as was not unusual at that moment, was compelled to recant before the House of Commons; but the man of law probably never considered his principles as erroneous as they appeared.

The Serjeant had said that "a king must be allowed to govern by acts of state." But if this new act altogether deprived the sovereign of the power of infringing on the personal freedom of the subject, how could he act as the preserver of the state in those sudden exigencies which sometimes occur, as in secret conspiracies, or early seditions? There are moments when Government and Liberty cannot coexist. In a political convulsion, is the supreme magistrate to be reduced to the helplessness of the people themselves, incapacitated to apply a timely, though an irregular, remedy? Charles considered, that to be altogether divested of this power, so long acted on, was dissolving the very foundations and frame of monarchy, and surrendering, to "the petitioners for right," the rights of the throne, established in all preceding reigns. No state, at times, can exist without exercising this secret and instantaneous power. It was the dictatorship of the Roman Republic. So true is the principle, abstractedly considered, which the Crown Serjeant was compelled to recant on his knees, that in our own enlightened period of national freedom, after all which the revolution of William has done for us, we have often been constrained to submit to Serjeant Ashley's principle of government. The suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act with us places in the hand of Government this absolute power, for the exigencies of the State. But in the days of Charles, such an expedient was yet unknown. "The omnipotence of Parliament," if any assembly of men, subject to the illusions of the hour, and to the infirmities of all the passions, may be invested with such supernatural greatness, had yet no existence, and the idea would have been as anomalous and incomprehensible in those days, as the now portentous political style of "The Sovereignty of the People," which, it appears, is so familiar to us, and so obvious and undeniable in its sense, as to have became the echoed toast of political meetings.

The King was hedged in by the most thorny difficulties. He considered that the Royal prerogative was bleeding on all sides, and however the House protested against republican principles, even at this early period, as we shall hereafter see, there were some who had incurred the suspicion of being anti-monarchical.

The assent of the King to the "Petition of Right," at this precise moment, was not, as the matter now appears to us, a mere form. We must place ourselves in the situation of Charles, with all the inherited prejudices of the English monarchy; we must attend to his fears, and we must listen to his lawyers and judges; and we must allow him what in his own breast he felt, the consciousness of his rectitude. If his necessities had compelled him to carry on the affairs of the State as he had done, we know to whom he would ascribe those cruel and woful necessities. If the King hesitated, and vacillated, and evaded and delayed, these very circumstances, in my mind, prove the sincerity of his conduct, as well as the affliction of his mind. If Charles were really insincere, as his inimical historians assert, nothing need have hindered him from according his assent to that which he never designed to execute. That artifice has not been unusual with faithless governors. Or if Charles were truly that tyrant which republican writers maintain him to have been, he could have put an end at once to the painful discussions, by alleging the custom, if not the law of his predecessors, who would never admit the Prerogative Royal even to be discussed. Charles gave leave, as he has himself expressed it, "of *free debate* on the highest points of our Prerogative Royal, which, in the time of our predecessors, kings and queens of this realm, were ever restrained as matters that they would not have discussed." (1) Happily for us, Charles allowed the yet infant genius of the British Constitution all its nascent energies —it was still but a cradled Hercules, and

(1) Rushworth, i., 560.

many a serpent wound about the child. Rushworth, who never hazarded a reflection in delivering the speeches and pleadings at this crisis, has ventured to make an observation which I shall adopt. "Though," says our collector, "the matter delivered, by the length of it, may seem tedious to the reader, yet if he observe the language and style, as well as the subject-matter, perhaps it will be no penance unto him." Certain it is, and glorious as it is certain, that at this period arose a generation of thinking men and active spirits, such as England had never before witnessed, and such as no other people can parallel. Charles, through the Lord-Keeper, in vain inquired "What need of a new law to confirm the old?" In his repeated messages he solemnly assured the Commons that "their liberties were not of grace, but of right;" and that he would "govern according to the laws of the realm." He was willing to satisfy all moderate minds, but there were inconveniences in compelling a government in all cases to proceed in a legal and ordinary way of justice, for there were some where judges could not have the capacity of judicature, nor rules of law to direct them. Laws must be sometimes broken for the safety of the Commonwealth. Meanwhile he promised that in all future extreme cases, on the petition of the parties themselves, or address of the judges, the King would declare the cause of their commitment or restraint, as soon as it might be safely declared. We may perceive the insurmountable difficulties of describing that absolute power which Government may sometimes require, and which is so incompatible with the genius of a free people.

In a manuscript letter it is said that the House of Commons sate four days without speaking or doing any thing.

The King made an attempt to get rid of the "Petition" altogether. On the first of May, Secretary Cooke delivered an extraordinary message. It was an inquiry whether they would rely upon the royal word, which should be royally performed? This startling question was followed by a long silence.

The awed messenger himself broke it. Cooke painted the hard situation in which a young king, newly come to his crown, had found himself, "but his Majesty assures us we shall not have the like cause to complain. Should we desire more than the established laws? Shall we strive after greater liberty than our fathers had, and put the crown into less? Do not think that by cases of law and debate we can make that not to be law which in experience we every day find to be necessary. In discharging the duties of my office I must commit men, and must not discover the cause to my gaoler or judge. If I commit without just cause, the responsibility falls on me." He concluded that Government was a solid thing, and must be supported for our good.

Such were the chief points urged by the feeble Secretary of State, who, however, was the organ of the real opinions of the Council-table.

Debates, of a nature as extraordinary as the question propounded to the Commons, shortly after broke forth. The whole scene exhibits a remarkable evidence of the great intelligence and powerful talents of the leaders of the Opposition, who so judiciously disposed of so tender and novel a point as the positive refusal of the King's word. Several speeches are reported in letters of the times which we do not find in Rushworth, whose collections here are disjointed, and seem very imperfect. Sir Nathaniel Rich observed that "Confident as he was of the royal word, what did any indefinite word ascertain?" Pym said, "We have his Majesty's coronation oath to maintain the laws of England, what need we then take his word;" and proposed to move, "Whether we should take the King's word or no?" This was indignantly resisted by Secretary Cooke. "What would they say in foreign parts, if the people of England would not trust their King?" and desired the House to call Pym to order. Pym replied, "Truly, Mr. Speaker, I am just of the same opinion I was, viz. that the King's oath was as powerful as his word." Sir John Eliot moved that it be put to the question, "because they that would have it do urge us to that point." In one of these debates Coke wound up all possible arguments in all the majesty of an oracle of law; a memorable speech, of which the following passage is not given in Rushworth.

"We sit now in Parliament, and therefore must take his *Majesty's word no otherwise than in a Parliamentary way*; that is, of a matter agreed on by both Houses. His Majesty sitting on his throne in his robes, with his crown on his head, and sceptre in his hand, and in full Parliament, and his royal assent being entered upon record *in perpetuam rei memoriam*. This was *the royal word of a King in Parliament*, and not a word delivered in a chamber, and out of the

mouth of a secretary at a second hand; therefore I motion, that the House of Commons, *more majorum*, should draw a petition *de droit* to his Majesty, which, being confirmed by both Houses, and assented unto by his Majesty, will be as firm an act as any. Not that I distrust the King, but that I cannot take his trust but in a Parliamentary way." (1)

The Commons were as rocks, but there was a melting stream in the Lords thawing into conciliatory measures. A wise statesman, though a great political intriguer, was returning from his secession; Bishop Williams was once more in the busy scene. Although still deeply engaged with the Opposition, and viewing the popular cause with an intelligence which had anticipated by a century the comprehension of his contemporaries, the Bishop nevertheless loved power too well to decline those means which were likely to obtain it. Perhaps few statesmen would have guided it with a more dexterous hand. A reconciliation between Williams and Buckingham was at this moment preparing by some intermediate connexions, and we discover by the biographer and confidant of Williams, that the Bishop had a secret interview with the Favourite, who promised to reinstate him in all his former power. Meanwhile Williams was allowed to hold his present situation among the ranks of Opposition, where his popularity might enable him to do more service, than an open "ratting."

The biographer acknowledges in his quaint manner, alluding to his conduct at this moment, that "it caused the Bishop to be suspected at first, as if he had been sprinkled with some Court Holy-water," but, by the flattering pencil of this portrait-painter, this ugly feature is softened down, and even a grace added, by his insinuation, that the feeling spontaneously flowed from his own breast, to bear witness to the grandeur of majesty; and as this singular biographer scarcely ever ventures on a single idea without some learned reference, he applies a passage in Xenophon, who commends such "unbespoken service," when he says that Hystaspes would do all that Cyrus bade, but Chrysantus would do all he thought was good for Cyrus before he bade him.

Our political Chrysantus, ambidextrous as he was, would have found it more difficult than his biographer to have shown that his conduct was animated by any better spirit than that of intrigue. Guile and treachery were unhappily combined with great wisdom in the remarkable character of Bishop Williams. On the present occasion, though this might have been "unbespoken service," it was a proffer that the gentleman was prepared to wear the livery, which, not unreluctantly, he had left off. There were fierce patriots among the Opposition, who, as we now well know, were abject enough to creep into places, without the lofty ambition of this sagacious minister.

Although Bishop Williams, in conformity to his new system, was a stickler for the "Petition of Right," he proposes a clause by which the Lords declared that "they would leave entire the SOVEREIGN POWER which was trusted to the King for the protection of his people." This clause, which they pronounced was not an alteration, but only an addition, seemed to neutralise the whole "Petition of Right."

The awful words "Sovereign Power" inspired debates as extraordinary as that on taking "the King's word."

"Let us look into the records to see what is Sovereign Power; let us give that to the King which the law gives him, and no more," said one member, who desperately quoted Bodin to get at some idea of "Sovereign Power." (2)

Pym's speech is remarkable; "I am not able to speak to this question. I know not what it is. All our Petition is for the laws of England, and this power seems to be another distinct power from the power of the law. I know how to add Sovereign to his person, but not to his power. We cannot leave to him a Sovereign Power; we never were possessed of it."

"I know," said Coke, "that prerogative is part of the law, but Sovereign Power is no Parliamentary word. It weakened Magna Charta and all our statutes, for they are absolute without any saving of Sovereign Power. If we now add it, we shall weaken the foundation of law, and then the building must needs fall."

The Lords at length consented that their clause should not be inserted in the Petition to the throne, which should be presented as originally found.

All the messages of the King, and all the

(1) These speeches are entirely drawn from those manuscript letters to which I have frequently referred in the Sloane MSS. transcribed and collected by Dr. Birch.

(2) Rushworth, i., 468.

firm resolutions of the Commons, only protracted their mutual anxieties. It now appears, by the recent researches of Mr. Hallam, that the King, before he would grant his assent to the "Petition of Right," propounded to his Judges certain questions relative to his power of committing State prisoners. (1) Their answers were sufficiently favourable for the maintenance of his royal prerogative, and in consequence of their decisions Charles went down to the House, and, having heard the Petition, gave his assent, not in the accustomed concise and positive form, but in a peculiar manner. He seemed to elude the Petition he granted by a long explanatory declaration, that "the King willed that right be done according to the laws and customs of the realm," etc., etc., he sought to set at rest the spirit which had so long tormented him, and flattered himself that by this contrivance the object remained in the same original vague state.

Charles the First, by this "deceit," if it be deceit, expected, as a modern writer (2) observes, "to *outwit* the Commons." If Charles imagined that he could, by such a simple artifice, "*outwit*" a senate of the most intelligent men ever assembled, there was a degree of weak simplicity in his character which I have never detected. Charles, indeed, is reproached for this evasion, and, we shall shortly find, loudly denounced for his insincerity. In all these unhappy evasions and delays I can see only the unhappy conflicts of a royal mind, agitated by distrust and alarm at a novel State instrument, which, if it asked, as it avowed, no new law, he must, in his mode of reasoning, have considered as a supererogatory act; but which, from the tenacity of the Commons, who had even refused accepting his royal word, he probably suspected as concealing some latent mischief.

Tho uncustomary and declaratory form which the King used on first giving his assent to the "Petition of Right" disappointed the Commons, and renewed their fears. The Commons sullenly returned to their House.

Instantly to assuage their stifled indignation, and not to be idle in idling times, for no subsidies were yet to be raised, they were seized with a sudden fit for religion. The halloo was again raised at the trembling hares of Papistry. They were particularly alarmed at all "*Innovations* in religion."

(1) Hallam, i., 422.
(2) Mr. Brodie.

What could the Romanists think when they saw their own style adopted? The *Quintain* they selected to shoot their arrows at was a Court chaplain, Dr. Roger Manwaring. He had published, by the King's special command, a pair of sermons on "Religion and Allegiance." Pym, to judge by the length of his oratory, in divisions and sub-divisions, must have spoken a large volume on these two little sermons, and Rouse, who opened the charge, compared the Court-divine to Guy Faux and his gang who sought "to blow up the Parliament."

The political divine was compelled to recant on his knees all "the errors and indiscretions" of his "crown-divinity," as it was then caustically termed; he recanted, dropping some hypocritical tears, either of terror or vexation, for the Court thought proper at this moment to leave their doctor of divinity to his fate. Without a single complaint against the King's taste for political divinity, they indirectly attacked him in his chaplain, and, as was wittily observed on that occasion, "as keepers beat whelps before their lions, to make them gentler."

On Tuesday, June 5th, a royal message announced that on the 15th the present sessions would close. This utterly disconcerted the Commons. They now gave vent to their suppressed feelings; they counted up all the disasters which had of late occurred, for a second expedition to Rochelle, in May, under the command of the Earl of Denbigh, had entirely failed.

All now was charged on one man. They knew not at a moment so urgent, when all their liberties seemed at stake, whether the Commons should fly to the Lords or to the King!

"As they intended to furnish his Majesty with money, it was proper that he should give them time to supply him with council," said Sir John Eliot, who was renewing his old attacks on the Duke, when he was suddenly interrupted by the Speaker, who, starting from the chair, declared that he was *commanded* not to suffer him to proceed. Eliot sat down in sullen silence. Here we find acknowledged the secret order confided by the King to the Speaker, that the Commons should abstain from introducing the Duke's name in their debates.

On Wednesday, Sir Edward Coke broke the ice by an allusion to Buckingham—"That man is the grievance of all grievances! as for going to the Lords, that is not

Via Regia; *our* liberties are impeached; it is *our* concern!"

On Thursday, the vehement cry of Coke against Buckingham was followed up—"as when one good hound recovers the scent, the rest come in with a full cry." A sudden message from the King absolutely forbade them to asperse any of his Majesty's ministers, otherwise his Majesty would instantly dissolve them. Another confirmation of the secret determination of the King to which I have alluded.

The royal message fell like a thunderbolt; it struck terror—and, at the instant, the House of Commons was changed into a scene of tragical melancholy. All the opposite passions of human nature, all the national evils which were one day to burst upon the country, seemed, on a sudden, concentrated in this single spot! Some were seen weeping, some were expostulating, and some, in awful prophecy, were contemplating the future ruin of the kingdom; while others, of more ardent daring, were reproaching the timid, quieting the terrified, and infusing resolution into the despairing. Many attempted to speak, but were so strongly affected, that their very utterance failed them. The venerable Coke, overcome by his feelings when he rose to speak, found his learned eloquence falter on his tongue; he sat down, and tears were seen on his aged cheeks. The name of the public enemy of the kingdom was repeated, till the Speaker, with tears covering his face, declared he could no longer witness such a spectacle of woe in the Commons of England, and requested leave of absence for half an hour. The Speaker hastened to the King to inform him of the state of the House. They were preparing a vote against the Duke, for being an arch-traitor and arch-enemy to the King and kingdom, and were busied on their "Remonstrance," when the Speaker, on his return, after an absence of two hours, delivered his Majesty's message, that they should adjourn till the next day.

This was an awful interval of time; many trembled for the issue of the next morning. One letter-writer calls it "that black and doloful Thursday!" and another, writing before the House met, observes, "What we shall expect this morning, God of heaven knows! we shall meet timely." (1)

Charles, probably, had been greatly affected by the report of the Speaker, on the extraordinary state into which the whole House had been thrown; for on Friday the royal message imported, that the King had never any intention of "barring them from their right, but only to avoid scandal, that his ministers should not be accused for their counsel to him; and still he hoped that all Christendom might notice a sweet parting between him and his people." This message quieted the House, but did not suspend their preparations for a "Remonstrance," which they had begun on the day they were threatened with a dissolution.

On Saturday, while they were still occupied on the "Remonstrance," unexpectedly, at four o'clock, the King came to Parliament, and the Commons were called up. Charles spontaneously came to reconcile himself to Parliament. Hume observes that "Charles was apt hastily to correct any hasty steps which he had taken." This at least evinces an earnest intention to correct error. The charge of insincerity, of which Charles the First is so generally accused, frequently requires to be explained; his situation was often a critical one. On the present occasion he hastened to comply with the joint request of the two Houses, suggested by the moderating language of an independent country gentleman, Sir Robert Philips, to give his assent in the usual form. It is probable that Charles might have quickened his motives on this occasion, to save, if possible, his unfortunate minister from the impending storm of "The Remonstrance."

The King now commanded to cut off from the Bill his former answer, and replace it by this second assent, according to the ancient form: *Soit droit fait comme il est desiré*, "Let it be law as it is desired." But Charles at the time observed, that "his second answer in no wise differed from his first, for I always meant to confirm your liberties, trusting to your protestations that you neither mean nor can hurt my prerogative. It is my maxim, that the people's liberties strengthen the King's prerogative, and the King's prerogative is to defend the people's liberties." Are we to consider this declaration as phrases to which the King really affixed no ideas? Are we to condemn the elevated spirit of Charles the First, as destitute of all honour and sincerity, intent solely on governing by absolute power? are we to believe that at no time whatever he wished to reign as a constitutional monarch? Yet were he the tyrant

(1) This last letter is printed in Rushworth, i., 609.

which a party has proclaimed, it must then follow that Charles the First, after such frequent retractations, and such continued compliances with the wishes of Parliament, at least yielding to them as often as commanding them, was a tyrant unskilled in tyranny, which always takes the shortest courses to obtain its purposes.

The King concluded by reminding the House that "he had done his part, and that, if the Parliament had no happy termination, the sin was theirs—he was free from it!"

Popular gratitude is as vociferous as it is sudden. Both Houses returned the King acclamations of joy. Every one seemed to exult at the happy change which a few days had effected in the fate of the kingdom. Everywhere the bells rang, bonfires were kindled, a universal holiday was kept through the town, and spread to the country; but an ominous circumstance has been registered by a letter-writer; the common people, who had caught the contagious happiness, imagined that this public joy was occasioned by the King's consent to commit the Duke to the Tower!

At this moment a foreigner would have imagined that he beheld a happy nation, and even an Englishman might have imagined that the discontented were satisfied! Yet the joy of the Commons did not outlast the bonfires in the streets. They resumed their debates as if nothing had occurred—they handled the same torture by which they had before racked their victim—there was no sympathy for the feelings of the man whom they addressed as their Sovereign; that common sympathy was denied which man owes to man, and which, if it be not granted, exasperates our infirmities, and renders them still more obdurate.

The active spirits in the Commons were resolute in hunting down the game to the death. After all the secret management of Charles with the Speaker, that no personal allusions should be made to the Duke, and when the House had nearly closed with their chief grievances, the debate was as hot as ever, and now they distinguished how the Duke was "*the* cause of some, and *a* cause of other grievances." One member, seeing the temper of the party, reminded them of the King's earnest desire that all personal aspersions might be forborne, which the King would accept as a proof of their moderation. Another member prayed that "the Remonstrance" they were preparing should convince the King that it comes from a *public sense*, and not from *private ends*. Sir Benjamin Rudyard suggested that the subject of excessive power should be urged home; thus, without a name, it will reach the Duke, and all others in future times. He declared that the Duke was a man of honour, who had done many great and good offices to this House. The close of the speech of this pure patriot is somewhat remarkable, and I conceive in favour of Buckingham. "If the forfeiture of my life could breed an opinion that you should have no occasion to complain at your next meeting, I would pawn it to you. Nor let any man say, it is fear which makes us desist; we have showed already what we dare do."

The offensive "Remonstrance" against the Duke was sent up, though the Speaker prayed to be excused presenting it, but the House would not concede that favour. Charles received "the Remonstrance" like a man who felt an injury.

After having granted the famous "Petition," he declared, that he had not expected such a return as this "Remonstrance." After the reading of the Remonstrance, the Duke fell on his knees, desiring to answer for himself, but Charles no way relaxed in testifying his personal favour. (1)

The temperate manner in which the King received this Remonstrance was a disappointment to its framers, who were now convinced that the King would not give up his friend. It sharpened their spirits. "The chief tribunes," as Hacket designates the leaders of the Opposition, "spoke their discontents aloud—they had given a bountiful levy of five subsidies, and were called fools for their labour."

This is a curious instance of the style reflecting the ignoble feelings of a party, where what should be elevated is mean, and what should be indignation sinks into spite. Their deeds were now in unison with their style.

To avenge themselves for the little effect produced on the King by "the Remonstrance," they immediately fell on Tonnage and Poundage. They struck at, as the King observes, "one of the chief maintenances of my crown." The legal discussions are of the most subtile nature. (2)

One of the great sources of the royal revenues was Tonnage and Poundage, or what we now understand as "the Customs." At

(1) This interview is taken from a MS. Letter.
(2) Rushworth, i., 628.

the commencement of every reign, they formed the usual grant. No complaint had been raised about them pending the fate of the "Petition of Right." Now the petitioners unexpectedly declared, that these rates could no longer be levied without a grant of Parliament; they must be considered as a free gift, not an inherent right; and for this they at once appealed to their recent "Petition of Right."

They flattered themselves that the King would barter the Minister to provide for his own necessities. They hardly yet knew the force of Charles's character.

The Duke was often charged with actions and with expressions of which unquestionably he was not always guilty. At this moment he came down to the House to clear himself of certain calumnies, and personally to face certain members, with whom they appear to have originated. On all such occasions there was a singular openness in his conduct.

Charles at this moment, to repel the preparatory accusations of the Commons, ordered that the information which had been preferred in the Star-chamber against Buckingham, should be taken off the file, as "his Majesty is fully satisfied of the Duke's innocency, from his own certain knowledge, as by other proofs."

A most offensive "Remonstrance," for the Petition accorded did not prevent remonstrances from multiplying apace, was now framing against the Duke, and to be more than personal, if possible, they condescended to drag in his mother as a patroness of Popery. It was ungenerous to afflict the solitary Sovereign, who on his side had yielded — by these more poignant insults which he could less endure. Their conduct had nothing dignified in its proceedings, for their boldness on this occasion was artful. They imagined that they held the Sovereign at their own disposal, by the power they were assuming of renewing or withdrawing his revenues from the Customs. If they acted with the daring of the lion, they did not forget the cunning of the fox; and if the mane of the nobler creature was erected, there was also seen hanging the obscene tail of the meaner animal; that miserable conjunction of the political chimera, which in the frontispiece of an edition of Machiavel's Prince typifies the great politician.

On the 26th of June, the Commons were in the act of the last reading of their "Remonstrance," the object of which was to dispute the King's right to levy duties and customs. The Remonstrance was already engrossed, and would have been presented within two hours—suddenly the King hastened to the House, sent for the Speaker, and prorogued the Parliament.

The unpremeditated address from the throne has all the freedom of a conversation; its simplicity of style betrays the warmth of injured feelings, and it essentially enters into a history of the "Petition of Right," for it throws a clear and steady light on the vacillating conduct of Charles the First, and more particularly on the extraordinary circumstance of his withdrawing his second answer to the "Petition of Right," which had satisfied the Commons, and substituting the former one, which they had rejected.

Charles told the Parliament—"It may seem strange, that I come so suddenly to end this session, before I give my assent to the Bills. I will tell you the cause, though I must avow that I owe the account of my actions to God alone.

"It is known to every one, that a while ago the House of Commons gave me a remonstrance; how acceptable any man may judge. I am sure no wise man can justify it."

This alludes to the late Remonstrance about Buckingham. There is nothing insulting in the style of Charles the First, in his reflection on the painful personalities included in that Remonstrance; yet to show in what spirit many have written on this unfortunate Monarch, it may be worth noticing, that for this very passage, Oldmixon, a violent party-writer, accuses Charles with having insulted the House of Commons by "calling them fools."

"Now a second Remonstrance is preparing for me, to take away one of the chief maintenances of my Crown, by alleging that *I have given away my right by my answer to your Petition.*

"This is so prejudicial to me, that I am forced to end this Session some few hours before I meant, being not willing to receive any more Remonstrances, to which I must give a harsh answer; and since I see that even the House of Commons begin already to make false constructions of what I granted in your Petition, *lest it be worse interpreted in the country, I will now make a declaration concerning the true intentions.*"

Charles proceeds: "The professions of both Houses in the time of hammering this Petition were no way to trench upon my Preroga-

tive, saying, they had neither intention nor power to hurt it. Therefore, it must needs be conceived, that I have granted no new, but only confirmed the ancient liberties of my subjects." "On the word of a King," Charles then promised that for the time to come they should not have the same cause of complaint, and that what had been done should never be drawn into example to the prejudice of the subject. "But as for Tonnage and Poundage, it is a thing I cannot want, and was never intended for you to ask, nor meant by me, I am sure, to grant.

"I command you all that are here to take notice of what I have spoken at this time, to be the true intent and meaning which I granted you on your Petition; but especially you, my Lords, the Judges; for to you only, under me, belongs the interpretation of laws, for none of the Houses of Parliament, either joint or separate, *what new doctrine soever may be raised*, have any power either to make or declare a law without my consent."

It was necessary to furnish the reader with this address of the King's to enable him to decide on the final circumstance, in this history of the "Petition of Right;" a circumstance which has called down on the unhappy monarch a remarkable reprobation of his faithlessness by our last writers—by Dr. Lingard, who is always indifferent to the fate of Charles; by Mr. Brodie, who sees nothing but a tyrant in the monarch, and by Mr. Hallam, who sometimes alarms us with his eloquence.

"Charles had the *absurd and audacious insincerity*, for we can use no milder epithets, to circulate one thousand five hundred copies of it (the Petition of Right) through the country, after the prorogation, with his first answer annexed; an *attempt to deceive without the possibility of success*. But instances of such ill-faith, accumulated as they are, through the life of Charles, render the assertion of his sincerity a proof either of historical ignorance, or of a want of moral delicacy." (1)

This impassioned passage has been transcribed with tremulous nerves—it bears about it something of the thunder and the infallibility of the Vatican, and casts a reforming historian like myself into a forlorn state of excommunication.

There seems to me to have been much curious misconception concerning the "Petition of Right." Even Lord Clarendon deemed that "it did not prejudice the crown;" why, therefore, was it delayed? Charles the First has been blamed even by contemporaries (2) not hostile to him, for deferring the grant of this "Petition," to which at length he acceded, but the grace of a ready compliance was lost. Those, however, who were of this opinion, decided, by the open profession of the Commons, that they were requiring no new law, and that the subject was only claiming what he already possessed. Even Hume censures Charles the First for his evasions on this occasion; but, at the same time, his philosophical mind could not pass by such a political crisis without taking the most enlarged view—for after all which has been said on this subject, this new law, professing to be nothing but an old one, was an innovation involving the most unexpected consequences.

"The King's assent to the 'Petition of Right' produced such a change in the Government as was *almost equivalent to a revolution*." Such is the forcible precision by which the philosophical historian conveys the result of his opinions—and in four immortal pages he has separated the ramifications of the question on both sides. Mr. Brodie, repeating the avowed principle of the Commons, insists against Hume, that the "Petition of Right" merely confirmed statutes, which, though occasionally eluded, were sufficiently clear in favour of personal liberty. (3) But neither the philosopher Hume nor the Monarch himself were of Mr. Brodie's opinion, since the one has explained, and the other was alarmed at the complicate difficulties of the question.

Before Charles the First gave his assent to the "Petition of Right," he secretly propounded certain questions to his Judges relative to arbitrary commitments. Their opinions being such as to induce the King to conclude that the royal prerogative was left sufficiently free for the great purposes of government, he then gave his *first* assent—but as the judicial decisions had not entirely removed his apprehensions, his first assent to this novel state document was given in an unusual form, being explanatory of what he conceived to be its intent. Afterwards he conceded it as the petitioners wished, in the accustomed words. This discovery of Charles the First's secret conference with his Judges,

(1) Hallam, i., 432; Brodie, ii., 196.

(2) Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams, ii., 77.

(3) Brodie, ii., 188.

before he had granted his first assent, Mr. Hallam fortunately made in the Hargrave collection, but his inference is more particularly his own—for he alleges the fact to show how "the sincerity of Charles, in according his assent to the 'Petition of Right,' may be estimated."

When, shortly after, the Commons attacked the sources of the royal revenue, appealing to this very "Petition of Right" for their plea, it realised all those fears and doubts which had occasioned the King's former hesitation and delay, Charles the First started like a man entrapped. In his closing address to Parliament, he returned to his *first* qualified or explanatory assent. In publishing this "Petition of Right," if the King retained an atom of sincerity, he could not append the *second* unqualified assent, for the reasons which he had himself alleged in his speech —"lest it should be worse interpreted in the country."

Assuredly, Charles the First could never for an instant imagine that he was *deceiving* the public by withdrawing his last, and substituting his first assent; the public were too well acquainted with both the assents—and they had now before them his speech from the throne. Whatever might have been all along his hesitation and his doubts, any deception now would have been, as Mr. Hallam acknowledges, "an attempt to deceive without the *possibility of success*"—an absurdity too great to suppose, which, however, Mr. Hallam does suppose!

To this, then, amounts the denouncement of Charles the First's "absurd and audacious insincerity;" and to the papal excommunication which I have already noticed, must the historian be damned, who like myself gives this "proof either of historical ignorance, or of a want of moral delicacy." Had Mr. Hallam and preceding writers compared the speech from the throne, addressed to the nation, before the King published the "Petition of Right," at least they would have found the reasons which induced Charles the First to withdraw his second assent. No deception was or could be attempted. Had the King issued the "Petition of Right" with the second assent, *after what had occurred*, the document indeed would have been a faithless one, and the King would have indeed then practised a gross deception; but in the substitution of his first assent, explanatory of the intention of the Petition, I see only an evidence of his sincerity, and not of his deception.

CHAPTER XX.

Reconciliation with Williams; Siege of Rochelle, Second Expedition; Assassination of Buckingham.

During this ardent political contest, and the vacillations of Charles the First in granting the "Petition of Right," and his alarm at being left at the mercy of the Commons for one of the constant sources of his revenue, affairs not less urgent were agitating the Cabinet.

It is evident that Buckingham found himself inadequate to stand against the popular odium which had been successfully raised against him; the defeat at Rhé had not inspired confidence in the House of Lords, where he counted on securing most friends.

Amid the disordered state of the nation, an army, more formidable than ever, was immediately required for a fresh expedition to relieve the brave Rochellers, who were closely besieged by the sovereign of France, and were at their last extremities.

At this critical moment the Bishop of Lincoln, that instrument of state whom Buckingham hated, and whom he had utterly rejected, was gladly embraced. The Minister possibly imagined that he might graft the popularity of a leader of the Opposition on his own measures, and that the administration was likely to be materially assisted by his secret communication. Necessity can convert the oldest enmities into fresh friendships; so quickly political antipathies may turn to political unions!

The Bishop of Lincoln had put forth the signs of a relenting sympathy to his former masters; first by suggesting that clause which had been designed to neutralise any latent mischief in the "Petition of Right." This had obtained him an interview with the Lord Duke; and now on the subject of the Customs, which the Commons were attempting to wrest from the Sovereign, Williams had concurred with the King's interpretation, maintaining that these duties were inviolably attached to the royal prerogative, and were absolutely necessary for the maintenance of the sovereignty, more particularly in securing our maritime dominion. The subtle politician had even ventured so far as openly to censure the conduct of his friends in the Commons; but he found that their natures wore a metal too obdurate for his polisher to work on.

The King was not insensible to the reconciling spirit of an able though discarded servant of the crown, and the Bishop of Lincoln

was favoured by kissing the King's hand, and admitted to a private audience. Charles the First was extremely anxious to learn Williams's opinion of the means by which he might win the affections of his Commons. There was nothing the King, like his Minister, had so much at heart as to become popular; but they were both much too young for hackneyed statesmen!

In this conference with the King the Bishop recommended that temporising measures should be tried on the numerous party of the Puritans; he considered that it was possible by connivance and indulgence to bend their rugged stubbornness—"Not," as he remarkably added, that "he would promise they would be trusty very long to any government." The King approved of the counsel, declaring that he had had some thoughts of the same kind himself.

By this observation of Bishop Williams, made in 1628, it would appear that he conceived that those who are here designated as Puritans were then intent on overthrowing the Government; either as State Puritans, the Monarchy, or as Religious Puritans, the Hierarchy; but, as under the present Sovereign, the one could not fall without the other, in the party described by Williams, we must include both of them. Indeed in modern history it seems to me always impossible to separate religion from politics; religion engenders politics, and politicians eagerly adopt that most certain mode of enlisting the people on their side. This last secret was confessed by one of our great leading patriots of this period. Predominance in the Government is a term much clearer than any which may be put forth by a sect of religionists, or a faction of politicians.

It was now June, and the Deputies of La Rochelle with Soubise, since January, had been daily urging Buckingham to redeem his plighted honour by hastening an effectual aid to their compatriots. The Earl of Denbigh, in an expedition in May, had reached the Mole, but declaring it impregnable, after firing some cannon, had ingloriously retreated home. Yet though the Rochellers had witnessed this mortifying scene of an English fleet disgracing itself before the eyes of France, still were those unbroken spirits looking towards the shores of Britain, where, amid their feverish dreams, they seemed to behold, as in a vision, the single saviour of their liberties, and of the independence of Protestant Europe. But now the hour had struck, when those unconquered men were fast perishing, suffering as human beings had never suffered before.

The town of La Rochelle held fifteen thousand Huguenots. It stood a siege of more than a year, and the French monarch with the royal army were so outwearied with the impregnability of the town, and the still less yielding nature of the inhabitants, that Louis the Thirteenth was displeased with Cardinal Richelieu for not abandoning the siege. But that great minister had now before his eyes the mighty vision of his youth, inspired with the double inspiration of an apostolical minister sent forth to establish the faith of Rome, and of a minister of state to trample on rebellion. Imploring the King to consider the enterprise as necessary as it was glorious, the Cardinal assumed the command over the discontented army. The versatility of his genius was here shown; he restored its discipline with such severity, or with such impartial justice, that in his "*Testament Politique*" the Cardinal exults how "during thirteen months an army of twenty-five thousand men were as obedient as if they had consisted of a religious order bearing arms."

The story of the siege of La Rochelle is one of the most extraordinary events in modern history. It opens for our contemplation the glorious but the painful spectacle of an immolation to the spirit of Liberty, inspired by a human being who seemed at that time, and at no other, to have been placed above our common humanity.

The extraordinary character of Jean Guiton, the heroic mayor of La Rochelle, was known to Buckingham. The diminutive person of this man concealed a heart impregnable to fear, and a mind superior to calamity. Guiton had wished to decline the mayoralty; but his fellow-citizens, as if conscious of their man, pressed his acceptance of the office. It was then that Guiton, holding up a poignard to the commonalty, declared, "Since you persist in having me for your mayor, I will take the painful office, on condition that it be permitted to me to plunge this poignard into the breast of the first man who shall talk of a capitulation; and I consent that it be used on the same terms on myself should I ever propose the surrender of this place. I therefore demand that this poignard remain on the table of our council-chamber, ready to be used for this sole purpose."

Through all the trying horrors of scenes

which seemed to pass beyond the imagination, or at least the endurance of man, this immoveable spirit witnessed the desolation around him in all the forms of death. The miserable citizens of La Rochelle were driven to the sharpest and the most frightful extremities. Provision now became the most precious treasure, and was as secretly hidden. At length not an animal, not a reptile which had life in it, was remaining in the town; and they were reduced to feed on what had never before been food, on old leather and skins, which they had made succulent by soaking them in tallow; parchment boiled in sugar was then an exquisite and costly meal. When Guiton was told that the people were perishing in heaps in the streets, and that it would not be long ere famine would carry off all the inhabitants: "It is sufficient," coldly replied the glorious or the insensible patriot; "it is sufficient should there remain but a single man to close the gates." A female of his acquaintance was shown to him, whose life was passing away in its last puff of breath; "Are you surprised at this?" said Guiton; "it is what must very shortly happen to us all, if we are not soon succoured." It was no unusual sight to observe the dying bearing their own coffins to burial-grounds and laying themselves down to die in them; and on the entrance of the French army, one of the most frightful spectacles were the vultures hovering over the unburied dead. Once a tumult gathered to force the Mayor to capitulate—but at the sight of the heads of twelve of their fellow-citizens affixed to one of the gates, the vociferous mob slunk away in horror and in silence. Once Guiton seemed touched by the cries and tears of helpless women and their expiring children:—"We can never surrender to an implacable enemy," he cried; "there are no terms for us! but if my flesh can afford you a meal, you may share it!" In the night-time some half-famished beings were observed stealing out of the town, hanging like shadows on the outer walls, to pluck the wild plants, growing out of the stones, or might be seen crawling to the shore for the chance of picking up some shell-fish; this was a melancholy contrast with what often occurred on those same walls in the morning; there a troop of Burghers, armed and shouting, would show themselves in sport, laughing and singing in chorus, to convince the besiegers that the Rochellers were not yet reduced to despair; but the truth of the night-scene had betrayed the illusion of the morning.

Guiton, in this government of terror, rarely broke his sullen silence, except to assure his people that they might depend on the King of England; sometimes he showed a letter from Charles the First, sealed with the arms of England—he positively fixed on St. Michael's day for the arrival of the English. But he had too often repeated the information—even Guiton himself, as well as others, began to suspect the perfidy of Buckingham. This Mayor of La Rochelle, to the last moment of the siege, maintained the same unchangeable character—but with no favourable impression of the English—and he observed, when Rochelle at length was given up to the French King on the last ineffectual expedition, after Buckingham's death, that "it was better to yield to a King who knew how to take the town of La Rochelle, than to him who had not known how to succour it." This has ever been the usual style of foreigners when they have looked to England for that independence which they could not secure for themselves; it has been too often our fate, to have found that our aid to foreign intriguers has been thwarted by difficulties at home, or our efforts have been returned by the ingratitude of the foreigners. Guiton concluded his course like others of his class; he gladly retired to London, where the heroic Mayor of La Rochelle appears to have lived in obscurity and quiet.

At London, the Deputies of La Rochelle had to perform a task of the most delicate nature; they suspected the sincerity of Buckingham. It was not impossible, they thought, that he might make use of them as a means to act on the French Cabinet, and it had been rumoured among the Rochellers, that the Cardinal had said there was nothing to fear from the fleet of England; they ascribed the delays for their relief to purposed negligence, they considered the parade of the English fleet, under the Earl of Denbigh, to have been a mere show and deception. But all these surmises were to be a close secret suppressed in their own aching hearts; for the Deputies feared to displease Charles, if they complained of the minister.

On the 23rd of July, they however ventured to present a petition to the King. The style is pathetic. "Sire, pardon men on the borders of their graves, if involuntary groans escape from them; it is natural with those who are at their end to close their lives by

sighs, and certainly this is our condition, if, after all which has been done, it should now be succeeded by tho least delay. We were consoled by the promise that the fleet would sail in a fortnight, twenty days past; fourteen more were addod, and now the second month is complete. Good God, Sire! how long is this time for men who want a mouthful of bread. We conjure your Majesty by the tears and the cries of thousands languishing to die, and by the interests of a million of others, who will be crushed under their ruins on that day which shall witness the dostruction of La Rochelle. We conjure you, Sire, by the glory of your sceptre, under whose shadow they have placed themselves. not to suffer this innocent blood to tarnish, for ages to come, the splendour of your crown." They declared, with policy, not with confidence, that they were well persuaded of the zeal of the Duke of Buckingham and the Council, to hasten the promised aid; but when they had already witnessed these fatal delays, they had reason to fear that his Majesty was ill-served, and that some hidden hand had clandestinely stopped what the zeal of others had advanced. "It is too usual," they concluded, " with the miserable to be suspicious—we may err."

And err they did! These foreigners seem not to have been sensible of the difficulties which Charles the First had himself to wrestle with. In vain the King had repeatedly reminded the Parliament that " the times were for action," and it now appears, that evon the fleet, which was then collecting at Plymouth, could never have been dispatched, had not Buckingham drained all his own resources. After his death, it appeared that he had furnished unlimited sums to the King, without keeping any accounts whatever, and wo are told his family could never establish their claims. Profuse of his fortunes in tho cause which he had adopted, he had resolved, by a nobler profusion of life itself, to perish or conqner on that impregnable mole, which the great genius of Richelieu had thrown out for above a mile in the ocean. This solemn determination in Buckingham, I have observed in more than one quarter. He swore to Soubise and the Deputies, on departing from Plymouth, that he would die in combat, or enter La Rochelle. (1) In the manuscript of Gerbier, his confidential agent, architect and engineer, Gerbier, after describing some tremendous machines, projected for blowing up the dyke, modelled by works which the Prince of Parma had employed at the siege of Antwerp, tells us that by command of the Duke he wrote to the Rochellers, and had himself paid the secret messenger a hundred jacobuses. The note ran, " Hold out but three weeks, and, God willing, I will be with you, either to overcome or to die there." The Duke, a little before his departure from York-house, being alone with Gerbier in his garden, giving his last commands for Gerbier's journey towards Italy and Spain, one of his gentlemen communicated to him a prophecy of Lady Eleanor Davies, the Cassandra of those days, " that the Duke should end his life that month,"—Buckingham observed that he had also received a letter from a considerable personage to substitute another in his place; but no art of man should prevent him. " Gerbier, if God please, I will go, and be the first man who shall set his foot on the dyke before Rochelle, to die, or do the work, whereby the world shall soe the reality of our intentions for the relief of that place." He had beforo, in his closet, declared himself to the same purpose.

Of Buckingham's magnanimity in this desperate enterprise there can be no question, nor of the motive. Yet in his day his sincerity was strongly suspected, and until he had left his corpse on the mole of La Rochelle, never would his faith or his honour have been credited. He will, however, be found to deserve even a highor eulogy, when it is known how incessantly he resisted the superstitions of the age, demonstrated in reiterated omens and prodigies and prophecies of his fate. On this occasion they even raised the apparition of his father, who, however, thought it best not to come in contact with his son, appearing by tho circuitous means of an old steward; yet the ghost, to prove himself genuino, we are told, communicated some secret intelligence to the steward, which staggered Buckingham, who declared that " it was unknown to any but himself, and could only have been revealed by God or the Devil." All theso omens, such as his picture falling out of its frame, and even the secret whispered from tho ghost, might be not so difficult to account for, when we consider that the old Countess, his mother, who was in tears all day since the Duke had taken his final resolution, was practising her own superstitious fancies, to work on the imagination of her son. Many a warning too of as-

(1) Mercure François.

sassination had the Duke received; but so utterly reckless was he of his person, that once on a journey he left his company and rode forwards to join a stranger, who was said to have had a sinister design, and, conversing with him, so delighted the man, that he declared the Duke was quite a different person to what he had been made to believe him. When the remonstrance of the Commons was distributed among the nation, he had been frequently advised to wear a quilted coat of mail, or other secret armour; but he contemptuously replied, "There are no Roman spirits left."

A few days before the Duke set off on his last expedition, he gave a farewell mask and supper, at York-house, to their Majesties. In the mask the Duke appeared followed by Envy with many open-mouthed dogs; these represented the barkings of the people; they were followed by Fame and Truth. The courtly allegory expressed the King's sentiment and the Favourite's sanguine hope.

The circumstances of Buckingham's assassination have varied in the detail, as they were reported by different persons. The blow was instantaneous—the effect immediate—terror and confusion darted among all who saw, and spread to all who heard. None at first really knew how the affair had happened, or who could be the assassin. Even the papers discovered in Felton's hat, Lord Clarendon supposed consisted of a few lines from "the Remonstrance." Lord Carleton's letter to the Queen, which I have elsewhere given, (1) and who was himself present and saved Felton from the vengeance of the military, is imperfect; so careless are hurried transcriptions in a moment of agitation. Since then, I have seen in a collection of autographs the identical paper, which differs from all these accounts. It may surprise the curious reader to be informed that Felton's paper appears in the Mercure François, literally translated; so that the French actually possessed the document in 1628, which never entered into our history till 1825, when Dr. Lingard first printed it from the original. I notice this circumstance as one evidence of the authenticity of the secret history, often preserved in the Mercure; sometimes the production of Louis the Thirteenth and Cardinal Richelieu. (2)

The deputies of La Rochelle had been warmly engaged with the Duke in conversation; still fearfully suspicious that he designed to delay the expedition, Buckingham showed them fresh letters, which noticed that the Rochellers had within a few days received a convoy of provisions, and that fifty head of cattle had entered La Rochelle. They exclaimed against the intelligence as only an artifice of the Cardinal's to retard the departure of the fleet. They declared that oxen must have wings to fly before they could enter that fated town. Soubise joined them, protesting against the Duke's trusting to such perfidious intelligence. The noisy vivacity which the French usually assume when they would carry their point, accompanied by strong gesticulations, induced the bystanders to imagine that they were speaking to the Duke with great animosity. Buckingham assured them that not a day should be lost; he was hastening to take his last leave of the King, who was four miles from Plymouth. Turning from them, on leaving the apartment, he stopped in the passage where Sir Thomas Frier waited to show him a plan; Buckingham was considering it with deep attention, when an unseen hand, reaching over the shoulder of this officer, who was a short man, struck a knife into the left breast of Buckingham;—it pierced the lungs, and was left plunged into his heart. "Villain!" was the single interjection uttered. Yet Buckingham had then the fortitude to draw the murderous instrument from his own heart;—he would have advanced, as if he meant to reach the assassin, but, staggering, he fell, and was caught up in the arms of his attendant. The Duchess and her sister rushed to the scene of horror—there lay their loved and ill-fated lord, bathed in his blood. All the predictions, all their long daily fears, were at length realised by a single blow from an unknown hand, at a spot and at a moment when it could have been least dreaded. The assassin might have escaped detection had he chosen it.

Thus resolutely engaged in the cause which the people had so much at heart, the blood with which Buckingham would have sealed it was shed by one of the people themselves, the enterprise designed to retrieve the national honour, so long tarnished, was perhaps fatally prevented, and the Protestant cause suffered by the hand of one who imagined himself to

(1) Curiosities of Literature, vol. iii.

(2) Mercure François, xiv., 650; Dr. Lingard, ix., 394. In the French the two paragraphs are transposed. If I am not mistaken, the original consists of two papers joined together, which would account for the transposition.

be, and was, blest by nearly the whole nation as a patriot. Such are the false appearances of things in the exaggerations of popular delusion.

The hand which struck Buckingham was not, indeed, guided by "a Roman spirit," though Felton mistook himself to be one, and the whole nation imagined him such. In Felton we see a man acting from mixed and confused motives. Of melancholy and solitary habits, and one of the many officers who had brooded over disappointments both in promotion and arrears of pay, he felt a degree of personal animosity towards Buckingham. With great integrity of truth and honour, he was deservedly known by the nickname of "Honest Jack." The religious enthusiasm of the times had deeply possessed his mind; and when "the Remonstrance" appeared, it acted on his imagination, as probably on many others—and he believed that the Duke was "one of the foulest monsters upon earth."

"When I struck, I felt the force of forty men in me!" exclaimed the melancholy hypochondriac. Thus, with a personal dislike to Buckingham, having conscientiously tendered four propositions to some divines, whose negatory solutions were no impediment to what, in his mind, he was covertly driving at—Felton wandered about, watching his opportunity, till he struck the meditated blow.

The political martyr was entirely lost in the contrite penitent; and even Mrs. Macauly would not condescend to rank him among her republican patriots, because the Duke had not been assassinated on the right principle. Felton, in his own day, was considered as a being almost beyond humanity. But while the name of Felton was echoing through the kingdom, our modern Brutus was exhibiting a piteous spectacle of remorse—so different often is the real person himself from the ideal personage of the public! The assassination had been a theoretical one—depending on the four propositions Felton had submitted to his inept casuists. When the King's Attorney, as the Attorney-General was then called, furnished the unhappy criminal with an unexpected argument, Felton acknowledged that he had been in error, and his conscientious spirit sank into despair. A long agonising scene of contrition succeeded. Naturally brave, this "stout soldier" was seen always shedding tears. In the open court he stretched out his arm, offering it to be first cut off—he petitioned the King to wear a halter about his neck while he lived—and prayed to be allowed to ask pardon on his knees to the whole establishment of Buckingham, from the Duchess to the scullion.

Yet the name of John Felton may fill a date in the annals of our constitutional freedom. It is a bright passage in the history of this unhappy man, that, when broken down in spirits and menaced with torture, he firmly asserted the rights of a Briton. When Lord Dorset told Felton that it was the King's pleasure that he should be put to the rack to make him confess his accomplices, Felton answered, "My Lord, I do not believe that it is the King's pleasure, for he is a just and gracious Prince, and will not have his subjects tortured against law. I do affirm upon my salvation, that my purpose was not known to any man living; but if it be his Majesty's pleasure, I am ready to suffer whatever his Majesty will have inflicted upon me; yet this I must tell you by the way, that if I be put upon the rack, I will accuse you, my Lord Dorset, and none but yourself."(1) This firm and sensible speech silenced the court. A council was held, the Judges were consulted, and delivered an unexpected decision, that "Felton ought not to be tortured by the rack, for no such punishment is known or allowed by our law." Thus the Judges condemned what the Government had long practised. Blackstone yields a fraternal eulogium to the honour of the Judges; but Hume more acutely discovers the cause of this sudden tenderness; "so much more exact reasoners, with regard to law, had they become from the *jealous scruples of the House of Commons.*"

CHAPTER XXI.

Character of the Duke of Buckingham.

It may justly excite the surprise of the unprejudiced, that the dissipated, the prodigal, and the impetuous Buckingham should have possessed such a strong hold of the affections of the grave, the temperate, and economical Charles, and finally should have obtained the young monarch's entire confidence in his administration. No royal favourite ever so suddenly reached to such an ascendancy in power, nor was there ever one more likely to have retained the envied position as long as his master could have maintained him there, however little the minister might have

(1) Harleian MSS. 7000, J. Mede to Sir Mat. Stuteville, Sept. 27, 1628.

been capacitated from his inexperience and his sanguine temper to have become a great statesman.

The portrait of Buckingham is usually viewed in the caricature of a royal minion, one of those profligate men, who, reckless of all means, concentrate their passions into one ignoble selfishness, a political monster, whom a party would send out into the wilderness with all the curses of the people on his devoted head.

It certainly was not his least crime, in the eyes of some, that Buckingham had been the permanent favourite of two monarchs, who had spoiled their child of fortune. Perhaps his greatest crime was, as Sir Henry Wotton expresses it, that "his enterprises succeeded not according to the impossible expectation of the people."

The portrait of Buckingham, by Hume, seems to me a character dove-tailed into a system adjusted to the historian's plan of lightening the errors of Charles the First by dividing them among others. Hume hits off at a single stroke a true feature, that of "his English familiarity and his French vivacity." A feature, however, is but the part of a likeness; and even a characteristic trait may conceal the more favourable but the less obvious parts of no ordinary man. All the fascination of Buckingham's character is lost in the general shade cast over it by the niggardly commendation that "he possessed some accomplishments of a courtier." Some indeed, but not all, for dissimulation and hypocrisy were arts in which this courtier was unskilled. His sweet and attractive manner, so favoured by the Graces, has been described by Sir Henry Wotton, who knew him well; and though he had a British roughness at command, which the haughty Olivarez experienced, another contemporary observes on that occasion, that "if he taunted or derided their stateliness, it must have been on provocation; or at least what he considered as such, for he was as well studied in blandishments as any courtier in Europe."

Clarendon, another living witness, when in the prime of life, as yet unouched by party anger, having no cause to advocate, and no quarrel with truth, detected a more forcible feature in the mind of Buckingham; for he tells us, "that he was the most rarely accomplished the Court had ever beheld, while some that found inconvenience in his nearness, intending, by some affront, to discountenance him, perceived *he had masked under the gentleness a terrible courage* as could safely protect all his sweetness."

If Buckingham were indebted for his first advancement to the beauty and graces of his person, and to those lighter accomplishments which adorn the circle of a palace life, these were adventitious circumstances, which could never have obtained an undiminished influence over the mind of Charles. The Duke must have had qualities of a better nature, to have secured the constancy of Charles's personal attachment. The inexperience of his age, when the King ascended the throne, in some respect will account for the fascination; but the royal affection was never more fervent than when Buckingham was involved in defeat and disgrace, and hunted down as a state-victim.

Had Buckingham been that creature of effeminacy which party has represented him, or "an enemy to his country," as their declaration denounced him, could he have cherished that nobler spirit, which twice staked his life for the glory of his sovereign, and to win the love of the people? The Memoir of Gerbier, with some unpublished letters of his Duchess, which I have read, authenticate this magnanimity. The Duke, in confidential interviews with Gerbier, repeatedly declared his solemn resolution, in his last expedition, to be "the first man who should set his foot upon the dyke before Rochelle, there to die, or do the work." In that devotion of patriotism, there was more heroism than we now can easily imagine; for Buckingham, before his departure, as we have seen, had to resist the strange superstitions of the times, in prophecies, prognostics, and certain domestic omens, which rapidly followed one another. These had raised the terrors and the intreaties of the bigoted Countess, his mother, whose counsels had often governed him, and the bitter raillery and remonstrances of the Duchess, his wife, who in her letters ridicules the folly of courting the people, assuring him that, do whatever he would, never could he become popular. The tide of public opinion had set so strongly against the Duke, impelled by the odium which the Opposition had stuck to his name, and his own luckless fortune, that the Duchess deemed it a hopeless folly to struggle any more.

But the spirit of this favourite of two monarchs had never been dissolved in that corporeal voluptuousness which his habits indulged. We conceive him an Antinous

when he would have been an Alcibiades—restless for glory, amid splendour and power, possessed by few in the whole history of civilised ages.

Buckingham had lofty aspirations; a spirit which was fitted to lead others by its own invincibility; a mind of quick conceptions, which an early practice in the world had sharpened, but this practice was unaccompanied by that rare judgment which is only tutored by the severities of time, and exercised by patient thought. It was his misfortuue to have encountered hut few obstacles in his rapid advancements, and his hardy self-will disdained to imagine any. The genius of the man was daring and magnificent, and his elocution was graceful as his manners; but these were natural talents—he possessed no acquired ones. "Had the Duke of Buckingham," observed Lord Clarendon, "been blessed with a faithful friend, the Duko would have committed as few faults, and done as transcendent worthy actions, as any man in that age in Europe."

But Buckingham, with all his heedless impetuosity, was by no means insensible to his deficiencies, particularly on the object of his neglected studies, and the profounder science of politics. When Lord Bacon presented the Duke with his Novum Organum in Latin, Buckingham returned his acknowledgments, lamenting his unskilfulness in the language, with a graceful elegance and vivacity of ideas, which convey a high notion of his fine talents. This consciousness of his own deficiencies is an interesting trait in his character. He was so ardent to possess that knowledge which he could not acquire by study, and that wisdom which his love of pleasure and his irregularities too frequently forbade, that he consulted every man of eminent knowledge in his peculiar department. He was importunate with the illustrious Bacon till that great man furnished him with counsels to direct him in his place of the King's Favourite. That volume of a letter has come down to us, and the curious and philosophic will look over the observations of the master-mind, who tells us that "his life hitherto had rather been contemplative than active; I have rather studied books than men; I can hut guess, at the most, at those things in which you desire to be advised." We have, however, his practical advice, and the first he gives is, "not to trust only to his servants, who may mislead you, or misinform you, by which they may perhaps gain a few crowns, but the reproach will lie upon yourself." Thus even the sage predicts his own fato, without suspecting the prophecy! The arrangement of his dispatches—the choice of the bishops and the judges, even of the serjeant-at-law—the privy counsellors—the conduct of foreign negotiations in the choice of ambassadors—the management of our marine, and our armies, and our trade—of our young colonies—of the King's household, and "the lords and chivalry of the court"—the planting of orchards, hop-yards, and woods, draining of lands, and the making of navigable rivers, these are the comprehensive and curious subjects which are treated of in the philosopher's epistle. Whether Buckingham ever read the letter twice may be doubtful; we trace none of its designs attempted in the short and hurrying course he ran. In the political wisdom of the Lord-Keeper Williams, Buckingham had sought for that aid which his warm patronage had, he considered, ensured to him; and admirable advice, and prompt expedients, he often received, mingled, however, with the adulations of a courtier. But it is the misfortune of the great, however honest their desire, to find, when they would be led by others, that such a servant may become the rival of his master. To direct his taste in architecture and pictures, Buckingham selected a remarkable man, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, the pupil of Rubens, and who was at once a secret agent of Government, and the invontor of his patron's magnificent masques and banquets, which reached to such a perfection of art as to havo extorted the wonder of all foreign ambassadors. Buckingham was a votary of the fine arts, for wo find no less a personage than the critical and refined Wotton, at Venice, procuring pictures for the Duke, and, among others, sending over "a work of Titian's, wherein the child in the Virgin's lap playing with a bird is so round, that I know not whether I shall call it a piece of sculpture or picture, and so lively that a man would be tempted to douht whether nature or art hatb made it." Nor was Buckingham, in the munificence of his tastes, inattentive to literature, for it was he who purchased from the heirs of Erpinus a collection of Arabic manuscripts, which the University of Cambridge possesses as his gift.

The very errors and infirmities of Buckingham seem often to have started from more generous qualities. Too devoted a friend,

and too undisgnised an enemy, carrying his loves and his batreds on his open forehead; too careless of calumny, and too fearless of danger; he was, in a word, a man of sensation, acting from impulse; scorning, indeed, prudential views, but capable, at all times, of embracing grand and original ones. He cannot be fairly accused of having been indifferent to the honour of his country, or of being an enemy to the people. Popularity, iadeed, was his passion. He seriously engaged himself in the best designs, but, volatile in the midst, his greatest error sprang from a sanguine spirit; a circumstance finely touched on by Sir Henry Wotton. "He was ever greedy of honour, and hot upon the public ends, but too confident in the prosperity ofbegianings."

Wilb the defects of this man's character the reader is acquainted. His temerity was flushed by insolence, and his ambition panted impatient of emulation; he would have had every man his friend, and every friend too sensible that his enmity was terrible. In the sunshine or the lightning of his eye, men were to flourish or to fade. Loaded with that plurality of offices which rendered him odious to the public, on one occasion, as we have shown, he had generously, or perhaps from policy, offered to lay thom down. But so unfortunate had the expeditions to Cadiz and La Rochelle proved in the hands of others, that Buckingham seemed urged rather by necessity than choice to retain his offices of Lord High Admiral and Commander in-Chief, with a resolution to carry on his great objects by his own decisive exertions, and even to perish rather than to fail. But to others it seemed also that he would have conferred all the offices of the three kingdoms on his kindred and his friends, dispensing his favours, regardless of their value, and, which was more mischievous to himself, of the merits of the claimants—"delighting too much in the press and affluence of dependants and suitors, who are always burrs and sometimes the briars of favourites." Thus, has that long-experienced politician, Sir Henry Wotton, observed, on the crowd who waited at the levees of this Duke, and had obtained from the people the odious distinction of the "Dukelings."

But the misery of Prime Ministers and Favourites is a portion of their fate which has not always been noticed by their biographers. Buckingham, so sensitive to the jealousy of power, tasted all its bitterness. During his absenco from England, that wily courtier, his humble friend, the Lord-Keeper Williams, had certainly supplanted him in the favour of his Royal Master; he was turning towards tho Earl of Bristol, and balancing between the old favourite, who had ceased to be one, and him who was about to become one. The mighty shadow of a greater statesman had crossed Buckingham in his path.

A piece of secret history has come down to us, which exhibits the joyous and volatile Buckingham in a situation which we could hardly have suspected in the life of this Favourite. When abroad, his confidential secretary, Dr. Mason, slept in the same chamber with the Duke. To his amazement, he then observed that at night the Duke would give way to those suppressed passions which his unaltered countenance had concealed by day. In the absence of all other ears and eyes, Buckingham would break out into the most querulous and impassioned language, declaring that "Never had dispatches to divers princes, nor the great business of a fleet, of an army, of a siege, of a treaty of war and peace, both on foot together, and all of them in his head at a time, so much broke his repose, as the idea that some at home under his Majesty, some of whom ho had so well deserved, were now content to forget him." So short-lived is the gratitude observed to an absent favourite. The opportune death of the old King saved Buckingham from the disgrace he had anticipated.

To Charles, and to the patriotic party, Buckingham appeared in very opposite characters.

To envy, to the common passion of vulgar envy, Charles traced their personal rancour to the friend of his heart. On the expedition to Rochelle, the King, accompanying the Duke to inspect the ships at Deptford, observed, "George, there are some that wish both these and thou might perish together; but care not for them, we will both perish together if thou doest." Unquestionably, such was the unchangeable determination of Charles; and Sir Robert Cotton, who was often near both the King and the Favourite, and often wisely opposed the minister without offending the master, has truly touched on the King's affection—"Certainly," Sir Robert concluded—"the King will never yield to the Duke's fall;" and then he finely characterises the youthful monarch, "being a young man resolute, magnanimous, and tenderly and firmly affectionate where he

takes." (1) So unchangeable indeed was Charles's affection for Buckingham, that he cherished his memory as warmly as his life, and designed to raise a monument to the unfortunate minister, whom he called "his martyr." "The world is much mistaken in his character," said the King; "he did not govern me, but much the contrary; he has been a most faithful servant, as I will show the world." The King here alluded to his own consequent conduct; for after the death of Buckingham there were no changes, but the King was extremly active in business. "The King holds in his own hands," writes Lord Dorchester, "the total direction, leaving the executory part to every man within the compass of his charge." (2)

For Charles, Buckingham had been the fascinating companion of his youth, and had either caught from the Prince, or had infused into his tastes, a congenial passion for those arts which were yet foreign in England, and which constituted the supreme delight of his happier hours. It is strange to observe, what however is true, that the King, at no period of his reign, was enabled to indulge that gorgeous magnificence in masques and banquets, in which Buckingham, expending for the evening from one to five thousand pounds, entertained the court. And Buckingham, too, was the man on whose commanding spirit the young sovereign fondly rested the prosperity and even the glory of his reign; for Buckingham had frequently boasted that "he would make Charles the greatest monarch in Europe." What "the greatest" meant in this courtier's vocabulary we may easily conceive.

The pacific reign of James had dimmed the glory of our country in the eyes of foreigners, with whom we are never great unless we are fighting their battles, and confederating for their interests. The Machiavels of foreign cabinets will look with contempt on the domestic blessings which a British sovereign would scatter among his subjects, and his presence with the foreigner is only felt in his armies. The new reign had opened with enterprise, and the glory of our arms was now to reinstate the nation in its military character; but a peace of twenty years had rusted the arms of our soldiers, and most of our commanders were unskilled in the art of war. Buckingham had indeed triumphed in the rivalry of courtly grandeur with the other two mighty statesmen who were conducting the fortunes of Europe, in the persons of their young sovereigns; but the completion of his views was to be reached by a more daring spirit. To the romantic and spirited Prince it seemed a generous ambition, a conflict for national honour, at home and abroad; and the Duke, who had wrestled with the awful ministers of Spain and France, felt not the less a passion for popularity, spurning at life to obtain it from the people of England. Charles then, while he more intimately knew and admired the dazzling qualities of his friend, with an eye of youth and affection, was yet unpractised in discerning the shades of ambiguous virtues; and the King seems never to have suspected that the resolute but ill-regulated spirit of his favourite was more likely to plunge him into many fatal efforts than able to extricate him from them.

The virtues of a man who cannot be deemed virtuous; the talents of a man who so frequently was mortified to discover their incompetence; and the passion for popularity which possessed one who never was popular, are the paradoxical qualities which may instruct us in the very interesting character of the Favourite of Charles the First, who had in vain attempted to become the favourite of the world!

Had Buckingham escaped from the knife of the assassin, he would most probably have preceded Strafford and Laud to the scaffold. He was not that spiritless and corrupt Favourite who could have crept into obscurity. (3)

(1) A libel had been taken down from a post in Coleman Street, by order of the Lord Mayor, who sent it to his Majesty. "Who rules the kingdom? The King. Who rules the King? The Duke. Who rules the Duke? The Devil. Let the Duke look to it; for they intend shortly to unhand him worse than they did the Doctor; and if things be not shortly reformed, they will work a reformation themselves." This alludes to Dr. Lambe, who was called "The Duke's Devil," an old conjuror of infamous character, whom the mob had actually torn to pieces, for which the City was imprudently fined for not delivering up the murderers. Harleian Collection, 383, letter 322.

Many strange stories are told of this octogenarian pander, particularly of his intercourse with Buckingham. It is, however, a curious fact, which Carte has positively given, that the person of the Old Conjuror was even unknown to the Duke. If this fact be true, it is a striking instance of those false rumours which are kept afloat by a party, till those historical calumnies become traditions. "The Duke's Devil," after all, was no devil of Buckingham's!

(2) Sloane MSS. 4176, letter 519.

(3) It was the opinion of Clarendon that, had Buckingham lived longer, the observation and ex-

CHAPTER XXII.

Of Royal Favourites.

The fate of the Duke of Buckingham enters into the history of Royal Favourites; but histories of royal favourites consist only of satires and invectives, or, if they aspire to the dignity of a narrative, present but a shapeless mass put together by those who collect everything and discern nothing. The subject, however, forms a chapter in the history of man, and political sagacity may yet unravel some truths out of the complicated knots and twistings of prejudice and passion.

We perpetually find accounts of royal favourites, and it is sufficient to have been one, to incur the condemnation of historians, too apt to echo the cries of the past. Those monsters, or ministers, are sometimes exhibited as remorseless criminals, or wretches dissolved in wanton corruption. It is difficult to conceive how kings can be so insensible to their own interests, as voluntarily to choose such inept beings for favourites; but we are still more surprised when we discover the activity of these men, who having obtained all things by favouritism, without a solitary talent, or an obscure virtue, still like other men who have a name to create, and a career of glory to run, pursue life agitated by the same hopes, and mindful of the same labours. How did it happen that the dissolute or the trifler quitted the bed of roses on which he slumbered? The favourite who fills a space in history, who was the object of contemporary hatreds, and who still furnishes the declaimer with invectives, however his enterprises may have succeeded, or may have failed, is a distinct personage from the minion of caprice who remains buried in his own inglorious obscurity. Attached to the household, the name of the latter personage rarely appears, his actions—never. We may therefore suspect, whenever we discover any one of these royal favourites prominent in history, that his spirit was of another cast than it appears in this disguise of favouritism, and that he aimed at being something more than a royal favourite.

It would not be difficult to show that some have had the misfortune of being royal favourites who have not been what is called, in party-writing, "wicked Ministers;" and that others, whom we would not eulogise, have, notwithstanding, betrayed some redeeming public virtues. Many favourites have been given up as a concession to the public voice, and what was hardly to be expected, from the very jealousy the favourite had excited in the breast of his royal Master. If Elizabeth feared the greatness of the heroic Essex, we should not be surprised that James the First became alarmed at the influence of Buckingham. The lamentation of Wolsey has been repeated by several fallen ministers much in the same words. Louis the Thirteenth was visibly jealous of all his favourites, from his first, Luynes, whom he bitterly nicknamed "the King," to Cardinal Richelieu, whom he felt he could only obey, and not command. The gratitude of kings is often an ambiguous virtue—it is always an uncertain one.

A royal favourite, whatever he may be, has the two great divisions of mankind arrayed in hostility against him; the great, into which class he has been obtruded; and the obscure, which he has for ever abandoned—and still his most formidable enemy has usually been found in himself. Many have been torn to pieces by the triumphant people; for whether the unhappy man be a Sejanus, or a Marshal d'Ancre, the populace in every age, agitated by the same hatred of the abuses of power, imagine that they are satiating their vengeance in the single State-victim which has been cast out to them. We may, however, be struck by this curious fact, that there is hardly one of these renowned favourites but has found an unimpassioned apologist; and, on a calmer investigation than their contemporaries were capable of exercising, they have been considerably exculpated from the errors or the crimes imputed to them; and some better designs have been manifested in these contemned men than the passions of their enemies could discover.

The memorable fate of the Marshal d'Ancre and his lady, the Italian favourites of Mary de Medicis, is a striking instance of the terrific malignity of popular rage, even on insignificant characters. The single passion of d'Ancre was inordinate avarice; he gorged on wealth; but no act of oppression had marked the career of this grasping Florentine; it is not known that he had any personal enemy, while his obliging temper had secured many friends. The Maréchale was a superior genius;

perience he had gained had very much improved his understanding; which, with the greatness of his spirit and jealousy of his Master's honour, to whom his fidelity was superior to any temptation, might have repaired many of the inconveniences which he had introduced, and could have prevented their mischief. 1., 73.

and her famous reply, when on her trial for witchcraft, was dignified and great. "By what magic," she was interrogated, "had she obtained such an ascendancy over the Queen-Mother?"—"By no other magic," she replied, "than that power which a firm spirit possesses over a weak mind." After D'Ancre's assassination, the mutinous populace, furious as a herd of maddened elephants, unburied his corpse, burnt his heart, sold his flesh by pieces, and his ashes by the ounce, and cast his remains into the river. Never did human being suffer so much for being an Italian, and for growing too opulent in France. Marshal d'Étrées, in his Memoirs of the Regency, though on the side of the French Princes in opposition to Mary of Medicis, could not avoid expressing his astonishment at these horrid circumstances, and on the public execution of the Maréchale — he acknowledged the D'Ancres' general benevolence, and that personally they had few, if any, enemies. He ascribes the singular and undeserved catastrophe of the family of the D'Ancres to fate; but another cause, more obvious, was the monstrous libels which his party had heaped on these royal favourites, by which they had rendered them hateful to the people; and as Marshal d'Étrées was the ablest writer of his party, the surprise he felt, and the enormities which he describes, shrewdly observes the historian of Louis the Thirteenth, were in great part his own work. (1)

The immortal chisel of Tacitus has sculptured the colossal statue of a Royal Favourite. The characteristics, the manners, and the principle of action of this species of personage, may be detected in the Sejanus of History. But who was Sejanus himself? Tacitus is the most awful genius whom the Muse of history has ever inspired, but he contemplates on human nature in masses. In the ideal of this master, the portrait resembles life; but we may suspect that, placed by the side of the living original, the portrait might have lost in truth what it had gained in effect. The monster-minister of Tacitus appears more naturally human in the portrait of Velleius Paterculus, whose personal knowledge has preserved for us a dignified characteristic of the man. (2) Place this by the side of the important confession of Tacitus himself—that, while this minister lived, he repressed the dark passions of Tiberius; and further, that the extinction of this State-victim afforded no relief to the Commonwealth, since, for many years after, the master continued the system of his condemned servant; and we may be induced to ask with Juvenal—

> Sed quo cecidit sub crimine? quisnam
> Delator? quibus indiciis? quo teste probavit?
> Nil horum?
>
> But, tell me, why was he adjudged to bleed?
> And who discovered? And who proved the deed?
> Nothing of this?

If the administration of Sejanus were not his own, but his master's, this royal favourite, flattered by a greater dissembler than himself, was probably one of those mighty machines of tyranny which are used till no longer serviceable. How skilfully at times Sejanus interposed between the people and the passions of their tyrant, is at least hinted at by the great historian. Sejanus perished, for he found a jealous master. But Richelieu in France, and Pombal in Portugal,—there are those who would add Pitt in England,—actuated by the same principle of a severe administration, have been considered as the greatest statesmen of modern Europe. Richelieu, by many an immolation, saved his country from intestine wars, and trode down an aspiring aristocracy of Princes; his genius survived him in the glory of the future reign. Pombal, anticipating the spirit of our own century, with no other aid than his own philosophical fortitude, doomed the extinction of the Jesuits, and established the commerce of the country; nor could the stability of his designs be interrupted by a conspiracy which menaced the throne, and an earthquake which shook his metropolis into ruins, and persuaded the people that Heaven warred against the Minister. But the towns of France were turned into garrisons by the despotic Richelieu, and the dungeons of Lisbon were enlarged by the

(1) Père Griffet, Hist. de France, xiii., 196.

(2) All the critics repeat after one another that Velleius has disgraced himself by his adulation of this model of all unpopular ministers. They cannot imagine that any single feature of humanity can form a part of their political phantom. The charm of a brilliant style may seem that of courtly panegyric; but allowing for the times, the writer, and the minister, he must possess little knowledge of human nature who does not discern some personal strokes which betray the intimacy of the writer. Velleius describes Sejanus as a person well adapted for his laborious office. "A vast frame was joined with as vigorous an intellect. His severity was often enlivened by the old Roman pleasantry; in the midst of business, he seemed like one at leisure; ascribing nothing to himself, he obtains everything from all, and his countenance and his life are as tranquil as his genius is vigilant."

inexorable Pombal. These are ministers whose administrations only differed from that of the Sejanus of Tiberius, in the character of their sovereigns. But Sejanus himself, had there been a free press at Rome, could not have been rendered more odious by a swarm of satires and libels than were these two great statesmen. Whenever there happens a crisis in the fortunes of an empire, and a minister is compelled to adopt a cruel administration, he cannot escape from the hatreds of his contemporaries.

An opposite species of royal favourites has attracted the partialities of their sovereigns by their agreeable qualities, insinuating themselves into the affections of their prince, perhaps by accident, and often for trivial or unworthy purposes. But were they only puppets to amuse their prince? Piers Gaveston, the playmate of Edward the Second, has always been condemned as a dissolute minion. We know but imperfectly those times, when the historians were as barbarous as the events they record, and when the nation was divided between conspiring barons and a murderous adulteress. Yet of this person, whom his enemies have made infamous in history, we should form a very erroneous notion, if we cannot discriminate truth amidst passion and prejudice. This young Gascon possessed many interesting qualities; he was loved by many; nor have his generous nature and brilliant genius been concealed by his imprudent contempt of jealous nobles, whom he stung by his wit, and foiled by his lance; he might have gained them by his favours. Their vengeance was an act more criminal than any he had committed in his life. Much that age owed to his elegant accomplishments; and the six years of his administration softened the warlike barbarism of the day, and opened the polished chivalry of a happier reign. (1) Luynes became a similar favourite with Louis the Thirteenth. He had taught the young Prince the art of bird-catching. After the assassination of the Marshal d'Ancre, the *protégé* of the Queen-Mother, Luynes rapidly ascended to favour. As Minister and Constable of France he excited the indignation of the nation—in all probability, chiefly the indignation of the nobility. But are we to imagine that "King Luynes," as Louis the Thirteenth himself had nicknamed him, was only dexterous at liming speckled magpies? He had caged his sovereign—and large was his aviary. The man who could retain his administration shaken by so many powerful factions, we may be assured, practised deeper arts than those of a bird-catcher. He triumphed over all, and oppressed none; he was prodigal to his friends—a certain means to make enemies. As a French statesman, he first opened a war, however then unsuccessful, with the Huguenots; a system which the great politician Richelieu continued, and which in the end subdued that "ambitious sect," as they are called in French history. Could such a man as Luynes have been destitute of talents and all good qualities? But we must not expect to discover a single one in that heap of satires and lampoons which accompany his name. (2) Posterity must decide by the acts of this favourite, who, though envied or detested, the impartiality of time acknowledges to have rendered important services to his sovereign.

Thus two contemptible royal favourites appear to have been very different characters from those which the popular impressions had received of them.

"But sovereigns should have no favourites!" is the universal cry. A learned historian of stoical morals observes that "Judicious friendship is honourable and beneficial to the throne; favouritism implies imbecility." Such is the abstract counsel of a sage! And whenever man ceases to be a bundle of sympathies, and tastes, and passions, some patriot king, in the apathy of his philosophy, may easily distinguish the rigid line which for ever separates friendship from favouritism. But, till the day arrives of the perfectibility of man, we can only consider this advice as offered on the principle by which medical men usually warn their unhappy invalids—"to be careful not to eat heartily of what they like best."

(1) Turner's History of London, ii., 128. Mr. Turner has skilfully collected the more interesting particulars of Gaveston. The reader may be amused at "the contumacious nicknames by which he taunted the haughty nobility." They are evidence of the wanton wit and poignant pleasantry for which Gascony was long famed.

(2) These are collected in a considerable volume: "Recueil des pièces les plus curieuses qui ont été faites pendant la faveur du Connétable de Luynes, en 1619, 1620 et 1621."—1623. They consist of prose and verse.—A compiler of modern history describes Luynes as "equally ignorant and presumptuous," in his unsuccessful attack of Montauban. He died of a fever in the camp. But a man may be "ignorant and presumptuous," particularly if he fail in a great enterprise, yet the enterprise itself may indicate no want of wisdom or courage.

Kings, in their peculiar situation, must always remain uncertain whether they inspire the sympathy which some monarchs would rejoice to create. The throne for ever stands between the monarch and his friend. Unhappy sovereigns! denied participating in the devotion of friendship and the adoration of love! There can be no friendship where there is no equality; and what female ever loved the object of her fear? Monarchs must descend from their throne to find a friend or a lover, and it is only by their magnanimity in adversity that they can kindle the social affections in their companions. Charles the First possessed more devoted friends in the days of his sorrows than he ever found when on his throne.

But a prince must have a favourite, since he can have no friend, and one of the greatest difficulties has been often acknowledged in supplying this want. A piece of secret history will show us the critical niceties of the providers of royal favourites. Once when the Marshal d'Ancre and his lady, in a secret conference with Mary of Medicis, had alarmed her on the growing favour which her son, the young Louis the Thirteenth, had bestowed on his companion De Luynes, it was resolved to remove the favourite from Court, and, by renewed attention to the amusements of the youthful monarch, prevent him from feeling his loss. When the plan was arranged, the Marshal suddenly observed that Sauveterre, the King's first valet, and usher of the Queen, stood at the door, and had probably overheard their State conversation. The Marshal, as an expedient, politically proposed to admit him to their councils; he was the friend of De Luynes. The Queen Mother then confided to Sauveterre her inquietude at the ascendancy of his friend over her son, and that either her Majesty or the favourite must retire. "In that extreme case," observed Sauveterre, "it is necessary that my friend should be sacrificed. But, Madam," he continued, "when you have got rid of this favourite, have you thought of one to supply his place? The King must have his companion, and if his Majesty should choose one more enterprising and more elevated in rank, you may repent of having removed this man, of whose conduct you are more certain than of any successor." This difficulty had not occurred to the D'Ancres; they were embarrassed—they examined the merits of a great number; but, after long deliberation, they could fix on no person who was not objectionable, and at length it was agreed that they should leave De Luynes as the King's favourite, till they were able to find out the proper man for his substitute.

The fears of the D'Ancres were not imaginary; the Marshal, however, perished by the command of the favourite De Luynes, who acted under the auspices of the young King. The Italians were more odious to the French people. Even the Prince of Condé, father to the great Condé, offered to assassinate the Florentine with his own hand.

The greatest sovereigns, as well as the weakest, have ever required some partner in the state, to alleviate its burthens; to inspire their hopes, and to guide their fortunes. Hence Wolsey, Leicester, and Bute, were the royal favourites of monarchs who cannot be classed among ordinary princes. But this class of favourites, as well as those of a more capricious choice, have excited the same unpardoning envy of the people, by their immense wealth and power. Sovereigns who flatter themselves that in a favourite they have found a friend, charmed even by this illusion of natural feeling, usually dispense their favours royally, destitute of all calculating arts, and Osborn, an old courtier, observes, with great knowledge of the royal character, "All the kings I have known were found to do more for their favourites than they could be tempted to have done for themselves." The favourites themselves are acted on by their locality; seduced by power, and corrupted by office, personal pride covers itself with titles as substitutes for ancestral nobility, and palaces are built by subjects. The public odium of private fortunes gathered from the common weal is attached to the favourite, and his tribes of relatives and friends who flocked at the call are counted over till factions are formed, and sedition has often triumphed.

This is the history of man as much as of favourites. Man is a corruptible creature. Even patriotic statesmen have been disgraced by the passion of avarice, which with them is connected with the more elevated feeling of ambition. Sully, who may be distinguished as the friend rather than the favourite of his King, did not serve himself with less zeal than he served his country, and this severe minister having amassed vast possessions, when he left his public station, retreated into a princely life. Clarendon in place, after that long abstinence from power, when he often wanted the price of a dinner, was as a

famished man in office. He sullied his hands by the most ordinary corruptions, and there is every reason to believe that a wider grasp built Clarendon House, which was better known under the more popular names of Dunkirk House, or Tangier Hall. In the history of Walpole, we must not omit Houghton and family sinecures.

One of the great odiums cast on favourites arises from what no disguise can conceal from the people's view—the elevation of a whole family and its multitude of creatures. The people, as one of them observed in revolutionary times, need care little who are in administration, since whoever they are, still the people must work; but the great families in the state, thus thrown out of power, find it no difficult art to convince the discontented, that every public grievance may be traced to the prosperity of the favourite and his countless dependents.

In our political history, we observe the alarm spread by party against the Hyde family, (1) and the Bute ministry. (2)

The case of the Duke of Lerma, the favourite of Philip III. of Spain, will illustrate this point in the history of royal favourites. On his entrance into power, this minister resolved that his nation, after the long struggle with the new republic, should repose in peace; he hastened a peace with England on the best conditions he could procure, and concluded a truce with Holland, which secured her independence. During an administration of twenty years, the pacific favourite courted all classes. To conceal the embarrassed state of the finances, he amused his master with festivals, and instead of suppressing a vast number of useless offices, which the caprice of the preceding reign had created, fearful of raising up enemies, he increased the evil, by making additional ones for his friends. His administration was a contrivance of expedients, and his perpetual hope lay in the galleons of Mexico, which have always kept down the national industry. The Duke of Lerma's mode of conducting affairs is curiously described by Sir Charles Cornwallis, our ambassador in Spain. The Duke deferred an appointment with him till his return from the Escurial, which visit occupied the minister three or four months; "he deferred business in the winter, and absolutely hid himself from it in the summer." But this favourite had his own favourite, and, to supply his own mediocrity of genius, he had fixed on a man of active talents.

The Duke was hated by the people; not that any one complained of injustice or severity in his lenient government, but the people could not forgive the pride with which he had received the King at his own house! The favourite was cried down, calumniated, retired with disgrace, and even deprived of fortune, and his secretary lost his head. It was pretended that he had sacrificed the national glory to this system of tranquillising the world. His fall was so rapid as to appear sudden:—all the Lermates disappeared in a few days.

At the fall of the Duke of Lerma, which occasioned so many removals from office, our James the First, expressing his astonishment, inquired the cause of his facetious friend Gondomar. That Cervantic Spaniard replied, by applying an apologue with his usual poignancy. To illustrate the fall of the Duke and his creatures, he told, how once two rats, having entered a palace, were delighted at the spacious apartments, and the frequent banquets. They whisked about unmolested, every day seemed a festival, and they at last concluded that the palace was built for them. Their presence was not even suspected. But, grown bolder by custom, they called in shoals of rats and ratlings, and each filled his appointment. Some were at the larder, some in the dining-room, some here, and some there. The little rapacious creatures were a race of la civious livers; they dipped their whiskers in every dish, and nibbled at the choicest morsels. Not a department but had its rat. The people in the palace began now to cry out, that there were rats without

(1) The bitterness of the wit of a lampoon on Lord Clarendon, which I recovered from its manuscript state, will show how a political family is treated by their contemporaries. It turns on the family name of the Clarendons.

When Queen Dido landed, she bought as much ground
As the *Hyde* of a lusty fat bull would surround;
But when the said *Hyde* was cut into thongs,
A city and kingdom to *Hyde* belongs;
So here in court, church, and country, far and wide,
Here's nought to be seen but *Hyde! Hyde! Hyde!*
Of old, and where law the kingdom divides,
'Twas our *Hydes of Land*, 'tis now *Land of Hydes!*

(2) The caricatures relative to Lord Bute's favouritism and Scottish patronage have been collected into volumes, and they may be accompanied by shelves of libels and pasquinades, as well as by Churchill's satire.

number; and, having once made up their minds as to the fact, the laid traps for them, here and there, and cast batsbane up and down the palace.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Charles the First after the Death of Buckingham.—Dissolution of the Third Parliament, 1629.

The extraordinary manner in which Charles the First received the intelligence of the assassination of the favourite has occasioned very opposite strictures from party-writers.

Charles was at his morning service, when Sir Thomas Hippisley, abruptly entering with an agitated countenance, whispered in the King's ear the portentous and overwhelming event. The King remained unmoved, and, when the chaplain paused as the rumour spread through the presence-chamber, the King, bidding him proceed, continued without interruption his devotions.

The perfect composure of the King on this trying and sudden occasion induced those courtiers, who study looks, and presume they read countenances, to imagine that the death of the favourite was felt as a relief by the monarch—and some have even considered it as a striking evidence of his natural insensibility.

It is, certainly, a very observable incident in the history of Charles the First, but, connecting it with what followed, it is the most certain indication of this monarch's strength of character. The imperturbable majesty of the mind of Charles the First never deserted him. But, as the character of no man has been viewed in such strong but opposite lights as that of this monarch, we find it sometimes difficult to discriminate his motives in his conduct. Perseverance and obstinacy, fortitude and insensibility, are terms which the predilections of parties apply to the same actions.

The exterior fortitude of Charles on one of the most surprising and awful events which had hitherto happened to him was doubtless influenced by the sacredness of the moment in which it met him. Whether Charles were a martyr or not, certain it is, that in his religious soul he had the perfect devotion of one. But who can doubt that he felt the loss which an ordinary mind would have conceived irreparable? Divine service closed, the King hurried to his chamber, and, throwing himself on the bed, he passionately moaned, shedding abundant tears. The memory of the delightful intimate to whom he had entrusted all his thoughts, and the spirited servant on whom the hope of his glory rested, now a miserable corpse, disturbed his mind, and cast it into a deep melancholy, which lasted for many days. Had Clarendon not furnished this fact, the insensibility of the King might only have been known to us.

The surprise of this most unexpected termination of the life of his minister furnishes another evidence of the strength of character which I have frequently traced in Charles the First. Even his inconsolable grief was not suffered to delay the expedition—there was no indecision, no feebleness in Charles's conduct. The King's personal industry astonished all in office; now, more was effected in six weeks than in the Duke's time in six months. The death of Buckingham caused no changes, the King left every man to his own charge, but took the general direction into his own hands. (1) In private, Charles deeply mourned the loss of Buckingham; he gave no encouragement to his enemies; the King called him "his martyr," and declared, that "the world was greatly mistaken in him, for it was thought that the favourite had ruled his Majesty; but it was far otherwise, for that the Duke had been to him a faithful and obedient servant." Such were the feelings and ideas of this unfortunate monarch, with which it is necessary to become acquainted before we judge of him as a man.

All the foreign expeditions of Charles the First were alike disastrous. The vast genius of Richelieu, ascending to its meridian, had paled our ineffectual star. The dreadful surrender of La Rochelle had sent back our army and navy baffled and disgraced. Buckingham had timely perished to be saved from the reproach of one more political crime.

Such failures could not improve the temper of the times, but the most brilliant success would not probably have changed the fate of Charles the First, nor allayed the fiery spirits in the Commons.

Parliament met. The King's speech was conciliatory. He acknowledged that the exaction of the duties of the Customs was not a right of his prerogative, but the gift of the people. He declared that he had as great an aversion to arbitrary power as themselves, and closed with a fervent ejaculation that the session, begun with confidence, might end

(1) From MS. letters—Lord Dorset to the Earl of Carlisle. Sloane MSS. 4178. Letter 519.

with a mutual good understanding. The King's speech, or, as Oldmixon calls it. "the King's fine speaking," was even received with a murmur of applause; a circumstance so unusual, that it is alluded to in subsequent royal messages. The King, to urge the conclusion of his right to levy the Customs, observes, that if not granted, he should think that "his speech, which was with good applause accepted, had had not that good effect which he expected."

The shade of Buckingham was no longer cast between Charles the First and the Commons; and yet we find that "their dread and dear sovereign" was not allowed any repose on the throne.

A new demon of national discord, religion in a metaphysical garb, reared its distracted head. This evil spirit had been raised by the conduct of the Court divines, whose political sermons, with their attempts to return to the more solemn ceremonies of the Roman Church, alarmed some tender consciences; and in a panic of "Jesuits and Arminians" it served as a masked battery for the patriotic party to change their grounds at will, without slackening their fire. When the King urged for the duties of his Customs, he found that he was addressing a committee sitting for religion! Sir John Eliot threw out a singular expression. Alluding to the bishops, whom he called "Masters of Ceremonies," he confessed that some ceremonies were commendable, such as standing up together at the repetition of the creed, to testify our resolution to defend the religion we profess; and, he added, "in some churches they did not only stand upright, but with *their swords drawn.*" His speech was a spark that fell into a well-laid train; it is difficult to conceive the wild enthusiasm of the House of Commons at that moment. They now entered into a *vow* "to preserve the articles of religion established by Parliament in the thirteenth year of our late Queen Elizabeth!" And they rejected the sense of any doctrines not only of "the Jesuits and the Arminians," but of "*all others wherein they differ from us.*" And this *vow* was immediately followed up by a petition to the King for a *fast* for the increasing miseries of the reformed Churches abroad. Parliaments are liable to have their passions!

On the state of the Reformed abroad, the King answered, "that fighting would do them more good than fasting;" he did not disapprove of the latter, but, as he appears to have been always anxious to explain his intention, he added a note that these fasts were not to be so frequent. During their fast they probably conned over their declaration that Tonnage and Poundage must yield precedency to religion! Still the King was patient; he confessed that "he did not think religion was in so much danger as they affirmed;" but as the levying the Customs was occasioning great violence between his officers and those who, referring to the Parliamentary debates, disputed the King's right to levy them, Charles wished for its conclusion, "not so much out of the greediness of the thing, as out of a desire to put an end to those questions which had arisen between me and some of my subjects."

Never had the King urged less arbitrary claims, never had he used a more subdued style, but never had the Commons raged with a fiercer spirit, since they had sat in their theological synod. In the orgasm of that conventicle spirit which, many years after, was to disgrace our annals, the House of Commons resolved, that "the business of the King of this Earth should give place to the business of the King of Heaven!" What new style was this? Whose tones pierced the roof of the Commons? Whose voice is speaking? A young man, as yet unknown to Fame—Oliver Cromwell! He sat in a saintly committee denouncing those divines, who, as he expressed it, "preached flat Popery." "It is amusing," writes the philosophical historian, "to observe the first words of this fanatical hypocrite correspond so exactly to his character." Francis Rous, afterwards a creature of Cromwell's, and Speaker of Barebone's Parliament, whose writings were collected and "dedicated to the Saints, and to the Excellent throughout the three nations," was frequently a leading spirit in this new feud; he excelled in adapting his fanatical eloquence to earthly objects. On the Custom-house duties he observed, "it is an old trick of the Devil's when he meant to take away Job's religion, to begin at his goods; 'lay thy hand on what he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.'" On religion, he said, "when lower natures are backed by higher, they increase in courage and strength; if man be backed with Omnipotency, he is a kind of omnipotent creature; all things are possible to him that believeth, and where all things are possible, there is a kind of omnipotency." Thus, long before the nation was maddened, the madmen existed who were to make them so. One Lewis, out of the House, having

exclaimed, "the Devil take the Parliament," was summoned before the Saints, and the Devil's good-wisher had to answer for his seditious language.

So far from any anxiety to terminate the troubles of the Sovereign and the People, the Commons now insisted that Charles should give up the receivers of the Customs as capital enemies to the King and the kingdom, and that those persons who submitted to pay their duties should be denounced guilty as accessaries.

Often have Kings been tyrannical, and sometimes have Parliaments; a body corporate, with the infection of passion, may perform acts of injustice equally with the individual who abuses the power with which he is invested.

In separating the King from his officers, the Commons pretended to hold the King blameless; but Charles evinced, at least, his sincerity, or, as was expressed in his message, "his justice and honour," when he would not consent to sacrifice his own servants. The same principle was at work with the Opposition members which had instigated them against the late minister; the officers of the Customs were now the representatives of Buckingham; these were the ostensible objects of attack, the concealed one was the Sovereign. The Custom-house and the Church alternately served their purpose.

The sole object of the Government was to settle the legal levy of the duties, which required but a formal confirmation; but the Commons, sensible that this once granted might terminate their sittings, were willing to agitate any subject, terrestrial or celestial, but tonnage and poundage.

Sir John Eliot, one part of whose eloquence certainly consisted in the most stinging personalities, was pouring forth invectives against some courtiers—Neile, the Bishop of Winchester, and the Lord Treasurer, Weston. "Buckingham is dead, but he revives in the two chiefs, Neile and Weston, who are animated with the same spirit, and tread in the same steps, and who, he declared, for fear would break Parliaments, lest Parliaments should break them." He was sometimes interrupted, and sometimes cheered. The timid Speaker refusing to put the question, declaring that "he was otherwise commanded from the King," suffered a severe reprimand from Selden. "If you will not put it we must sit still thus we shall never be able to do anything." The House adjourned in great heat. This was the dark prognostic of their next meeting, on Monday the second of March, 1629, which Sir Symonds d'Ewes has marked in his diary, as "the most gloomy, sad, and dismal day for England that happened for five hundred years."

On this fatal day, the Speaker still refusing to put the question, and announcing the King's command for an adjournment (an intermediate one had already occurred), Sir John Eliot stood up. The Speaker attempted to leave the chair, but two members placed themselves on each side, and forcibly kept him down. Eliot, who had prepared certain resolutions, flung down a paper on the floor, crying out that it might be read! His party vociferated for the reading; others that it should not. A sudden tumult broke out. Coriton, an ardent patriot, struck another member, and many laid their hands on their swords. It was imagined, out of doors, that swords had actually been drawn, for a Welsh page, running in great haste when he heard the noise, cried to the door-keeper, "I pray you let hur in! let hur in! to give hur master his sword."—"Shall we," said one, "be sent home as we were last sessions, turned off like scattered sheep?" The weeping trembling Speaker, still persisting, was dragged to and fro by opposite parties; the Clerk of the Commons was not less inflexible in not reading the paper of Sir John Eliot. Sir John Finch, the unfortunate Speaker, with a poverty of spirit, filled a situation as critical as it was elevated. He heard himself bitterly reproached by his kinsman, Sir Peter Hayman, whose name the reader may recollect, "as the disgrace of his country, the blot of a noble family, and whom posterity will remember with scorn and disdain." Hard fate of weak men, who on some emergency are called out to act a part above their natures, and want even the dignity which might save them from contempt!

Eliot, finding the House so strongly divided, undauntedly snatching up the paper, said, "I shall then express that by my tongue which this paper should have done." Denzil Holles assumed the character of Speaker, putting the question, which was returned by the acclamations of the party. The doors were locked, and the keys laid on the table. The King sent the Serjeant to bring away the mace, but the royal messenger could obtain no admission; the Usher of the Black Rod met no more regard. The King then ordered the Captain of his Guard to force an entrance;

that incident, however, was not to happen till several years after. The resolutions concerning Papistry and Poundage had passed before the guard appeared;—the door was flung open, the rush of the members was a torrent, and many were struck with horror at the conflicting scene they had witnessed. It was a sad image of the future.

The King, on dissolving this Parliament, gives us at least his idea of it. "It is far from me to judge all the House aliko guilty, for there are there as dutiful subjects as any in the world; it being but *some few vipers* among them that did cast this mist of undutifulness over most of their eyes." At the time, many undoubtedly considered that a mere faction was formed among the Commons. Sir Symonds d'Ewes was no politician, but unquestionably his ideas were not peculiar to himself. He discriminates this last third Parliament, "the greater part of the House were morally honest men, who were the least guilty of the fatal breach, being only misled by some other *Machiavelian politics, who seemed zealous for the liberty of the Commonwealth*, and by that means, at the moving of their outward freedom, drew the votes of those good men on their side."

In the sudden dissolution of this Parliament, the Lord-Keeper in the accustomed form addressed the House of Commons, though they had not been summoned, nor was the Speaker present. It is said that the King, in disrobing himself, declared that "he would never put on those robes again."

The conduct of Charles the First through this last Parliament is now before us. Conceding the great constitutional points, and even professing an abhorrence of arbitrary measures, his latter speech extorted a murmur of applause; his conduct had varied in its progress; a strange monster of discord grappled with the Sovereign in the even path, and in the mind of Charles he recognised the spawn of faction. Now Laud was to be substituted for Buckingham—religion for government. Patient, till patience ceased to be a virtue, after many struggles with himself, we see the King more and more irritated. Anger and despair closed the Parliament—perhaps for ever!

To Charles the First the menacing language and the tumultuous acts of the great leaders appeared seditious. He declared that "they designed his ruin."

Ten of the most eminent members were summoned to the council-table, among whom were Denzil Holles, Sir John Eliot, and Selden—illustrious names! They were now placed in the cruel predicament of contending for their Parliamentary rights against the wounded feelings of the Sovereign, and the judicial decisions of the legislature. It raised up one of the greatest and the longest legal controversies which had been started for many years.

Charles the First was strongly affected when he heard that Holles had been so deeply implicated in seconding the resolutions which Eliot had prepared. The Monarch exclaimed, "Et tu, Brute! I wonder at it! for we two were fellow-revellers in a masque together."(1) We see by this pathetic exclamation how Charles the First could not avoid blending his personal feelings with the Parliamentary opposition; the King, indeed, appears to have had a personal knowledge of most of the great leaders of the present party, a circumstance of some importance which has not been noticed by historians.

At the council-table Holles declared that he came to the House with zeal for His Majesty's service, but, finding his Majesty was offended with him, he humbly desired that he might rather be the subject of his mercy than of his *power*. On this the Lord-Treasurer observed, "You mean, rather of his Majesty's mercy than of his *justice*." Holles repeated, "I say of his Majesty's power, my Lord." Sir John Eliot, questioned for words spoken in the House, and for producing the last offensive resolutions, with his accustomed keenness of language declared, "that whatsoever was performed by him in that place and at that time, as a member of that House, he would ever be ready to give an account of his sayings and doings in that place whenever he should be called to it by the House. But now, as a private man, he could not trouble himself to remember what he said or did in that place as a public man."

Charles the First, to vindicate his outraged sovereignty, would have limited his utmost severity to "a petition expressing their sorrow that he was offended with them;" but these were not men, like children, to be frightened or to be soothed by a weak parent. They courted the persecution, which with the people only served the more to maintain the principles for which they suffered. The patriots, obstinately contumacious, were committed to different prisons.

(1) Hamon l'Estrange, 82 fo.

Charles the First, in his own mind, could only perceive their contumacy—it is only ourselves who now can admire their patriotism. The King sought to punish sedition; but in a conference he himself held with his judges, they decided that the offences were not capital; the prisoners might be bailed, giving security for their good behaviour. The acknowledgment of Charles, though this decision was not to his mind, enters into his character. "I shall never be offended with my judges if they deal plainly with me, and do not answer by oracles and riddles." Such a sentiment evinces no resolute tyranny in this monarch.

The parties were ready with their bail, but they would give no security for their good behaviour. Selden raised his acute legal objections, and one of the members observed, that "the good behaviour was a ticklish point." What was "good behaviour?" Was it passive obedience? He preferred to return to prison than to accept a condition of which he did not know the nature. All were alike resolute in the refusal of any act of submission, and in the denial of the jurisdiction of any inferior court over Parliament. The judges, who had hitherto acted rightly, it was thought, wrested the law now to the monarch's side, by decreeing heavy fines and imprisonment during the King's pleasure.

Arbitrary imprisonments, even in state affairs, are so abhorrent to Englishmen, that this act of severity on the side of Charles the First has been alleged as a striking evidence of his disposition to tyranny. When we calmly look into the motives of the King—the state of the times—the as yet undefined rights of the liberty of the subject—the prevalent custom in European governments of imprisoning supposed state delinquents, and the extraordinary scenes which were passing in France, where the sacrifice of a few political victims, the heads of factions, had saved the feeble monarch on a throne surrounded by conspiracies, when all those are considered, the severity of Charles the First will not appear with that dark and peculiar complexion, which a modern pencil might deeply colour. Charles had first intended to inflict the lenient penalty of a slight act of submission; but it was as impossible for the patriots to commit an act of submission as for the monarch to be passive under his contemned sovereignty.

To allay the prevalent terror that the nation was now to be deprived of its Parliaments, Charles the First published "a declaration of the causes which moved him to dissolve this last Parliament." His tone is not arrogant—he gives an historical account of all their proceedings—their scanty subsidies—their persecutions on tonnage and poundage—their exorbitant encroachments—he reproaches those perturbators of the public peace, who have all along disturbed the harmony between him and the people—"like empirics, who choose to have some diseases on foot to keep themselves in request, and to be employed in the cure." And lastly, the King appeals to the subject, whether, "in respect of the free passage of the gospel, in equal administration of justice, freedom from oppression, and the peace and quietness every one enjoys under his own vine and fig-tree, the happiness of this nation can be paralleled by any neighbouring countries?" Had there been no truth in this appeal to the people, it would have been the most unskilful one possible.

So destitute was the Sovereign now of means to pursue any foreign expedition that, after the fall of La Rochelle, when the Duke of Rohan implored his farther aid, Charles the First declared, that compelled to dissolve the Parliament, from whom he had expected farther supplies, he was no longer in a condition to assist the necessities of the foreign Protestants. The Parliament, in the result of their proceedings, had, doubtless contrary to their intentions, ably served the cause of Franco and Spain, with whom the King had to accede to an inglorious peace, after having waged a disastrous war. An English sovereign was now to reign deprived of his Parliament!

CHAPTER XXIV.

The First Patriots.

Swift, in the spirit of his cynical philosophy, once drew up a catalogue of the *great* and *little* actions of some singular and renowned persons; and among the manuscripts of Bishop Kennett I found a curious list of the infirmities of the best men in sacred writ. Moses was passionate, Abraham lied, Aaron was idolatrous, Samson was a woman's slave, and the incredulity of Thomas, the persecutions of Paul, and the denial of Peter, enforced this extraordinary result of the infirmities of men, who, we might suppose, would have been exempt from ordinary weaknesses.

May we not therefore be forgiven, if we sometimes start at the tales of those romantic

patriots, who, pure and exalted above the sphere of human passions, and often performing incredible or incomprehensible actions, so prodigally adorn the histories of the poetical Greeks and the declamatory Romans! (1) Our own age, among the annals of patriotism, can only boast of a single patriotic character, the grandeur of whose mind was circumscribed by his civic duties; the ambition of Washington terminated in the emancipation of his country. It would be delightful to trace patriotism in all its integrity, pursuing the noblest ends by the most irreproachable means—but too rare indeed are those great characters, who, having opened the first scenes of political revolutions, have escaped the imputation of indulging their personal vanity, their private interest, or their boundless ambition.

We, who are feeling about for truth in the darkness of time, too often discover that secret history forms a contrast with the ideal greatness of our general views; and it is only the philosophical writer who can detect those indiscriminate opinions of men, and the affairs of men, which crowd the history of human nature with phantoms and delusions. Imperfect humanity claims our indulgence; and while we are often educing good from evil, we may surmise that it may require the leaven of personal motives to ferment *some minds* into patriotism. And if we be often compelled to explore into an origin more obscure and far less pure than such elevated motives seem to promise, shall we not remain satisfied, if, after tracing the stream back to its head, we behold it purifying itself as it flows, and enlarging its boundaries till even Self seems forgotten in the public cause? We gladly accept the popular virtue, while we forget the private passion.

Cardinal de Retz is accused of indulging an unbounded ambition, yet in his own memoirs, though he frankly condemns many of his actions, he solemnly asserts that, in whatever regarded his political conduct, he was actuated by the noblest principles; nor is this impulse incompatible even with the indulgence of his ambition.

There are still persons, it seems, who will deny that the infirmities of our nature are discoverable in some of the early Reformers both at home and abroad; (2) and some assuredly there are, who will not pardon us on any terms, when we assert that the popular leaders in the House of Commons, those great names in our history which posterity has invested with the purest of all national titles, that of Patriot, may lie open to the same accusation. The good, indeed, has survived the evil, and that is sufficient to carry on the great ends of society; the heat and fury of the Reformation emancipated the human mind, and the factions of our early patriots, in many respects, laid the foundations of our popular Constitution. The only dangerous error is the supposition that some men are more immaculate than our infirm passions can possibly permit, and that others were as criminal as they are made to be, for the purposes of party.

If even the great and good qualities of Pisistratus disguised his love of arbitrary power; if the secret motives of the French princes espousing the cause of the Huguenots have been traced to their own quarrel at Court; if Gibbon have thrown a shade of suspicion even over Brutus's "Godlike stroke;" if the assassin of Buckingham were a penitent and not a patriot; if even the patriotism of that great prince, Maurice of Orange, whom the people venerated as the hero who had rescued them from the Spanish tyranny, were stigmatised by the republican Barnevelt, as a cloak to his ambition; if the immortal Bacon, and the illustrious Clarendon, cannot escape from the taint of the meaner passions; and if that oracle of law, the great Coke, were of one mind as a judge, when in favour at Whitehall, and of another when discontented, he was a patriot at Westminster; we may, perhaps, feel more assured that it may serve both as matter of curiosity and instruction to open the more secret and complicate

(1) The learned Niebuhr has elaborately explored into the fabulous history of the Romans; he has been preceded by M. Beaufort, an ingenious writer, in his "Incertitude des cinq premiers Siècles de l'Histoire Romaine;" but the Abbate Lancelloti, in his "Farfalloni degli Antichi Historici," would have had the merit of having first hostilely entered into this sacred land of imposture, had the dignity of genius sustained the erudition of the writer of "The Flim-Flams of Antiquity."

(2) Mr. Wilberforce has condemned the historian Robertson for his phlegmatic philosophy in composing the history of the Reformation, with an indifference incredible in a divine, etc., etc. Surely it is not necessary at this day to write with all the heat of the times, caught from passions transient as the events which kindled them. These can no longer be suffered to associate with the dignity of truth.

motives of many of the great actors in our history.

Nothing is more wanting in the history of this period than the personal memoirs of some of the leaders in the Opposition. (1) Such were Sir John Eliot, Dr. Turner, Sir Dudley Digges, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, Lord Say and Sele, St. John, Hampden, and Pym. Of these remarkable men we know little but their Parliamentary history; something, however, we may glean from closer researches, and, perhaps, sufficient to serve us in these speculations on human nature.

On the patriotic party rising in the House of Commons, Charles the First acutely observed, that "it seemed to him that their aim was not so much against the abuses of power as against power itself." To the King, the Oppositionists in the Commons seemed at times meditating insurrection; and the first race of our Patriots appeared to Charles the First as the leaders of a faction conspiring to sacrifice the Sovereign, by casting him on an indigent throne. When long after the monarch finally assembled the memorable "Long Parliament," and the second race of our Patriots arose, the same opinion probably with him lost nothing of its conviction.

Among the most eminent and the earliest of our patriots, and one who was, perhaps, the victim of his exertions, was Sir John Eliot, a Cornish gentleman, Vice-Admiral of Devon. His extraordinary and unrelenting conduct in his prosecution of the minister whom he fastened on, as his solitary prey, with a terrible enmity which nothing could satiate short of life; his vehement eloquence, his gorgeous declamation, touched by such a hardiness of personal invective, and flowing with such embittered feelings, often induced me to suspect that the patriotism of this Junius of another age was unhappily connected with an antipathy to the individual. There was too large a proportion of personal rancour in Sir John Eliot's warm temper; to say the least of it, it did not yield to the abundance of the patriotic spirit.

A genius so commanding and so turbulent was fitted to be the leader of a party, or the creator of one. Sir John Eliot, we find, had early in life been the intimate companion of Buckingham; they had been fellow-travellers, and on the Duke's rise Eliot appears to have shared his favours. His appointment as Vice-Admiral of Devonshire connects itself with the patronage of the Lord High-Admiral of England, as does his knighthood, in 1618, with Buckingham's rapidly rising fortune.

Eliot appears to have been at all times of a temper hot and irascible. He had a quarrel with his neighbour, Mr. Moyle, and in the hour of a friendly visit, with wine before them, Eliot "treacherously" stabbed him. On this barbarous irruption of passion, Eliot hastened to London to secure the protection of Buckingham. A heavy fine commuted the criminal offence. When news arrived of the recovery of Moyle, Eliot applied to the Duke for the remission of his fine, but, in the impoverished Exchequer of that day, a fine once paid was never recoverable from the gulph: besides, the crime, though ineffectual, had been committed. The only favour Eliot could obtain was a knighthood. (2)

In a letter of Sir John Eliot's to the Duke, so late as towards the close of 1623, there runs a strain of humble intercession, which strangely contrasts with that lofty spirit, and that personal indignation, with which Eliot

(1) Hobbes has not hesitated to say, that they "were persons as had a great opinion of their own sufficiency in politics, which they thought was not sufficiently taken notice of by the King."—*Behemoth*, p. 482, Macre's Ed. The ideas of a great contemporary have always something to be attended to.

(2) Such is the tale recorded by Echard, as related by Dean Prideaux, who was a grandson of Mr. Moyle. Another statement has been recently produced from a Cornish gentleman, who, in a letter written in 1767, relates his recollections of the story as it had been told him by a daughter of Mr. Moyle. In the stabbing, and the subsequent flight, both accounts agree; but the letter would seem to fix the event at a period when Buckingham was not in a situation to afford Eliot protection. It is not impossible, however, that the two accounts may be compatible; for, at a later period, when Buckingham had attained power, Eliot might have sought, through his favour, the remittance of the inflicted fine, and was gratified by the knighthood. A letter written one hundred and sixty years after the transaction, the uncertain recollections of two octogenarians, cannot be weighed against a narrative thrice published in the lifetime of Dean Prideaux. Whether this ebullition of the irascible Eliot be aggravated by Echard, or softened down to the impetuosity of youth, signifies little in the development of the constitutional temper of the individual. Of the penitence of Eliot, and of the renewal of the ancient friendship of the two families, the evidence exists among the Eliot Papers; but it is equally evident, that the Moyles did not forget what they had forgiven; the tale still went on from the sufferer to his relatives; for the grandson told it to Echard, as the daughter did, in her old age, to her Cornish neighbour.—*Miss Aikin's Memoirs of the Court of Charles the First*, i., 265. *Forster's Life of Sir John Eliot.*—(See Appendix for Eliot's penitential confession.)

shortly afterwards assailed his late friend and patron. This letter is important; it is evidence that Sir John Eliot had then "suffered a long imprisonment and great charge." Sir John declares that "he had served his Grace with all affection," and had "preserved the rights and liborties of the Duke, though with the loss of his own." (1) All this obviously alludes to his official character as Vice-Admiral, and as Chairman of the Committee of Stannaries, of which he has left a manuscript report. Sir John, therefore, "humbly craves his Grace's favour," which he appears to have forfeited; for he complains that some former letters addressed to the minister had remained unnoticed. The cause of his inveterate quarrel with Buckingham, though yet not distinctly known, would seem by this letter to have originated in the performance, or the transgression, of some of his official duties. (2) Eliot unquestionably was of a fiery temperament—it had cast him into a most disgraceful predicament with the Moyles, and now we discover him in prison in 1623. The circumstance of being imprisoned, and of his letters remaining unanswered by him whose "rights" he had protected, display the most callous ingratitude, or the most absolute disavowal of Eliot's proceedings, whatever they might have been. (3)

I discovered among the Eliot papers that there was a suit pending, and accompts unsettled on the death of Buckingham, between "my Lord Admiral" and Sir John. There I found also a letter of Selden from the Temple, dated November, 1628, relating to "a patent of Sir John's, delivered to him in a box," for the purpose of Selden's examination, whether the death of the grantor made it void. Evidently this grantor was Buckingham, who had fallen two months before.

The patriotic ardour which marks the character of Eliot visited him like a sudden inspiration, and when he discovered that "that man," as he persisted in contemptuously designating the Minister, was "the Sejanus of England," and closely paralleled him with one of the most profligate of royal favourites, in comparing him with the Bishop of Ely, in Richard the First's time—when he impeached the Minister as "the canker of the King's treasure," and "the moth of all goodness in the State"—all this was a political revolution, which did not happen till two years after he had been a suppliant to this very Minister. The commencement of Sir John Eliot's purer patriotism is obscure; that ambiguous point where personal malignity ceased, as public spirit broke out; but, till we are satisfied on this head, we must still believe that the revolutionary genius has frequently disguised its private passions by its public conduct. (4)

Sir John Eliot was a patriot who stood foremost in the ranks of Opposition. Wentworth, afterwards the famous Earl of Strafford, opened his political life under the banner of that party; but whether either of these great leaders were too haughty to follow the other, or whether Wentworth disdained the violence and turbulence of Eliot, their opinions frequently clashed, and they aimed at each other such keen retorts, that their emulation, if it ever were emulation, terminated in personal antipathy. In the House, these leaders of party were both first-rates, and it is curious to observe how minds of such calibre can exercise themselves with equal force in mutual depreciation, till, in the illusion of their jealousy, they persuade themselves that they really feel that contempt for each other which their style infers. Wentworth, alluding to his old rival, then no more, degrades him into "a phantastic apparition;" had Eliot lived, Strafford would have found the "apparition" as substantial a foe as the one he afterwards witnessed in that political Elisha, Pym, who had caught up the inspiring mantle of the departed. When Wentworth of the North betrayed symptoms of wavering indecision, and when at length "the northern cock was picked out to be the King's creature," by the Lord Treasurer Weston, Hacket tells us, that "it was the general opinion of the times," that Eliot, irascible at the choice of his rival, avenged himself on the King in the bill of Tonnage and Poundage;

(1) Cabala, p. 412.

(2) I am not acquainted with the exact nature of this office of Vice-Admiral; however, by a passage in a letter of Denzil Hollea to Sir Thomas Wentworth, it is clear that he levied some fees for himself, as well as the Lord High Admiral. "By that time my Lord Admiral and his Vice-Admirals be satisfied, and all other rights and wrongs be discharged, a slender gleaning is left for the taker." Hottes alludes to the wrecks on the coast.—*Strafford's Letters*, i., 40.

(3) Rushworth, i., 213.

(4) Mr. Forster, in his Life of Sir John Eliot, written with considerable care, has noticed the silence of Eliot respecting the Duke of Buckingham in the Parliament of February, 1623, "when the lauded name of the Duke was frequently on the tips of other popular members," as evidence that Eliot was not a subserver to the Duke; I regard it as evidence that the mind of Eliot was then rankling on the supposed injury which he complains of in the November before.

falling on the Treasurer, and declaring with his accustomed petulance, since Buckingham was no more, that the Lord Treasurer was "the author of all the evils which oppressed the kingdom." Weston, however, had not been six months in office, but he appears to have dreaded his redoubtable adversary. Bishop Williams, who had then his spies abroad, in order to still the quaking statesman, and make his own court, proffered, in many private conferences, "to bring Sir John Eliot to be reconciled to him and rest his servant." Hacket, to whom Williams imparted this manœuvring, adds, that Wentworth never forgave our intriguing Bishop for having offered to bring over his rival. (1) Mr. Hallam catches fire at the degrading insinuation. "The magnanimous fortitude of Eliot forbids us to give credit to any surmise unfavourable to his glory upon such indifferent authority; but several passages in Wentworth's letters to Laud show his malice towards one who had perished in the great cause which he had so basely forsaken." (2) This remark requires some animadversion. At this time there was much tampering with the patriotic party, and several of the great leaders were gained over by the court. Williams might have offered to do that, in respect to Eliot, which he could not have effected. Eliot had gone too far ever to return, and the King could never have endured the presence of one who had become personally offensive to him. The statement of Bishop Williams is after his own manner; unquestionably he was long and secretly connected with the patriotic party, and what he tells of a rival's anger in Wentworth is a strong confirmation of this political project, for we are now perfectly acquainted with Wentworth's personal dislike to Eliot.

Mr. Hallam has justly ascribed to Eliot "magnanimity of fortitude." The story of the last sad hours of his imprisonment and his life have not yet been disclosed to the world. His ardent spirit remained unbroken —though it waxed "faint and feeble," as he himself pathetically expressed it.

The last imprisonment of Eliot for his conduct in Parliament was in 1629, when he was condemned to be imprisoned during the King's pleasure, and fined in two thousand pounds. On this occasion, he sent an upholsterer to the Tower, "to trim up convenient lodgings," convinced that his visit would be no short one. Concerning his fine, he said, that "He had two cloaks, two suits, two pair of boots, and gallashees, and a few books, and that was all his personal substance, and, if they could pick up two thousand pounds out of that, much good might it do them." He added, that "when he had first been a close prisoner in the Tower, a commission was directed to the High Sheriff of Cornwall, and five other commissioners, his capital enemies, to inquire into his lands and goods, and to seize upon them for the King, but they returned a nihil." (3) It appears that he had conveyed his estates to trustees for the use of his sons.

In January 1631-2, I find Sir John Eliot removed into a new lodging (in the Tower), and that his lawyer assured Pory, the letter-writer, that he had found Sir John "the same cheerful healthful undaunted man as ever." Sir John's lawyer appears to have had too much at heart the glory of the patriotic champion in the person of his client, to have perceived what Eliot's physicians reported in the October of that year, that "he could never recover of his consumption, unless he might breathe purer air." Lord Chief Justice Richardson, in reply, observed, that "Though Sir John was brought low in body, yet was he as high and lofty in mind as ever; for he would neither submit to the King, nor the justice of that Court." The Bench recommended Sir John to petition his Majesty.

The mode of Sir John Eliot's proceedings were told by Lord Cottington to a friend of the present letter-writer. Sir John first presented a petition to the King by the hand of the Lieutenant of the Tower, to this effect:— "Sir, your judges have committed me to prison in the Tower of London, where, by reason of the quality of the air, I am fallen into a dangerous disease. I humbly beseech your Majesty will command your judges to set me at liberty, that for recovery of my health I may take some fresh air." His Majesty's answer was—"It was not humble enough." Sir John then prepared another petition to be presented by his son—"Sir, I am certainly sorry to have displeased your Majesty, and, having so said, do humbly beseech you once again to command your judges to set me at liberty, that, when I have recovered my health, I may return back to my prison, there to undergo such punishment as God hath allotted unto me." On this

(1) Scrinia Reserata, part ii., 82.
(2) Hallam's Constitutional History, i., 496.
(3) Harleian MSS. 7000.

the Lieutenant came and expostulated with Sir John, insisting that it belonged to his office, and was common to no man else, to deliver petitions for his prisoners, and if Sir John, in a third petition, would humble himself to his Majesty in acknowledging his fault, and craving pardon, he would willingly deliver it, and made no doubt that he should obtain his liberty.

To this Eliot answered, "I thank you, sir, for your friendly advice, but my spirits are grown feeble and faint, which, when it please God to restore to their former vigour, I will take it farther into my consideration."

In the next month Eliot was no more. He died in the Tower on the 27th of November, 1632. (1) His son petitioned the King that he would permit the body of his ill-fated father to be conveyed to Cornwall, but the King's answer, written at the foot of the petition was, "Let Sir John Eliot's body be buried in the church of that parish where he died." He was buried in the chapel of the Tower. Thus it appears that this uncompromising spirit perished in a prison from a haughty delicacy on his side at the punctilious interference of the official man, who probably felt little sympathy for his illustrious prisoner, and who appears to have aimed at humiliating the elevated mind of the Patriot by reiterated humble petitions. The severity which the King exercised against Eliot is very particular. Charles the First, often hasty and austere, from his temperament, has been accused of deficient tenderness in his nature by certain party-writers; their object is to represent Charles the First as a heartless tyrant; but the facts which they have attempted to allege are so trivial and nugatory, that they are become rather the testimonies of their own cruelty than of his. The harshness of Charles the First towards Eliot to me indicates a cause of offence, either of a deeper dye, or of a more personal nature, than, perhaps, we have yet discovered. (2)

The implication of the King's connivance with Buckingham, in the affair of the plaister and potion given to James the First, as, I think, was so understood at the time, when Eliot abruptly broke off with an invidious quotation from Cicero, in a like case, "which he feared to speak and feared to think," was not likely ever to be forgotten by the King. Charles asserted, that in comparing Buckingham to Sejanus, Eliot, by implication, must mean that he was Tiberius.

The idea which Charles the First entertained of Eliot we may perhaps learn from another circumstance. On the dissolution of the third Parliament, (3) which broke up in a tumult, and which cast the public mind into a violent ferment, a proclamation was issued against "the spreaders of false rumours," in which we find this remarkable passage: "As if the scandalous and seditious proposition in the House of Commons, *made by an outlawed man, desperate in mind and fortune*, had been the vote of the whole House." Who can this man be, so forcibly designated, but Sir John Eliot, whom we have seen at that eventful moment prepared with those propositions which were carried in a tumult? Rushworth, who, in giving this proclamation, has cautiously omitted this personal stroke, no doubt well knew its object; and it is one instance of many, where the Clerk of the House of Commons has been too tender of the feelings of his contemporaries and his masters, who had then passed a considerable vote to honour the memory of Sir John Eliot, and to remunerate the losses of his family. (4)

(1) Anthony Wood erroneously conjectured that he died about 1629.

(2) These particulars of the death of Sir John Eliot I have drawn from manuscript letters in the Harleian collection, 7000. At Port Eliot there is an interesting portrait of Sir John Eliot, bearing the melancholy inscription that it was *painted a few days before his death in the Tower*; it betrays the last stage of atrophy or consumption. He is painted in a very elegant morning-dress, ornamented with lace, holding in his hand a comb; the picture, though somewhat hard, has a great appearance of truth, and sadly contrasts with another portrait also at Port Eliot, taken at a very different period of life. The contraction of the pallid face, placed by the side of the broad and florid countenance of his early manhood, offers a very striking and pathetic image of mortality. I owe the sight of these two portraits, and of the correspondence of Sir John Eliot, which I give in an Appendix, to the liberal kindness of Lord Eliot (now Earl of St. Germains), who takes a deep interest in the history of his illustrious ancestor.

(3) 1629.

(4) Rushworth gives the passage, ii., 3. "As if the scandalous and seditious proposition in the House of Commons had been the vote of the whole House." It is in Rymer's Fœdera, xix., 62, that we recover the suppressed passage. Sir John Eliot was harassed by many years of frequent imprisonments and fines, and not always, as we see, for political objects. The House of Commons voted 5000*l.* for a compensation to the family for his "sufferings;" they also voted another 2000*l.*, part of four, which his son had been fined by the Court of Wards, by reason of his marriage with Sir Daniel Norton's daughter. As it appears that none of the estates were forfeited, nor probably any of the amerce-

As the judges on that occasion particularised Eliot as the "greatest offender and the ringleader," and sentenced him to a far heavier fine than Holles and Valentine, with unlimited imprisonment, "this man, desperate in mind and fortune," could only have been himself! Such, then, was the King's conception of him.

During his long imprisonment in the Tower, Sir John Eliot found, as other impetuous spirits have, that wisdom and philosophy have hidden themselves behind the bars of a prison window; there, his passions weaker, and his contemplation more profound, he nobly employed himself on an elaborate treatise on "The Monarchy of Man." (1)

The active supporter of Eliot was the perturbed Dr. Turner, member for Shrewsbury, whom Wotton calls "a travelled doctor of physick, of bold spirit and of able elocution, returned one of the burghesses, which was not ordinary in any of his coat." He appears to have been elected for his hardy activity. I discovered that he was one, as he himself declared, of an association who had agreed to disperse themselves through the country, to exert all their influence to thwart the measures of Government; announcing, by inflammatory letters, that "The day was fast approaching when such work was to be wrought in England as never was the like, which will be for our good." So presciently some of this party viewed the scenes which, fifteen years afterwards, opened on the nation. If we incline to admire this perambulating patriotism, and pass by, without ridicule, these politicians on posthorses, we must own that the motive dwindles considerably in our esteem, when we learn that the said Dr. Turner had long haunted the Court, but had been contemptuously treated by the King, for his deficient veracity. We confess that we little value the patriot made out of a discarded place-hunter; a man who hates the Court because the Court does not love him.

Among the race of our patriots appear Hampden and Pym; consecrated names! We know at present too little of the secret history of these remarkable men, to venture to develope the motives of their conduct. The intentions of men may, however, be purer than their practices, for between our intentions and our practices, our little and our great passions may intervene.

Hampden passed his early years in the lighter dissipations of society. He had taken no degree at the University, but he studied the municipal law at the Inns of Court. He appears "to have retired to a more reserved and melancholy society;" thus Lord Clarendon describes a more select and more studious class of minds, without, however, losing his natural vivacity and "flowing courtesy to all men." Hampden at length settled into an independent country gentleman—and in his retirement, but this we can only conjecture, must have meditated on some theory of politics. It is only on this principle that we can account for the extraordinary design which he aimed at, of overturning the whole government of England. Anthony Wood asserts that Hampden was "a person of antimonarchical principles." I would not depend on honest Anthony's account of any man's principles, but in this instance I am of Anthony's opinion. I do not decide so much on the general conduct of Hampden, as from the remarkable intimacy which existed between him and his cousin, Oliver Cromwell; remarkable, because it enabled the penetrating sagacity of the student of Davila to predict to Lord Digby, pointing to Cromwell, that "that sloven, if we ever should come to a breach with the King—which God forbid! in such a case, I say, that that sloven will be the greatest man in England." Cromwell, in his famous canting answer, full of what he calls, "a way of foolish simplicity," at the conference about his "kingship," particularly alludes to Hampden, his former great friend, as having been a "hid instrument to help him on this work." The deep and reciprocal sympathy of these bosom friends most evidently indicates the same counsels, the same conduct, and the same great, but concealed, design.

Hampden lives in the unfading colours of the most forcible of portrait-painters, the majestic Clarendon. Who will deny that he possessed that greatness of mind and character, and which suffered no diminution from an early death, capable of inspiring the most elevated patriotism? The feelings of two ages attest the greatness of Hampden's name. Charles the First acknowledged his eminent character, when the King, on hearing of the fatal accident which terminated his career (the bursting of his own overcharged pistol in the field of battle), offered his own surgeon

ments paid, the vote of 3000*l.* was a remuneration for a loss which had never been experienced.

(1) See note at the end of this chapter

to preserve the life of his hostile subject; and such was Hampden's enduring fame, that when one of his descendants was deficient in his public accounts, that public peculator found the name of Hampden was a talisman of patriotism; and in the fervour of that day, he was not prosecuted, and his family obtained some provision in reverence of the name which he had so unworthily inherited. (1)

It must be confessed, that though England has had no Plutarch to interest us by the charm of his details, our country does not want for subjects, particularly in the revolutionary age which now engages our attention. But the literary genius of these times had not yet reached to the philosophy of biography; heroes were not wanting, but the immortalising pen. The great character before us found no friend in that day to send down to us the slightest memorial of the man, and curious collectors in physiognomy or in politics cannot even show us his portrait.

The only anecdote we find to record of Hampden is the peculiar manner which he observed in speaking in Parliament. He considered that to speak last, in an able debater, was an advantage almost equal to a victory. Hampden invited his opponents to exhaust their arguments in the first opening of the debate; and if he found those of his own side worsted, his dexterous sagacity brought down less controvertible ones. The single opinion of Hampden had that weight in Parliament, that however the majority inclined, they suspected, if he were not in their number, the force of their own reasonings, and would not trust to their own conviction; they either adopted his opinions, or adjourned the debate. And at the next meeting, the artful orator, or the active partisan, had mustered new forces, and thus "by perplexing the weaker, and tiring out the acuter judgments, Hampden rarely failed to attain his ends."(2) He excelled in the most subtle arts of debate. An admirable scholar, skilful not only in the choice and weight of his own significant expressions, but dexterous when a question was about to be put contrary to his purpose, in neutralising its object, by slipping in some qualifying term or equivocal word.

How often has the inquiry been agitated, whether a terrible ambition was not concealed under the public virtues and powerful faculties of the patriot Hampden? "It belongs not to an historian of this age, scarcely even to an intimate friend, positively to determine," said our inimitable and philosophic Hume; but Hume has himself determined it, by his acute penetration in the note to his text.

Hampden has been described by our last authority, Dr. Lingard, as by preceding writers, to have been "quiet, courteous, and submissive." At first he was one of the party who had prepared themselves for voluntary banishment; but whether this great man bore his faculties so meekly, may be a subject of future inquiry. I must own, too, that it is with difficulty we can form a notion of Dr. Lingard's "quiet, courteous, and submissive" gentleman, in him, who, in the breaking out of the civil wars in England, made Davila's history of the civil wars in France his manual. Hampden, at least, meditated on what he had resolved should happen. And never was there a man of the "quiet"t emper and "submissive" disposition of Hampden, who was a more intrepid hero, when he drew his sword to shed the blood of half the nation! Clarendon has declared, that "no one was less the man he seemed to be, which shortly afterwards appeared, when he cared less to keep on the mask." The truth is, as we ourselves have witnessed in Revolutionary France, and as may be observed in the same characters which have appeared in the same scenes in the yet unwritten history of the terrible revolution in South America, that men naturally of calm tempers, and even of polished manners, change their character as if by magic,

(1) Richard Hampden, Treasurer of the Navy. In 1736 his brother, John Hampden, petitioned for some relief. Arthur Onslow and others carried the vote that some provision should be made for the family, in consideration of the signal services of their great-grandfather's noble and courageous stand against arbitrary power in opposing *Ship-Money*.—On this occasion Shippen, wittily alluding to the defalcation of Richard Hampden, observed that "He would not enter upon the merits of the great-grandfather; but this he was sure of, that his grandson, the Treasurer of the Navy, had wasted more *Ship-Money* than ever he had saved to the nation, or than Charles the First ever intended to raise."—*Hist. Reg.*, xi., 114.

(2) This *trait* in the Parliamentary character of Hampden may be found in Francis Osborne's works on "Government," sect. 34. It is curious to observe, that Lord Clarendon has not omitted some notice of it in his character of this patriot. Either his Lordship borrowed it from Osborne, or this peculiarity of Hampden's must have been notorious in his day. The other is furnished by Sir Philip Warwick.

in the madness of their political passions. And this striking fact in the history of man was noticed even by Lord Clarendon himself, who, though he was severe on the individual Hampden, was perfectly just in his deep knowledge of human nature. Alluding to the first meeting of the Long Parliament, which elated many of the members, he tells us, that "the same men who, six months before, were observed to be of very moderate tempers, and to wish that gentle remedies might be applied, talked now in another dialect of things and persons. They must now not only sweep the house clean below, but must pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the top and corners, that they might not breed dust, and so make a foul house hereafter, and, to remove all grievances, were for pulling up the excesses of them by the roots."(1) And we must add "the branches"—they naturally began to lop "the branches;" for such was the radical spirit of Hampden, that he joined a party who were distinguished by the popular political designation of "Root-and-branch Men."

The integrity of Hampden's principles, and his self-devotion to the public cause, to say the least, lost something of their purity in their progress. Whatever might have been the integrity of the Patriot, it was involved in dark intrigues, and degraded by an ambition which often betrayed the partisan and the demagogue. When we view Hampden at the head of his Buckinghamshire men, inciting several thousands to present petitions, we may doubt whether this instigation were Patriotism or Insurrection. His repeated journeys to Scotland, his secret conferences at home, indicated the active plotter. Once, when it was observed to him, that men had grown weary of such perpetual renewals of alarm, concerning the state of religion, while the civil grievances appeared much less to occupy their attention, the subtle intriguer replied, that "if it were not for this reiterated cry about religion, they could never be certain of keeping the people on their side." Was this a lesson which he had learnt in Davila? It was not unworthy of "the Prince" whom Machiavel has painted.

In that projected coalition of the patriots with the King's friends, which was frustrated by the sudden death of the Earl of Bedford, we can view only a scheme of political ambition. "The men of the people" hastened to take possession of their seats in the cabinet, driving away the ministry of Charles, some by flight, some by intimidation, some by compromise. Hampden here acted a remarkable part. The patriot demanded to be instituted governor of the Prince. I would not infer, notwithstanding this egotistical complacency, that the great mind of Hampden would not have sown the seeds of patriotism in a patriotic King. He might have taught "the Prince" the business of life as well as its pleasures; even Lord Bolingbroke would have promised this; but as in one case the tutor might have brought in a Stuart, so in the other he might have educated a root-and-branch Reformer.

This attempt at the governorship of the Prince is said to have been intended as a means to keep the son as a hostage for the father. Thus the monarch was to be the only person in the kingdom bound up hand and foot on a throneless throne. He was to be a phantom of state, whose title was to hold the people in subjection to the sole will and absolute power of the great and ambitious mind which frames a new government,—or, to use Hampden's own express words, the monarch was "to commit himself and all that is his" to the care of Hampden and his friends. The future monarch was to become a royal Hampden; the English nation was to have been Hampdenised; and the British Constitution was to terminate in some political empiricism. Is it possible that Hampden resembled the Abbé Siéyes in his facility of drawing up constitutions? Were the English people to be the victims of forms of government mutable as the passions of party would dictate, or puppets of the Commonwealth of Utopia?

Pym, formerly a clerk in the Exchequer, but who, in the projected flight into the cabinet, was to have been appointed its Chancellor, stood at the head of the patriotic, or, if we are to settle the style from the conduct of himself and party, we should rather say, the revolutionary party. One would have wished that the man whose character has incurred the taint of a suspicion of having taken a heavy bribe from the French ambassador, as Clarendon has twice noticed, as well as "selling his protection" to some whom the Parliament had condemned as delinquents, had been graced with purer hands, and had less merited the *sobriquet* of "King Pym," a title with which he was hailed from his retentive grasp of power. Nor can we consider that our patriot stands before us in all the

(1) Clarendon, i., 206.

dignity of the character, when we find him addressing with such political gallantry a mob of women, huddled together in those petitioning times when "apprentices" and "porters," and even "beggars," complained that they had been long great sufferers by the bishops and the lords!—and which, with other prepared mobs, so forcibly remind us of the French Jacobins, and the Poissardes and Sans-culottes of Paris. Nor does King Pym rise in dignity when we find him condescending to give out the artful rumour, and the lying scandal; nor when we view him with the barbarism of brute despotism locking up the doors of the House of Commons, and flying with indecent haste to the Lords, to bring up the impeachment of Strafford, before Strafford should impeach him; nor when, with the inhuman cry of faction, he screamed on Charles's consent to the Earl's death—"Has he given up Strafford? then he can deny us nothing;" nor afterwards, when on the King's consent to make him Chancellor of the Exchequer, immediately lowering his tone, and changing his style in the House, he made some overtures to provide for the glory and the splendour of the Crown. (1)

Pym, it is supposed, hastened his death, a prey to the unremitting exertions and constant anxieties of the last three years of his life; he had considerably injured his reputation with his own party, by his vacillating conduct when he had the Exchequer in view, and now, with a melancholy spirit, he was to suffer himself to be carried by those who would not follow him, as Clarendon describes his irksome and dubious way. Of such ambitious patriotism, which keeps not "the even tenor," but often trembles lest a single morning should sweep away its usurped government of intrigue, and to such a patriot, the tormented creature of his own designs, who has to confide to the perfidious, to work on the worst men, and to seduce the weakest, and to flatter all; since no man is too mean to be courted, no arts too base to be practised by those who condescend to degrade their patriotism by adopting the deceptions and setting in motion the manœuvres of a faction—of such a sort of patriotism, and to such a sort of patriot, may we not say, "of making many *plots* there is no end, and much *revolution* is a weariness of the flesh?"

Whether Pym be too deeply calumniated, I will not decide, but he was game at all seasons for the royal wits, and stands more frequently the hero of their political libels or songs than any other character. In the year he died (1643), he conceived it absolutely necessary to publish "a vindication of his own conduct," to clear himself from "the fame-wounding aspersions of his reputation." In this curious document he denied the charge of being "the man who had begot and fostered all the lamented distractions now rife in the kingdom." It appears, what Clarendon indeed confirms, that he was not hostile to the Ecclesiastical Government; he had only resisted perverse bishops, "who had wrested religion, like a waxen nose, to the furtherance of their ambitious purposes, till they despaired of holding any longer their usurped authority." In respect to the conduct he observed towards the King, I give his own words: "But this is but a mole-hill to that mountain of scandalous reports that have been inflicted on my integrity to his sacred Majesty; some boldly averring me for the author of the present distractions between his Majesty and his Parliament, when I take God, and all who know my proceedings, to be my vouchers that I neither directly nor indirectly ever had a thought tending to the least disobedience or disloyalty to his Majesty, whom I acknowledge my lawful King and Sovereign, and would expend my blood as soon in his service as any subject he hath. I never harboured a thought which tended to any disservice to his Majesty, nor ever had an intention prejudicial to the State. I will endure these scandals with patience, and when God in his great mercy shall at last reconcile his Majesty to his High Court of Parliament, I doubt not to give his royal self (though he be much incensed against me) a sufficient account of my integrity." (2)

What man but would exult in the self-conviction of such irreproachable integrity? Who could imagine that such a patriot would not be respected even by his enemies? But some of his contemporaries, who were the witnesses of his actions, could not judge so well of his intentions. They knew of those daily artifices of faction practised by "King Pym;" the mobs he assembled, or dispersed, by his agents; the petitions that were beg-

(1) Clarendon, vi., 439. It must have been then that Pym declared in the House that they would make the King the richest King in all Christendom; and that they had no other intention but that he should continue their King to govern them, and pressed that he might have Tonnage and Poundage granted him by act of Parliament.—*Nalson*, i., 560.

(2) Rushworth, v., 376.

ged or forged; the rumours of conspiracies; the prodigality of promises to all, for all they desired; never was the multitude so wheedled or so frightened! Pym acknowledges "his lawful King and Sovereign" in his Vindication; had he forgottan that two years before, he had told, as a friend, to the Earl of Dover, that "If he looked for preferment, he must comply with the Parliament in their ways, and not hope to have it by serving the King?" Pym declares "that he would expend his blood as soon in serving his Sovereign as any subject he hath." This was after he had chased that Sovereign from his palace!

When we have read the vindication of Pym, and considor that there were others, as well as himself, who could as reasonably accommodate their consciance to their actions, and look on their intentions rather than their intrigues, we must conclude that Fate, inexorable Fate, had intervened between the King and his people. Unhappy Charles! No sovereign, it seems, possessed more loyal subjects, as the Parliamentary addresses always insist on, subjects more prompt to shed their blood for their King, as Pym declares, at tha very moment they had drawn their swords against him! Unhappy people! who possessed a King who had their prosperity at heart, and their glory ever before him, while he was blasting the one, and obscuring the other, and was treated as an arbitrary tyrant! I do not know that the whole history of mankind can parallel such an involved and cruel predicamant as this, in which a sovereign stood with his subjects.

The Earl of Manchester, the famous Lord Mandeville, and Kimbolton, who was so intimately acquainted with the secrets of his party, has told one, in those fragments of his memoirs which have been fortunately preserved by Nalson. Our patriots had so terrified Lord Cottington, that to sava himself he had recourse to that prudent, if not subtle, way of stripping himself of his skin to save his life. He knew that the Mastership of the Wards was a place of that value and power as might stop the mouths of his voracious enemies. He cast it to the sullen Lord Say and Sele, the haughty head of the revolutionary party; who, as intent to repair his own shattered fortunes as those of the commonweal, found his patriotism melt away in this honeyed morsel of the Mastership of the Wards. The policy of Cottington, it appears, was successful, for while many were baiting him in hopes of his place, the instant it was disposed of to one of the party, all criminal aspersions were laid aside, and the displaced Cottington was suffered to retire in quiet. (1)

Sir Arthur Haslerigg, the fierce exterminator of the Bishops, gorged on the fatness of three great manors, and the fruitfulness of deaneries and chapel-lands. When these patriots were in possession of their plenary power, we find them voting large pensions to themselves. We are now well acquainted with their incessant meetings and cabals at home, and with the journeys of Hampden and Pym and others, to concert those measures in Scotland in which they so successfully laboured. Had the Earl of Strafford been suffered to have lived, the evidence would not have been wanting to the public; it had already been furnished to the unhappy monarch whom it drove into despair and error. But I am anticipating events which will fall naturally into the progress of our history.

We shall hardly need the lantern of the cynic to discover whether we have at length found the perfect patriot, who from our school-days so many are taught to recognise in these illustrious personages. Had they no other designs, at times, than the redress of their "grievances?" A by-stander may reasonably suspect that, with some, patriotism may either be produced by ambition, or may generate it.

If it be our lot to detect low artifices and dark machinations in the actions of patriots, shall we suppress the truths which the world has concealed? It is a zealous labour to lift the veil from past time; it would be a useless one, if we fail in the courage to assert the truths which are our proud possession. We are mortified that these men, however great, compromised the dignity of the hallowed character with which the world has invested them; the elevation of their style, and the purity of their professed honour, sometimes strangely contrast with their deeds and secret thoughts; and sometimes, too, their ambiguous conduct may induce the cynic to sneer and the sceptic to doubt, when these cold and narrow spirits should be taught only to blush.

(1) It is much to be regretted that these Memoirs of the Earl of Manchester are only known to us by some excerpts of Nalson. The manuscript was lent him by Dudley, Lord North. Nothing can be more interesting in the history of these times than the memoirs of an able man, who had acted so important a part in them.

That all the patriots were as guilty as the heads of their party, I am far from believing. There were honest men among them who were earnest for the redress of grievances, but whose names, were they inscribed on a muster-roll, would remain unknown to us. Baxter, (1) who was no doubt well informed in the secret history of the times, when he mentions the preferments accepted by the patriots we have noticed, adds that there were others who "would accept of no preferment, lest they should be thought to seek themselves, or set their fidelity to sale."

Of these two classes of patriots, it must be confessed that vast is the interval which separates them; but it is with political business as with military affairs, the officers, and not the men, create revolutions.

NOTE ON SIR JOHN ELIOT'S MANUSCRIPT TREATISE.

This manuscript has been preserved among the Harleian MSS., 2228, with this title, "The Monarchie of Man. A Treatise philosophicale and morale, wherein some questions of the Politicks are obviously discust. By Sir John Eliot, Knt., prisoner in the Tower." With this mott, from Virgil:

"Deus nobis hæc otia fecit."

It was in the leisure of a prison, as Eliot nobly adopts the *otia* of Virgil to his situation, that he composed this learned treatise, consisting of 240 folio pages. It has been considered by Mrs. Macaulay as a political work; but it is rather an ethical one. It yields no indication of republican principles, the writer maintaining that monarchy formed, as it were, on the prototype of the Creator himself, is the perfection of government; any allusion to his own times is made with equal moderation and caution. "How far laws should influence Princes," he says, "is a question involved in difficulties—the prerogative of Kings is a point so tender as it will hardly bear a mention. We may not therefore handle it with any roughness, lest it reflect some new beam of terror on ourselves. To show that Kings are subject to laws, were not," he says, "a task of hardness, if the danger did not exceed the trouble."

The treatise discovers all the tedious scholastic learning of that period, perpetual references to Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Plutarch and Bodin. The freest thinkers had not yet emancipated themselves from plodding in the tracks of authority, and Eliot, who was so bold a speaker in the English senate, when warmed by English feelings, with his classical pen, dares not write a page without what he calls—"the strength and assistance of authority." Did he imagine that the English Constitution was to originate among the dreamers of the ancient philosophers?

"The Monarchy of Man" is an ethical much more than a political work. Wearied by wrestling with "the mystery of the King's prerogative," the contemplative prisoner and philosopher looked into the monarchy of the stoics—the self-government of Man. He closes his work by a passage of singular eloquence, an elaborate eulogy on the Independence of the Mind. It reminds one of the magnificence of Bolingbroke, when he also occasionally elevated his imagination to the superior wisdom and the superior virtue of a disciple of the Porch.

Eliot having shown that man is excelled by other animals, in many of his best faculties, proceeds:

"Man only was left naked, without strength or agility to preserve him from the danger of his enemies, multitudes exceeding him in either, many to both, to whom he stood obnoxious and exposed, having no resistance, no avoidance for their furies; but in this case and necessity, to relieve him upon this oversight of Nature's, Prometheus, that wise statesman, whom Pandora could not consen, having the present apprehension of the danger, by his quick judgment and intelligence, secretly passed into Heaven, steals out a fire from thence, infuses it into Man, by that inflames his mind with a divine spirit and wisdom, and therein gives him a full supply for all; for all the excellence of the creatures he had a far more excellence in this; this one was for them all, no strength nor agility could match it; all motions and abilities came short of this perfection; the most choice arms of Nature have their superlative in its acts; all the arts of Vulcan and Minerva have their comparative herein, in this divine fire and spirit, this supernatural influence of the mind, all excellence organical is surpassed; it is the transcendent of them all; nothing can come to match it, nothing can impeach it, but man therein is an absolute master of himself, his own safety and tranquillity by God (for so we must remember the Ethics did express it) are made dependent on himself, and in that self-dependence, in the neglect of others, in the entire rule and dominion of himself, the affections being composed, the actions so directed, is the perfection of our government, that *summum bonum* in philosophy, the *bonum publicum* in our policy, the true end and object of this *Monarchy of Man*."

CHAPTER XXV.

Origin of the Anti-Monarchical Principle in modern Europe.

It has been recently considered, by an eminent writer, that the passion for "republican politics" was so unknown to us, that "at the meeting of the Long Parliament we have not the slightest cause to suppose that any party, or any number of persons, among its members, had formed what must then have appeared so extravagant a conception." Our ardent writer, therefore, conceives that "the year 1645 is that to which we must refer the appearance of a republican party in considerable numbers, though *not yet among the House of Commons*."(2)

It must be observed, that it harmonises with the preconceived system of Mr. Hallam, to assign so late a period for the appearance of the Republicans in this country, in order

(1) Baxter's Narrative of his Life and Times, p. 25, fo.

(2) Hallam's Constitutional History of England.

to enforce his principle, that in the King's own conduct we are to look for the true origin of Republicanism, or rather the anti-monarchical spirit. Still, however, in the wide circuit of his reading on this subject, Mr. Hallam must have received some indistinct notions, that the genius of Republicanism was abroad, and no stranger in this country, —and with that candour which his ample knowledge often exerts, we may here observe how the historian admits truth unadorned as he finds her, up the back-stairs, although he sometimes dresses her to his own taste, for the more public audience. Hence it is that the text and the notes of the Constitutional History so often differ; in the text, the author's particular feeling is prevalent, and in the notes all his knowledge to complete the subject, however often the annotation may stand in opposition to the text. He thus acknowledges "that a very few speculative men, by the study of antiquity, or by observations on the prosperity of Venice and Holland, might be led to an abstract preference of republican politics." And, what is more extraordinary, Mr. Hallam has himself discovered in the House of Commons, at the moment he tells us that the spirit of "Republicanism had not yet appeared there," several leading members, whose republican sentiments are unquestionable; and many are to be added to that number.

To me it seems that the genius of Democracy had long before been busied in this country, and that the period which Mr. Hallam has assigned for its sudden birth, is about that of its growth and stature, as well in the place in which he says it did not yet appear, as in others where it had also shown itself.

The ill-disguised republic of ducal Venice, under a haughty and merciless aristocracy, however prominent at this time in the intrigues of European cabinets, offered no model of a popular government to our fierce democratic spirits. The dark mysteries of that artificial government could only be maintained by the intricacy of its movements, silence, secrecy, and assassination! The dispatches of their ambassadors differed from others; these men were the busy-bodies of the diplomatic corps—political panders to the restless passions of their Lords, whose government seemed to exist more by cunning and watchfulness than by real force or true greatness. Astute spies in all foreign Courts, though feeble and timid, by their unceasing communications among themselves, they were masters of the secrets of the Cabinets of Europe, could foresee approaching wars, or detect exhausted enmities, so that they were at all times ready to afford the ally they courted their private intelligence, or their timely mediation—but the word "Liberty" was not whisp red by a Venetian even at a distance from the lion's mouth.

With the Flemings, indeed, our country had from the earliest times formed an uninterrupted intercourse, and when the Netherlanders aspired to throw off the yoke of the Spaniard and the Inquisition, never did two nations so fraternally sympathise in the same unity of interests. So closely connected were the two countries, that the burgher of Antwerp, or Amsterdam, was often resident in London.

The Flemish factor Meteren, who stole many an hour from his meals and his sleep to build up the mighty tome of his nation's history, often passing and repassing from Antwerp, long sojourned and finally died in England. A witness of the Marian persecution, and of the extended reign of Elizabeth, and even of a part of that of James the First, he has chronicled many curious details of our own domestic history not elsewhere to be found. So strict was the union of the commonalty of the two people, that it seemed as if one country had two languages. If in this great national intercourse we sometimes adopted their idioms, we also caught their less refined manners, which has been observed by the antiquary Camden, the satirist Nash, and other contemporary writers. Our nation had combated for the Hollanders, and they had struck medals to commemorate the destruction of that fleet, so proudly called the Armada, which had threatened the English shores.

We must, however, observe, that the republic of the United Provinces had not been founded on republican principles. In their extreme necessity, they had first offered themselves to a French Prince, and at length humbly preffered the sovereignty of their country to the British Queen, and their deputies had declared to Elizabeth that "they were a people as faithful and as great lovers of their sovereign as any other in Christendom." (1)

Towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, the Republic had finally emancipated itself from the tyranny of Spain. The age of heroism,

(1) Meteren, fol. 254.

in which the founders of empire flourish, was now settling into the age of polity, when the strength of dominion lies in the conservative wisdom of statesmen. Already the fleets of Holland had distant colonies to guard and to conquer, and the genius of commerce was fast supplanting that nobler spirit which had made them a nation. To renovate their diminished population, to restore their cities which betrayed the ruins of many sieges, and to fertilise the long-persecuted land of their fathers, they made their country the asylum of the world. There the fugitive became a dweller by his own hearth, and there the persecuted met his brothers gathered together to participate in the strange and general freedom. There the English Brownist retired to his conventicle; there the Portuguese Hebrew sat in his synagogue; and had the Mussulman chosen, doubtless some tall mosque had cast its shadow in the streets of Amsterdam or Middleburgh.

The nation which invites the unhappy to become citizens will secure patriots, and in a country where industry is the first virtue, and the sole means of existence, the excessive multiplication of a people need not raise the terrors of the political economist.

The erection of this powerful republic, or of the New States, for thus the United Provinces were at first distinguished in our country, appears to have affected England, who had reared up this infant commonwealth against its Spanish oppressors, in some respects, as the American revolution is considered to have influenced France. The common intercourse of their mutual subjects increased, but at the same time this novel government became a refuge for all the English malcontents, equally under Elizabeth as under Charles.

There they contemplated on that toleration which was denied at home, and there they inflated their egotism with the bewitching spell of their "parity" or political equality. They viewed trade and magistracy united in the same burgomaster; nothing was regal in "the New States," but every thing plebeian, and this was more congenial to the comprehension of those fiery spirits, haughty, at least, as Venetian nobles, than even an inscription in the golden book of the Adriatic.

Elizabeth, who had already been threatened by a spiritual Republic from the Puritans, was now equally uneasy with respect to a temporal one. At the latter end of this Queen's reign, it was a usual phrase to speak and even to pray for "the Queen and State." This word *State*, we are told by a very powerful writer, was learned by our neighbourhood to, and commenced with, the Low Countries, as if we were, or affected to be, governed by *States*. This the Queen saw, and hated; and such was the political dread in our Cabinet, that at her death the Earl of Oxford, in his propositions to James the First, warned the new monarch to prevent "this humour," i.e. the passion for democracy, among that class of malcontents, whom the writer expressively styles "Innovators, Plebicolæ, and King-haters." (1)

James, we shall find, hardly required this friendly hint, and, long after, he himself styled the Commons the five hundred Kings! The conduct of James was, indeed, long dubious, with respect to the reception in England of these rising (2) "States;" he had been more civil to them in Scotland, where they had displayed a princely munificence at the baptism of Prince Henry, but now that they aspired to rank among Sovereigns, the royal etiquette was lamentably deranged.

The public affronts offered by the Spanish ambassador at our Court to the first Dutch ambassador, Noel Caron, whom he called "the Representative of his Master's Rebels," and the reluctant civilities so grudgingly accorded by the monarch, are pathetically narrated by the courtly Sir John Finet, in his Diary, as Master of the Ceremonies. This historian of levees and harmoniser of what, in the technical style of Court etiquette, he calls "clashes," was puzzled in what seats to place "the New States." Sometimes, he would altogether hide the Deputies, or place them apart at a public ceremony, where the Spaniard took great caution to measure out the greatest length of distance; even little Florence was mawkish, and Savoy sternly stood on precedence. The first time James saluted "the New States" as "*Messieurs les Etats*" occasioned an instant revolution in the English Cabinet; our Ministers were startled by a change of measures. This poli-

(1) An extraordinary letter *ab Ignoto*, unquestionably by a profound politician. — *Cabala*, p. 378.

(2) When James was King of Scotland, he invited "the New States" to send some envoy to be present at the baptism of Prince Henry. The presents of the higher powers were rich, but the Dutch ambassadors modestly presented two cups of fine gold, accompanied by a golden casket, which, on opening, enclosed a sealed letter—it was a grant of five thousand florins to be paid annually during the Prince's life by the States.

tical courtesy had indeed been suggested to James in that memorable and secret conversation with Sully, when that able statesman opened that grand scheme for preserving the peace of Europe which the assassination of Henry the Fourth frustrated.

James the First, when he published his Basilicon Doron, painted with vivid touches the Anti-monarchists or Revolutionists of that day. He describes "their imagined democracy, where they fed themselves with the hope to become *tribuni plebi*; and so in a popular government, by leading the people by the nose to bear the sway of all the rule. I was ofttimes calumniated because I was a King."

After many researches to discover the first appearance of the anti-monarchical spirit in modern Europe, I must trace English Republicanism not to any elevated design to emulate the splendid though unhappy democracies of Greece, or the might and vastness of the Roman Commonwealth, but to a more obscure and ignoble source. In my opinion, we are to seek for the origin of our republican principles in that petty "discipline" of Geneva, which was substituted by Calvin for its abolished Episcopacy. This discipline, truly, was the code of that apostolical community which was suited to the infant feebleness of primitive Christianity; but this parity of Presbyters was more adapted to the polity of a parish vestry than for the government of a great empire. This, indeed, was but a religious institution, and hardly a political state, and rather threatened gorgeous hierarchies than potent monarchies.

Those, however, who had rejected their spiritual, required but a single step to resist their temporal lords. And when once the cause of civil freedom had been grafted on that of the new religion, the Corahs, the Dathans, and the Abirams soon mingled with the prophets of insurgency. The Hollanders, in vain seeking for a sovereign, at length found a ruler in their Religion. Applying to civil affairs the same principles of conduct and rogulation which they had adopted in their spiritual concerns, the Dutch, deprived of Valois, and rejected by Elizabeth, became Republicans.

The anti-monarchical or republican principles of modern times were doubtless influenced by two awful catastrophes, which sovereigns hurried on, in their blind rage, against their Protestant subjects—the Marian persecution in England, and the massacre of St. Bartholomew in France.

The ban of Mary had driven our fugitive religionists to Calvin's Geneva, and in that democracy their keen and wounded spirits perfected the entire theory of Anti-monarchy, the holy duty of insurrection, the power of deposing kings, and the possible justice of assassinating tyrants. It assumed, that all legitimate government was solely derived from the people themselves; or, in the words of Buchanan, "*Populus rege est prestantior et melior*,"—"the people are better than the King, and of greater authority." These republican doctrines, the Scotchman John Knox, and the Englishman, Christopher Goodman, as if the bearers of a new mission from Heaven, for their style was scriptural, promulgated in their native countries, as a new revelation, which was to abrogate that to which the world had hitherto assented. But I must not here anticipate a subject which may enter into our future inquiries.

The reader, however, must now learn, that there existed a communion of principles among the foreign Calvinists and our own. The same principles produced that unity of conduct which we observe in both countries. Knox frequently appeals to his foreign connexions as a sanction for his acts and his axioms; and we know how these were applauded by the great founder of this novel system—the atrabilarious and apostolical Calvin.

Those revolutions in public opinion, which are silently operating, without yet manifesting any overt acts, can only be detected in those histories of mankind which are furnished by themselves—Books! These are the precursors, or the recorders, of whatever is passing in Europe. There is a philosophy in the aridity of bibliography which few bibliographers have discovered; there is a chronology of ideas as well as facts; and the date of an opinion is far more interesting than any on the Colophons.

The massacre of Paris occurred in 1572; nine years before, appeared an anonymous work, by a Protestant, which inculcated the doctrines which Knox had so warmly espoused. Many passages in the Scriptures were applied against the authority of kings, and of magistrates established by kings. (1) The Protestants, who had not all entered so deeply into these theological politics, were shocked at the avowal of principles which tended to subvert the government; and, to give a pub-

(1) Thuanus, lib. lvii.

lic testimony that Protestants were not rebels, the book was solemnly consigned to the flames by a Protestant assembly.

The massacre which struck all Europe with horror, except the heartless bigots who have framed apologies for sanguinary politics, was the occasion of producing a multiplicity of what the French historians denominate "seditions writings." One put forth a dialogue on the power, the authority, and the duty of princes, and the liberty of the people. Another inquires into the nature of the obedience due to the magistrate, according to the word of God, and infers that the oppressed subject may arm against the sovereign. Another on "Voluntary Slavery" would shame the timorous into revolt. One of the most ingenious inventions of the anti-monarchical party in France, at this period, was "an advice on the means of establishing the perfect despotism of Turkey," said to have been presented to the King, Catherine de Medicis, and the Duke of Anjou, by a traveller, one Chevalier Poncet. This Chevalier, after having detailed every mode of arbitrary power, being interrogated how such a government could be established in France, furnishes some nefarious propositions which exceed the inventions of Machiavel. The Chevalier, who was a real personage, indignantly asserted that the whole was a calumny. It is more certain that it forms one of the severest satires of the abuses of royalty which was ever penned. In a rejoinder to Poncet, he is reproached for having been the occasion of hastening the Parisian massacre.

These, however, were but rude beginnings; there were better workmen, intent on more elaborate works, and who, having adopted the great revolution in the public mind, gave coherence to looser principles, and converted into a terrible system these novel doctrines.

The "Franco-Gallia" of the learned Hotman lays down for its first principle, that the crown of France was not hereditary as the estates of individuals; that men formerly ascended the throne by the votes of the nobles and the people; and that females, in all times, were incapacitated to perform any acts of royalty. It is a rather curious fact, that in this fervour against monarchical power, at this moment, one of the objects of attack was the domination of women! Mary of England; the two Marys of Scotland; Elizabeth of England; Margaret Duchess of Parma, the governess of Flanders; Catherine de Medici, were the rulers of Europe, and all Romanists, except our Elizabeth. Knox, indeed, had already preceded Hotman by his famous "first blast of the trumpet against the monstrous regiment (government) of women." Hotman and Knox, in the course of events, were placed in a similar dilemma. On the accession of Henry the Fourth in France, the principles of Hotman were alleged by the opposite party against the right of his royal patron, and Hotman had to confute his own arguments, in which it is said he was not unsuccessful.

When the Protestant Elizabeth succeeded her Roman sister, Knox, who had anathematised female dominion, contrived an artful salvo; he offered to maintain the Queen's authority if her Majesty would consider her right of sovereignty as a miraculous exception, and as an extraordinary dispensation of Providence.

Among the great works which have survived these anti-monarchical books, is the famous "*Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos*," which bears on its title the portentuous pseudonym of Junius Brutus. The theme is of a loftier nature, concerning the legitimate power of the Prince over the people, and the people over the Prince. It is the work of an ardent republican who leans entirely on the side of democracy. Hubert Languet, the credited writer, had composed the celebrated apology of the Prince of Orange, when he was put under the ban and edict of the Spanish monarch. The doctrines of Buchanan, in his famous work, *De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, assert the most positive and comprehensive anti-monarchical principles. All these books appeared before 1580, and betray a perfect unity of anti-monarchical principles.

But we must now look for acts as well as writings. When these novel politicians of Geneva had assumed, as their grand postulatum, that all legitimate government originates with the people—that religion, politics, sovereign power, and, we may add, sovereign wisdom, all came from the multitude, they were sure by this flattery of the people everywhere to find willing auditors. "We are a hundred thousand strong," exclaimed one of the ecstatic seers of revolt. But Knox, and men like himself, well knew that "the commonalty" were hands, and not heads. The oracle was therefore delivered as Knox has it, that "God has appointed the Nobility to bridle the inordinate appetites of Princes."

From that moment a new brotherhood was formed, which bound together the discontented grandee with the meanest of the people. "The commonal y" could not establish themselves in power but by the nobles, nor could the turbulent noble support his ambition by a more formidable instrument than the people. It was long before the people discovered that they were only engaging in the quarrels of the few, in which they had no concern whatever, and that the interests of their chiefs were often distinct from the cause which they had openly adopted.

It might have been supposed that this principle would have produced a similar mode of action as speedily in England as in France. Yet it so happened, from the nature of circumstances, that it was in France that first appeared the design of establishing republics. The Geneva politicians did not frame ordinances in Parliament till long after!

During the weak minority of Louis the Thirteenth, the French Protestants had become so formidable, that they held in equilibrium the power of the sovereign after three civil wars. They had followed up the oracular decree of Knox; - any fiery Prince of the blood—any Duke who aimed at an independent sovereignty—any nobleman who had a quarrel with his family — passed over to the Protestants. It was well known that many of the French dukes, who were at the head of the Protestants, were none of their well-wishors, and that many of their leaders held all their Protestantism at the point of their sword. Yet Princes, Dukes, and Counts, perpetually adopting the cause of the Reformed, conferred on them that power and consideration which a sect of itself never could have acquired.

As late as in 1621, the Huguenots, in their assembly at La Rochelle, had formally declared the erection of federative Republics in France; they had divided France into circles, and had even assigned to each department its respective "commandant." This new Republic, which was avowedly formed on the model of the Republic of Holland, we are assured by a very judicious historian, (1) would have been finally established, had the leaders united in their views. It was chiefly by their divisions that Richelieu succeeded, in course of time, in annihilating this powerful faction. There were among the Protestants a considerable party who were not republicans,—a circumstance which often occasioned the most contrary or ambiguous conduct; the republicans being anxious to manifest to the world what their monarchical companions were as anxious to conceal. This strange discordance appeared when the assembly of La Rochelle resolved on having a new seal engraved to stamp their commissions and ordinances. The Genevan system, politics grafted on religion, discovered itself in an extraordinary manner, by the design on the seal of La Rochelle. An angel leaning on a cross, was holding a book high in the air, bearing the Latin inscription—*Pro Christo et Rege* (for Christ and the King); but by the ambi-dextrous contrivance of the state-engraver, who had to obey two very different masters, the true reading was—*Pro Christo et Grege* (for Christ and the flock). This was effected by faintly engraving the G, which the sharper eyes of the Republicans exultingly traced, and appealed to as an evidence that they had thrown off the yoke of monarchy, and were only obeying the Republic, which they sanctified as "the flock of Jesus-Christ."

Had Charles the First been as well acquainted as ourselves with the secret history of his brother, Louis the Thirteenth, and the factions at his Court, how often might this monarch have contemplated on an image of events, which afterwards were connected with his own fortunes, and he might have taken even a perspective view of a new Republic in Europe, the precursor of that wonderful one, whose first public act was the most astonishing deed ever done in civilised Governments— the execution of their Sovereign!

It can hardly be doubted, for it is in the natural course of human events, that the republicanism of the Rochellers must have been wafted over the seas to our shores; and that the Genevan system of politics and religion, already not new to our country, received a considerable impulse by the heroes who had combated, and the sages who had counselled in that memorable siege, and who were now fugitives and emigrants in England.

The rigid monarchists of our country do not appear to have been insensible of the tendency of these new doctrines, and could hardly discern the nice point which separated rebellion from reformation. As early as in 1628, Republicanism in the House of Commons was more than suspected by Charles

(1) Père Griffet, xvi, 281.

the First, which appears by the very denial of the House itself—for, they declare, that "Nothing so endangers us with his Majesty as that opinion that *we are anti-monarchically affected*;" and they proceed to declare that, "had they to choose a government, it would be this mouarchy of England above all governments in the world." But it is not the minority which draw up public addresses. That there was a *Republican party in the House of Commons* before 1645, the period at which Mr. Hallam declares it had not yet entered the House, is unquestionably proved by those curious conversations which Clarendon has given in his "Life," between himself, Nathaniel Fiennes, and Henry Marten, which occurred in 1641.

They had partaken of a political dinner at Pym's lodgings, where Hampden, Sir Arthur Haslerigg, and others of the party, clubbed together. Fiennes, in riding out with him, communicated to Hyde, whom they were solicitous to gain over, their firm determination to extirpate tho hierarchy; but, a day or two afterwards, Henry Marten opened himself with more freedom; that witty and unprincipled man declaring, that, as for some particular men who governed the House, he thought they were knaves; but, when they had done as much as they intended to do, they should be used as they had others. Hyde, pressing to know what they intended, Harry Marten, after a little pause, summoned resolution, however, to let Hyde into the grand secret, by roundly answering, "I do not think one man wise enough to govern us all."

Clarendon, it is true, declares that this was the first word he had ever heard spoken to that purpose. But we cannot infer from this that it would have been new to many others—it fell from tho lips of a great Republican in Parliament in 1641. We may be quite certain, that the establishment of a Commonwealth, even at that time, would not have had only the single vote of Harry Marten. I would answer for Haslerigg, and have no doubt of Nathaniel. It was, indeed, too early to have carried the motion through the House. Such mighty evolutions are hewn and laboured out of the mass only by degrees, and the frankness of Harry Marten would not have been imitated by those who, though equally intent on the same design, would not, however, dare to be equally open. The fact is, that the republican party existed long before; a very intelligent political observer, the French Secretary of State, De Brienne, writing to Sabran, the French Resident at London, 1644, does not hesitate to express his conviction of the anti-monarchical designs of the Parliament, "*J'ai toujours connu leur visée à l'extinction même de la Royauté.*" (1) He had, doubtless, detected the anti-monarchical party when in England several years before.

heawful controversies between the Monarch and the Parliament; the arbitrary measures to which the royal distresses had driven Charles; the popular terror of papistry; the principles of passive obedience to "the divine right" of Church and State; the pseudo-Brutus, Felton, who, in his self-devotion, seemed to the kingdom to rise in glory from the refulgent stroke of a patriot's poignard; all these were the elements of the Spirit of Republicanism. Men were yet to speak in those times; we had yet no Sidneys and Lockes; opinions and feelings are long silently propagated before they can assume the lasting form of published works. In the history of mankind, there is one moral principle as certain in its effects, as we find in the physical world is that of gravitation; it is the re-action of our natures. In the indissoluble chain of human events, things make themselves without being made, for the last seem only consequences of those which precede them. Passive obedience inculcated in a monarchy engenders the opposite principle of the popular freedom of republicanism. Man, in changing his posture, imagines he finds relief, by placing himself in quite a contrary attitude.

Already the lower classes of society were formed for democratic notions; but with them it was long limited to the Hierarchy. Armed with the sacred Scriptures, they applied the revolutionary events, and quoted the democratic style in which the historical parts abound; but as, in the spirit of the "parity" of the presbytery of Geneva, they only deemed Bishops as "the tail of the Beast," these pious fanatics need not at present enter into our consideration.

But a new race was rising, who were now carrying their theoretical ideas of government into anti-monarchical views; men who, twenty years afterwards, became the founders of the English Commouwealth. It would be a preposterous notion to imagine that the Monarchy of England could be suddenly

(1) From the MS. Memoirs of Sabran, vol. ii., fo. 203; 5460 Additional MSS. British Museum.

changed into a Republic, unless men's minds had been long in training to hazard such a political empiricism.

I have often considered that the stern republicanism and the personal hatred of Charles the First, which so strongly characterised our immortal Milton, was early imbibed, not only from his first tutor, the "puritan in Essex who cut his hair short," as Aubrey, in his colloquial meanness of style, describes a learned man, who abandoned his country, but, returning under the Protectorate, had the Mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, assigned to him—there was another of his associates calculated to form his anti-monarchical feelings, a man more remarkable than famous.

Milton's second tutor, and beloved friend, was Alexander Gill, the son of Dr. Gill, master of St. Paul's School, and usher under his father. We know of this intimacy by three Latin epistles addressed to Gill by Milton, and to the honour of Gill be it told, he entertained a just conception of his immortal pupil. Gill, who appears to have led an unsettled and turbulent life, was not scrupulous in concealing his sentiments, and they were expressed in the vulgar tone of the lowest democracy. He conducted himself so indecently when a reading clerk in the chapel service, that the scholars of Trinity tossed him in a blanket. Wood notices, that he was frequently imprisoned, and when he succeeded his father in the Mastership of St. Paul's school, he was compelled to retire from that honourable office in 1635, on complaints of his extreme severity, if not cruelty, to the scholars, a circumstance to which Jonson alludes :—

"To be the Denis of thy father's school."

Of such a man, not ill-adapted to become even a founder of the English Commonwealth, which he did not, however, live to witness, we shall not be surprised to find, that speaking and acting throughout life without restraint, naturally produced one, for he was at length put into the Star-Chamber. It was at Trinity College cellar, that Gill drank a health to honest Jack (Felton , with a gentle comment, that he was sorry he had deprived him of the honour of doing that brave act; that the Duke had gone down to hell to see King James—and of bad to give the worse, that the King (Charles) was fitter to stand in a Cheapside shop, with an apron before him, and say "*what lack ye?*" than to govern a kingdom. In the manuscript letter which gives this account, I find that the offensive words concerning his Majesty were not read in open court. But Gill had long indulged his democratic spirit, for he had kept up a political correspondence with the great Chillingworth for some years, in which, as Aubrey confesses, "they used to nibble at State matters." Chillingworth is censured for having betrayed this confidential intercourse to Laud, when in one of his letters Gill distinguishes James and Charles as "the old fool and the young one." We shall not be surprised to find, at this period, that this fiery Revolutionist was brought into the Star-Chamber, sentenced to lose one ear at London, and the other at Oxford, and, as usual, heavily fined two thousand pounds. The tears of the old doctor, supplicating on his knees before the King, prevailed, his petition being backed by Laud; the penalty was mitigated, and the ears were spared. As Laud was not usually merciful on these occasions, I am inclined to think that Chillingworth, who has been blackened by his treachery, had not given his information without a promise of Laud's intercession—perhaps he meant only to check our radical Gill, whose republican feelings appear by a silly satire of the day—

"Thy alehouse barking 'gainst the King
And all his brave and noble Peers."

It is clear that Gill had anticipated the Republic about to be; in such affairs there is always a forlorn hope, who must be first sacrificed. That Gill's illustrious pupil was influenced by his democratic turn of mind, and that he appears to have caught some portion of his friend's severity to his pupils, and that they were both staunch republicans before even Charles came to the throne, cannot be doubtful. Milton and Gill can only be considered as the representatives of a large class of that new race, who, in theory or in practice, were prepared to advocate anti-monarchical principles.

On this subject of "republican politics," there is a remarkable circumstance connected with an extraordinary character, whose name appears in our history, but the story of whose life, could it now be obtained, would probably throw new lights on the secret history of that party, which for a short but fatal period was predominant.

The circumstance which I am about to disclose requires a preliminary anecdote con-

cerning two eminent persons, a baffled historian, and a minister of state.

Fulke Greville, the first Lord Brooke, who, among his greatest honours, was most desirous to be remembered by posterity as "the friend of Sir Philip Sidney," was also the patron of Camden and Speed, a votary of poetry and history.

He had once designed a life of his late mistress, Queen Elizabeth, from which he had only been deterred by the political trepidations of the famous Secretary Cecil. In an amusing anecdote of the historical inquirer and the minister, we may detect the insurmountable objections of a statesman to the inconvenience of contemporary history.

On the first request of the future historian, his friend the minister warmly embraced his proposal, and promised to furnish his warrant for researches among the State papers. At a second interview, the minister strangely shifted his ground, and, turning short on the inquirer after truth, wondered how Sir Fulke could dream out his time in writing a story, when no one was a more rising man than himself—(a whisper of preferment!); then he expostulated on the danger of delivering many things of the former reign, which might be prejudicial to the present. A writer of history, replied the half-disappointed historian, though bound to tell nothing but the truth, was not, he presumed, equally bound to tell all the truth; he was to spare the tenderness of individuals or families, nor was he to injure the existing interests of governments. This seemed a compromise, and came so unexpectedly on the minister, that he had nothing to add; but as he had settled his resolution before the visit of the historian, he closed the conversation, by informing him, that "the council-chest must not lie open without his Majesty's approbation." The baffled writer of history, who had already degraded his office by offering to be the discloser of half-truths, now gave up his projected history in despair; aware, as he expresses it, that "sheet after sheet was to be reviewed" by other eyes than his own, and that so many alterations would be required, that his history would turn out to be "a story of other men's writing, with my name only put to it."

The passion for history had not, however, diminished in the breast of its votary, and about 1628, Sir Fulke Greville, now become Lord Brooke, founded an Historical Lecture at Cambridge, endowing it with no penurious salary for that day—one hundred pounds per annum. Why an Englishman was not found worthy of the professorship has not been told. The founder invited the learned Vossius of Leyden to fill this chair; but, the States of Holland having at that moment augmented his pension, Vossius recommended to his lordship Dr. Dorislaus, an excellent scholar and a doctor in civil law.

The learned Hollander, so early as in 1628, was sent down to Cambridge by Lord Brooke, with the King's letters to the Vice-Chancellor, and the heads of colleges, who immediately complied with the design of the noble institutor of this new professorship.

Dr. Dorislaus delivered two or three lectures on Tacitus, but he had not yet gone beyond the first words *Urbem Romanam primo Reges habuere*, when he discovered that he was addressing critical ears. He disserted on the change of government in Rome from kings to consuls, by the suggestion of Junius Brutus; he dwelt on the power of the people, and touching on the excesses of Tarquin, who had violated the popular freedom which the people had enjoyed under his predecessors, he launched out in vindication of his own country in wresting their liberties from the tyranny of the Spanish monarchs.

There was a tone of democracy in the lectures of the Dutchman, a spirit of republican fierceness to which the heads of houses had not yet been accustomed, and though the Doctor had particularly excepted such monarchies as those of England, where he said "the people had surrendered their rights to the King, so that in truth there could be no just exception against the sovereign," yet the Master of Peter-house, quick at analogies, and critical at deductions, communicating with the Master of Christ Church and the Vice-Chancellor, a murmur rose which reached London, and at length the King's ear, of the tendency of these republican doctrines. (1) Dr. Dorislaus at first offered to clear himself before the heads of houses; he proposed to dispatch letters to his patron, and other eminent personages, to explain his opinions, but at length, resolving to address himself personally to Lord Brooke, he suddenly suppressed these letters, observing, that "he would see an accuser, before he replied to an accusation."

What occurred at Court is obscure. The

(1) The idea of these lectures I found in Archbishop Usher's Life, by Parr. Letter 393, from one who says "we fear we shall lose the lectures."

Bishop of Winchester, in his Majesty's name, suspended our history-lecturer; but shortly after the suspension was annulled, and the Doctor allowed to return to his chair. Fuller, who alludes to this transaction, tells us that "Dorislaus was accused to the King, troubled at Court, and after his submission hardly restored to his place." His first patron, however, who differed in his political sentiments from his successor, the republican Lord Brooke, in a letter to the Doctor, requested that he would retire to his own country, assuring him, however, of his stipend during life. Lord Brooke, shortly after this generous offer, was assassinated by his servant.

The Doctor, it is certain, never contemplated returning to his republic, and it is suspected that he had his reasons. This scholar and adventurer was "a fair conditioned man," as indeed appears by his portrait. He married an Englishwoman, was established a Professor at Gresham College—and this foreigner, whom Fuller describes as "a Dutchman very anglicised in language and behaviour," became a very important personage in the great Revolution of the land of his adoption.

A history of this Dutch Doctor of Civil Laws, and Republican, would furnish a subject of considerable interest in our own political history. Although we have not hitherto been enabled to trace the private life of this remarkable character, for the long interval of twenty years in which he was settled in this country, yet it is quite evident, that during this period he cultivated an intimate intercourse with the English Republicans of that day; for he became their chief counsellor, a participator in their usurpations, and acted in a high station in the Commonwealth. His death was not less political than his life.

The first patron of Dr. Dorislaus, Fulke Greville, afterwards Lord Brooke, was succeeded in his title by his cousin, Robert Greville, whom he had adopted as his son. The young Lord was scarcely of age, and the republican sentiments of the second Lord Brooke, imbibed by the generous temper of youth, were so opposite to the monarchical character of the first Lord, that we have no difficulty in discovering his tutor in his own historical lecturer of Cambridge. In the dreams of his soul, lofty views of human nature broke forth, and in a romantic passion of patriotism and misanthropy, he had planned, with another discontented noble, Lord Say and Sele, to fly to the forests of New England, to enjoy that delusive freedom which he conceived that he had lost in the Old.

Whether Dr. Dorislaus would have accompanied his pupil, and have forsaken the Academy of Gresham for an American savannah, may be doubted. The Doctor had abandoned his own republic for a more comforting abode in a monarchy. The founders of sects are often very different in their views and temperaments to their proselytes. A cool head has often inflamed hot ones, as water feeds fire. Lord Brooke's motives were the purest which human nature can experience, yet such a secession from our fatherland may be condemned as betraying more sullenness than patriotism.

It was this Lord Brooke who afterwards sided with the Parliament, and whose extraordinary prayer, on the day of his death, at the storming of the church-close at Lichfield, has been adduced by those who presume to explore into the secret ways of Providence, as a demonstration of what they are pleased to term particular providences, or judgments, while the opposite party, who do not object to these divine catastrophes whenever they happen to their enemies, never recognise one in the fate of their friend; thus it happens that the man whom one party considers as the object of divine vengeance is exalted by the other into the beatitude of a saint. It would have been more reasonable to have remarked, that this very prayer, from the pure and noble mind of Lord Brooke, perhaps argued some painful doubts about the cause which he had espoused, and for which he was to die.

When the Rebellion or the Revolution broke out, our speculative philosopher, Doctor Dorislaus, became a practical politician. The notions of government which he maintained well suited that base minority who in those unhappy days triumphed over the monarchy and the aristocracy of England, and an indissoluble bond of political connection was formed between Dorislaus and the popular chiefs. The Dutch Doctor of Civil Law became their learned Counsellor, and their resolute agent, and the political adventurer received the gratitude of the co-partners and the profits of the co-partnership. We discover Doctor Dorislaus as the Judge-Advocate in Essex's army; we find Doctor Dorislaus presiding as one of the Judges of the Admiralty; (1) we behold the republican foreigner

(1) 13th April, 1648. An Ordinance was passed for appointing William Clark, John Exton, and

standing between the Attorney and the Solicitor-Generals at the trial of the King of England; and, when his ability had served the English Commonwealth so zealously at home, we see him commissioned by his friends in power, to return to his native land, as their representative—the ambassador of England!

There, when scarcely arrived, and in a manner the most unexpected, the Doctor terminated his career. His character was too flagrant not to attract the notice and indignation of the English emigrants. Some Cavaliers, maddened by loyalty and passion, who knew how actively Dorislaus had occupied himself in forwarding the unparalleled catastrophe which the world had witnessed, avenged the murder of their sovereign by an unpardonable crime—the crime of assassination. A party rushed into his apartment while he was at supper, and dispatched the ambassador of the new Commonwealth.

This foreigner must have obtained an ascendancy in the Government not yet entirely discovered, and had been most intimately consulted on the events of the times, and more particularly in the conduct of the most criminal of the acts of the men in power.

This appeared by the predominant party decreeing him a public funeral, attended by the Council of State, the Judges, and the whole Parliament. Evelyn has chronicled this public funeral for "the villain who managed the trial against the King."

It has been urged in favour of Dorislaus, that he did not speak at the trial of the King. It is probable that this foreigner might not have acquired all the fluency of forensic elocution necessary to address those who were called the English people, on an occasion so tremendously solemn. Those, moreover, who had been forced up into supreme power, might also have still retained some slight remains of decorum, and scarcely have desired that a stranger, with a foreign accent, should plead for the English people against their sovereign. But was Dorislaus less active because he was mute? Sir Henry Vane, a great enemy to the King, and at whose house in Essex Dorislaus, we are told, "played at cards on Sundays," was the person who promoted Dorislaus to the drawing up of the charge. (1) As a civilian, he was most competent to draw up the indictment, such as it was; and he acted so important a part in the trial itself, that in the print we may observe this Dutch Doctor standing beween the Commonwealth's Counsel, Cooke and Aske.

Such is the story of Doctor Dorislaus, a foreigner, who was more busied in our history than appears by the pages of our historians. The concealed design of his historical lectures, when the professorship was first founded at Cambridge, seemed doubtful to many, but less so to discerning judgments. The whole tenor of the professor's life must now remove all doubt. Dr. Dorislaus was a political adventurer, a Republican by birth and principle, the native of a land where, in the youthhood of the Republic, a nation's independence had broken forth; there was no small town, scarcely an obscure spot, which did not commemorate some stratagem of war, some night assault, some voluntary immolation, or which bore not the vestige of some glorious deed. There the siege had famished the city; there the dyke, broken by the patriot's hand, had inundated his own province. The whole face of the country was covered with associations of unconquered patriotism.

Dorislaus had willingly deserted this popular freedom and poverty to endure tho servitude of monarchy in ease and competence. The Dutch republican consented to join the English people, to adopt his own expressions, in "surrendering their rights to their sovereign." Perhaps he afterwards deemed that "the majesty of the people" retained the power of revoking their grant. His Roman intrepidity, if our lecturer on the seven Kings of Rome ever possessed it, was lurking among intriguers, and his republican pride at length was sharing in the common spoil.

Such is the picture of a Republican whose name appears in our history, and who acted a remarkable part in it, but who has not hitherto received the notice which he claims.

From all which we have observed, we would infer that the republican party must have long prevailed before it could enter into the House of Commons, where we find these anti-monarchists several years before the period assigned by the constitutional historian.

I have thus endeavoured to throw some light upon the origin in modern Europe, and particularly in England, of that mighty principle which produced such tremendous effects in the era which is the subject of our investigation. We have detected it in its secret

Isaac Doristaus, Doctors at Law, Judges of the High Court of Admiralty.—*Journals of the Commons*. V. 328.

(1) Heath's Chronicle, fo. 1676, p. 236.

birth, we have observed it passive in theory, we have witnessed it repressed by the strong arm of authority. We are now approaching the epoch of its open, its active, and its triumphant career. A monarchy subverted, an aristocracy abolished, a hierarchy abrogated, are results which never could have taken place without the exertion by all parties of a power of thought, and an energy of action —without the occurrence of a variety of events, and the appearance of a diversity of characters, the study of which should teach us, in some degree, how to think and how to act, how to contemplate events, and how to judge men. It is when considering the age of which we treat, in this political and moral point of view, that I have often been inclined to conclude, that in a right understanding of the life and reign of Charles the First are involved most of those subjects, the knowledge of which is valuable and necessary to all men, at all times, but above all to Englishmen!

CHAPTER XXVI.

Charles the First corrects two great Errors in his Conduct.

The three first Parliaments of Charles the First had been alike disturbed and interrupted, and the last of them was violently dissolved. Each separation had only inflamed a more feverish jealousy on the Court side, and a more embittered and contumacious spirit on that of the Patriots. All these Parliaments had been suddenly terminated, to screen two prime ministers from impending charges, or a threatened impeachment. (1)

Clarendon has deeply entered into the subject of these "unseasonable, unskilful, and precipitated dissolutions of Parliament." His editors purposely, or by a false reading of the manuscript, have altered the word "unseasonable," to "unreasonable." Whichever reading we adopt may lead to the same inquiry.

When the sovereign interposes to screen an accused minister, it seems an obstruction of justice. The person thus insidiously protected finds the imputations of his accusers still adhere to him; he cannot elude the infamy he incurs, or remove the prejudices which are raised against him; the calumny, if it be a calumny, thus left alive, will outlast the calumniated. "Such a minister," says Clarendon, "is generally concluded guilty of whatever he is charged with, which is commonly more than the worst man ever deserved."

But what are the common qualities of these popular denouncements? The noble writer, with that deep knowledge of human nature which has stored his volumes with theoretical wisdom, has analysed the constituent portions of these public accusations. They are a mixture to which "this man contributes his malice, another his wit, all men what they please, and most upon hearsay, with a kind of uncharitable delight of making the charge as heavy as may be." It is, therefore, a consequence that "these accusations are commonly stuffed with many odious generalities that the proofs seldom make good; and when a man is found less guilty than he is expected, he is concluded more innocent than he was; it is thought but a just reparation for the reproach that he deserved not, to free him from the censure he deserved."

All this is admirable, and displays an intimate acquaintance with human nature. But when Clarendon comes to apply his generalising views to the particular case, the result becomes dubious. He infers, that had these two ministers submitted to the proceedings designed against them, it had been more for the advantage of the King, and Parliaments had then learned to know their own bounds, by which the extent of their power would have been ascertained. In exempting ministers from prosecution, by forcible dissolutions of Parliament, the power of the Parliament only became the more formidable. In frequent meetings of Parliaments, "medicines and cures, as well as diseases, had been discerned, and they would easily have been applied to the uses for which Parliaments were first instituted." Clarendon argues in the spirit of a great lawyer jealous of constitutional rights, which at that time were unsettled, contested, and obscure. In respect to the two accused ministers themselves, when Lord Clarendon, in his retirement, contemplated on the fate of Strafford and Laud, it might have occurred to him, that Buckingham and Weston had only occupied the same perilous position, and, had they lived, would have had to encounter the same inevitable fate. The noble historian, indeed, makes the successful result, which had pleased his fancy, to depend on a contingency, namely—"that Parliaments at that moment were as they had hitherto been; that the Commons had never pretended to the least part of judi-

(1) The Duke of Buckingham and the Lord Treasurer Weston, Earl of Portland.

cature; and that the Peers, to whom every act was referred, deliberated with law and equity, the King retaining the sole power of pardoning." But this was no longar the character of the House of Commons; a new era had opened, and a revolution in the minds of men had shown itself, even before Charles the First ascended the throne. James the First had good-bumouredly called the Commons "tha five hundred kings;" and lattorly, tbe popular party were called "the lower-house lords." The Commons were assnming the whola judicatnre in their own hands. "Parliaments are as tbe times are," was tbe observation of the intrepid Judge Jenkins. The leadars who are advocating the public cause may degenerate into factionists; and there is great danger that "tho will of the people" may thus become as arbitrary as the worst despotism. As popular men advance in power, thoy are liable to abuse it. Tho *états généraux* of France, after the battle of Poictiers, when they got all the power into their haads, terribly abused it; a similar conduct of the deputies of the people may sometimes have occurred in our own Revolution under Charles the First, as it undoubtedly did in the lata French Revolution. Adopting the public cause with the intense interest of a private one, the noble patriotism which perpetuates the names familiar in the recollections of every Englishman was unhappily too often crossed by personal iufirmities; too often their designs seem contrary to their principles, and too often the impulse which sprang from a public source took the direction of a private end. In the ambiguous conduct of their public spirit, the reckless management, and the practised artifices, stamped on it the characteristics of a faction.

Of Lord Clarendon Mr. Hallam has observed, tbat "notwithstanding the fine remarks occasionally scattered through his history, be was no practical statesman, nor had any just conception at the time of the course of affairs." Who, indeed, had? It may even be doubtful whether at first the great movers themselves of the vast and future scene had any certain notions of the subsequent events. Even as late as 1639, England lay in deep tranqpillity. Clarendon, in noticing Scotland, saw only that "a small, scarce discernible, cloud rose in the North." A cloud! He never imagined an earthquake! A revolution of the most extraordinary character, and which was to serve, as it certainly did, for the model of that which was to convulse England for many years, was scarce perceivable in 1639, and the Scots were our "dear brethren," and invaded England in the following year. So difficult it is, to penetrating minds, even in ages more philosophical than that of Charles the First, to form any just conceptions of their own contomporaries, and to decide on events which, while they are passing under their eyes, yield no indication of their extraordinary termination. On the opening of the French Revolution, there surely was no want of great and sagacious minds, yet, perhaps, not a singlo one could foresee the gulph that lay before them; tho gulph which was not distant from the spot on which they stood. The Count de Ségur affords an unexceptionable testimony of this fact. "The year 1789, which was to close with such a vast Revolution in France, and suddenly separate our cabinet from the cabinets of Europo, opened without any of them foreseeing the approa hing concussion. Some flashes of lightning, indeed, during some months, had been the precursors of the storm, but no one surmised it; it was considered that some salutary reforms would terminate the embarrassments of our Government. It was an epoch of illusions!(1) The patriots who opened the National Assembly did not view in their perspective the Convention, nor did the demagogues of the Convontion imagine that their reign of terror was to subside into the feeble oligarchy of the Directory. Human affairs create themselves as much as they are made by men; and accidents produce events, as much as events give rise to accidents.

The course of affairs was as little detected by other great men as by Clarendon. Strafford could only view, in the daring onyielding spirit of Eliot, "a fantastic apparition;" and, at a much later period, classes the meditative Hampden, and the activo Pym, with the Prynnes, the Burtons, and the Bastwickes; and degrades his own sagacity as much as his taste, when, alluding to Hampden, he hints that a certain famous pedagogue might "be well employed to whip this angry boy." Strafford could only be jocular on the curt names of "the Pyms, the Prins, and the Bens;" and, with ludicrous contempt, affects "to fence himself as strongly as he could against the mouse-traps, and other small engines of Mr. Prynne and his associates." So short-sigbted are politicians in power, too deeply occupied by their own projects to con-

(1) Ségur, iii., 443.

template on those of others, as greatly ambitious as themselves.

Charles undoubtedly did not discern with more clearness than Clarendon and Strafford those awful scenes in which one day he was to be both spectator and actor. He had dissolved his Parliaments with indignant anger; and an English monarch now decided to reign without a Parliament. "A brisk resolution," as Clarendon terms it, but which his wary editors, at a distant and more temperate day, have interpolated by "improvident." Did the King imagine, by thus straining his prerogative, that when factions were silenced they ceased to exist? It is probable, however, that by this irregular conduct in the monarch, the nation enjoyed ten years of prosperity before their troubles opened on them. This fact, and it is a very striking one, will seem paradoxical to those who are fully impressed with the popular opinions of the tyranny of this unfortunate monarch. Much, indeed, will seem paradoxical in the conduct of the King and the Commons in this irregular reign. Truth changed sides continually between the parties.

Relieved from these continued struggles with his Parliaments, Charles the First doubtless flattered himself that he should govern a willing and an obedient people. This monarch had now entered on the thirtieth year of his age, a period of life when the maturity of the mind begins to influence thoughtful dispositions; and four years of a disturbed reign had taught the sovereign some lessons which no monarch had yet received; nor, as we shall find, had some of them passed away unheeded. If the genius of the man, in unison with the genius of the age, were too contracted for the comprehension of the agitated and strange spirit of the new era, which had hardly appeared during the reign of his great predecessor, and had been kept at bay by his good-humoured father, still had Charles the First discovered two errors in his political conduct; and, somewhat chastened by the severity of fortune, tho monarch had tasted of the bitter fruits of favouritism and of military ambition,—and Charles at once relinquished both.

These Continental wars, or rather those maritimo expeditions, by which Buckingham had aspired to invest the monarchy of England with a splendour it seemed to want in the vast theatre of Europe, had been but the illusions of a youthful prince, and a minister as young. These wars with Spain and France seem to have originated in the popular reproach which his father had endured, for having preserved the nation in a peace of twenty years, and in that restless desire of a change of measures which so often torments and delights the English people. Charles had cast the uncertain chances of the die of war, a game which princes are unwilling to quit while losers, but he had the merit to sacrifice his wounded pride. France and Spain gladly conceded a courteous peace. (2) For them, an English war, without an object, became only an obstacle in the vast opposing systems of these potent rivals; and, though they were alike the political enemies of England, in state-policy all enmity ceases when it requires a friend. Charles now concentrated his entire energies in his own realms, and only looked on the affairs of the Continent with the curiosity of an observer, rarely with the interests of a partner in the balance of dominion.

The King had no longer any favourite, nor would he suffer that envied place to be occupied. From the untimely death of Buckingham, with that strength of character which I have ascribed to him, he had resolved to act as his own minister, and he ceased to rest his entire confidence in the labours and the genius of a single person. His habits of application seemed not to unfit him for the official duties of sovereignty. Never was

(1) Why does Dr. Lingard depreciate the character of Charles the First? That is certainly taking the safe side; but would it be difficult to assign the reason of this systematic conduct in this historian, usual with the members of the Church of Rome, who, whatever the Puritans of the day thought, always censure Charles for his compromising and indecisive measures? Our historian observes on this peace, that "Philip, whether it were through generosity or *contempt*, sent back, without ransom, the prisoners made at Cadiz; Louis those taken in Rhé," ix., p. 413. *Contempt!* Charles was never regarded with *contempt* by the rival powers. Both, in 1655, courted this English monarch, whom Dr. Lingard has thus aspersed. The sensible Jesuit, Père Griffet, states this clearly: "L'Angleterre fut vivement sollicitée d'entrer dans la querelle; la France lui fit les offres les plus avantageuses; l'Espagne n'oublia rien pour la gagner; mais le Roi Charles demeura dans l'inaction." This is much for a Prince who was contemned!—*Griffet, Hist. de Louis XIII.*, ii., 560. In a manuscript letter of the day, it is particularly mentioned, that "the French King sent back the English prisoners as a present to the Queen, without ransom. He told Lord Mountjoy, when his Lordship offered a round sum for his ransom, that he should pay no money, but should only send him out of England two couple of hounds."—*Mss. Mem.*, ii., 59.

there a monarch who employed his pen so laboriously—few letters or papers passed his revision without being returned with marginal notes, queries for inquiry, and alterations, which attest the zealous diligence with which he applied to business. Burnet has said, that "He minded little things too much, and was more concerned in the drawing of a paper than in fighting a battle." The silly antithesis carried away the writer's careless pen. It is quite untrue; for the King's marginal notes are not verbal refinements, but substantial inquiries, or decided opinions; and "the concern" he showed in "his battles" at least equalled the courage with which he fought them.

Charles might now have regretted his less fortunate fate, when compared with that of his rival brothors of France and Spain, whose illustrious favourites, Richelieu and Olivarez, were maintaining the splendour of their monarchies.

At this moment our youthful monarch had fallen into a great and unavoidable fault in his abandonment of Parliaments, which he knew not the art of governing, even by concessions; but he had the merit of correcting two errors, and freed himself, at the same time, from war and from favouritism.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Some Observations on the Character of the King.

Although Charles would no longer listen to single counsels, nor would allow any public papers to pass but through his own hands, yet the monarch, still young, and apt to be precipitate in his conduct, felt his incompetency in the arts of government. This is evident, by a circumstance observed by Clarendon, and confirmed by others—that the King often adopted the suggestions and yielded to the opinions of others, of inferior judgment to himself. Of this feature in his character we are quite certain; for, long after the death of this unfortunate prince, St. John, who had been his treacherous solicitor, and now, under the new government of Cromwell, was Lord Chief Justice, in conversation with Dr. Sampson, an eminent physician among the Presbyterians, made this avowal: "The truth is, the King had an unhappiness in adhering, and unweariedly pursuing, the advices of others, and mistrusting his own; though oftentimes more safe and better than those of other persons. If Strafford may go for a noble Minister of State, yet the Queen, Laud, Buckingham, etc., who had his ear so much to his utter undoing, were fitter for other provinces than that of a Cabinet or Council." (1) St. John, now, since the curtain had dropped, and the tragedy was over, free from passion himself, delivered his opinions with the temper and truth of an historian.

But, at a later period of his life, on many severe occasions, the King discoverod such a clear comprehension, and such a promptness of decision, that, whenever affairs depended on mere arguments, the King never found his superior. This was confessed by many, and some reflecting men acknowledged that, before their interviews with Charles, they had formed a very erroneous conception of the capacity of the King.

Certain it is, however, that Charles the First was singularly deficient in his experience of human nature, for he seems never to have discriminated the talents, or the dispositions, of those about him. Hence, he so often confided to the faithless, or the adventurous, and too often employed the inefficient; and, while he even courted some who could return no sympathy, he as strangely neglected others who had both the power and the inclination to serve him.

As this is one of the more remarkable defects in the character of this monarch, it deserves a more critical investigation.

In the history of the character of Charles the First, two moral facts interest an observer of human nature. One is, that the faculties of Charles developed themselves as his troubles multiplied on him; and the other is, that the strong personal attachments which Charles inspired occurred only in the latter years of his adversity. It was when he stood alone in the world, without a throne, that he seemed to have deserved one.

When we compare the correspondence of his earlier days, which still exists, with that of his later age, we perceive in the letters addressed to his father, and afterwards, when King, to Buckingham, that he appears to have surrendered up his mind to them, and that, even on the throne, he was still the pupil of that first companion on whom he had placed his hopes and his affections. A long interval, and mutable fortunes, intervene from the death of Buckingham to the time of the King's imprisonments, during which a vast number of letters were written by his own hand, often in haste, often in flight.

(1) Dr. Sampson's Day-book, folio 69, Sloane MSS. 4460.

Energy and action, resolution and passion, kindle in those effusions; Charles then had to command—to exhort—to rebuke.

It is not improbable that Charles, from various motives, was averse to the business of politics—there was an ingenuity in his mind fitted to more peaceful pursuits. He disliked, too, the parade of Majesty, which, on more occasions than one, he studiously avoided, and this reserve injured him in the minds of the populace, whose eyes are loyal when Kings are gracious. Charles had no popular qualities for council or for ceremony. He was a man of few words, somewhat abrupt—there was a cold reserve in his speech, and a stateliness in his habits. Tho one may partly be ascribed to his painful enunciation, a defect which long accompanied him; and the other seems probably to have been assumed, to avoid that loose familiarity, whose inconvenience he must have frequently observed in James the First. Although character and habits are often hereditary, yet it is not unusual for the son to contract the opposite quality of the father; a reflecting son has had so many opportunities to detect its infirmity. Thence we see the patient and thoughtful son of a hasty and impetuous father, while the slow-minded and phlegmatic sire contemplates in his heir the fire and daring which he admires and fears.

It is evident that the individual who, when Prince of Wales, had been entirely resigned to the political government of the King, and who, when he ascended the throne, rested as entirely on Buckingham, would, at a subsequent period, lean on the judgments of others to guide, or to lighten the cares of State. Charles seems willingly to have adopted the opinions of those with whom he consulted, though his own was oftener the eligible one, with the hope that it would terminate difficulties which were repugnant to his temper, his impatience, and his retired habits. Hence, in Strafford, and in Laud, in Hamilton, and in Digby, he looked for the substitutes of those whom he had lost, and yielded without reserve to their fatal aid. Formed for peace, and the embellishments of life, but placed amid the raging contests of factions, when he saw the elements of his government in dissolution, without a favourite, an adviser, or a partner in the troubles of royalty, in his last years he stood alone, and never less vacillated in his conduct.

But he was not this being in his early years. It seemed then that he imagined, when he had fixed on an appointment, that the person of his choice was necessarily the very person the place required. He had not a single minister about him, except Strafford, capable of balancing any one of the leading members of the Opposition. The horizon of a Court is but a contracted sphere. There precedence and etiquette disguise the man; there genius is levelled to the mediocrity around; and Kings oftener decide by habitude than by judgment.

The character of Charles changed. It was when the sorrows of many years had opened his reserved nature, when long exercised in those hardier virtues which could not have revealed themseves under the canopy of a throne, that on so many emergencies the monarch displayed that prompt sagacity, and that deep thoughtfulness of the passing scenes, which won the admiration of those who held with him but an occasional intercourse. Even the courtesy of his manners, and his fluency in discourse, visibly improved. But they who shared in the tenderness of companionship, who witnessed his fugitive and precarious existence, and the heroic conduct of his small army—who heard him treat as a statesman with the most intricate diplomacy of the times, and beheld his undeviating fortitude in lonely captivity, magnanimous though subdued—with these, all other emotions melted away in the tenderness of their personal affections, and it was his latter days that were distinguished by the devotion of his friends.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Of the new Administration.

At the breaking-up of the last Parliament, it was a current opinion that "there was really an intention to alter the form of Government both in Church and State." A hint of this nature had formerly menaced the Commons from Sir Dudley Carleton, who had talked of the necessity of "new Councils." Sir Dudley had returned to his native country after long embassies, with foreign notions of the regal authority, such as he had imbibed in the courts in which he had lived too long for the patriotism of an English minister. The King, by an angry Proclamation, had told his people that "the late abuse of Parliaments had driven his Majesty unwillingly out of that course, and he, therefore, would account it presumption for any to prescribe any time to his Majesty for the calling of a

Parliament." It closed by a vague promise, that "when his Majesty should be more inclinable to meet in Parliament again, and the people should see more clearly into his own intents and actions—those who had been misled, might come to a better understanding of his Majesty and themselves." (1)

What were these "new Councils?" The science of politics, perhaps, resembles that of medicine, and is too often empirical. A new system of government, like a change of prescriptions, is nothing more than an experiment; and as physicians usually adopt a contrary curative method from the one hitherto found unsuccessful, Charles probably meditated to infuse a renovating vigour into his languid administration.

On this subject, I discovered among the pocket memorandum-books of R. Symonds, a chaplain in the King's army, a remarkable anecdote. The writer, in journalising the daily movements of the army, in this useful itinerary of marches, has preserved many historical particulars; has sketched, with his pen, many remains of our antiquities; and often inserted anecdotes, on the days he heard them, authenticated by the names of the communicators. The present extraordinary account seems to consist of the heads of a story set down for future recollection.

"The King had written a book with his own hand, wherein were many things concerning Government. And in it a model of government for the nation according to that of France, and to effect it. The bringing in the German horse truly to settle it. Old Earl of Bedford had seen or heard of the book, and being familiar with Oliver St. John, Secretary of Justice, (2) told him of it, who by all means wrought with the Earl of Bedford that he might see this book, which he accomplished, and made use of it against the King, which the King perceived, and found it to be Bedford, whereupon he was very angry. Mr. Crisp." (3)

Such is the tale, never heard before, of a book, written by the King's own hand, never seen. Why was this extraordinary manuscript shown to the Earl of Bedford? Had it disclosed such a system of arbitrary power as the communicator imagined? Is it possible that the Earl of Bedford, St. John, Pym, and that party, could ever, on any terms, have acceded to such a project? Or would the King have even dared to avow it? Excepting this, there is nothing improbable in the story. Charles, as I shall have occasion to show, was an admirer of the great statesman Richelieu, though the monarch, when the national honour was at stake, had the courage to incur his enmity. Was Charles the First, at a moment of despair, driven to contemplate on a system of government which, like that of Richelieu, might have silenced the Parliament, and have awed the people? If such were the fact, then the real liberty of the English nation was put in more jeopardy than at any other period in the whole history of this reign. The German horse, however, never arrived, nor has this book yet been discovered. After all, I suspect that this very paper book may turn out to be that famous manuscript, entitled "A Proposition for his Majesty's service, to bridle in the Impertinency of Parliament." (4) The history of this manuscript is curious. The original had been traced to the great library of Sir Robert Cotton, among his other rare literary curiosities. By the treachery of the librarian, a few copies were clandestinely sold, till, being brought into the Star-Chamber, it occasioned the suspension of Sir Robert from the use of his library; his spirits sank, and it occasioned, by his own confession, the death of our great collector. The original was the coinage of Sir Robert Dudley, who lived in exile at Florence, and had projected a plan, "how a Prince may make himself an absolute tyrant." He addressed the scheme to James the First, with a view of ingratiating himself. A copy came into the hands of Strafford—and it was also maliciously ascribed to him, in a pamphlet, entitled "Strafford's Plot discovered, and the Parliament vindicated." It is likewise reprinted in the appendix to Ludlow's Memoirs, to render the Earl more hateful.

Some time after this was written I discovered that I had not erred in my last conjecture; but I have not altered what I have said, for it may amuse some of my readers to trace the gradual progress of research. The circumstance is noticed by Sir Symonds d'Ewes, in his MS. life; who knew the fact from his connection with Sir Robert Cotton himself. The particulars differ from the anecdote as recorded

(1) Rushworth, ii., 3.

(2) An unusual phrase—if it mean Solicitor-General; or was this title given to him in the Commonwealth?

(3) Harleian MSS. 991.

(4) It is printed in Rushworth's Collections, i.—Appendix 19.

by the Chaplain.—"St. John, then 'a young studious gentleman,' paid for the loan of this 'pestilent' tract, and showed it to the Earl of Bedford, who was the head of the Opposition party, and also related to, and the patron of, St. John. This was in 1629, the year in which the third Parliament was dissolved. Strafford had obtained a copy, and one or two other persons." (1) Such was the real origin of the tale set afloat against the King, whose name does not, however, appear in the narrative of D'Ewes, though this is no reason why Charles might not also have procured a copy. The artifice of the Parliamentarians is more evident, in ascribing it to Strafford as "a plot" of his own. Had not the correct story been preserved by the Antiquary in his own memoirs, the circumstance, recorded positively in the diary of the Chaplain, some of our historians would have accepted as an authentic fact, one, too, which could not have been disproved by any positive evidence. The whole offers a curious example of the foundation and of the invention of many popular tales, which are not improbable, though they may be untrue; and it is such ambiguous facts which exercise the sagacity, and often baffle the researches, of the historian.

But whether Charles over transcribed this "pestilent" tract, or at all studied it, it seems certain that he meditated on the means of strengthening his feeble and insulted sovereignty. Conscious as we may believe this monarch felt within himself of the integrity of his own purpose, he concluded, that by royally maintaining the public honour in its exterior relations, and by diffusing the prosperity of the people in their domestic interests, he might still accomplish the great ends of government. It cannot be denied that he fully accomplished these two important objects.

The Parliament had thrown him amidst insurmountable difficulties. They had denied him even the revenues reserved for every English monarch; these, indeed, the King insisted on retaining; but to raise supplies for the State, he was compelled, without any fault of his own, to resort to expedients which were necessarily illegal. These unpopular modes of taxation came forth in the repulsive shape of arbitrary impositions; the very names which disguised them became so odious, that one of them, though in itself an innocent tax, and most honourably used, has become proverbial for its tyranny; "Ship-money" raised up the first of our patriots, and proved to be one of the most active causes in the Revolution. Yet Charles cannot be reproached for exacting moneys from his people from any wantonness of prodigality, for he was parsimonious. (2) From the death of the Duke of Buckingham he became reserved in his bounty, and frugal in his own expenses, and, by retrenchments every year, paid a portion of his debts. (3) I have myself seen the King's Household Book; all the monthly accounts are signed by his own hand. So honest was the King in his expenditure, and so anxious to husband his limited resources, although the clamour of his bitter enemies has charged him with raising supplies for his own personal conveniences. It was not discovered till the times of the Commonwealth that the demands of the monarchy had been very moderate.

It is probable that Charles the First contemplated never again to call a Parliament. We are acquainted with his forcible style concerning them. In his hatred, or his contempt, Parliaments were "like cats that grow cross with age," and in his fear, or his horror, they were "a hydra, which he had found cunning as well as malicious." Charles had retained too indelible a recollection of the past, and felt that the Commons had ungenerously used him. Even at a later period,

(1) The passage from Sir Symonds d'Ewes' life, which is an Harleian Manuscript, has been preserved in Kippis's Biog. Brit., iv., 304.

(2) We read Oldmixon with indignation, when he exults at the mean prudence of the Parliament in withholding the necessary supplies for carrying on the government. "When money is wanted to support profusion and luxury, and enrich favourites," p. 447. Whatever be the error of the father in this respect, his son certainly did not inherit this disposition. It is candidly observed by Whitelocke, that the ship-money was not oppressive, nor objectionable, excepting that it was not levied by Parliament, p. 22. It was most invidiously used by Charles, who called these moneys his "Sea-Contributions," and was often compelled to furnish additional supplies from his own impoverished exchequer. This obnoxious tax, after all the declamation against it, even of moderate men, as were Lord Falkland, Waller, and Clarendon himself, hardly ever exceeded the sum of two hundred and thirty thousand pounds, by which the sovereignty of the sea was to be maintained! It is an important fact, that the ships which were built with this execrated Ship-money must have served in our naval victories under Cromwell. The odium of the tax fell on the King, but, having been faithfully used, the nation received its benefit.

(3) Life of Clarendon, vol. i., p. 49.

when in the rough draft of a circular letter for a voluntary contribution in aid of the Queen of Bohemia, an object of popular regard, the ministers had contrived to sweeten it by an allusion to a future Parliament, the King struck out the whole passage, and, as he was accustomed, assigned his reason in the margin—"I have scored out these eight lines as not judging them fit to pass." (1)

Were Charles the First at heart the mere tyrant which the cries of a party have described him, he would have reigned like other despots; a tyrant ever takes the shortest course. But the King, at least, professed his submission to the laws in consulting the judges, and he now sought for counsel and conduct in the wisdom and energy of others.

The new administration of Charles the First, this "altered form of Government, both in Church and State," lasted during the ten years which intervened between the dissolution of the third Parliament and the assembling of the famous Long Parliament. And, what would seem extraordinary, this very period may be designated ten years of national prosperity!

While Europe was convulsed by wars and revolts, our island, to the eye and the imagination of the foreigner, might have seemed the fabled Halcyon, brooding a calm amidst the turbulent waves. A more material and truer image may describe the country as a soil covered with prodigal luxuriance, but drawing the fatal heat from hidden fires; so mighty was the growing activity of the people, so gentle the equable administration of the government.

Clarendon hardly exceeded the truth in his description of the state of the kingdom during this singular period, as "enjoying the greatest calm and the fullest measure of felicity that any people, in any age, for so long time together have been blessed with." In confirmation of Clarendon's view, we find in the Mercure François more than one allusion to the undisturbed and envied happiness of the English nation. A letter from Rome, in 1633, notices the high opinion that Court entertained of "the virtues and discreet government of Charles the First, with the general and quiet peace his people enjoy, all Europe being in war,—which makes England enjoy what the rest of the world envies at, they being the only spectators of the rest of the world's miseries." (2) The description of England in 1633, by a resident foreigner, confirms all these accounts. "It is pleasant to reside in England, where every one lives joyously, without other cares than those of his profession, finding that prosperity in repose which others are compelled to look for in action, and divided as they are from the rest of the world, they take the least concern possible in its distractions." (3) This sort of evidence from foreign quarters frequently occurs. The King himself has a pathetic passage, where he complains of the famous remonstrance of the Commons,—"Saying before us, and publishing to all the world, all the mistakes and all the misfortunes which had happened from our first coming to the crown, forgetting the blessed condition (notwithstanding the unhappy mixture) all our subjects had enjoyed in the benefit of peace and plenty under us, to the envy of Christendom." (4)

These statements seem indisputable; but those who have imagined that the cause of the Parliament would suffer, should this national felicity be acknowledged to have really existed under "the tyrant Charles," have raised objections with the design of depreciating the character of the monarch, and explaining away, without positively denying, the fact of the general prosperity of the people. It is curious and instructive to detect the difficulties, and to ascertain the success of these historians.

May, the Parliamentary historian, without contradicting the statement of Clarendon,—of which, indeed, he could have had no knowledge—would limit "this greatest calm and this fullest measure of felicity," to those classes by whom "the pressures of the Government were not much felt, and who enjoyed their own plentiful fortunes, with little or insensible detriment, in the undisturbed peace of the nation." But the Parliamentarian insinuates some prevalent unhappiness, for "while the kingdom abounded with wealth, plenty, and all kinds of elegancies, more than ever, that part of the nation who were sensible of their birthrights, and the true interests of the kingdom, would argue for their own rights, and those oppressions that were laid upon them." "Arguers for their own rights" are wanting in a government at no period; as for "the oppressions," were they general, or were they particular? The vague style of the candid Parliamentary

(1) It was in 1632. Clarendon's State-papers, i., 57.
(2) Clarendon's State-papers, i., 152 and 182.
(3) Mercure François, 1633, art. Angleterre.
(4) Husband's Collections, 528.

historian was seasoned to the relish of his masters, though no one more than this elegant poet could sympathise with the perished elegancies of the vanished Court, and the peaceful tranquillity of a reign of ten years. We cannot forget, however temperate be "the history of the Parliament," that the historian himself had enjoyed the smiles and favours of Charles the First, who loved poets; but it seems that May had experienced a disappointment at Court, by a preference the Queen had bestowed on Sir William Davenant, in the choice of her Laureat. Angried at the loss of a pension which he had counted on, and the success of a rival, whom he would not value—he buried the gratitude of the past in the Secretaryship of the Parliament.

The passage from May Mr. Hallam has quoted as a reply to Clarendon, by "a sort of prophetical inspiration." But we shall discover by Mr. Hallam himself the partial view which May has taken, and by Mr. Hallam himself we shall confirm even the florid description of the noble writer. Mr. Hallam affords us a splendid picture of "the remarkable prosperity and affluence into which the kingdom had grown during this period." The people, however, Mr. Hallam tells us, did not owe their happiness to the King's administration; but to something in which Charles the First could have no concern whatever. It was "to their own spirit and industry, to the laws, which, as between man and man, were still fairly administered; to the opening of fresh channels of trade, and, above all, to the long tranquillity of the kingdom." And he closes his own grand picture, which emulates in the richness of its colouring, and the greatness of its incidents, the picture which Clarendon himself had painted, and for which the noble historian stands rebuked, by the unjust corrective of a party feeling—that "it would have been an excess of loyal stupidity in the nation, to have attributed their riches to the wisdom or virtue of the Government which had injured the freedom of trade by monopolies, etc."—"As if freedom of trade and monopolies" were the merits or faults of the sovereign in the age of Charles the First, who practised what his predecessors had been accustomed to practise, what every nation in Europe was practising, and what some to this day retain. It were more just to infer, that were Charles the First "a tyrant," a nation's gratitude was due to the tyrant who had left them, independent of his tyranny, such a prodigality of national prosperity, and equal laws between man and man.

Some of our historical writers have attempted to cast a shade over ten years of national felicity. This period only wanted a friendly Parliament to have been the most glorious in our annals—by the cultivation of those arts of peace which Charles loved.

The case of this unparliamentary administration, we must confess, was sufficiently perplexing for these writers to determine on, for it was during this period of national prosperity that many extraordinary severities were inflicted on certain individuals, (1) but we shall find that these were not for political crimes. They sprang out of the age, the sovereign himself had no concern in them, nor was the King implicated in these prosecutions even by the sufferers themselves.

So paradoxical was the position in which the sovereign had now placed himself, that, while the English people were in this flourishing state, the monarch appeared to be swayed by the most arbitrary councils. But the solution of this political enigma is not difficult, if we cast aside the vulgar prejudices of the innate tyranny of Charles the First. The King, in truth, was equitable and zealous, anxiously devoting his hours to his numerous official duties; he was desirous of the prosperity of his people, for his own could not be separated from theirs; on their strength, and in their independence, he looked to take his station among the monarchs of Europe, resolved to maintain the nation's eminence with the foreigner.

It is when we consider the character and the results of these ten years of his reign, that we find the political enigma solved. Charles the First exercised strong measures and a weak government, which must necessarily subvert each other.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The first Political Apostates.—Sir T. Wentworth.—Noy, the Attorney-general.

One of the infelicities of this monarch was the mediocrity of the men about him; there was no master-genius among the ministers of Charles the First. No Burleigh ruled the councils, no Bacon illumined the law, no Drake commanded our fleets. The Privy Council was composed of persons who them-

(1) Leighton, Prynne, Bastwicke, and Burton,

selves were less able than their master to hold the helm of a troubled state; and what still reduced this weakness, the Cabinet was divided by two opposite interests, that of the French and the Spanish; if sometimes from patriotic motives, more frequently from the personal views of pensioners of Spain.

The Secretaries of State, even under his father, were remarkable for their incapacity, and, what is less pardonable, for their negligence.(1) The inept Lord Conway had been a military man, and could rarely write a letter which did not leave his correspondent in utter perplexity. We have on one occasion his after-apologies, by way of explanation, when he seemed to be more surprised at his own confusion of ideas than at the misconception of his correspondent. Secretary John Cooke lingered in office till he verged on his eightieth year, and gave no indications of his retirement, till the King, with kindness, hinted at a relief to his old age; he was an honest man, but the harness of routine had rusted on his back. Having to lead on the King's side in the Commons, this mere man of office was often sadly put to it for a reply on an emergency. When Mr. Brodie criticises Lord Strafford for his coarse familiarity of style in alluding to "Old Ned Coke," (2) whom, indeed, he had often trusted and employed, he did not recollect that the Earl of Northumberland, in giving an account of Cooke's resignation, designates the superannuated secretary as "the Old Noddy;" and even the grave Clarendon, alluding to the political sacrifice of Cooke, adds, "for whom nobody cared;" so fatal is it to be an octogenarian Secretary of State! The successor of Cooke, Sir Henry Vane, who, whether from treachery or carelessness, acted a conspicuous part to the great injury of his master's affairs, was so conscious of his own unfitness to discharge the duties of his office, that he used to say "he verily believed the Marquis of Hamilton, who was no friend of his, had recommended him to be Secretary of State, to expose him to censure and ridicule." Sir Francis Windebank, a creature of Laud, was suddenly raised to the Secretaryship, without passing through those gradations of office which form the school of diplomacy. Servilely submissive to his master, this pensioner of Spain was at the same time, with Lord Cottington, betraying the royal councils to the Roman Catholics parties. When the civil wars broke out, and Windebank offered to return from France, where he had flown from the Parliament, Charles could never be persuaded to receive again the faithless Secretary.

The other courtiers consisted of the silken creatures who flourish in the splendour or fade in the decay of courts. Solely engaged in the petty interests of their own coteries, they are discriminated by Clarendon as "occupied in accommodating their fortunes in which they abounded not, or in their ease and pleasure which they most passionately affected, having no other consideration of the public than that no disturbance might interrupt their quiet in their own day." Among these courtiers there were indeed a few, continues the noble writer, "who had larger hearts, and more public spirits." These, however, would rest satisfied "to secure the empire at home by all peaceable arts and advancement of trade, which might gratify the people, and fill the empty coffers of the impoverished crown."

One of the earliest measures which the King adopted when he had decided to reign without a Parliament,—unhappily for the sovereign and the people he could not reign with one,—had not been heretofore practised by his royal predecessors,—it was to win over the popular leaders of the Parliament by admitting them into his councils. On this apparent concession on the monarch's side, our philosophical historian has acutely observed, that "it was a sure proof that a secret revolution had happened in the constitution, and had necessitated the prince to adopt new maxims of government."(3)

No intricate intrigues on one side, no repulsive embarrassments on the other, appear to have arisen, in inducing the opposition party to step out of their ranks, and to fix themselves in place and power. And we may farther observe, that at a later and more critical period, when the King contemplated re-

(1) The Earl of Northumberland, writing to the Earl of Leicester, observes, it is a shame that the secretaries are so negligent in advertising you of all that passeth; but till, among many other reformations, the King be served by abler men in those places, I know not how the fault will be remedied, only you should take notice of it, and then it would for ever make them your enemies."—*Sidney Papers.*

(2) In fact there is no coarseness in these familiar appellatives according to the style practised at that day. The King himself called his companions Dick, Will, etc., and so did the most elegant personages; the practice was continued through the reign of Charles the Second.

(3) Hume, vi., 226.

peating the same measure, the resistance was as feeble by even a more sturdy race of patriots. Lord Say and Sele, who, with Lord Brooke and others, had decided to emigrate to America, when he had terrified the courtier Cottington to resign the Mastership of the Wards in his favour, became the servant of the King; and this Lord, who was not the most compliant of men, when in office appears to have so far courted the King's attention, that Charles implicitly trusted to his counsels. St. John, the dark-browed and sullen St. John, Commonwealth's-man as he was, deigned to accept the Solicitorship, and all that can be urged in his favour is, that he was a traitor to his sovereign; for, in violation of his official oath, this Solicitor-General, when in office, assisted the Commons to their utmost desire, with remonstrances, and petitions, and propositions against his master. The complete formation of this administration was interrupted by the death of the Earl of Bedford; but Holles was to have been Secretary of State; Pym had consented to be appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer, which we may discover in a speech poured out in the hour of expectation, prodigal of promises to render the King more powerful and glorious than ever monarch had been; and Hampden was to have illuminated with his genius this new order of government, in the anomalous character of Preceptor of the Prince of Wales. But this new system of taking off the popular leaders by preferment had its inconvenience; the King lost his confidential servants in acquiring these new ones —and favours thus conceded multiplied claimants. Many were gaping for preferments which they could not obtain, and though some of these loud-tongued patriots at first, we are told, were but hypocritical Republicans, their disappointments would not ill-fit them to become staunch Anti-Monarchists.(1) After these great names had strengthened the ministry of Charles, a host of vociferous patriots of the secondary class would not have abated their rage, and probably had improved their talents. Such would have been the Hasselriggs, the Strodes, the Coritons.

In the earliest attempt of Charles to abstract some of the great leaders from the popular party, the King, except in the single instance of Wentworth, acquired no additional strength to his Government. The current of the Opposition had too great a depth to be diverted from its course by the sliding off of a few place-hunters, who, with cautious reserve, had only made a show of resistance in their courtly hostility. Such, among others, was Sir Dudley Digges, the rhetorical gentleman, who apologising for the country plainness of his style, had ransacked heaven and earth to paint the mystical elements of the English constitution, (2) but all the while he had been only flourishing a foil, careful to hit with its guarded point. After these plunges in air Sir Dudley sate down a quiet Master of the Rolls. Saville of Yorkshire, the rival of Wentworth, who was acting with the Court, till, provoked by the ascendancy of Wentworth, he passed over to the Opposition, by his double-dealing with the King and the Scots, proved himself a political traitor, yet he was admitted into the Privy Council, was attached to the royal household by the office of Comptroller, and finally created Lord Saville. The Earl of Northumberland, of whom we shall hereafter give a fuller history, was ever averse to the friendship which Charles proffered him, and even censured the Earl of Bedford for his noble attempt to conciliate parties, as one "gained over by the King," at the very moment Northumberland was himself in office. As Lord High-Admiral, the fleets of England under him were inactive, and when the Earl was appointed to the command of the army, he was more than once absent from sudden indisposition. When at length he surrendered the fleet to the Parliament, and thus abandoned his royal master, though he would not act against him, Charles with tender regret observed, "I have courted him as a mistress, I have conversed with him as a friend." The Earl of Leicester had been created Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, as a person agreeable to the Parliament, and he was so honourable a man that it rendered him equally indecisive and indifferent, concurring with the Parliament, yet never disloyal to the sovereign.

These sudden defections, at two different periods, have always proved a sore point with those who will allow of nothing short of immaculate patriotism among the Parliamentary leaders. Oldmixon has the impudence, not unusual with him, to doubt the whole history of the designed administration of the Earl of Bedford with others who had given as a pledge to save Strafford. This intemperate partisan exclaims—"Such un-

(1) Sir Edmund Walker's Observations on Hamon L'Estrange, p. 328.

(2) I have previously noticed the speech of Sir Dudley.

natural changes may happen with your Wentworths, your Noys, Savilles, and Digbys, but not with gentlemen of solid principles and virtues." Oldmixon could not deny that the first race of patriots had gone over to the Court, since they were actually in office; but as the proposed administration of the Earl of Bedford had not taken place, he contrived to insinuate that it was doubtful whether the party had ever consented to be tho ministers of Charles; but this is as certain as that they had made promises to the King, which went far beyond the limits of that severe patriotism which their names inspire. To these practices of the Opposition the King himself evidently alludes—his reproaches are precise. "Themselves know what overtures have been made by them, and with what importunity, for offices and preferments, what great services should have been done for us, and what other undertakings were (even to have saved the life of the Earl of Strafford), if we would confer such offices on them." (1) Will any future Oldmixon venture to suggest that the King could have given to the people this particular declaration without the most certain evidence? Clarendon has even furnished the details of the whole design, and pointed out the places tho respective parties were to occupy.

Mrs. Macaulay has given a more ingonious turn to this painful topic of compromising patriotism. As wo are quite ignorant of the cause which made the King desist from his original intention, the female historian is at no loss to discover this piece of unrevealed history, and we havo it thus. "The incorruptible virtue which was found in these men put a stop to most of the intended promotions; Charles, finding that instead of acquiring partisans, he should be surrounded by troublesome monitors, if the intended change took place, let tho design drop. It is thought that the leaders became more personally exasperated against him; but there are no grounds for this supposition;" nor certainly any for this entire statement, which includes two pieces of secret history. Mrs. Macaulay informs us of tho motive of Charles in not carrying on the projected administration, and also assures us, that those who had accepted places, and might now consider themselves as dismissed ministers, were not at all offended. So placable were these enraged patriots! In this manner is party-history composed; the warped suggestions of the writer are perpetually supplying the absence of all real knowledge. She tells us farther, as an excuse for place-hunting, that the patriots, in entering into office, had decided to oppose the Court with the same vigour and firmness as before; which, she says, was the case with St. John, who, to do him but justice, did all man could do to betray and ruin his royal master. We must, therefore, infer, that these patriots in place expected to render opposition to the King more agreeable to him in their characters of confidential servants, than those of his open adversaries. We think we form a juster notion of the sagacity of these able men, in not supposing that they could hope to retain power by a systematic hostility to him from whom they received it. If they meditated an incessant opposition to the King, their seats in Parliament had been a fitter place than the Privy Council. The higher motive which influenced these patriots to accept of the highest places, tho principal offices of State, we know not; the more ordinary one we do know.

Mr. Brodie, alluding to this remarkablo defection of the patriotic party, satisfies himself with reasons to show, that it could never have succeeded according to the royal expectation, which, Mr. Brodie says, was intended for a coalition with Strafford. Incredible assertion! Charles, to have saved the life of Strafford, was ready to comply with any terms, even with banishment; and, however he hurt tho dignity of the Earl, the King solemnly proposed that "Tho Earl should be incapacitated by Parliament to serve even as a constable." (2) Mr. Brodie then moralises on the little use of employing popular men, whon they turn apostates, as they at that very instant lose their characters. The morality is good, the reasoning is sound, but they have only served to turn asido our attention from the subject itself. Wore these patriots apostates, or were they not? Did they not accept conditions and compromises? If some of them have escaped from incurring Mr. Brodie's denunciation against apostates, it must be confessed that it was owing to their good fortune, in the King's declining their services.

(1) Husband's Collections, 531.

(2) Mr. Hallam, with his usual candour, when he touches on the King's character, agrees with this. "It was a main object with the King to save the life of Strafford; entirely, as I am inclined to believe, from motives of conscience and honour, without any views of ever again restoring him to power." i., 560.

The great man who first forsook the Opposition was Sir Thomas Wentworth. Wentworth appeared an independent country gentleman; but he had always kept up a close intercourse with the Court at the close of James's reign; nor did he neglect his friends in office in the early part of Charles's. His letters touch playfully on political topics when dated from "Wentworth Woodhouse," where, as he says, "his objects and thoughts are limited in looking upon a tulip, hearing a bird sing, a rivulet murmuring, or some such petty and innocent pastime." Innocent truly, when writing to his friend Sir George Calvert, principal Secretary of State, he laughs at "his cousin Wandesford," as being a Statist. (1) "Here I have matters of other guess stuff to relate; that our harvest is all in; a most fine season to make fishponds; our plums all gone and past; quinces and grapes almost fully ripe, which will, I trow, hold better relish with a Thistleworth palate (alluding to Calvert's residence), and approve me to have the skill to serve every man in his right cue. These only we countrymen muse of, hoping in such harmless retiroments for a just defence from the higher powers, and, possessing ourselves in contentment, pray with Dryope in the poet:—

"Et siqua est pietas, ab acutæ vulnere falcis
Et pecoris morsu frondes defendite nostras."

But our rural statesman (for at bottom we shall find him one) was not so intently busied in healing the sharp wound of the shears, and in defending his hedges from the bite of the sheep, as not to threaten his courtly friend the Secretary of State, with saving subsidies from the grasp of their royal master, when "such unruly fellows meet in Parliament." "You think we see nothing; but believe it, you shall find us legislators no fools, albeit you of the Court think to blear our eyes with your sweet balls, and leave us in the suds when you have done. Thus much for the Commonweal!" So airy a politician, between jest and earnest, was hardly to be dreaded as the most stubborn of patriots; and when "the swain Wentworth" acknowledged that "he had leisure to pry saucily out of his own calling into mysteries of State," he assigns a sufficient reason—being "the true effects of want of employment."

In the early part of Charles's reign, Wentworth had not enjoyed the royal favour; for he had been imprisoned as a Loan-Recusant, had joined the political phalanx, and had been pricked for Sheriff to prevent him taking his seat in Parliament. He had even been removed from an honourable appointment in his county; and, in his speech at a Yorkshire meeting, he insinuates that "the world may well think I knew the way which would have kept my place. I confess, indeed, it had been too dear a purchase." At the very moment he was raising this tone of independence, he addressed a confidential letter to Weston, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as querulous and supplicatory as the High Sheriff had just been bold and public-spirited in presence of the Yorkshire meeting. Here we find no allusions to his "innocent pastimes," and "the sheep which bite his hedges" seem to be loss of place and unrequited services. Wentworth apprehends the weight of his Majesty's indignation, being put out of all commissions wherein formerly he had served; he is sensible of his misfortunes, resting "infinitely ambitious, much rather to live under the smile than the frown of his Sovereign." He beseeches the Chancellor to take some good opportunity to represent to his Majesty his humble suit, reminding him "of the esteem his late Majesty held him in." In another letter, he declares his readiness to serve the Duke as "an honest man and a gentleman," reminding the Chancellor of an interview with the Duke, to which he had been privy, where his Grace contracted friendship for him, "all former mistakes laid asleep, forgotten." Yet, "for all this," he observes, "I was made Sheriff, and again have been discharged from the poor place of the Custos Rotulorum; this is the reward of my painful and loyal service." We are curious to know more precisely what Wentworth meant by "all former mistakes laid asleep." Were these "mistakes" the jealousies he felt towards Buckingham, and the votes which he had given in the Commons? It is evident that there was a good deal of political coquetry in the patriotic independence of Sir Thomas Wentworth; and, as it is said, that in the acorn may be discerned the mighty ramifications of the oak, a political naturalist might have detected in the country baronet the rudiments of the future branches, the Lord President of the Council of the North, the Viceroy of Ireland, and the renowned Earl of Strafford. We owe to Mr. Brodie a valuable detection in the history of Strafford; the fierce patriotic speeches which

(1) A politician; a person who concerns himself with State affairs.

have been often ascribed to Sir Thomas Wentworth were, in fact, delivered by a Mr. Thomas Wentworth, member for Oxford, who appears to have been hunted out of that city by the influence of the University, against whom he had raised the townsmen. The dereliction of Sir Thomas Wentworth is not, therefore, so glaring as when the vehement speeches of his relative were ascribed to him. His own speeches in the House were usually moderate. Although he had divided with the Opposition members, he was hardly one of them; he affected to treat contemptuously Sir John Eliot, for he would suffer no rival, nor could he find any difficulty in assigning reasons for the desertion of his party. Whenever higher and new interests cross the views of a politician, the faults of his old friends become every day more prominent, and while his delicacy on that side becomes more and more fastidious, it is remarkable that it grows less and less nice on the side of his new friends. Honours and power, we see, could bend the sternest pride in Strafford, and the flattery of a Court could dissolve even the ruggedest and the most uncourtly nature in the Attorney-General Noy.

This famous Attorney-General of Charles the First, the inventor of Ship-money, had distinguished himself among the zealous friends of civil freedom, and had often wrestled with the royal prerogative. An unwearying lawyer, entrenched among statutes and records, a reveller in parliamentary rolls, whose searching curiosity was insatiable, and whose subtile distinctions were perpetually altering the case. When anagrams were in fashion descriptive of the persons, *William Noy* verified his own—

"I moyl in Law."

He had searched with incessant dolight for precedents favouring the liberty of the subject; but in this pursuit it seems he had also ferreted out precedents which suited the prerogative. These dark researches among our ancient records had cast a veil of mystery over this oracle of Law—Good or Evil hung on his lips—and it has been alleged that in the pride of his recondite erudition were precedents wanting, Noy would value himself in "making that law which all other men believed not to be so."

The singularity of his manners had attracted as much notice as his eminence at the bar. Noy was a rough humourist; but the blunt cynical spirit which unfitted him to flatter others had, it seems, the weakness of listening to flattery; he, who disdained to court, had not the greatness of mind which disdains to be courted. The Government party extolled him to his face, and, to cajole him the more securely, praised him behind his back; the bear licked the honey which he found trickling from rocks. "He was bewitched to become the King's," cried his old associates—"He suffered himself to be made the King's Attorney-general," observes Clarendon.

When the King sent for Noy to confer on him the office of his Attorney-General, there were "many merry tales," says a contemporary letter-writer. Noy, with his habitual churlishness, returned no thanks for the proffered honour, but struck his bargain with his royal client. Declaring that he was now well-cliented when he should be his Majesty's sworn servant in that place, he held it very unfitting to dishonour his Majesty, or the place, so much as to be called for, and run from bar to bar to gain fees from other clients, and therefore he would know what wages should be allowed? When a messenger, as was usual, was ordered to attend on the new Attorney-General, Noy could not endure the trusty follower at his heels. This appearance of serving him seemed an espionage; often angrily scowling on the messenger, Noy at length ordered him home, "lest the people," cried the cynic, "who have always seen me walk free and alone, should fancy me a state-prisoner."

Noy, the most profound of lawyers, is an instance that mere knowledge is not true wisdom. If we are struck by the comprehension of his understanding, we may equally be so at the narrowness of his views; ready at cases, most erudite in precedents, and skilful in arguments for his own side, he would observe nothing but law—and passed unobserved the temper of the times. A great lawyer may be but a petty statesman and a smaller patriot.

Noy, in fact, sanctioned, and even originated, the most unpopular measures, devices contrived to cover the odium of taxation. Frequent proclamations harassed the people by new arbitrary regulations on trivial and domestic concerns; Noy legalised the absurd soap-project, and contrived the odious tax of ship-money. In times of danger from an invading enemy, our kings had required ships to be furnished by the several ports; but

it now appeared to the people that money was to be levied instead of ships, and inland men, secure in their counties, were to furnish invisible fleets, which only passed through the Exchequer. This expedient was considered by Noy as an unfailing source of revenue, and, as Clarendon has forcibly described it, as "a spring that should have no bottom, and for an everlasting supply." The late advocate for guarding the property of the subject could now only discover whatever referred to the property of the Crown. The affairs of the nation were now to be regulated by two paper books, or slips of notes, which the great lawyer had extracted from the dusty parchments of the Tower; and, being a humourist, it is said, they were deposited in an ample pie-crust which his mother had sent him for a Christmas gift. The Apostate of Freedom, in the violent style of the times, was now saluted as "a Papist and an Atheist;" and, in the witty libels of that day, on his death, which happened within three years of his appointment (for he lived not to witness the calamity he had occasioned, nor to defend his favourite project), papers stuck on posts announced that "the Attorney-General's body having been opened, there was found in his head a bundle of proclamations; in his maw, moth-eaten records; and, in his belly, a barrel of soap."

Noy was probably himself not insensible to that fluctuation of the moral principle, which too often occurred, when political expedience was strained by him into what he might have deemed political justice; and a rule of government was too often made by him into a rule of law. With at least the honesty of a lawyer, he was as zealous a guardian of the King's cause as he had ever been to any of his former clients. When he knew his Sovereign personally, and witnessed the royal distresses, we cannot now decide in what degree his place might have warped his patriotism, or his patriotism have melted into sympathy. Fuller, however, has recorded an anecdote of this Attorney-General, which happened in his presence, and which indicates a latent feeling. Noy was at the annual ceremony of weighing the Pix by the Goldsmiths' Company; a solemn custom instituted for trying the standard-weight of gold, as a check on the master of the mint. The Master of the Company observed that the scales were so perfectly true, that they would turn with the two-hundredth part of a grain. "I would not that my actions should be weighed in these scales," exclaimed the tender-hearted cynic with his blunt honesty. The morose sagacity of this legal humourist appeared in his curt will, which he left in Latin. Having bequeathed his second son a small annual stipend, and a sum in money sufficient, as he said, to bring him up in his father's profession, the residue of his great wealth was left to his eldest son—"to waste, for nothing better have I ever hoped." This son was so rapidly verifying his father's prediction, that he is called in a contemporary letter "the dissipanding Noy;" but he was prevented completing the prophecy by falling in a mad duel.

Noy, with this perfect conviction of the fate of his idle accumulations of fortune, might have afforded more wisely to have remained a patriot. But Noy was only a lawyer, proud of his legal studies. Equally dexterous on either side, it was not the cause he advocated which he cared for, but the authorities and precedents, the Rolls and the Records, which maintained it, and in which he gloried. His rough humour only concealed the strong personal vanity of the man, and when the subtile courtiers submitted to cajole the pride of the uncourtly man, could the cynic be sensible of his own inferiority?

CHAPTER XXX.

Of the new Ministers.—Laud.

Among the members of the new Cabinet, there were three Ministers who seemed to Charles to possess the rare talent of government. In their individual counsels he sought for that practical wisdom which, under his own eye, was to strengthen his feeble and irregular conduct. To Strafford he consigned the difficult government of Ireland; to Laud the administration and maintenance of the Church; and to the Marquis of Hamilton the secret conduct of the affairs of his turbulent countrymen. It is remarkable of the monarch and his three Ministers, that they all perished on the scaffold.

In the choice of these Ministers, a unity in the design of the monarch is obvious. His policy was to reign by the emulative zeal of men elevated into power only secondary to his own, and who had each a distinct object to accomplish in their scheme of government. The Archbishop and the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland were not ordinary courtiers; they were both earnest and laboriously active. Laud had for his principle conformity to the

ecclesiastical discipline; Strafford, an undisputed obedience to the civil power. Laud, in prosecuting "Schismatics," and listening to the accommodators of Romanism with Protestantism, contemplated establishing unity by uniformity. Strafford seems to have flattered himself that he could gradually bring Ireland to a conformity of religion with England; (1) and he felt the consciousness of genius in the ability of his own administration. These Ministers of State attempted, as other statesmen have done, to restrain or abolish a rival minority in the State; neither seemed to be aware that the same spirit which had raised up the Reformation, so closely connected with civil freedom, would act against those who ceased to be reformers when they assumed the character of persecutors, making the separation still more wide, and driving desperate men to the martyrdom of infamous punishments, or cruel exiles. But we must not so hastily condemn Laud, who was not a genius above his age, since the philosophical Lord Bacon considered that uniformity in religion was absolutely necessary; and though we may smile at Laud's attempt at reconciling the two great churches, yet a man of far more elevated genius, the illustrious Grotius, meditated the same result, and for the first step towards reconciling this ancient family quarrel, zealously laboured to prove that the Pope was not the Anti-Christ, at which Bishop Hurd, and other good Protestants, express their astonishment, and persist in so expounding the Apocalypse.

As early as the dissolution of the last Parliament, Leighton, who afterwards so severely suffered, indicated the purposes of the two great Ministers, who, studious of each other, accorded in their councils, and moved together in their acts. Of these Ministers, the Puritan Leighton observed that "They were on the way of a dangerous conjunction; the ill effects these three kingdoms had felt, like the sun and the moon to govern day and night, religion and state."

This then was to be "the new councils," and "the intended alteration both in church and state," which had spread an alarm among the numerous parties which were now forming against the government. Much depended on the characters of the Ministers. The system itself seemed wise and laudable; but whether the result was to produce that universal conformity which will always be the secret desire of every Statesman, or whether "this sun and moon in their dangerous conjunction" were to cover the land with the darkness of despotic power, could only be read in the Book of Fate. On one side the Star Chamber, ever open to uphold the Royal prerogative, was invested with a vigour beyond the laws; on the other, the High Commission Court, to quell the hydra of schism, with a power beyond human nature. Awful expedient of a barbarous government to rule a barbarous people; but Charles found them, he did not raise them. We might here ask, had Charles the First, when he formed this design of strengthening the Church and the State, decided to render himself absolute? Did he consider that his prerogative consisted in arbitrary power? If he were the tyrant he is artfully represented to have been, he certainly did. He himself, however, professed to govern by the laws, and consulted their oracles. Unhappily for this Monarch, he reigned at a period when the nicest points of prerogative and privilege came into collision, when much which was established was about to be subverted, and he who could have ruled his people in peace had to encounter them in insurrection.

Early in his reign, the King had contemplated on the elevation of the temporal power of the National Church. The hierarchy was an arm of the regal power, and the curt axiom of his father, against the anti-prelatists, of "no Bishop, no King!" was an authority too often referred to by Doctors of Divinity, in the last pressure of argument. So early in the present period was found that strict "alliance between Church and State," which Hooker, the favourite author of Charles, had assumed to be but different denominations of the same society. A theory which Warburton denied by striking out one of those paradoxes which are even weaker than the theory they confute.

Charles had scarcely ascended the throne, when one day he suddenly summoned the Bishops, and, as Laud has told us, chid them

(1) The passage is remarkable; in a letter of Strafford to the King, i., 387, he calls it "far the greatest service that can be done unto your crown on this side—to make us an happy and secure people within ourselves;"—but there was some mystery in the mode. "Many things will fall continually in debate at the Board, with which it will be very unfit any of the contrary religion (the Catholics) be acquainted." Did Strafford foresee invincible difficulties, while he boldly attempted to face them? Catholic emancipation has been our sole drastic measure; but in Charles's day it would have occasioned the death of the prescriber rather than the patient.

for their silonce in the cause of the Church, during the sitting of Parliament, leaving him at a loss to know what would be useful or prejudicial to them. Such a reprimand was snfficient to excite some activity even among the listless, and a more stirring spirit among the ambitious.

Churchmen were now appointed to Lay-offices. Laud bimself sate among the Commissioners of the Exchequer on the demise of the Lord Treasurer Weston, the Earl of Portland, in a committee of Trade and Revenue. The closet studies of the Bishop were ill-fitted to the Customs; he kept cautiously and pertinaciously to the laws, but there are occasions which require new laws, and which render the old ones obsolete. Thore were merchants on one side, and wharfingers on the other, divided by opposite interests; the only satisfaction Laud appears to have found was the many complaints they furnished him with of the late Lord Treasurer Weston, whom he disliked.

At length, when it became necessary to dispose of the office of Lord High Treasurer, to which the highest of the nobility looked as their meed of honour and power, and by which, through the last and the present reign, they had usually improved their own estates, more than the Royal treasury, all men were amazed that the staff was consigned to another churchman, Bishop Juxon, a private chaplain of the King, and a name hitherto unknown to the public. This arrangement entered into the system of Laud; it was a splendid evidence of his zeal for the Church, and a confirmation of his own power. The entry in his diary records the triumph. "William Juxon Lord Bishop of London, made Lord High Treasnrer of England. No churchman had it since Henry the Seventh's time. I pray God bless him to carry it so that the Church may have honour, and the King and the State service and contentment by it. And now, if the Church will not hold up themselves under God, I can do no more."

In all this the integrity of Laud need not be suspected, for Bishop Juxon justified his sanguine hopes. So irreproachable was the life of Juxon, that after having attended on the last moments of his unhappy Sovereign, who then so emphatically distinguished him as "the honest man," he lived unmolested through all the changes of the governments of England. When the Church was nnbishoped, one Bishop was left whom the anti-prelatists could not bring themselves to hate. Juxon had held the crosier and the white staff with the same equanimity; and the honours which he had never sought he had yielded up with the same content of mind and gentleness of manners with which he had worn them. Whitelocke, noticing his favourite recreation, tells us "his pack of hounds exceeded all others in England for their orderly and pleasant going in couples, by his own skill and direction," and characterises the Bishop's temper with happy pleasantry, for having "as much command of himself as of his hounds." (1)

But the policy of promoting Churchmen to the most eminent places of public trust and honour was fatal. Were we to become "a Kingdom of Priests?" It inflated the temporal pride of the Prelacy, and fed their grosser appetite of political ambition. An ill-natured rumour of the day made Wren, Bishop of Norwich, a Secretary of State, and Bancroft, Bishop of Oxford, Chancellor of the Exchequer. Even "the young fry of the Clergy," the frivolous and the mean, grew haughty to their neighbours, when generally chosen as Justices of the Peace. Bishop Wren once let fall an unguarded declaration, which was so frequently repeated, that, having been noticed in the House of Commons, it has entered into history. This ecclesiastic "hoped to see the day when a clergyman should be as good a man as any upstart Jack-gentleman in the kingdom." Bishop Wren lived long enough to witness "the upstart Jacks," those commoners whose wealth had spread their influence, and whose puritanic principles were opposed to episcopacy, tread down that hierarchy, while he himself, condemned to an imprisonment of eighteen years by the "Jack-gentlemen," lived long enough not to be

(1) It is amusing to deteet party writers disingenuously eluding any point which they conceive may injuro their purpose. Dr. Z. Grey, in his notes on Neal, probably from somo vnlgar prejudice, thought that *hunting* was no favourable characteristic of the Episcopal character; and, having to refer to Whitelocke's impartial statement for the Bishop's excellent temper, he contrived an expedient, thus quoting the words of Whitelocke, "Juxon was a person of great parts and temper, and had much command of himself, etc." This etc. includes the whole pack of hounds! Dr. Grey might have left to some Puritan his fanatical conceit. The healthful exercise which the Bishop practised is one of those indifferent actions which stand unconnected with morality, and should no more be deprecated than a Bishop's morning ride.

humbled, but to repent of a hasty and undisguised expression.

This advancement of the ecclesiastics was never forgiven by the affronted nobility, nor even by the jealous lawyers; the lawyer Whitelocke is sore, and the courtier Clarendon murmurs. The Parliamentary historian has preserved the prevalent feeling in the report of that day, that it was intended "to fix the greatest temporal preferments upon others of that coat; insomuch as the people merrily, when they saw the Treasurer with the other Bishops riding to Westminster, called it the Church triumphant. Doctors and parsons of parishes were made everywhere Justices of Peace." May candidly observes, that "the Archbishop, by the same means which he used to preserve his clergy from contempt, exposed them to envy, and, as the wisest could then prophesy, to a more than probability of losing all." (1)

The leviathan of the church was to be Laud. Laud had no gifted mind; his capacity was not extensive, but his confined intellect was quickened by subtilty, and restless in its irritable activity. If unequal to take far and comprehensive views, his perception of the objects near to him had a vividness which looked like genius; but in truth, he only saw distinctly by parts. This faculty, however, enabled him to rebut the minute and harassing charges brought against him, on that day which may emphatically be called his trial. These vexatious charges Laud generally answered with astonishing promptitude, so retentive was his memory of obscure transactions and petty personalities, years after they had occurred. A loftier genius, embracing more enlarged designs, could hardly have treasured up such incidents, or remembered such persons; but to Laud the minute seemed great. An obscure person who had controverted a point of Church discipline—a Sectarian minister who had been suspended—or the occasion of a person's dislike of him, which was often shown by their ill-natured evidence, were never forgotten. Even the names of some country residents were recollected who had been censured for quarrels with churchwardens, or for contemptuous language, as when a Puritan had said that "the rails," which were ordered to inclose the communion-table, "were fitter to be set up in his garden." When very obscure persons were giving evidence concerning certain houses which had been pulled down to repair and enlarge St. Paul's, which, though compensation was allowed, was alleged as one of the grievances of his administration, who could have imagined that the Archbishop was perfectly familiar with their domestic history? Of these complainants Laud showed how one was sore because it had disturbed his brewery; and the other, because he rented the parsonage-house, and made a good pennyworth by letting it to his under-tenant. "It was," said Laud, "the going down of that house which troubled him, and not the church." Even notes taken from an inflammatory sermon were all remembered by him in the seventy-second year of his age, after a three years' imprisonment, as the business of yesterday. If the intellect of Laud were neither expansive nor elevated, it was earnest, ready, and practical.

A mind thus deeply busied in the minuter affairs of life was necessarily subjected to its peculiar infirmities. Laud was petulant, passionate, and impatient of contradiction on whatever thwarted his purposes; as restless to establish his own innovations as to put down those of others. The political prescience of James the First had early discovered his character, and what he said of Laud, which has fortunately been preserved for us, is only one of the many splendid instances of the sagacity of that monarch, whose ability has been so grossly depreciated.

Laud, in his domestic manners, had the bluntness and hastiness of a monastic character. Abrupt in his reception of persons, and remarkably sharp in his tones, he was often considered to speak in anger, when nothing was so intended; he owned this often troubled him; it was the imperfection of a thin voice, and a want of courtesy, which he was often reminded of by those who complained of their reception, and resented it. The austere monastic character was prevalent. He was one who had little sympathy with his fellow-men when he quitted his cell, and although he congratulated himself, in the sad years of his protracted sufferings, that he had lived a life of celibacy, and left neither wife nor child to inherit his griefs, yet wanting these, or their substitute in some ardent friendship, to keep alive the social affections, with Laud all personal felicity terminated in barren glory and abstract feelings, to raise the grandeur of the hierarchy, or to endow a college; passions which may gratify the imagination without touching the heart.

(1) May's History of the Parliament of England, p. 33.

Mr. Hallam has severely said of Laud, that "he could not have been a good man in private life." This cannot well be said of a man whose sole passion was his ambition, and whose personal character was unstained by any vice. To be an amiable man was denied him, both by his habits and his constitutional temper; his petulance was sure to offend, and his impatience of contradiction unfitted him either for the council-table or the chambers of domestic life. It is evident, even by the favourable portrait which Clarendon has drawn of the Archbishop, that men of another cast of mind, the witty and politic, such as the wily Bishop Williams, and the cool dissimulative Cottington, too often played on the simplicity of Laud. His gravity could endure no *persiflage*. Laud cruelly persecuted Williams for a contemptuous jest, and turned out Archy, the King's fool, for a pun. Lord Cottington delighted to prick his warm temper into "some indecent passion;" when Laud, equally honest and weak, would apologise with an afflicting sincerity, while he who had so artfully offended laughed in his sleeve. Cottington, we are told, often made "an unkind use" of these occasions. He knew how to lead Laud into some blunder, then drive him into choler, and then slily expose the artless and hasty man—often before the King; and on the next day he would dine with Laud, whose honest simplicity admired the friendship which would not be offended by some hasty words. Laud appears never to have detected the insidious malice which, instead of receiving an apology, should have offered one. (1)

A worldly ambition was the ruling passion of this man of God, more than ought to have entered into the sanctuary of the soul, where piety should shine as the Shechinah. The passion of court preferment for many years had haunted his very dreams, and had plunged him into all its mean servilities; but the pride of rank was attended by one of its peculiar infirmities. Laud was often violently discomposed at being reminded of his plebeian origin. This forcibly indicates his contracted spirit. The Puritans, with whom the humble origin of the Primate, who "was not born a gentleman," should have been no objection, would sometimes put this weakness to the torture, more sure to mortify the Prelate, by asserting that he was born *e fœce plebis*, than by all their other libels. He seems to have sought to throw over the obscurity of his family a veil of tissue, by the state and distance which he rigidly kept with all persons. When Mr. Hyde, then a young man, in confidential conversation, touched on this delicate point, Laud frankly replied that he considered this reserve and dignity suitable to the place and degree he held in the Church and the State. Doubtless it was some satisfaction for him to allege, that Abbot, the puritanic Archbishop, was not better born than himself; and Abbot's behaviour to the highest nobility in the kingdom was such as to border on insolence. (2) Laud stood the colossus of his own cast; and the Court Divines, as mundane as their great model, deceived their patron by the usual practice of all limited circles, communicating what was pleasant to learn, and suppressing what would have been very disagreeable. Such a personage as Laud is doomed to have dependents, and not friends. Mr. Hyde has made a remarkable observation on the Archbishop. "Persons of that condition, (he alludes to the higher order of the clerical,) how worthy soever, have rarely friendships with men above their own condition. They receive, for the most part, their information from clergymen, who understand the least, and take the worst measure of human affairs, of all mankind that can write and read." There is a severity of truth in this reflection, but it is not peculiar to the ecclesiastical character. All men of the learned professions, who live in one restricted circle, are liable to suffer from this same scanty source of human feelings and human knowledge. Their own views and their own habits form their contracted horizon. Had Laud been a great Sergeant, would Lord Chancellor Hyde have applied the same reflection? Probably not; yet there are few great lawyers whose minds are not wholly warped by their habits of thinking, and who do not judge of human nature more by cases and precedents, than by any intimate conversancy with the human heart and with society at large. And thus it is, on the reverse principle, that physicians have, in all ages, formed the most enlightened class in society, because they mingle with their fellow men.

(1) At the close of Lord Clarendon's first book is a remarkable instance of this malicious *persiflage*, or what we now call quizzing, played upon Laud by Cottington. The occasion was as honourable to Laud's integrity as it proved unfavourable to his discernment.

(2) The Life of Lord Clarendon, i., 15.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Private Life of Charles the First.—Love of the Arts.

There was an interval, a short interval, between the dissolution of the third Parliament in 1628, and the rising troubles in Scotland in 1638, when we may describe the King as at peace with himself, as no longer daily harassed by a discontented Parliament, and as yet a stranger to adversities unparalleled in the history of princes. During these ten years Charles indulged more uninterruptedly a passion for the arts of imagination. Pictures, sculpture, architecture, and music, and not less literature, charmed theso few happier years. Nor were these tastes a late acquirement with Charles the First; they were no feeble pursuit, taken up as the resource of the idler;—no cold reflected taste, caught up from others. They were tho virgin fancies of his studious days; and when banished from them, in his wanderings, and in the camp or in the prison, they still occupied his musings.

Many evidences of such recollections still exist. I have seen a written order by Charles the First, when in confinement in the Isle of Wight, addressed to the learned Patrick Young, his librarian, about the books of St. James's, and to the great antiquary, Sir Symonds D'Ewes, the keeper of his medals, concerning their respective objects; so intent was his elegant mind on those treasures of literature and art, of which being doprived, he accounted these deprivations not among the least of the many he then endured. Mr. Upcott had also a note of Charles to Secretary Nicholas, at the time the King was with the Scots, in which he orders certain volumes to be sent to him, and points out their particular situation in one of his apartments at Whitehall.

The domestic habits of this Sovereign seem ennobled by their intellectual refinement. Ingenious himself in all the arts of ingenuity, his sensibility to art was that of an artist, his critical discernment that of the connoisseur. With some monarchs, pride or pomp have shed a golden patronage over Art, as over one of their lesser glories; with Charles the First, the passion was the devotion of a votary, loving Art only for itself. Though avowedly neither a painter nor a poet, he could handle the poncil and compose a verse. He suggested subjects to the two great painters of his age, to his great architect, and to dramatic poets. Secret history only reveals this softening feature in the grave and king-like character of Charles the First. A prince without art and literature is only one of the people on the throne.

Charles the First unquestionably was the first English monarch who opened galleries of paintings and statues, domiciliated the genius of Italian architecture, and in the ardour of his capacious designs meditated, at no distant day, to call around his Throne—what lay scattered in Europe—a world of glory as yet unconquered by his people. To have overcome the difficulties which the efforts of this Prince had to contend with, is not less admirable than the grand object which he did realise, and the still grander ones which he has left to our imagination. Had Whitehall Palace been completed as it was contemplated by Charles the First, and conceived by Inigo Jones, the Louvre and the Escurial would have found in our calumniated island, among "the clouds of the North," a more magnificent rival. The ceiling of the Banqueting-room, at Whitehall, was painted by Rubens; and it was the intention of Charles that Vandyke should have covered the walls with the history of the order of the Garter, in a friendly emulation with his master. This hall of audience for ambassadors is stated to be only the fifty-fifth part of this gorgeous palace. But the paintings of Vandyko for the edifice of Inigo Jones exist only in a sketch in chiaroscuro; by the civil wars the nation lost the glory of the paintings and the palace.

The first collector of the productions of the fine arts in our country was that Earl of Arundel whose memorable marbles perpetuate his name. Before his day we cannot discovor in England any single gallery of pictures and statues, nor cabinots of medals and engraved gems. A collection of Queen Elizabeth's rarities exhibited the lowest tastes of elaborate toys and frivolous curiosities. This travelled Earl, who had repeatedly visited the Continent, and more particularly the land of his admiration and his love, Italy, exhausted his wealth and his magnificence in the prodigality of his fine tastes. Of this father of our arts Walpole tells, that "He was the first who discovered the genius of Inigo Jones; and, in his embassy to Vienna, he found Hollar at Prague"—and did not leave him there! To this Earl, as Peacham has felicitously expressed it, "this angle of the world oweth the first sight of Grecian and Roman statues;" and Lily no-

tices, that "this Earl brought the new way of building with brick in the city." The tastes of the noble collector were caught by the aspiring genius of Prince Henry, who left a considerable collection of medals. Thus the germs of a cultivated taste for the arts were first scattered in the gardens and the galleries of Arundel-house. Charles succeeded to his brother with a more decided propensity, and with a royal decision, that all the arts of invention, or of imagination, should no longer be foreign to England.

We discover Charles when Prince of Wales deeply busied with the arts; and at that early period he designed inviting great artists to England. Offers of this nature he never ceased to make to those great foreigners, whose immortal names still attest that there was no mediocrity in the royal taste. The history of a manufacture of fine gold and silver tapestry shows this early ardour. This manufacture, introduced into this country by Sir Francis Crane, and established at Mortlake, in Surrey, the young Prince not only patronised, but conceived the idea of improving the splendid material by finer designs. Sir Henry Wotton, our ambassador at Venice, by order of the Prince, procured Cleyne, the painter, to reside in England, for the purpose of inventing the designs. Charles built a residence for the artist, whose subjects, both in history and grotesque, were a great improvement on the rude gothic figures which they had hitherto worked on. Fine and rich tapestries were the most valued of domestic ornaments, and to raise to the utmost perfection the Mortlake tapestry was so favourite an object with the young Prince, that when at Madrid, amidst love and revels, the Mortlake tapestry was still in his thoughts, for he wrote to his council to pay 700*l.* for some Italian drawings for tapestry. The taste of the youthful patron was rising faster than the genius of Cleyne could advance; for Charles now sought for subjects which were of a higher character of art than the grotesque fancy of Cleyne invented. Rubens was afterwards employed, when Charles was King, in painting sketches of the history of Achilles, to be copied in tapestry at Mortlake, and Charles purchased the seven Cartoons of Raphael for the purpose of supplying more elevated subjects for this tapestry. It was no fault of Charles the First that we did not anticipate the Gobelins of Louis XIV.

(1) The King was always highly gratified by the present of a painting from his ambassadors.

It was on the accession to this throne that Charles made the greatest effort for the acquisition of pictures and statues. The sum may seem to us trivial for a royal purchase, yet it was an effort which the King could never repeat. Charles purchased the entire cabinet of the Duke of Mantua for a sum supposed to be under twenty thousand pounds; which, Mr. Dallaway observes, the King found no very easy business to pay. It should, however, be observed, that such noble productions of art had not then reached the large prices which afterwards the possessors—never the artists, obtained. It was the taste of Charles the First, and the splendour of Philip the Fourth of Spain, which first raised their value in the estimation of Europe. At the dispersion of the collection of paintings of Charles the First, their number amounted to about five hundred pictures, besides many which had been embezzled. When we consider the straitened means of the King, and the short space of fifteen years in which that collection had been formed, we have evidence how earnestly it occupied the royal attention, and the whole may be considered as his own creation. The foundation of this royal collection of pictures was a few Italian and Flemish paintings, which, in the days of Henry the Eighth, had been scattered among our palaces, lying unregarded as old furniture, and which, we are told, had received scarcely a single accession in the succeeding reigns. At all times Charles had in his mind his collection, and called the attention of his friends, or his agents, to his aid. (1) When the Marquis of Hamilton was acting under the King of Sweden, in a campaign in Germany, the King adds this postscript to one of his letters, "I hope shortly you will be in a possibility to perform your promise concerning pictures and statues of Muncken; therefore now in earnest do not forget it." (2) Nor was the monarch less careful in their preservation; for when the Queen's great Masque was to be performed at Whitehall, Charles ordered a temporary building to be erected for this spectacle at a considerable charge, lest his pictures in the Banqueting-house should be damaged by the lights. (3)

Charles the First acknowledged that he had learned much by conversation. It is certain that he encouraged a familiar intercourse with travellers, artists, mechanics, and men of science. With such persons he

(2) Burnet's Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton, 22.
(3) Strafford's Letters, ii., 140.

threw off the habitual reserve of his character. The good sense of his inquiries inspired the confidence of communication, and this monarch rarely left ingenious men, without himself contributing some information on the objects of their own pursuits. Charles could suggest a touch, even a hint, to the unfinished canvas of Rubens and Vandyke. The King himself pursued with delight the arts of design, and it has been recorded that Rubens corrected some of his drawings, and that the King handled, not without skill, the pencil of that great master. The libellous author of "the None-such Charles" notices his general inclination to all arts and sciences; "his excelling so far in them as that he might have got a livelihood by them." Lily contents himself with telling us that Charles the First was not unskilful in music—the truth is, that his ear and his hand were musical. The King had been taught the Viol di Gamba, and was a pupil of Coperario, or John Cooper, a celebrated English musician, who, on his return from Italy, assumed this fantastic appellative. Playford, who had frequent opportunities to observe the delight of Charles the First in music, tells us, that the King would often appoint the service and anthems himself, and accompany them, "especially those incomparable fancies of Mr. Coperario, to the organ."

Charles could plan a palace with Inigo Jones, and decide on the age of a medal with Selden. Such, indeed, had been his early studies, that a learned man has described him "as that great antiquary Charles the First." The illustrious Harvey, in one of his writings, recounts with singular gratification the delight Charles received from observations made by that great anatomist while dissecting before the King the deer in Hampton-court. (1) The numerous works which the King suggested to authors, and the critical judgment with which he decided on works of literature, place Charles the First among the most literary monarchs. His critical conceptions were quick; for when Sir Edward Walker was reading his manuscript Memoirs to the King, in recording an incident of the soldiers stripping some of the Parliamentary troopers of their clothes, he had expressed himself with levity—"Our soldiers freed them of the burthen of their clothes"—the King instantly interrupted the reader, observing, "Fie! that is ill said, and it was worse done!" We know that the King read the manuscript plays, and once corrected a rant which Massinger had put in the mouth of a tyrant against the freedom of his subjects. (2) The folio Shakspeare of Charles, with the motto he frequently wrote in his books, has at length become the possession of his present Majesty [William IV.]; the King altered some of the titles of the plays; and the motto, *Dum spiro spero*, was prompted at moments, perhaps, when the monarch, in trouble, or in prison, indulged some bright vision. (3) He was fond of leaving these testimonies of his elevated feelings among his books, for another has been noticed—

"Rebus in adversis facile est contemnere vitam;
Fortiter ille facit qui miser esse potest."

"In adversity it is easy to despise life; true courage can suffer misery."

Charles suggested to the poet Shirley the plot of "The Gamesters." May's version of Lucan was received with all the favour of royalty, a circumstance alluded to by Ben Jonson, by comparing the fate of the English bard with Lucan's—

"Thy fame is equal, happier is thy fate,
Thou hast got Charles's love, he, Nero's hate."

There are some delightful literary anecdotes of Charles. The King had been harassed by the zealot Obadiah Sedgwick repeatedly pressing him for his opinion on his fanatical "Leaves of the Tree of Life;" a mystical explanation of the second verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Revelations. The King, having read part of the manuscript, returned it, with his opinion, that, "After such a work, he believed the composer stood in need of some sleep." The happy ambiguity of this playful criticism, accepted in the better sense, gratified this Parliamentary preacher. There was some Cervantic humour in Charles's gravity. When pressed by a Parliamentary Commissionor to conclude the treaty, the King ingeniously replied, "Mr. Buckley, if you call this a treaty, consider if it be not like the fray in the comedy, where the man comes out, and says, 'There has been a fray, and no fray;' and, being asked how that could be, 'Why,' says he, 'there hath been three

(1) Gen. Anim. exerc. 64, p. 422.
(2) Malone, ii., 387.
(3) See Bindley's Catalogue, part 2 (1431). Sir Richard Fanshaw gave a copy of his Greverint to the King as late as in 1647, then, imprisoned, he wrote in it "*Dum spiro spero*. C. R."

blows given, and I had them all l'. Look, therefore, if this be not a parallel case." The conversation of Charles, on many occasions, shows that he possessed intellectual powers to which his historians have rarely alluded. The famous Oceana Harrington, when commissioned by Parliament to attend on the King, attracted the monarch's notice by his ingenuousness and his literature. Harrington was a republican in principle, and the King and he often warmly disputed on the principles of a good government. One day Charles recited to him some well-known lines of Claudian, descriptive of the happiness of the people under a just king. Harrington was struck by the King's abilities, and from that moment never ceased to admire the man. Charles displayed the same ability at the Treaty of the Isle of Wight, where he conducted the negotiation alone, his lords and gentlemen standing behind his chair in silence. That occasion called forth all his capacity; and it was said that the Earl of Salisbury, on the Parliament's side, observed, that "The King was wonderfully improved;" to which Sir Philip Warwick replied, "No, my Lord! the King was always the same, but your Lordship has too late discovered it."

In a conversation on writing plays in rhyme, one party affirming that the bondage of rhyme would confine the fancy, and Lord Orrery being of a contrary opinion, as arbiter, Charles commanded his Lordship to employ some of his leisure in a dramatic composition, in rhyme, which produced "The Black Prince." But it was not only in the lighter graces of poesy that the fine taste of Charles delighted; more serious and elevated objects equally engaged his attention. Charles was desirous that the national history should be composed by a man of genius. He had been pleased with the historical Essay of Lord Bacon's Henry the Seventh. With great judgment he fixed on Sir Henry Wotton for a complete history; and, to stimulate that very elegant writer, granted him a munificent pension of five hundred pounds. Charles unquestionably was himself a writer of the history of his own times; and, however we may determine on the authenticity of the much-disputed *Icon Basilike*, there will be found some portions, and some peculiar expressions, which it is not probable, perhaps possible, that any one could have written but himself. (1) Certain it is, that the manuscripts of the King were numerous. No monarch has had his pen so constantly in his hand. During his long confinement at Carisbrooke Castle, his life offers a beautiful picture of the imprisonment of a literary character. The King had his constant hours for writing, and he read much. We have an interesting catalogue of the books he called for during this period. Yet there exist no autographs of Charles, except some letters. This seems to indicate some purposed destruction. We know that the King revised the folio Memoirs of Sir Edward Walker, and that he supplied Clarendon, from his own memorials and journals, with two manuscripts, fairly written, on the transactions of the years 1645 and 1646. (2) What became of these originals, with others, which were seized in the royal cabinet taken at Naseby? If it be true, as it appears, that Charles instigated Clarendon to compose his history, posterity may admire the King's exquisite discernment. There was not another man of genius in the royal circle who could have been more happily selected.

Charles appears to have designed that his Court should resemble the literary Court of the Medici. He assembled about him the great masters of their various arts; and, while they acquired the good fortune of the royal patronage, and were dignified by his honours, they more largely participated in that sort of affection which the real lovers of art experience for the persons of great artists. We may rate Charles's taste at the supreme

(1) Mr. Brodie, who studies at every point to depreciate the better qualities of Charles the First, has been particularly anxious to assert the spuriousness of some writings assigned to the King. Of the controversy between Charles the First and Alexander Henderson, the head of the Presbyters, respecting Church Government, Mr. Brodie, though he acknowledges that this "so far-famed production is never read," (for certainly there is no occasion for it,) yet, grudging even the slender merit of Charles, for having produced "a far-famed work never read," he winds up with an insinuation, "whether Charles was really the author of the controversial writings that pass under his name, may well be questioned," iv. 66. That this may never hereafter be questioned, I refer Mr. Brodie to the Lambeth Library, 679, where he will find the MSS., and the first entirely in the hand-writing of the King. Charles was early exercised in these studies. We learn from one of his biographers, that "there was extant, in the hands of a worthy person, his extracts, written with his own hand," of arguments from Laud's book against the Jesuit Fisher, and that he was accustomed to epitomise Hooker, and others, on the present subject.

(2) Clarendon's Life, i., 103, folio. See also the opening of the ninth book of Clarendon's History.

degree, by observing, that this monarch never patronised mediocrity; the artist who was honoured hy his regard was ever a master-spirit. Father of art in our country, Charles seemed ambitious of making English denizens of every man of genius in Europe; and of no monarch have been recorded such frequent instances of the deep personal interest entertained for individuals. Charles, with his own hand, wrote to Alhano, to invite that joyous painter of childhood to reside at the Court of England. (1) When another artist, Torrentius, was condemned to perpetual imprisonment, Charles, in the excess of his admiration for his works, interceded for the wretched man; pleading only for the artist, the rarity and excellence of his works were alone dwelt on hy the King. Rubens and Vandyke, with other illustrious names, Charles had made his own; and we cannot read a history of foreign art without meeting with the name of Charles the First—so closely had his patronage or his kindness connected this monarch with his contemporary artists in every country.

No royal history opens domestic scenes of equal fascination with those which occurred in the constant intercourse of the grave and stately Charles with his favourite companions, the artists themselves. His conversations with them were familiar and unreserved. In the breakfast-room of Charles the First were hung, hy his special order, the portraits of his three favourites, Rubens, Mytens, and Vandyke. Vandyke, hy the desire of Charles, married an English lady, and resided in England. The King would frequently go by water to the painter's house in Blackfriars to his studio, and, often sitting to Vandyke himself, would commission the Queen, his family, and his courtiers, to allow no rest to his facile and unwearied pencil; they delighted to view themselves in the unshadowy splendour of his portraits. A traditional story was floating in the last century, the probability of which seems to authenticate the fact. Vandyke was painting the portrait of Charles the First, while the monarch was complaining in a low voice to the Duke of Norfolk of the state of his finances. The King, perceiving that Vandyke was listening, said to him laughingly, "And you, Sir, do you know what it is to want five or six thousand pounds?" "Yes, Sir," Vandyke replied; "an artist who keeps open house for his friends, and whose purse is always at the command of his mistresses, feels too often the emptiness of his strong-box." In this unreserved manner Charles indulged himself with the artists. Beck, whose facility in composition was extraordinary, was aptly complimented by Charles familiarly observing to him, "Faith, Beck! I believe that you could paint riding post!" It is not wonderful that a monarch, who so well knew how to maintain his personal dignity, and was even coldly formal in the court circle, should have been tenderly remembered by every man of genius, who had enjoyed the flattering equality of this language of the heart, and this sympathy of companionship. A celebrated performer on the flute, who afterwards became so eminent during the Protectorate, as to be appointed music professor at the University of Oxford, Dr. Thomas Wilson, with equal pride and affection, remembered, that he was often in attendance on Charles, who, in the intensity of his delight, used to lean over his shoulder while he played. Old Nicholas Laniere, who subscribed one of his plates as being "done in my youthful age of 74," was one of those artists, as Lord Orford designates them, "whose various talents were so happy as to suit the taste of Charles the First, musician, painter, and engraver!" Laniere was one of the King's active agents for the selection of works of art, while he himself could add to them. He outlived the persecution of that political period, and shed tears many years after in the funereal hymn on his royal master, set hy himself.

But if it he delightful to view Charles the First indulging the most kindly feelings to artists, it is more so to find that he knew and entered into their wounded feelings, and could even forgive their caprices. The King's earliest "Picturer," as he is styled in the royal warrant, was Daniel Mytens, a Flemish artist, who has left us one of the finest heads of Charles the First in his happier days, ere care and thought had stamped their traces on his majestic countenance. On the arrival of Vandyke, great as was Mytens' reputation and the favour he enjoyed, the artist fancied that his sun had set—his "occupation had gone!" In a sullen humour, Mytens requested his Majesty's permission to retire to his native home. Charles, having learned the cause of this sudden attack of spleen, used the wayward genius with all a brother's tenderness. The King healed the infirmity of

(1) Academica Picturæ, p. 282.

genius, assuring the jealous artist, that "he could find sufficient employment both for him and Vandyke." It was no doubt after this, that Charles hung the portrait of his old artist between the two greatest masters of art; and it is pleasing to record that the brothers in art, with the monarch as their common friend, became brothers in their affections; for Vandyke painted the portrait of Mytens. The King's constant attendance on Rubens when that great painter was in England, the honours he bestowed on him, and the noble offers he made him, are not sufficiently known. This great painter found, and felt in Charles the First, a congenial spirit. Having painted the history of St. George, representing Charles, "wherein, if it be possible, he hath exceeded himself," as a contemporary writes, Rubens would not part with the original till he had finished a copy for himself, that, as he said, the picture might remain in his house at Antwerp, "as a perpetual monument of his affection for the English King." This interesting anecdote seems authenticated by the circumstance that such a picture appears in the mortuary catalogue of the collection of Rubens.

This deep sympathy for art and artists flowed from the truest source, that of consummate knowledge. Charles the First possessed that refined discernment which is the faculty of "the Few," in detecting the manner and the habitual work of any individual master. Painters call this "a knowledge of hands." Lord Orford gives a remarkable story of Charles the First inspecting a collection of portraits at which were present several "picture drawers." The King inquired by whose hand was a particular picture? Some attempted to guess, none were positive. The King declared it to be the work of such a man's hand. "I know it," said Charles, "as well as if I had seen him draw it; but is there but one man's hand in this picture?" They did not discover this, while the King persisted in asserting that "there were two hands in it; for I know the hand which drew the heads, but the hand which drew the rest I never saw before." It appears afterwards that a gentleman, who had been at Rome, mentioned that he had seen this very picture with the heads, but the rest unfinished, for the painter dying, the widow procured another to complete the work for sale, the best way he could. This is but a blind story, and the gentleman was, no doubt, a good courtier, observes our polished cynic, though not unwilling to allow that Charles, at least, was an excellent judge of the style of the great masters. Another incident will confirm the probability of this story. In one of his unhappy flights, when passing a night at the singular monastic institution of the family of the Ferrars at Gidding, an illustrated Bible, containing a vast collection of prints, (1) was placed before the King and the Palsgrave. The latter had more curiosity than knowledge. Even at a moment when the mind of Charles could have little ease, and when the business of the early morning was an early flight, Charles largely descanted on the invention of the masters, and the characters of the engravers. Their works had long been lost to him; but these departed enjoyments of his cultivated tastes lingered in his fond recollections, and could steal an hour from five years of sorrows.

This fervid devotion to art in Charles the First was acknowledged abroad, as well as at home. Cardinal Barberini, in his character of the protector of the English at Rome, conceived a project of obtaining, by the novel and silent bribery of works of art, those concessions in favour of the English Catholics from Charles the First, which the King in his political capacity had denied. It was on this occasion that Panzani, the secret agent of the Court of Rome, was introduced to the King, as an agent for procuring him pictures, statues, and curiosities; and the earnest inquiries and orders given by Charles the First evince his perfect knowledge of the most beautiful existing remains of ancient arts. Once Charles expressed a wish to purchase a particular statue of Adonis in the villa Ludovisia. As the statue could not be obtained for money, every exertion was made to procure it for the Protestant monarch. But the possessor, the Duchess of Fiano, was as inexorable as might have been Venus herself to preserve her Adonis, and even the chance-conversion of a whole nation of heretics was considered by her as not tantamount to the deprivation of her enamouring statue.

Had the reign of Charles the First proved as peaceful as that of his father, this monarch, in 1640, would have anticipated those tastes, and inspired that enthusiasm for the world of art, which were so long foreign to the nation, and which have not yet reached to those ranks of society where they ought to

(1) This identical Bible, with its numerous illustrations, still exists, and may be inspected at the British Museum.

be familiar, however Institutions have been nobly opened for the public. The mind of Charles the First was moulded by the graces. His favourite Buckingham was probably a greater favourite from cherishing those congenial tastes. He courted his monarch and his friend, by the frequent exhibitions of those splendid masques and entertainments, which delighted by all the rivalries of the most beautiful arts; combining the picture of ballet-dances with the voice of music, the most graceful poetry of Jonson, the scenic machinery of Inigo Jones, or the fanciful devices of Gerbier, the Duke's architect, the pupil and friend of Rubens, and the confidential agent of Charles the First. The costly magnificence of the fêtes at York-house, the Duke's residence, eclipsed the splendour of the French court, for Bassompierre confesses that he had never witnessed a similar magnificence. The King himself delighted in them, but this monarch was too poor to furnish those splendid entertainments. They were not unusual with the great nobility. The literary Duchess of Newcastle mentions one, which the Duke gave to Charles the First, which cost five thousand pounds. The ascetic Puritan in those peevish times, as in our own, would indeed abhor these scenes, but the emulous encouragement they offered to some of the great artists could not fail to have infused into the national character more cultivated feelings and more elegant tastes. They charmed even those fiercer Republican spirits themselves in their ingenuous youth. Milton owed his Arcades and his Comus to a masque at Ludlow Castle, and Whitelocke, who had been himself an actor and a manager in "a splendid royal masque of the four Inns of Court joining together" to go to court, at a later day when drawing up his "Memorials of the English affairs," and occupied by far graver concerns, dwelt with all the fondness of reminiscence on these stately shows and masques; and in a chronicle which contracts many an important event into a single paragraph, has poured forth six folio columns of a minute description of "these dreams passed, and these vanished pomps."

After reading these anecdotes of the private life of Charles the First, and recollecting the great national design which he had already commenced, we must recollect the limited means which contracted these noble efforts. The King, from the earliest period of his reign, was denied the personal enjoyments of a nobleman; and the truth is, that it was only by economical contrivances, with the aid of occasional presents, that Charles the First obtained that fine collection, which was so barbarously inventoried at his death, suffered to be pillaged by the meanest hands, and dispersed at most blundering estimates, to furnish the cabinets of France and Spain. (1) Such often was the exhausted state of his exchequer, that it is a curious fact, that when Inigo Jones was appointed Master of the Board of Works, the funds were so low that the great architect nobly remitted his own pay; nor is it less curious, that Charles, amidst his distress for money, condescended to enter into partnership for the small purchase of some pictures. This singular document is an evidence not only of his prudential expedients, but of his love of the arts. The monarch who entered into this humble contract, and adopted such equality of conditions, must have had some notion of that justice which has been too often denied him. Charles the First was here, at least, a lion who abstained from portioning out a lion's share. (2)

(1) The Harl. MS, 4718, is entitled "An Inventory of the Goods, Jewels, Plate, etc., belonging to King Charles the First, sold by order of the Council of State, from the year 1649 to 1652." A year was allowed to draw up the inventory, and the sale proceeded during three years. It is a magnificent folio of near a thousand pages, of an extraordinary dimension, bound in crimson velvet, and richly gilt, written in a fair large hand, but with little knowledge of the subjects which the inventory-writer describes. Every article was appraised. The medals were not valued at much more than a shilling a-piece. The highest value of the masterpieces of art varied from 30*l.* to 100*l.*; many are whimsically low. By what standard they were valued it would be difficult to conjecture. I have given an account of this manuscript in the third volume of "Curiosities of Literature," first series.

(2) Charles R. "Whereas wee understand that an excellent collection of paintings are to be sold in Venice, which are known by the name of Bartolomeo della Nave his collection. Wee are desirous that our beloved servant, Mr. William Pettye, should goe thither to make the bargaine for them. We ourselves beinge resolved to go a fourth share (soe it exceed not the sum of eight hundred pounds sterlinge), but that our name be concealed in it. And if it shall please God that the same collection be bought and come safely hither, then wee doe promise, in the word of a Kinge, that they shall be divyded with all equalitye in this manner, vidt. That they shall be equallie divyded into fower parts by some men skilful in painting, and then desire one interested in the shares, or some for them, shall *throw the dice severally*. And whosoever throwes most shall take his share first, and soe in order everye one shall choose after first, as he castes most, and shall take their shares freelye, to their

But it was not for this unfortunate Prince, with all these finer tastes, to mitigate the growing barbarism of the times by one short ago of taste. We had not yet omerged from our rude and noglected state of the elegant arts. Among the list of the grievances of the Commons in 1625, we find one complains of "the building of all houses in London in one uniform way, with a face of brick towards the streets." To this grievance Charles replied, that a reformation in buildings was a good reformation, and he was resolved to proceed with that work. No douht the good citizens of London were then destitute of any architectural taste; since even the decent appearance of bricking their fronts, and improving the salubrity of the city, where wooden houses were huddled togeiher in all inconvenient forms, nests for their scourge the plague, which was so often breathing in their faces, was considered as a national grievance. The penurious and grave citizen, the ascetic Puritan, felt no ambition to leave their city of brick, which they had found a city of timber. Palladian streets never entered into their imagination.

An affection for the fine arts was yet entirely confined to Charles's own court. Scotland, by her vulgar notions of "superstition" and idolatry, seemed to have exiled the arts from her bleak clime. The elegant poot Drummond, in his history of Scotland (Bishop Hacket insinuates), had in view Charles the First when he drew the character of James the Third. The passage will attest that even the imagination of a Scotch poet, formed too on the most fanciful models of Italian poesy, could not conceive any thing higher of art or its curiosities than an idling amusement. "It is allowable in men that have not much to do, to be taken with admiration of watches, clocks, dials, automates, pictures, statues; but the art of princes is to give laws, and govern their people with wisdom in peace, and glory in war; to spare the humblo, and prostrate the proud." The public mind was vulgar, and even the genius of the poet, which confounds the knicknacks of a virtuoso with pictures and statues, had not advanced much beyond it. Drummond might have learnt in better times that the arts would not incapacitate a great military character, or a great legislator, from excelling in their talent; since some of the most illustrious have been among the earliest collectors of the works of art. But it was now still worse at London than at Edinburgh. Among the barbarians, who, like a second irruption of the Goths and Vandals, became the avowed enemies of art and artists, the Puritans on one side, and the Levellers on the other, excite our indignation as much for their brutalising ignorance as their calumnies. In that remarkable yot curious libel on Charles the First, entitled "the None-such Charles," the writer accuses his late sovereign, among other enormities, of "squandering away millions of pounds on braveries and vanities, on old rotten pictures and broken-nosed marbles." (1) Millions of pounds! Charles was never master of a quarter of one! Such was the style and grossness of the times, and of that people who were now to be the rulers of England! Even in the King's lifetime, a Puritan expressed his uneasiness that Con, a Scotchman, called the Pope's Legate, was enticing Charles with many various baits, and whom he sought to delude with "gifts of pictures, antique idols, and such like trumperies brought from Rome." Alas! how painful will it ever be, in noticing vulgar spirits as these, to add the great name of Milton! In "evil times" only, indeed, would that illustrious man have seemed to reproach the King of England, for having for his "closet-companion" the great bard of the nation.

Milton, in his Iconoclastes, insolently wrote: "I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the King might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, Wil-

own uses, as they shall fall unto them. In Witness whereof, wee have sett our hands this eight daye of July, in the tenth year of our reigne, 1634."

(1) "The None-such Charles his character, extracted out of divers original Transactions, Dispatches, and the Notes of several public ministers, as well at home as abroad, 1651," is an extraordinary little volume. It is composed in the style of Sir A. Weldon's well-known libel of "The Court and Character of James 1st,"—but it is to be valued, for though the libel is not less a libel than the other, it is evident that the writer had obtained access to the State-Paper Office, and has rummaged out many state secrets, which he turns to his own purpose. It is said to be "published by authority," which indicates the parliamentary sanction. Lord Hardwicke committed a strange blunder when he ascribed it to Sir Balthazar Gerbier; he could never have read it, and was deceived by the ironical title. In my copy I find a MS. note, which says that it was written by Sir A. Weldon, and of this I have no douht. I have heard that Milton had his eye on this book, when he wrote with such personal hatred of Charles; that great anti-monarchist, however, required no whetstone.

liam Shakspeare." Little did Milton imagine that what at the time seemed to cast contempt on the character of the King would be cited, at a more enlightened period, as a certain evidence of the elegance of the mind of Charles the First.

It has been said that Charles the First was adapted to be greater as a private gentleman than a sovereign. There may be some truth in the observation; yet it is not so evident that the domestic virtues of the man are insufficient to constitute an excellent monarch. Unquestionably, had not peculiar difficulties arisen in his reign, Charles the First would have been that monarch. Nor can we justly conclude that he was destitute of kingly qualities, who so long and so ably contended for what he deemed his kingly rights, and voluntarily perished to vindicate his sovereignty. Charles, indeed, loved the privacy of domestic life, and the quiet occupations of study and art. When his troubles began, in 1637, Garrard, the correspondent of the Earl of Strafford, kissed hands on his election to the Mastership of the Charter-house. The King bade him be a good Governor, and impressively assured him that he considered him the happiest man in England. Charles appears to have alluded to his own situation, deeming the Government of the Charter-house, in its dominion of obedient subjects, and in its business of literature, offered a more enviable life, than the days which were clouding over his throne.

——the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissued vest:(1)

or, as Sir Philip Sidney first expressed it:—"Tragedy openeth the greatest wounds, and showeth forth the ulcers that are covered with tissue."

The observation of Addison, that a reader is delighted to learn whether the person whose story is engaging his attention be either a brown or a fair man, with other personal peculiarities, was new in its day, and since the philosophy of biography has been carried to a perfection unknown to that pleasing writer, its truth has often been confirmed. Nothing is trivial in the narrative of history which assists the reality of its scene, and places its personage by our side. By these natural touches something of the charm of fiction is thrown into the historical composition.

There is a fine and large portrait of Charles the First, by his first favourite Mytens, splendidly engraved by Delphius, the King's engraver. In that portrait, as well as in a miniature which I had copied from a large pictnre by Vandyke, now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, the expression is quite of another character from the portraits taken at a later period. No secret sorrows, no deepened melancholy, had yet left the traces of painful thoughts over the countenance whose peculiar expression afterwards was so faithfully, perhaps so religiously, transmitted to us. Contrast this portrait of Mytens on Charles's accession to the throne, with the one so careworn, so haggard and lean, when the ill-fated Sovereign appeared at his trial, (2) and you touch both the extremities of his life; the whole history of Charles seems told!

The intermediate period in this monarch's life is equally remarkable. Vandyke painted in one picture the head of Charles in three positions. This was sent by the Queen to Bernini, in order to model his celebrated bust. The well-known anecdote of the sculptor is authentic. (3) Bernini was a great physiognomist, and after contemplating the portraits, for a while, he exclaimed that he had never seen a portrait whose countenance showed so much greatness and such marks of sadness; the man who was so strongly charactered, and whose dejection was so visible, was doomed to be unfortunate! Had the physiognomical predicter examined the two portraits of the happier days of Charles, he might have augured a happier fate. It is therefore evident that what was peculiar in the countenance of Charles was not discoverable till after his thirtieth year.

Charles the First was of a middle stature, his complexion brown, "inclining to a paleness," his forehead not wide, his brows large, his eyes grey, they were quick and penetrat-

(1) Thomas Warton.

(2) This portrait, little known, as well as the costume, inscribed "Gaywood fecit," has every appearance of having been taken from the life. It is prefixed to Lambert Wood's Life of Charles, 1639, which of itself is a worthless volume. The reason which induces me to consider this portrait as an original, is the meagreness of the countenance, which is noticed by contemporaries in the latter years of Charles.

(3) I find the recorded anecdote of Bernini in Evelyn's work on Medals, and in Sir Richard Bulstrode's Memoirs, 66. Henrietta Maria designed to have her own bust, as the companion of Charles's, and portraits on the same plan were painted by Vandyke, but whether the bust was ever executed is not known. At that moment the troubles began. The painting of Henrietta was at Carlton House.

ing, and their vivacious glances were remarked on the opening of his trial, for Charles, considering himself to he a skilful physiognomist, was a keen observer of persons; his nose was somewhat large and rather round at the tip. The visage on the whole was long, and the lips seem to have heen thick. Ilis stammering was a defect which he could never entirely get rid of, though at his trial the intensity of his feelings carried on his voice without faltering. His hair was of a chesnut colour, falling on his shoulders in large curls, and when young he nourished one luxuriant lock on his left side which floated there; this natural ornament was a fashion ahhorred hy the puritanic Roundheads; who, having read in the Testament, "If a man have long hair it is a shame," (1) cut their hair short. This unlucky tress of royalty excited Prynne's invective against "love-locks." His beard, curtailed of ancient dimensions, he wore peaked, wilh moustachios, in his happier days, hut in his troubles, negligent of exterior ornament, his beard covered much of his face. His pace in walkiog was quick and hurried, somewhat indicative of the usual condition of his mind. In going from St. James's through lhe Park to the scaffold at Whitehall, one of the papers of the day notices that the King "pleasantly" called to the guard, "March apace!" It is said he was not graceful in his motions; a coarse libeller tells us, that "he did not ride like a Prince, hut like a post-hoy." There was a good deal of earnest impetuosity in his temper, and he seems to have preserved his personal dignity, by a rigid decency in the gravity of his manners and the measured style of his speech, sparing of words.

There was a family likeness in the Stuarts, even to their long fingers, but there was no Stuart whose countenance resembled that of Charles the First. Whence then the effect which is still produced by contemplating the peosive and melancholy physiognomy of this monarch? It seems an ideal head.

Parallels have heen more than once drawn between the tragical afflictions of the martyred monarch and the trihulations of "the Saviour" when on earth. In human records, no princely names could he found but which seemed too low to rival his magnanimous sufferings. Stricken hy sympathies, stronger and more elevated than they had ever experienced, some divines dared to compare Charles to Christ. Tickell has happily alluded to their disturbed piety. Thoy found

"Alt paralleis were wrong, or hlasphemy."

The difficulty of comhining the ideas of a human with a divinor nature has formed the despair of the greatest artists. The pencil has never yet portrayed the celestial head of "the Saviour" in the form of humanity. It is, however, singular that artists of genius have considered that the head of this Monarch is the only portrait which they could venture to place hefore them as a model for the head of Christ, so peculiar is its mixture of majesty aud sadoess. Thus it happons that io looking on the portrait of Charles, with all its numerous associations, whether some behold "the King in chains, and the Prince bound in fetters," or others "a man of sorrows acquaioted with grief," there is no portrait of any other sovereign which awakens such powerful emotions as does the head of Charles the First. (2)

(1) 1 Cor., xi., 14.

(2) It is mortifying to disclose the levity of feeling of men of genius, whose political tempers seem to close up every avenue to their heart or their imagination. "It is," says an ahle Edinburgh Reviewer, "to such considerations as these," (alluding to some instances of Charles's good qualities, as a father and a husband, which are given by one who prohably is too young to he either,) "togelher wilh his Vandyke dress, his handsomo face, and bis peaked beard, that he owes, we verily helieve, most of his popularity wtih the present generalion."—*Ed. Rev.*, vol. xlii., p. 330.

But there are other "handsomer faces in a Vandyke dress" which do not affect us as the portrait of Charles the First. All this seems Innocent, however superficial may be the popular prejudices of the critic, compared with the Irightful barbarism of the heartless Horace Walpole. Even the last parting moments of the King with Bishop Juxon afford him a most indecent parody,—(Lord Orford's Works, v. 472,) and, in a letter, he writes, "I was diverted with two relics of Charles the Martyr, one the pearl you see in his picture, taken out of his ear after his foolish head was off; the other, the cap out of which he took the sacrament." One could hardly have expected, as Mr. Croker has observed, In alluding to Walpole's unfeeling observation on Charles in his last momenls, "to find him playing the Jack-pudding on a hloody scaffold!"

I am tempted here to anticipate a passage from that popular criticism which is so much to the taste of the times; a passage which should rather be noticed at the close of this work. The Edinburgh Reviewer thus describes the fate of Charles the First. "The enemy of English liberty was not murdered by men whom he had pardoned and loaded with benefits. He was not stabbed in the back by those who misled and cringed hefore his face. He was vanquished on fields of stricken hattle; he was arraigned, sentenced, and executed in the face of heaven and earth. Our liberty is neither Greek nor Roman, hut essentially English."* The eloquence

* Ed. Rev., vol. xlvii., 346.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Influence of the Queen on the King's Conduct.

The influence of Henrietta Maria over Charles the First is an important subject for inquiry, not only in the private but in the public life of the monarch. It claims to be treated with some delicacy, and with more truth. On no subject of these Commentaries ought I to require more of the reader's confidence that my researches are wholly prompted by the curiosity, or the zeal, which we feel in unravelling the perplexities in which human nature sometimes seems enveloped. Let the reader, for the few minutes which will be allotted to this chapter, be patient under the popular prejudices and the old impressions he carries in his mind, and let him accompany me, feeling our way now in twilight, and now in darkness, in these cautious gropings after truth.

Charles the First is accused by all parties of a spiritless uxoriousness and subserviency to his Queen, which had a fatal influence over his political conduct. This opinion was prevalent in his own day. But we have to encounter a more formidable host than contemporaries, whose opinions may happen to originate in passion and prejudice, in the writers of our history, who all have echoed to each other the same conviction of "the absolute power" of Henrietta Maria.

Clarendon, that grave minister, and others who were acting with him, disliked the Queen, her papists, and her nation. Mr. Hyde often appears as irritably jealous of female influence, as afterwards was Lord Clarendon, an influence which that Statesman aptly described as "powerful and near." His Lordship has touched on "the Queen's absolute power" over the King, and one of the effects of this power, he tells us, appeared in "the removal of great ministers," but the noble historian is also our authority to show that "neither the Archbishop nor the Earl of Strafford were in any degree acceptable to the Queen." How then happened it that Charles the First, so entirely passive to "the absolute power" of his wife, as Charles called the Queen, never removed these "great ministers?" If Henrietta's absolute will were to govern the State, had she no favourites to supply their places, and she too, who, as so many assure us, was such a mistress of political intrigue?

Hume sometimes sympathising with the unfortunate Charles, and often taking his impressions from Clarendon, tells us that Charles the First was by the Queen "precipitated into hasty and impetuous councils." Hume supposes, we must imagine, that Charles himself was never "hasty and impetuous." Bishop Kennett describes the light, volatile, inconsiderate temper of the hapless daughter of Henry the Fourth, as "the influence of a stately Queen over an affectionate husband." "That wicked woman!" exclaims Warburton, in the heat of Protestant passion. "That pernicious woman at his side!" echoes the philosophical Hallam, who has here considered perhaps the number of the witnesses in court, rather than the weight of their evidence. Gibbon, who probably had never brought his penetrating inquiries to the critical investigation of the history of this period, notices how "Charles was governed by a Catholic Queen." Authority, it might seem, was not wanting to establish the position, but his philosophical genius might have been mortified, could any one have succeeded in proving to him that this opinion was at least merely vulgar, and that had Charles not been united to a Roman Catholic Princess, the Romanists would have

of the writer will be but a poor apology for this misrepresentation of the real state of the affairs to which he alludes. We shall not here stop to correct them, but we may admire the juvenile audacity of an ardent party-writer, who seems to conclude that we are entirely ignorant of the mode by which the murderers of Charles the First effected their nefarious purpose.

When a Member in the House of Commons, with that vulgar levity we often witness from men who seem ignorant of their national history, alluded to the immolated Monarch, Canning rose, and poured out his indignant spirit. "He trusted that he should never arrive at that cool contemplation, which enabled the honourable Member to talk of the murder of Charles the First as of a lawful act. He hoped no degree of liberality, no respect for freedom, would ever induce him to look back on such a transaction with any other feelings than those of the horror and indignation which it was calculated to excite. Could he ever bring himself to entertain such an opinion, even in his closet, he would never utter it in that House, and still less proclaim it to a nation struggling for independence. In God's name, let not this country stand foremost in pointing out such a course as this as the highroad to freedom. Whatever might be the policy of giving or withholding our aid, the suggestion of crime was at least one of those aids which we might best withhold."

I am indebted to my very ingenious friend Mr. J. H. Markland for this passage in a speech of Canning's. It was a note taken at the time, probably in March, 1824.

shared the same royal protection, for the same reasons of state, which had been adopted by his father; for though the nation sometimes seemed unreasonably jealous, the Romanists, when their day of conspiracy was over, were an ancient, a numerous, and even a noble body of useful subjects, whose loyalty, as was afterwards proved, entered even into their religion.

Our history has often been composed by those whose panics were more warranted than we at this day are perhaps competent to decide on. These writers, and the nation at large, seemed to have desired nothing short of an extermination of the Romanists. The Puritans of England would willingly have applauded an edict against the English Catholics, like that of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which ejected the French Huguenots from their father-land. The policy of the Cabinet may happen to be in opposition to the passions of a people, but it is not necessarily wrong. Charles temporized, and it has been his fate to be the favourite of neither party. Had he dared, which was out of his nature to do, a great *coup d'état*, by banishing every Romanist from England, Charles would have become popular at the cost of his better feelings.

We may judge how our history on this point of the Queen's influence has been written, by turning to the historian of the Puritans. "The Queen was a very great bigot to her religion; her conscience was directed by her confessor, assisted by the Pope's Nuncio, and a secret cabal of priests and Jesuits. These controlled the Queen, and she the King, so that in effect the nation was governed by popish councils till the Long Parliament." (1) The closest researcher in our history has yet to discover this "secret cabal of priests and Jesuits," acting circuitously on the Queen, and she on the King, and the nation governed by "their popish councils." The confessor of the Queen, Father Philip, stole about Somerset House with the Capuchins in dread of their lives; and as for the Capuchins themselves, I, who possess their memoirs, can testify that, except half-a-dozen sly conversions, "their popish councils" did not prosper out of their neighbourhood. The Pope's nuncio did not even venture to assume his character. In this plausible manner are party-histories composed, and the innocent appeal to them for their authorities!

We are reminded, that every great political error of the King was the dictation of the Queen; and though her name rarely appears among the incidents of our history, except when the panic of papistry breaks out, it would seem that on the side of Charles the greater part originated with this profound and political Queen.

Even the more subtle reasoners unreason themselves on this popular prejudice of the Queen's influence over Charles the First. Mr. Godwin writes, "The Queen applied all the vast influence she had hitherto exercised over her husband to prevail on him to agree to the establishment of the presbyterian form of church government." (2) Doubtless to her, between two heretics, the choice was indifferent. But what was the result of this "vast influence?" Charles never would concede the point, for, not many pages after, Mr. Godwin tells us, "The whole project of the Presbyterians was defeated by the unexpected pertinacity of the King. (3) Such was the Queen's vast influence!

There is a principle in historical inquiries, which we may frequently apply. In all intricate passages of history, whenever we detect an incongruity in the character,—a discrepancy in the incidents,—a cause assigned not commensurate with the prodigious effect deduced from it,—our suspicion may be allowed to awaken our scepticism; and according to the degree of our knowledge we may discriminate the proportion in which falsehood has been mixed with truth. In the political influence of Henrietta over Charles, which so many historical writers have ascribed to her, we may be struck by all these monstrous conjunctures.

From all these authorities we learn that Charles the First, in the possession of his active faculties, with his argumentative habits, and his unchangeable dispositions, sank into a passive being, an imbecile monarch! Yet how will this agree with the indisputable fact, that Charles afterwards lived and acted several years separated from his Queen, and on all emergent occasions displayed the most prompt capacity? Did the Queen suggest a single sentence in that series of private correspondence with the Marquis of Hamilton on the complicated concerns of

(1) Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, i., 507.

(2) Godwin's Hist. of the Commonwealth, ii., 137.
(3) Ibid., 176.

the Scottish affairs? But to sanction the received opinion of the predominance of Henrietta Maria in so many intricate difficulties, it is not sufficient to assert the weakness of Charles; it is absolutely necessary that this Queen should he endowed, like another Catherine of Medicis, with a plotting head, and a governing hand. The Editor of Madame du Deffand's letters, in her "Views of the Social Life in England and France," at once declares that Henrietta "had been brought up amidst all the political intrigues of her mother, Mary of Medicis." It probably never occurred to this female philosopher of the school of Horace Walpole, that the Queen was only sixteen years of age when she came over here. I am unacquainted with the due term of a political apprenticeship, hut a young lady of sixteen, who had passed most of her time in pastorals and dances, could hardly be yet a Machiavel.

It is remarkable that a Queen, who is imagined to have performed so complicate a part in our history, scarcely ever appears in it, but to receive some courtly compliment, or to betray the terrors in which she often lived. On one occasion, to save the life of Strafford, we see Henrietta appointing a midnight interview with two or three heads of the Opposition, and, holding a flambeau, pass by the back-stairs into an apartment, alone and in secrecy, to offer any terms! This, which looks like a political intrigue, was really none; the whole transaction was as simple as it proved to be inefficient. There are three or four instances in which recourse was had to the Queen in order to influence the King by her tears, or hor prayers, to comply with certain measures. Mr. Hallam quotes a letter of the Queen from Paris to Charles, containing political advice, but the letter was written at the suggestion of Colepepper and Ashburnham; it was none of her own. In every one of these cases, the parties were working on the terrors of an affrighted woman, and the Queen was but a passive instrument in their hands, and the simple organ of their ideas. These incidents, so far from conferring on Henrietta a political character, are evidonce of the reverse, for they show that, whenever she was brought forward, nothing political ever originated with herself; she had no other opinions than what she listened to, no other system than the personal safoty of herself and the King. No secret history pretends to give any account of her influence in the Council of State, nor do we hear of any consultations held with her Majesty. But we know that all her confidants were of the household or of the court-circle; the gay courtiers and younger hranches of the nobility, with two or three poets, who had no other politics than their loyalty, their chat, and their pleasures. We hear of no political cabinet of Henrietta. If she regulated the affairs of a nation of whose very manners she was ignorant, her genius must have lain concealed in the depth of her own thoughts, and in the secrecy of her own chamber. We cannot judge of this concealed genius by many specimens we have of her correspondence, which are always on ordinary topics, expressed in as ordinary a style. In her private memoirs, such as her conversations with Clarendon during his exile, and her confidential intercourse with Madame de Motteville on her final return to France, and in other sources, we discover that Henrietta was nothing more than a volatile woman, who had never studied, never reflected, and whom Nature had formed to be charming and haughty, but whoso vivacity could not retain even a state-secret for an hour, and whose talents, so well adapted to invent, with her poets at her side, a fanciful pastoral, cast the figure of a dance, or dress out the enchantment of a rich masque, could never have pretended to conduct an involved political intrigue. She viewed even the characters of great men with the sensations of a woman. Ohsorving that the Earl of Strafford was a great man, she dwelt with more interest on his person; "though not handsome," she said, "he was agreeable enough, and he had the finest hands of any man in the world." She betrayed the same levity of feeling on a most serious occasion. The Parliament's admiral was barbarously pointing his cannon at the house she lodged in; several shots reaching it, her favourite Jermyn requested her to fly; she escaped into a cavern in the fields, hut recollecting that she had left her lap-dog asleep on her hed, she flow hack, and amidst the cannon-shots returned with this other favourite. Tho Queen related this anecdote to Madame do Motteville, and these ladies considered it as a complete woman's victory. It is in these momoirs we find, that when Charles went down to the House to seize the five leading Members of the Opposition, the Queen could not retain her lively restlessness, and impatiently hahhled the secret to Lady Carlisle. It has been recently discovered by Monsieur Mazure, that this lady

transmitted the hasty intelligence to the French ambassador, who pretends in his dispatches that he warned "his friends," as he calls the five members. How far this was the exact truth we know not; but I have also discovered from the manuscripts of another French agent, that Lady Carlisle always kept up a close communication with French ambassadors. In the present instance, as her Ladyship had more than one confidential friend, and particularly Pym, of whom it is said that Lady Carlisle was the "*dame de ses pensées*," her Ladyship might have dispatched a duplicate *billet-doux*. The well-known anecdote is recorded on this eventful occasion. When the Queen perceived the King wavered at the moment, she exclaimed, "Go, poltroon! pull these rogues out by the ears, or never see my face more." "The submissive husband obeyed," adds Mrs. Macaulay. This anecdote has been held as positive proof of the ascendancy of the Queen in political affairs. As far as I have been able to trace this anecdote, it rests on the authority of a single person; but that she delivered such words, or words like these I believe, because about twenty years afterwards Sir Arthur Haslerigg in the Commons alluded to the fact, (1) but then he tells it differently, and applies the reproval of "Poltroon" to the King on his return. The version must be a false one, because the Queen could not have reproached the King with cowardice, for having missed the five members. The words Henrietta is said to have used are in the familiar style of a French woman, who would back her wavering husband to do what had been already resolved. But what does this famous proof of the Queen's ascendancy amount to? This apparent menace depends on the tone and the gesture in which it was delivered. Suppose she threatened with a smile, and menaced as awfully? At all events the anecdote affords no proof of her Majesty's inventive politics, and, as on other occasions of this nature, she acted on the suggestions of others. This false step of Charles did not originate with the Queen.

But if incidents like these, which we have just noticed, betray the feminine dispositions of this Queen, we perceive that on every trying occasion Henrietta never forgot that she was the daughter of Henry the Fourth; that glorious affinity was inherited by her with all the sexual pride, and hence at times that energy in her actions which was so far above her intellectual capacity. Mr. Hallam observes that "Henrietta was by no means the high-spirited woman that some have fancied." I always differ with deference from Mr. Hallam, whose knowledge is very extensive on this subject, but by this expression he probably alluded to some part of her political conduct. She latterly lived terrified in her palace, (2) and often entered into her chapel in trepidation. Can we deny her an heroic spirit when we discover her passing over to Holland, to procure aid for the King, and on her return in the midst of a small army partaking of the common fare of the soldier in the open field as she was hastening to join the King? nor less can we admire the determined courage when at sea, in danger of being taken by a Parliamentarian, the Queen commanded the Captain never to strike, but to prepare at the extremity to blow up the ship, resisting the shrieks of her females and her domestics. Henrietta might have been conscious that a scaffold, with which, indeed, she had been already threatened, awaited her coming to Whitehall—but it proved that she knew how to choose and to face death.

Henrietta's talents were not of that order which could influence the intrigues of a Cabinet and the revolutions of a nation. The French vivacity of her manners and conversation, with her natural gaiety, might have allowed her to become a politician of the toilette, and she might have practised those slighter artifices which may be considered as so many political coquetries. Her favours, or her caprice, might have some influence in the Court-circle—in an appointment in the Royal Household, in the dismissal of an unwelcome courtier (3)—but she had such

(1) Burton's Diary, iii., 93.

(2) Her carriage was once drawn up to take her flight from England—when she was betrayed to the Parliament by Gering. See Mazure, iii., 426.

(3) When the Parliament, with a shameless disregard of all decency and honour, published the Letters of Charles to the Queen, there was one in which they pretended to show to the people that "the eminent places in the kingdom were disposed of by her advice." To this the King replied, that "the places there named, in which her Majesty's advice may seem to be desired, are not places, as they call it, of the kingdom, but *private menial places, a Treasurer of the Household, a Captain of the Pensioners, and a Gentleman of the Bedchamber*. Concerning the other more public places, His Majesty absolutely declares himself, without leaving room for her advice, which seems to prove the contrary to that which by this they intend to prove.', —*His Majesty's Declaration*—27—*Oxford*, 1643.

little discrimination in her favourite attendants that they were always betraying or deserting her. A little anecdote has been recorded of this Queen, which will convey a different idea of those high notions of female predominance. At Nowark, having treated the garrison with some attentions, a certain Sempronia, one of the Stateswomen of that day, who we are told governed her husband, who in time of peace governed the county—drew up a petition, which she presented to the Queen accompanied by her coterie of secondary politicians—it was to pray her Majesty would not remove from Newark till Nottingham should be taken. The affair had been kept secret from the husbands of these lady-politicians, of which the Queen appears to have been aware. After receiving the petition, the Queen replied, "Ladies, affairs of this nature are not in our sphere; I am commanded by the King to make all the haste I can; you will receive this advantage at least by my answer, that although I cannot grant your petition, you may learn by my example to obey your husbands." (1)

Machiavelian principles, systematic plots, and involved intrigues, of which she has been so freely accused, could never have entered into the character of a female whose quick and light passions were transient as the occasion.

Ere the Civil Wars broke out, she had lived in anxiety, and even in terror. She well knew that she and her "Papists" were odious to the people, and it is certain that the Parliamentary leaders most barbarously practised on the panics of a female and a foreigner—a wretched Queen who had already felt she sate on a deserted throne! She lost the bloom of her complexion so early that to console herself for this mortifying disappointment she would maintain that women lose their beauty soon after twenty. When she suffered the heaviest of human calamities, her frame was macerated by her secret sorrows. The dark and dazzling lustre of her eyes frequently shone in tears, she assumed the mourning habit for ever, and frequently retired to a religious establishment which she endowed. Yet even then at a sally of wit, or some poignant satire, Henrietta has been known to chase away the tears trickling on her own cheek, for a moment to return to her natural disposition. Often she found her understanding failing her—and was terrified lest it was approaching to madness—an evil which the old Court physician, Mayerne, somewhat plainly told her Majesty not to fear—for that she was already mad! She had outlived the Revolution without comprehending it. Such was the unfortunate Henrietta of France!

As probably I shall find no other opportunity to record the extraordinary manner in which Henrietta was affected on learning the unexpected fate of her unfortunate consort, I shall here preserve it. It is given by an eye-witness, with great simplicity of detail, the Père Gamache, one of the Capuchins who had waited on the Queen in England, and from whose manuscript I have already drawn some interesting matters.

"The city of Paris was then blockaded by the insurgents, and in the King's minority it was with difficulty we obtained either entrance or egress. The Queen of England, residing at the Louvre, had dispatched a gentleman to St. Germain-en-laye to the French Court, to procure news from England. During her dinner, where I assisted at the grace, I had notice to remain there after the benediction, and not to quit her Majesty, who might need consolation at the sad account she was to receive of the terrible death of the King her husband. At this grievous intelligence, I felt my whole frame shudder, and withdrew aside from the circle, where during an hour the various conversations on indifferent subjects seemed not to remove the uneasiness of the Queen, who knew that the gentleman she had dispatched to St. Germain ought to have returned. She was complaining of his delay in bringing his answer, on which the Count of St. Alban's (Jermyn) took this opportunity to suggest that the gentleman was so faithful and so expeditious in obeying her Majesty's commands on these occasions, that he would not have failed to have come, had he had any favourable intelligence. 'What then is the news? I see it is known to you,' said the Queen. The Count replied, that in fact he did know something of it, and when pressed, after many evasions to explain himself, and many ambiguous words to prepare her little by little to receive the fatal intelligence, at length he declared it to the Queen, who seemed not to have expected any thing of the kind. She

This representation seems to be the exact truth, but the reverse is the popular belief.

(1) This anecdote of Henrietta may be found in those curious "Memoirs of the Family of Cavendish," appended to a Sermon at the funeral of William Duke of Devonshire by Bishop Kennett, p. 91.

was so deeply struck, that instantly, entirely speechless, she remained motionless, to all appearance a statue. A great philosopher has said that ordinary griefs allow the heart to sigh and the lips to murmur, hut that extraordinary afflictions, terriblo and fatal, cast the soul into stupor, make the tongue mute, and take away the senses. '*Curæ leves loquuntur, graves stupent.*' To this pitiable state was the Queen reduced, and to all our exhortations and arguments she was deaf and insensible. We were ohliged to cease talking, and we remained by her in unhroken silence, some weeping, some sighing, and all with sympathising countenances, mourning over her extreme grief. This sad scene lasted till nightfall, when the Duchess of Vendôme, whom sho greatly loved, came to see her. Weeping she took the hand of the Queen, tenderly kissing it—and afterwards spoke so successfully, that she seemed to have recovered this desolated Princess from that loss of all her senses, or rather that great and sudden stupor, produced by the surprising and lamentahle intelligence of the strange death of the King." (1)

Let us now endeavour to ascertain the sort of influence which this vivacious princess could have exercised over Charles in his political character—and we shall not find wanting more satisfactory evidonce than preceding historians have heen aware of, or general readers could imagine—existing on a subject of such delicacy and privacy as the secret influence of a wife over her husband.

It is unquestionable that the personal affections of Charles the First, ouce settled, were unchangeablo. With his thoughtful and retired nature, friend, relative, and wife equally shared in the devotion of the heart. Not that the sensihility of his temper was quick; hut with men whose feelings seemed locked up in ice, slow and hard to move, the stream flows deepest.

In characters such as that of Charles, there is an ohstinacy in their very affections. The causes of some of the heaviest misfortunes of this ill-fated monarch may he traced to his concentrated domestic feelings; they wore strong—even to weakness! We see them in his passion for his Queen; in his unalterablo though injudicious friendship for his first companion Buckingham; in his entire confidence in the Marquis of Hamilton, even to his last moments, and after very suspicious conduct; in his partiality for tho sons of his sister, the Princes Rupert and Maurice, who as Gonerals ruined his affairs. It is not perhaps difficult to account for the absence of all judgment indicated hy these infirm partialities. Is it not delightful to fancy that those who stand most closely connected with us, and are acting with us in the husiness of life, possess the talents which we require, as they do the confidence which they deserve —in a word, that their intelligence is commensurate with their integrity? This, which would have been a generous error in a private man, was a fatal one in a sovereign.

Charles was doeply onamoured of tho Queen: "the temperance of his youth hy which he had lived so free from personal vice," as May, the Parliamentary historian, records—writing from a personal knowledge of the King—had given to his first love—and his last, as the King avowed in his solemn farewell at the parting hour of life—all the influence which that Queen was privileged hy nature to possess over a hushand. Charles knew not, as those persons imply, who wrote such mean notes on his affectionate letters, that a husband could love too well; or that he could refuse his confidence to one so intimate with his thoughts, and so constant a witness of his actions, as a beloved wife. We may believe, too, that in desperate oxigencies, and there were several—such was his tenderness for the person of a hapless princess, a foreigner and a Catholic, her health often yielding to her anxieties, that as Sir Philip Warwick says—"He was always more chary of her person than his husiness." It may indeed be said of Charles the First, that many years after his marriage he did not cease to be a lover; and his letters to his exiled Queen, written amidst his own deep afflictions and personal deprivations, in haste or flight, hreathe a spirit of tenderness and passion which was not exceeded in his romantic youth.

So late as in 1645 the King writes—"Since I love thee ahove all earthly things, and that my contentment is inseparahly conjoined with thine, must not all my actions tend to serve and please thee? If thou knew what a life I lead (I speak not in respect of the common distractions), even in point of conversation, which in my mind is tho chief joy or vexation of one's life, I dare say thou would pity me; for some are too wise, others too foolish, some too husy, others too reserved, many fantastic. In a word, when I kaow

(1) Mémoires de la Mission des Capucins près la Reine d'Angleterre. MS.

none better (I speak not now in relation to business) than (here he gives a list of persons in cypher) thou may easily judge how my conversation pleaseth me. I confess thy company hath perhaps made me in this hard to be pleased, but not less to be pitied by thee, who art the only cure for this disease. Comfort me with thy letters, and dost not thou think that to know particulars of thy health and how thou spendest thy time are pleasing subjects to me, though thou hast no other business to write of? Believe me, sweetheart, thy kindness is as necessary to comfort my heart, as thy assistance is for my affairs."

Such were the tender effusions of Charles the First, beautiful in feeling and expression, nor were they answered with inferior devotion by the Queen, whose words were sanctioned by her deeds.—"Assure yourself I shall be wanting in nothing you shall desire, and that I will hazard my life, that is, to die by famine, rather than not send to you." But however active might be her zealous offices, she does not venture to act without the permission of Charles. On some new engagement she says, "I thought this to be a matter of so great engagement, that I dare not do it without your command; therefore if it please you that I should do so, send me what you would have me write, that I may not do more than what you appoint, and also be confident." So that this imperious Queen would not act without obeying the command of her enslaved husband!

There is a tender passage in one of the Queen's letters, and equally pathetic. Deep and genuine emotions give even to the simplicity of mind all the force of eloquence—Henrietta writes from Paris, "There is one other thing in your letter which troubles me much, where you would have me keep to myself your dispatches, as if you believe that I should be capable to show them to any, only to Lord Jer. to uncipher them; my head not suffering me to do it myself; but if it please you, I will do it, and none in the world shall see them; be kind to me, or you kill me. I have already affliction enough to bear, which without you I could not do, but your service surmounts all; farewell, my dear heart! Behold the mark which you desire to have to know when I desire any thing in earnest X." Such was the wife of Charles Stuart, who if she never obtained any ascendancy at the council-table of the King, doubtless ruled over him by the potent charm of domestic tenderness.

The letters, which we have here quoted, were published by the Parliamentarians. And who, having read such passages, does not reject with contempt the barbarous "Annotations" of those vulgar minds, who could debase even the cant of their patriotism by the greater cant of their religion? Yet we may smile at the depth of their politics, and the delicacy of their emotions, when we discover the note-writer's acuteness in observing that "The King professes to prefer her health before the exigence and importance of his own public affairs."

But in the passion of Charles for his Queen, the impulse of Nature was stronger than the sterile imagination of the sour presbyterian Harris, who furnishes a long quotation from Cicero to prove that "the most servile of all slaves is the slave of a woman," and another from Milton, who appears to have felt a religious conviction, that

> ——"God's universal law
> Gave to the man despotic power
> Over his female,
> Smile she, or lour."

But on this subject we smile at the aphorisms of statesmen, and the chapter and verse of divines; those who write in their closets should also live with us in human society; and even Harris, with his accustomed profundity, adds to his learned authorities, that "These things are boldly said, but women in all ages have had great sway."

We will tell the Presbyter, and even Cicero and Milton, that Charles the First admired in Henrietta all those personal graces which he himself wanted; her vivacity and conversation enlivened his own seriousness, and her gay volubility the impediment of his own speech, while the versatility of her manners relieved his own formal habits. Bernardin de St. Pierre has raised up a fanciful theory of love created by contrasts, and however the French philosopher may have lost himself among the details, our reading and our experience may furnish arguments or facts, which would illustrate this concord of discords in "the harmonies of nature."

Of this kind was the influence of Henrietta over Charles. And how far that influence prevailed in his public affairs remains to be developed, and if on unquestionable evidence we can show that Charles could not have been, as we are told, a weak slave to the sole will of Henrietta, we shall furnish one more instance of that popular delusion which is

raised in its day for party purposes, and is perpetuated by the echoes of writers, who consult for their ease what is convenient, rather than what is just.

There is no doubt of the Catholic zeal of Henrietta, and that if the Queen really exercised this entire influence over Charles, she would have stretched it to the utmost in that cause which was dear to her as life itself. Yet we find on the undeniable evidence of Panzani, the Pope's secret agent in England, that when he applied to the Queen, respecting the election of a Roman Catholic Bishop for England, and for which she was extremely anxious, Henrietta would not deliver any opinion till she had consulted the King. At their next conference while she redoubled her assurance that she had nothing more at heart, the King was against it, and therefore she must bear the mortification of his refusal, and be patient. This single fact sufficiently proves that whenever the views of the Queen militated against the higher interests of the Government, the sceptre of Charles was no distaff. (1)

Nor can there be a doubt that at all times Henrietta was disposed to favour the wishes of her own family, and yet we find that, on every great national interest, Charles in his intercourse with the French Court was decisive and intrepid. He rose to the full conception of his character as an English sovereign, and on repeated occasions asserted his own honour and vindicated the national glory —yielding nothing to the importunities of his French wife. Charles expelled a French faction from his court, amidst the tears and the outcries of his impassioned Queen, while he accepted the menace of war, in the justification of what he assumed as his rights. On another occasion when D'Estrades hastened to this country to secure the neutrality of England, however willing the Queen must have felt to gratify her brother's request, we know she declared "that she would not concern herself with affairs of that nature, for she had already suffered a severe reprimand on that subject from the King himself."

There was once an attempt to baptise a prince by a Romish priest in the bed-chamber. Did Henrietta succeed? The King stepped in, dismissed the priest, and commanded one of his own chaplains to perform the office as a Protestant; so firm was Charles, and so unyielding even to the wishes of the Queen, when state-matters interfered. (2)

Clarendon has said that Charles often yielded a strange deference to minds inferior to his own. If ever he followed female councils, as we are told, it is probable that at least he approved of them, nor is it less probable that in the confidential intercourse of the parties, these very councils might have resulted from his own suggestions. It is no unusual case with such minds as that of Charles, to waver when they have formed their own opinions, but to adopt them too eagerly and imprudently, when re-echoed by another.

An anecdote in Madame de Motteville's Memoirs may show us in what manner Charles was governed by his Queen. Henrietta and Jermyn were consulting on the mysterious communication with the army respecting what is called the Army Plot, to be managed by Goring and Wilmot. The rival jealousies of the two commanders early appeared in this affair, and Charles had designed to send Jermyn to reconcile their mutual discontents. Henrietta in communicating the King's wish to Jermyn was equally agitated by the terror of the Parliament's discovery, and by the perilous predicament in which her favourite master of the horse would be placed; she therefore, in disclosing the King's desire, forbade him to interfere. At this critical moment Charles entered her cabinet, and without knowing the object, smilingly repeating the last words of the Queen, playfully added, "Yes! yes! he shall do it!" "No! no!" replied the Queen, "he shall not do it, and when I have told you what it is, I am sure you will be of my mind." "Say then, Madam," rejoined the King, "what is it, that I may know what you forbid, and I command." Henrietta explained. The King sympathised with her fears, acknowledging the danger of Jermyn's interference—but it was a danger, he added, which could not be avoided, and they must run the risk. Charles commanded Jermyn to hasten his task—he obeyed, and in the performance of his office was fortunate enough to save himself by flight.

If ever the Queen on great emergencies had the power so generally ascribed to her, and Charles was the servile and spiritless

(1) This circumstance is not mentioned in Panzani's published Memoirs, but in the curious unpublished Report of his Mission to Urban the Eighth, cited by Mr. Butler in his "Historical Memoirs of the English Catholics," iii., 69, first edition. To Mr. Butler I am greatly indebted for the loan of his Manuscript.

(2) Dodd's Church Hist., iii., 8.

husband he is perpetually represented to have been, we may be certain that Henrietta, fully aware of the imminent peril in which her favourite was cast, would have put her higher veto on the royal command.

But Charles seems never to have acted in his political character as one accustomed to obey, and we now bring forward the evidence of an eminent person who in an intercourse with their Majesties was a close observer of their characters.

In a secret communication from the Earl of Northumberland to the Earl of Leicester, the King is concealed under the name of *Arviragus*, and the Queen under that of *Celia*.

"Celia, I find, is not hard enough to dispute with Arviragus in a case of this nature; for he hath too much sophistry for her." (1)

But his Lordship is more explicit when he really points out the objects where the Queen's influence might prevail with Charles. "Celia will be able to serve you in *things of favour* rather than in what must be *disputed and sifted for reason and justice*, because Arviragus is too subtle." And again—"Our Master loves not to hear other people give what is only fit for him."

We can have no more positive or higher testimony of the unchangeable character of Charles the First. It comes from one who was no flatterer. We here discover all the nature of that "malignant influence" which Henrietta was allowed to exercise over the King—it was entirely confined within the Court and the Household, and the greatest political mischief she could fall into was her injudicious choice of faithless favourites—but Charles was too subtle, that is, he was too firm, when matters were "to be disputed or sifted for reason and justice."

Charles was sensible that his French Catholic Queen shared no friendly prepossessions, and that Henrietta might secure friends about her, the King allowed her to be the medium of "favours;" yet even these, as we have just seen on several occasions, he appears to have looked on with a jealous eye. Charles, too, was indignant at the artifices of the Parliamentarians who had inflamed the passions of the vulgar against this terrified foreigner—and however unwise it was to obtrude the Queen's name on the people, it was an attempt to endear her to their recollections, being always on acts of grace. Hence at York he declared that the Queen had by her letter advised him to call the Parliament. Charles publicly gave her an importance on such a solemn act of Government, which he would probably not have allowed in private.

Henrietta, we may believe, possessed all those winning arts which a woman is born to practise. She had at least the ambition to please her husband after she had subdued her aversion to the English people and to the English language. Her desire to acquire the latter, which must have cost her many pains, is no slight evidence of her real affection for Charles. After that curtain-lecture with which the reader has before been made acquainted, Charles remonstrated with the French Court, and among other matters complained that the Queen would not conform to English customs, and learn the English language. A few years after we may trace her Majesty's zealous progress under her English tutor. (2)

The history of "the Queen's Pastoral," as it was called by way of distinction, offers an amusing illustration of her tastes and her proficiency in the English language.

This splendid "Pastoral," during several months, had engaged in its preparation the deepest attention of her Majesty and all her maids of honour. Ben Jonson had been usually destined to compose the verses and the dialogue of the masques and pastorals, and Inigo Jones had combined his rich inventions in their machinery. A fierce quarrel had, however, now separated these brothers of genius in their united and emulative labours. This circumstance only appeared by two bitter lampoons in the works of Jonson, and, as the occasion remained unknown, the poet had incurred the severe animadversions of several eminent modern critics, for the malignity of this personal attack on so fine a genius as that of the architect of Whitehall. I was enabled in the course of my researches to supply my critical friend, the late editor of Jonson, with the singular information. The great architect, whose growing favour at Court made him somewhat jealous of pre-eminence, had treated slightingly the part which the great Poet had in these splendid miracles of art, and deeming his own work more important than the

(1) *Sophistry* is here used in a good sense; the term for reasoning.

(2) Mr. Wingate, who was a person of some name and condition, for he died one of the Seniors of Gray's Inn. He was a mathematical writer, and a lawyer, who abridged the statutes.

Bard's, he had insisted, against custom, that his name should appear in the title-page before that of Jonson. The point of etiquette could never be reconciled, but the predominant interest of Inigo Jones prevailed at Court, over the discarded poet, who was now not only an aged bard, but an old friend. Jonson, under the influence of personal aggression, hurled his indignant invectives, and strange to observe how far madness may prevail over genius, when that genius becomes inebriated by the flattery it receives, Inigo Jones responded to the irritated poet in vile rhymes, which I found too inept to publish. This quarrel had produced a revolution in these Court-amusements, and the poetry of Jonson was to be supplied by those who would venture on it.

In every respect this splendid Pastoral was to be as courtly as the cost was to be princely. The genius who was to compose the poetry was to be a courtier, tho actresses were ladies of tho highest rank, and the prime actress was to be her Majesty herself. It was the endless talk of the Court circle, and my Lord Chamberlain seemed to be out of his wits in giving his orders, declaring that "No chambermaid shall enter unless she will sit cross-legged on the top of a bulk; no great lady shall be kept out, though she have but mean apparel and a worse face, and no inferior lady or woman shall be let in, but such as have extreme brave apparel and better faces." Such was to be the enchanted audience of "Great Ladies."

The successor of old Jonson was a young courtier, whose adherence to loyalty afterwards often appears in our history—Mr. Walter Montagu, one of the sons of the Lord Privy-Seal. Their Majesties, while the young gentleman was indulging a most flowing vein, were amazed at the facility of writing verses, and one day meeting my Lord Privy-Seal, his Lordship was made happy to discover that his son was a favourite with Royalty, and in a fair way of making his fortune, for their Majesties both highly congratulated his Lordship "on the rare parts of Master Walter Montagu, his son, for poesy, and otherwise." As probably this was the first pastoral by Master Walter, the successor of Ben Jonson, unlike his great predecessor, did not know where to stop. Every part was so excessively long, no one knew how to shorten any, and the young poet had no heart to prune even a tendril of his luxuriant genius. The Queen, as she conned her part, complained of its length, and "my Lady Marquis's" single part was "as long as an ordinary play." We may form some notion of the labour of our courtier-poet, for the representation lasted seven or eight hours! The disasters which must have happened in the progress of "The Queen's Pastoral" have not been chronicled, nor of those whose memory faltered through their interminable speeches, nor of those who remembered them too well. Eight hours! but at Court they are accustomed to be happy, and to be wearied. (1)

One of the most extraordinary parts in the Queen's Pastoral was that of her Majesty. The Pastoral itself, which was in English, was designed not only for her Majesty's recreation, but "for the exercise of her English." (2) A striking evidence of Henrietta's zealous studies to gratify her husband. She had not only learned to speak but to write English, as several letters in her own hand attest, where the orthoepy is curiously formed by her foreign ear. (3) Some years after, we find that when the Parliament had frightened her away, and she intended departing, they petitioned her to remain in England, to which she graciously replied in a speech pronounced in English. The style might have been retouched by her English master, Wingate, who probably assisted her Majesty's elocution, but it was thought worthy to be preserved in the Journals of the Lords, and noted to have been *in hæc verba*. Henrietta closed it by saying, "You will pardon the imperfectness of my English; I had rather have spoken in another language, but I thought this would be most acceptable." It is a curious fact that Henrietta, in her eager desire to accustom herself to the English language, as her Royal consort wished, lost considerably, as Madame Motteville notices, her French idiom.

This picture of Charles in his intercourse with his Queen must reverse those preconceived notions which every reader of our history has entertained. If I have rightly discriminated "the malignant influence" of Henrietta, we may now ascertain its amount of evil. The fixed and systematic principles of the character and government of her hus-

(1) I have drawn all the particulars of "The Queen's Pastoral," from a variety of contemporary correspondence (1632) in the Harl. MSS. 7000.

(2) Ellis's Letters, Second Series, iii., 270.

(3) See some in Evelyn's Diary, to Secretary Nicholas, and Ellis's Letters, First Series.

band should no longer be imputed to the intrigues, or the influence, of a vivacious and volatile woman—they must be traced to a higher source, to his own inherited conceptions of his regal rights, contested, sometimes but not always, justly—if we seek for truth, and would read the history of human nature in the history of Charles the First.

We may account for this general charge coming from all quarters, and still re-echoed by our writers. To the gross eye of the public, who take their impressions of distant objects from their appearances, the uxoriousness of Charles was evident, but how they inferred that his passion for his Queen was necessarily connected with his political character can only be accounted for by the ease with which popular prejudices are fostered at unhappy moments. This odium was first industriously cast on the character of Charles by his enemies, in order to make him contemptible; and his apologists, with Clarendon for their leader, found it not inconvenient to perpetuate this accusation, for they imagined that they had discovered in a weakness which had something amiable in it, and which removed to another victim so many of his own faults, some palliation for the King's political errors. (1)

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Percy Family.—Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, and the Countess of Carlisle.

It was the fate of Charles the First, and his Queen, to fix their most unreserved affections on the son and the daughter of Henry Percy, Earl of Northumberland; and two of the most fatal events of this reign originated in the disaffection of the son when he abandoned the fleet to the Parliament, and in the treachery of the daughter when she betrayed the royal confidence at a critical moment.

It is not always prejudice which induces us to conceive that a family character is inherited. There was a taint in the blood of Northumberland, whose ancestors on more than one occasion had suffered on the scaffold. The personal feelings of renowned ancestors are transmitted through a long race. Ancestral pride comes at length to maintain what had only originated in the first impressions of filial sympathy. Not many years had elapsed since the father of Algernon, the present Earl of Northumberland, had been released from a long imprisonment in the Tower, where he had been confined on suspicion of having had some knowledge of the Gun-powder Plot, and for harbouring one of the conspirators, his cousin, Thomas Percy. This haughty Earl valued himself on the regal antiquity of his ancestry, tracing the paternal line from Charlemagne; Josceline, the son of Godfrey, Duke of Brabant, having married the heiress of Percy. The old Earl never forgave his daughter, the celebrated Countess of Carlisle, for her marriage with Lord Hay, afterwards Earl of Carlisle, one of the favourites of James the First. Him, he deemed too recently noble, and otherwise unworthy of his alliance, notwithstanding the princely magnificence of the Earl of Carlisle's domestic life, and the generous nature of the man, who had taken his celebrated but undowered daughter for his bride. The Earl of Northumberland had accepted with difficulty the boon of his freedom, which had lost its sweetness in coming from the hand of his son-in-law. It was this Earl of Northumberland who, on learning that Buckingham drove six horses in his coach, immediately passed through the city in a coach and eight; this prouder novelty attracted the town's talk more towards the recent prisoner in the Tower than the minister himself.

Algernon, Earl of Northumberland, who afterwards rose to the highest offices, both of honour and trust, was a young nobleman, who had been earnestly recommended by the Earl of Strafford to Charles. His dignified qualities were well adapted to win the tempered seriousness of his royal master. The descendant of a high-born race was no unfit companion for a King. Northumberland, in the haughtiness of early manhood, seemed to disdain the daily traffic of the compliant courtier. Solely connected with the King through the medium of his great friend Strafford, Northumberland stood, as it were, in-

(1) I was gratified to find some time after this chapter was written that my notions of Henrietta's character are confirmed by Dr. Lingard in his History, x., 139. We are, I believe, the only writers who have developed this curious passage in the history of this period. May I flatter myself that Dr. Lingard has adopted my sentiments? Or has he only confirmed their truth? Several years before the volume of this historian appeared, I had given my ideas in Curiosities of Literature, first series, in the "Secret History of Charles the First and his Queen Henrietta." What the reader is now presented with is a wider field of investigation, where what was before suggested is further opened, and the result more completely deduced.

snlated among the ministers. The reserve of his character and the formality of his habits threw a coldness over the generous temper which we look for in a noble youth. Bnt these wore not disagreeable to Charles, who adopted this child of his hopes, to initiate him under his own eye, through graduated honours, till the young Earl should be fitted for the highest offices, and worthy of his boundless confidence. Charles had indeed conceived for him the strongest personal affection, and this monarch was no niggard when he once showered the largess of his royal friendship.

There were, however, repulsive qualities latent in the breast of young Northumberland, which repeatedly developed themselves from his first entrance into active life to the day of his public defection. Although not a person of extensive capacity, he seems to have undervalued the abilities of the King, which were far superior to his own. When Lord High-Admiral he conducted the navy of England without glory; and though he would not command the fleet against the King, he was willing to surrender it to the Parliamentarians. Twice, when appointed Commander-in-chief, he was seized with "a dangerous indisposition." No sympathies could melt the coldness of his character; and his principles, perhaps inherited, led him to the popular party, some of whom were in his confidence. Northumberland, the most affluent of our nobility, was penurious in his loans to the King. He observes that "he had lent the King but five thousand ponnds, because he could not expect more from him, whose house hath in these latter ages received little or no advantage from the crown."(1) We shall find on another occasion that this nobleman was a close calculator. It is evident that he had taken on himself the quarrel of the family with royalty, by his evident allnsion "to his house in these latter ages;" he means the heavy Star-Chamber fine, which his father had incurred in the former reign. Yet at this moment the Earl had reached the highest distinctions in the state; and his numerous titles and honours would spread over this page.

Northumberland was serving a master for whose service he felt no zeal, for whose honour he felt little concern, and whose friendship he rendered disastrous only to him who bestowed it. Among the desertion of those on whom Charles had showered his favonrs, and admitted into the privacy of friendship, the King felt no wound more deep than the defection of Northnmberland. Charles exclaimed, with tender regret, "I have conrted him as a mistress; I have conversed with him as a friend!"

The Earl of Leicester, brother-in-law to the Earl of Northnmberland, seems to have shared, in some degree, the dispositions of his family affinity. He had been our ambassador in France, was made Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and may be deemed as the philosophic friend of Charles; but his impartiality and his honour rendered him equally indecisive and indifferent; concurring with the Parliament, yet never disloyal to the Sovereign. In revolutionary times the steadiest friendships are often abruptly terminated, and the greatest minds, like more ordinary ones, submit to bo the mere creatures of pressing events. The younger brother Henry Percy, who distinguished himself in the wild scheme called "The Army Plot," remained attached to his royal friends, and died an emigrant at Paris before the Restoration. But there was one of this great family of the Percys who, perhaps, may have influenced the fate of Charles, ovon more than Northumberland or Leicester—it was their sister, the much celebrated Countess of Carlisle.

Lucy Percy, Countess of Carlisle, was at tho head of a class of females who have not yet been noticed in the history of these times.

We have already shown that the passion of Charles for his lovely Queen, and the personal influonce of Henrietta, were imagined by their contemporaries to have been such, that this Queen wholly regulated his conduct; that the uxorious King had recourse to her counsels, and that she ruled the Cabinet by governing the King; in a word, that Henrietta Maria was a great political character.

It is a curious fact, that so prevalent was this popular opinion, that it actnally gave rise to a new race of ladies in this country, who may be described as Stateswomen. The throne is the modeller of manners, and, since the Queen was imagined to be so profound a politician, politics became the fashionable pursuit of aspiring ladies. As fashions travel from the court to the country, it seems that even our rnral ladies were deeply involved in political interests and in the government of their husbands, whenever those occupied some official station. An anecdote of a cer-

(1) Sydney Papers.

tain Sempronia we have given in our preceding chapter on the influence of the Queen over the King.

These lady-politicians were not the least active messengers nor the least adroit negotiators of both parties in these troubled times of political intrigue. Many of the favoured few presided at their cabinet councils, where if they did not always deliver their sentiments, they had the pleasure of being let into those of the leaders of parties. We know that Lady Aubigny was safely delivered of a box of conspiracy called "Waller's plot," which proved fatal to some, and would have to herself, had she not as dexterously conveyed herself away. Her ladyship was an adept in cipher, and in deciphering; an admirable letter-carrier, for, with a woman's fancy, she curled up a secret correspondence within her own curls; curls often admired for their luxurianco, but more particularly for their size. She contrived conferences between persons who, by the remoteness of their locality, or their want of personal acquaintance, had never imagined that they should ever have been brought into collision. As her ladyship happened to be an acquaintance of Lord Clarendon, we gather more particulars than we find about other political ladies, who appear not to have been less active or less ingenious. These stateswomen were living in a continued fever of state secrets. An ingenuous anecdote told by Lady Fanshaw, with her extreme simplicity, describes their peculiar situation. Her husband being then Secretary of State at Oxford, Lady Rivers, a friend of Lady Fanshaw, one day touched on the knowledge of state affairs, observing how some women were very happy in acquiring it; such as Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, and divers others, "but none, Lady Rivers thought, could be more capable than the wife of the Secretary of State. And," added the fair communicator, "this very night came a post from Paris from the Queen; and her ladyship would be extremely glad to learn what the Queen commanded the King. If Lady Fanshaw would ask her husband privately he would tell what he found in the packet, and then Lady Fanshaw might tell her." All this was very easy to do, and Lady Fanshaw was very innocent. Imagining that "to inquire into public affairs being a fashionable thing, might make her more beloved by her husband," she watched Sir Richard on his return from council with his papers. Her peering startled him; her earnest inquiry raised a smile; her pouting he kissed away; her sulkiness at supper, and the renewed entreaty on retiring to rest, her reproach the next morning that "he loved her not;" all he had borne, till at the close the good sense of Sir Richard spoke out, perfectly satisfying Lady Fanshaw that "he had no other secrets to conceal from her but his Prince's."

Had Lucy Countess of Carlisle, in some light memoirs which only a stateswoman could freely sketch, told us, in the felicitous style of saying the best things in the fewest words, which it is said she excelled in, all the thoughts of the extraordinary personages whom she so intimately knew; had she narrated those changeful events in which she herself had taken so active a part, we should have now possessed the most interesting secret history of the reign of Charles the First—with its appendix, the early years of the Protectorate.

But, so far from recording the acts of others, she has not left us a word about herself. Her nonchalance seems to have exceeded her egotism; and she who was the disturber of a nation appears only to have viewed the mischievous efforts as they influenced her own circle. It is rather by good fortune than by successful research that I am enabled to create a real personage out of the mysterious and shadowy apparition which sometimes glides into our history, and whom Warburton has expressly designated as "The Erinnys of her Times."

Lady Carlisle, in whose veins flowed the blood of princely races, and the blood which had been tainted by treason, was at once the equal companion of sovereigns, and the most dangerous of subjects. She too was very beautiful—but she would not have become an important personage in our history had she not aimed at something beyond rank and beauty. Lady Carlisle seems to have conceived a fancy of surrounding herself by a higher order of society than she could find in the mediocrity of the court-circle; and, busying herself in political life, with the advantage of being placed so close to the Queen, at once her confidant and her spy, she moved in a world of political intrigues, and, from Whitehall to the two Houses, held the invisible chain of human events. By what dexterity, or fortune, she escaped from the ruin of all the parties with whom she was concerned, we probably shall never learn. It is perhaps a woman's privilege to convince

the most opposite parties that she is alike earnestly concerned for them; she can practise on the weak and the unsuspicious; and she has in reserve, for the more penetrating minds, the eye that melts into persuasion, and the voice which confirms their hopes.

The Countess of Carlisle was a beautiful dowager in 1636. This time is the commencement of the busiest period of the present reign. Her ladyship was now mistress of herself, and adoring that self; it was now that she opened her remarkable career. Waller, one of her admirers, has painted the Countess in mourning.

"A Venus rising from a sea of jet."

The Queen of Charles the First was fascinated by the Countess; for I think it appears that the Queen was aware that the Countess had betrayed her famous state-secret in the very heat of its confidence. One would imagine that this might have interrupted their friendship; and yet, by the manuscripts of the French Resident here in 1644, which I have examined, I find the Countess in secret communication with the Queen's party at Paris, requesting the French Resident to convey letters from her brother Percy to the Queen in France; and still later in 1648 the Countess was in Henrietta's full confidence. (1) The treachery of the Countess to the Queen had not, however, shown itself on a single occasion. When Lord Holland became a malcontent, from the King's refusal of granting him the disposal of a Barony, which he might have sold to some worthless aspirant for ten thousand pounds, it was the Countess of Carlisle who furnished Lord Holland with all the words and actions of her thoughtless royal friend; applying every malicious construction, and drawing the widest inferences, that Lord Holland might make terms with the Parliament, by the services they best liked; criminating the unguarded remissness of an inconsiderate Queen, who would say more than she thought, and do more than she was aware she had done. Henrietta never forgave these domestic treacheries of Lord Holland, who had been one of her favourites. She declared that "she would never live in the Court if he kept his places there." Holland was discarded from his office of First Gentleman of the Bedchamber. He seems to have betrayed the King when a General of the Horse in the Scottish war. Yet this unhappy man, repeatedly changing sides, suffered for his loyalty, yet offering to serve again the Parliament would they have accepted him! His terror was to live in poverty.

The Countess had been so confidential a person that she was admitted to be present at all the consultations held to save the life of Strafford. That Earl, in the selected circle of the Countess, was then her favourite. Her strenuous exertions, at times, seemed to have been successful, but she never forgave the King, or the Queen, for their irresolution and their terror. She hardly concealed her deep resentment, it is said, even her contempt. From this moment of her violent indignation, I would date the commencement of that series of treacheries which subsequently proved so fatal to her royal friends. I would not ascribe too great a proportion of gratuitous maliciousness to our "Erinnys."

Extremes were her passions. She who had thus, in her mind, for ever quarrelled with a King and a Queen, for her favourite Strafford, not long afterwards became an equal admirer of his remorseless enemy. She had usually been inattentive to "the public exercises of religion." As what then was considered to be "the true religion" entered into the gossip of the day, and even into the private correspondence of letter-writers, and combined, as it was, with the politics of the times, whether a person entered the parochial church, or the Scotch conventicle, was not an affair of indifference. Suddenly the Countess became Puritanic, and took notes at long sermons, and the Scandalous Chronicle has announced that Master Pym was placed in the situation of the Earl of Strafford. (2) The intercourse between the parties was intimate, and the interior of Whitehall was always better known to Pym than that of the Commons was to Charles the First.

The select circle of the Countess of Carlisle was a prominent object in that day. It was a particular sort of a coterie, though its character seems to have been chiefly of a poli-

(1) The intercourse of the French Resident with Lady Carlisle was frequent. Conversing with her Ladyship on her brother, the Earl of Northumberland, being appointed Governor to the little Duke and the Princess, with an allowance of 16,000*l.* per annum, (he should have said 3000*l.* according to Whitelocke, 137,) the Countess observed that she did not know that her brother had any reason to be pleased, considering the nature of that perilous office. The fate of their great-grandfather, the Protector, was then the town-talk.—*MSS. of Sabran.*

(2) Sir Philip Warwick, 204.

tical cast, yet the men of wit, and genius, and gallantry, were stars in this galaxy. There were literary men, if the few of that day may be so distinguished; but the great number consisted of leading members in both Houses, and of tho heads of the Scotch party, of eminent foreigners, and particularly of ambassadors, and other foreign residents, and with this latter class the Countess appears to have held an extraordinary intercourse. Persons who had a name to make ambitioned the *entrées* to this envied circle, sure to find, in the *société* of the Countess of Carlisle, those men in the country on whom they had placed their hopes, or who had attracted their admiration. It is to be regretted that such a circle has left no trace of its existence, and that the celebrated female who presided in it was not her own perpetual secretary. Some idea of the Countess's "chamber" may be formed by the picture which one of its haunters has transmitted to us in his pleasing verses—

"The high in titles, and the shepherd here,
Forgets his greatness and forgets his fear,
The gay, the wise, the gallant, and the grave,
Subdued alike, all but one passion have.
No worthy mind but finds in hers there is
Something proportioned to the rule of his;
While she with cheerful but impartial grace
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like Phœbus so divides her light,
And warms us, that she stoops not from her height."(1)

Something more we may learn of what was passing in the circle of the Countess from a letter of tho Earl of Exeter, which I found among the Conway papers. Though the noble writer, in the affected style of the complimentary effusions of that day, strained his fancy and his gallantry, we are enabled to form some idea of the entertainment to which his Lordship was accustomed, in "the Lodgings at Court" of the Countess. Tho manners of her Ladyship seem sketched after life—

"Madam,—The night is the mother of dreams and fantoms, tho winter is the mother of the night; all this mingled with my infirmities have protracted this homage so due and so vowed to your Ladyship, lest the fume and vapours so arising should contaminate my so sacred and pure intention. But much more pleasure it were to me to perform this duty in your Lodging at Court, when you see your perfections in the glass, adding perfection to perfection, approving the *bon-mots* there spoken in your presence, moderating the excess of compliments, passing over a dull jest without a sweet smile, giving a wise answer to an extravagant question. But why do I regret these absent pleasures and find defects in my condition, since it pleased God so to determine; were I young again I should be a most humble suitor that you would be pleased to vouchsafe that your lodging might be my academie, quitting to the rest both Italy and France. I expect now within a few days the approach of the violets, from whence I begin to entertain better thoughts, with hope to enjoy the first and latter presents of the year. But when all is said that can be said, and all is writ that can be writ, your perfections, put in the weight of true judgment, weigh down all other delights. In the mean time afford your servant the honour of your bonne grace, and so I rest according to custom

"Your Ladyship's most humble and passionate servant,

"EXETER." (2)

Could we turn over the visiting-book of the Countess, we should discover a numberless catalogue of men of genius and gallantry. Tho fanciful poet, and the ancient gallant, who have borne their testimony to the charms of the *société* of the Countess, belong to a large class. Sir Toby Matthews, a refined gentleman of the day, has offered a portrait which, however fantastical, may still bear some remarkable resemblances, and Donne has addressed the Countess with the celestial flattery of a poetical divine. But such persons who sought fame or pleasure, by admission into the favourite circle, must not be imagined to have been initiated into the higher mysteries; for mysteries there were in the Esoteric doctrines for the adepts. The phases of "the Chamber" were mutable. In the Countess's interviews with Lord Holland and the Earl of Essex, with Holles, with Pym, and some of the Commonwealth-men of Cromwell, other matters were agitated than subjects fitted for the *vers de société* of the poet, of the elaborate fancies of a gouty reminiscent; other matters than "dull jests at which she could not cast a sweet smile; extravagant questions wisely answered, and

(1) Waller.

(2) I have printed the letter according to modern orthography, for the convenience of the reader. The Earl writes in the last line *boun grasse;* formerly they regulated their orthography by their orthoepy.

an approval of bon-mots." The "Academie," as the travelled Earl of Exeter distinguishes her "Chamber," was open to the select, but the "Cabinet councils," where her ladyship presided, were solely opened for the elect.

In the manuscript negotiations of Sabran, the French resident in England in 1644 and 1645, I found frequent mention of this active agent's intercourse with Lady Carlisle. The following passage, which I translate literally, is from a dispatch of Sabran's to the Count de Brienne, the Secretary of State. Sabran was at that moment distant from London, following Charles with his army in 1644. It tells a great deal about the Countess—

"The Countess of Carlisle has sent to me to say how much she rejoices at my coming; that the Chancellor of Scotland had visited her, and had solemnly declared to her, that he has come to assist in settling a peace, and not for the purpose of ruining the King of Great Britain, nor royalty. She assures me that she had penetrated into his real designs, and she had dined with four lords of the Upper House, who on this subject had avowed their desire of peace, and the re-establishment of the person and the affairs of the King." Here we discover that Lady Carlisle was the centre point of communication with the Chancellor of Scotland, the French Resident, and some of our peers. We see that even in the times of Charles the First they gave diplomatic dinners, though it is still rare to find a lady at the head of the table, not, however, that our modern secret history has not furnished some instances. Shortly after this dispatch, I discovered the French Resident at Lady Carlisle's house, where he found Lord Holland, and by appointment met Holles, and the Lieutenant-General of the cavalry, the Earl of Essex. Both these eminent men were well-disposed, and greater in reputation than ever with the Commons. The Resident details the important communications which passed between the parties on subjects deeply interesting in our history. All this confidential intercourse on the most secret and delicate investigations passed before the Countess, and her house was always the place of appointment. Her ladyship's politics at this moment had a tendency towards the King's restoration; but what we are more concerned to learn is, that Lady Carlisle must have been deep in the councils of that day, when we perceive that the great political actors assembled at her call, and communicated with each other by her means. As late as 1660, her ladyship was still the busied intriguer, for one of the agents of Charles the Second complains that Lady Carlisle continues "to tell many lies of him every day." This was the critical moment of the Restoration, and the perplexed agent, who "finds his game hard to play," observes, "Whatever my Lady Carlisle hears, she immediately tells her nephews Lisle and Algernon, and is still Sempronia. All her intelligence comes from France." (1)

In the history of a female, that of her person forms a part. Granger has said of Lady Carlisle, that "she appears in the poems of Waller to much greater advantage than she does in the portrait of Vandyck. It was not so much the beauty of the lady, as the sprightliness of her wit, and the charms of her behaviour, that rendered her an object of general admiration." Either Granger was not very sensible to beauty, or the portrait he had seen had faded and lost its likeness; for a very good judge, as we shall shortly see, thought more highly of her beauty than of her wit or her talents. We would not decide on female beauty by the black and white of the graver, since a woman's loveliness lives in the motion of far different colours. But even in Lombart's hard engraving, we are struck by the majesty of the figure. We may imagine voluptuousness in those eyes, with something like pensiveness, and a physiognomist would not find it difficult to detect a marked sense of self-sufficiency in the decided features of her noble countenance.

But what was the real genius of this celebrated woman? What the extent of her capacity, which had such an influence over the greatest characters of the age?

Let us take the unbiassed opinion of a very intelligent foreigner, the French Secretary of State, the Count de Brienne. Her ladyship had been personally known to the Count some years past, when De Brienne had been in more than one embassy to England; we have referred to his own published memoirs in our preceding pages. De Brienne was a person of very lively discernment, and, as Secretary of State, he was now holding the correspondence with Sabran. Replying to the dispatch of the Resident, the Secretary of State thus notices Lady Carlisle; "The lady, at whose house you assembled, formerly piqued herself on her great beauty and her great talents; years must have carried

(1) Clarendon's State Paper, iii., 681.

off the one, but I doubt if they have acquired for her the latter of these qualities. Let us know however what you can penetrate, and the means you judge which we are to adopt." It is evident that a very able judge of persons had formed no very favourable notion of Lady Carlisle's superiority of talents; but he had seen her, and he remembered that she was beautiful.

We have a literary portrait of Lady Carlisle, finished with care, but in a very bad taste. It was composed by one intimate with his original, and through the affectation of his style many a delicate trait may be recovered. The character of the Countess of Carlisle by Sir Toby Matthews is hyperbolical and fantastic, but she herself bore some resemblance to her limner. A caricature may be reduced into a natural resemblance, by softening down its protrusions. I shall endeavour to translate Sir Toby Matthews's ideas into plainer language, adopting his own present tense:—

"The Countess of Carlisle, with a high mind and dignity, neither seeking nor desirous of any friendship, is pleased to surround herself with persons of eminent condition, both of power and employments; because she chooses to know only the fortunate, for, with her, fortune is virtue and fame. Even her domestic affections are restricted. Those who are removed from her presence must not hope to live in her recollections; they are currents running too distant to participate in any warmth from her kindness.

"She prefers the conversation of men to that of women; not but that she can talk on the fashions with her female friends, but she is too soon sensible that she can set them as she wills; that pre-eminence shortens all equality.

"She converses with those who are most distinguished for their conversational powers. Her civility seems universal; she likes to show what she can do, but cares not to indulge her nature too long among those who have nothing very extraordinary or new in themselves. She is apt, though in good-humour, to keep at a distance, and suddenly to discover scorn, when you are fancying love.

"Yet of love freely will she discourse; listen to all its fancies, and mark all its power; but she ceases to comprehend them when boldly addressed to herself. She cannot love in earnest, but she will play with love, while love remains a child; she dismisses him as a master.

"She has too great a heart to suffer any inclination for another; she has therefore no passions; but, as she is not unwilling to find some entertainment to while away the hours, she will seem to take a deep interest for persons of condition and celebrity; yet this being but a compulsion on her nature, withdrawing herself too much from herself, she usually returns ill satisfied with others.

"She has not within herself those little tendernesses which she will not allow to others; surely she mistakes her own heart by not exercising it more frequently. She holds as her surest defence the insensibility of her nature; this is like giving denials before solicitations; or like proclamations which forbid what may happen, and then if they be disobeyed it is to be upon peril.

"You may fear to be less valued by her, for obliging her; for should she think that your courtesy be merely the habit of your mind, and not a spontaneous emotion excited by herself, in this case, she is so unjust that she would bestow favours and services on strangers who cast themselves on her generosity, in preference to those who might urge stronger claims, but who have not equally flattered her self-love.

"She delivers her opinions of persons freely, rather with an intention to show her understanding than from any disdain of the persons themselves; but, as in most of us, there is more to be reformed than commended; her judgment is too apt to detect the imperfections which we flatter ourselves we can conceal.

"This lady, whom both Fortune and Nature have richly adorned, is not without a sense or a contentment of both; but as Fortune can never give her so much as Nature has bestowed on her, she joys most in the perfection of her person. She is more esteemed than beloved by her own sex; her beauty putting their faces out of countenance, as her wit their minds.

"She is so great a lover of variety, that when she cannot find it among those about her, she will remove into her own thoughts; or change her opinions even of those persons most considered by her, till after this entertainment she will settle them again into their former places.

"She has elevated thoughts, carrying her mind above any thing within her knowledge; she deems nothing more worthy of her consideration than her own imaginations; and, when she is alone, she will make something

worthy of her liking, since she finds nothing in the world worthy of her loving.

"The felicity of her language is in her expressions, and in few words, adding little to the substance, hut infinitely to the manner.

"She affects extremes, because she cannot endure any mediocrity of plenty and glory. Were she not in possession of this certainty, she would fly to the other extreme of retirement. She could submit to be obscure, but she must ho magnificent. Her physicians told her that she was inclined to melancholy; their opinion was its remedy by the mirth it affords her; she thinks herself cheerful, but her uohle heart is amhitious—to what end? for she is so far from the want of any thing that it would be a hard study, and therefore painful for her, to imagine a desire!"

Such is the portrait of the Countess of Carlisle, which Granger has grossly depreciated as "Sir Tohy Matthews's fantastic character." Many refined strokes show that the limner had studied his original by her side; and it seems to have admitted as much of nature as her Ladyship allowed to enter into hor dispositions.

Another exquisite judge of the female character, who must have been familiar with the secret history of this Countess, was St. Evremond; and he has alluded to her on a particular occasion. Ilis patroness, the heautiful Duchess of Mazarin, came to England to regulate by her charms the state policy of our voluptuous monarch. Suddenly she betrayed the weakness of the sex, in a violent passion for the youthful Prince of Monaco, then at the English court. Charles the Second, impatient at this odious rivalry, was mean enough to suspend her pension. As St. Evremond was in the secret of her mission, he perceived that all was thrown into disorder by this little prince. The Adonis, in perfect devotion, was incessantly practising his enthralling gallantries—*les petits soins*—watching an open window, or shutting a door, presenting a basket of ribbons, or drawing on a glove, bearing, in triumph, an Indian fan, or adjusting the flow of her tresses; thus, at every hour, riveting the passion of the lovely and lost Mazarin. On this occasion, St. Evremond in despair, more certain of heing read than listened to, addressed to the Duchess an Essay ou Friendship. There he displayed his own personal sacrifices, and his grief for the famous Fouquet, thus insinuating himself into her confidence; he confessed, however, that no friendship is comparahle with that of a female gifted with beauty, with talents, and with sense, could one he certain that it would last! Adroitly passing to the political character this lady had to perform, he observed that "it had often surprised him why women were exchided from the conduct of affairs, for he had known many enlightened and ahle as any men. But this exclusion has neither originated in our jealousy nor our interests, nor in any indifferent opinion of their genius; it is merely because we find their hearts are too weak, too inconstant, too subject to the frailty of their nature. Monsieur le Cardinal (Mazarin) once said, 'A woman who governs a kingdom prudently to-day will take a master to-morrow not fit to govern a poultry-yard.' What might not Madame de Chevreuse, and the Countess of Carlisle, have accomplished, had they not spoilt, by the infirmities of the heart, all that they had ohtained hy their mind? Ninon de l'Enclos said to me once, that she returned God thanks every night for hor judgment, and prayed every morning to be preserved from the follies of her heart." It it superfluous to add that the amusing ethics of our Epicurean philosopher were greatly admired, and the little Prince of Monaco was every day more and more caressed.

For our purpose we learn, by the confession of this contemporary, that it is evident the Countess of Carlisle amidst her busy political intrigues had fallen short of his views as a great stateswoman, and had failed from becoming tho dupe of her heart, lost amid irresistible passions. The reported mistress of Strafford and Pym must have betrayed an extraordinary susceptibility, which, probably, often sought for its own security in an insensibility to ordinary aspirants.

We perceive in Lady Carlisle a miud ambitious of higher results than she ever attained to; St. Evremond hints at this, and De Brienne considered her heauty more remarkable than her talents. The perfect self-complacency of this beautiful idol of rank and fashion, amid her splendid circle of the first men of the age, was no douht kept alive by the verses of poets who gazed on her personal attractions, and by the admiration of men on whom her rank reflected honour, while they knew how to profit by her peculiar station at Court. Placed in tho centre of this circle of excellence and greatness, hor own genius remained in its mediocrity; for among such men, and such events, as she had witnessed, her mind seems to have wanted the vigour, and never once to have felt the impulse, to

perpetuate even the work of her own hand, which, doubtless, she sometimes flattered herself she was contemplating. Often, with a cold heart, she sought the devotion, and sported with the fancies of love; little sensible to real merit, she only admitted the fortunate into her presence; those whom she most admired were most liable to fall in her opinion, for in one of those moody reveries that she often indulged, she would compare them—with herself! Her conceit, her self-idolatry, were too abstract for sympathy; in their elevation they remained even undisturbed by the insolence of a libeller!

But all we have said still leaves us uninformed how this beautiful stateswoman obtained so powerful an influence in the political state of the times. She has kept her own secret. I have tracked her in some of her active movements—Warburton has boldly designated her—yet her history remains unwritten!

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Coronation in Scotland.

Charles, from his accession, had annually renewed his promise of a visit to his native Scotland, and a Coronation in his ancient capital. The unsettled state of home affairs, and possibly that of his exchequer, had retarded this royal inauguration; but the delay of the long-promised appearance of the Sovereign was felt as neglect, and even reviled as mockery, by his remote subjects. The ancient jealousy of the two nations had been rekindled rather than allayed by their common union; and the people who had lost their own court, and had never seen their own Sovereign, when they resorted to their happier partner, shared only in those national unkindnesses which lowered "the blue bonnets" into obtruders or dependants; and tales and songs, proverbs and jibes, flew about of "the bonny Scot made a gentleman."(1) The confidential domestics of the royal father and the son were, however, Scots, and Charles to the last retained his affection for his countrymen; yet it was from them that the bewitching model of insurgency was held out to England. The patronage, however, which healed the wounded pride of the Caledonian irritated the feverish interests of the Englishman. To assert the national dignity of Scotland, Charles once proposed that its Crown should be transferred to England, and here, in a second coronation, be solemnly placed on his head; but the Scottish Lord, the keeper of this Regalia, declared that he durst not be false to his trust; yet would his Majesty be pleased to accept of it in the land of his fathers, he would find his people ready to yield him the highest honours; "but if the Crown was not worth a progress, there might be some other way of disposing of it." The Scottish Council were not less strenuous in their style. When a toleration, in some degree, for the Catholics was in agitation, and the old Marquis of Huntley, who was an hereditary sheriff, in concert with some other nobles, neglected to attend to the letter of the Council, to suppress the Papists, they incurred the expatriating punishment of what the Scotch termed "a horning." The herald at arms thrice winded his horn, each time summoning these noblemen, who, not appearing, were proclaimed rebels; and to escape from the Council the old Marquis and his colleagues took their instant flight to the English Court. The Council of Scotland had decided that, "when the King comes to be crowned amongst us, he will, we doubt not, be sworn to our laws; meanwhile, as we are entrusted with them, we will look they be observed."(2)

Such lofty remonstrances had often reminded Charles that his appearance in his ancient and native kingdom became daily more urgent; and there were other deeper motives which hastened the journey.

In Scotland an usurping aristocracy equally oppressed the Sovereign and the people. The heaviest grievance of the Scottish people was, then, the tyranny of their feudal nobility. Weak or unprincipled Regents, preceding and during the minority of James the First,

(1) Ritson, among his collections of "The North Country Chorister." Some curious anecdotes were current in that day of the subtilty of the Scots, indicative of the temper of the times. Sir Toby Matthews had one of a Scotchman without a cloak, travelling with an Englishman in the rain, who, sitting by the side of the Scotchman in the boot of a coach, gave him a flap of his coat; at the end of the journey the Scotchman had, little by little, got all the Englishman's cloak on his own shoulders. They had a saying in France of the Scotch Halberdiers, "Si vous lui permettez de metire sa hallebarde dans votre porte, en peu de jours il se rendra maitre de votre maison."—These anecdotes are found in the papers of Robert, the second Earl of Leicester, in 1636; so careful was the Earl to treasure up his jealousy of the envied favourites of Charles the First.

(2) Hamon L'Estrange, p. 129, second edition.

had not only seized upon or shared among their adherents the patrimony of the Church, but had wrested from the Crown some of its inalienable rights in the regalities and tithes which had been annexed to the Crown by Parliament. An Act of Revocation of these illegal grants had been proposed by Charles, and the Earl of Nithisdale had been sent to open the Royal commission, but had he proceeded, the Lords, to use Burnet's style, had resolved, "to fall upon him and all his party in the old Scottish manner, and knock them on the head." An anecdote of the times reveals a striking instance of this feudal rancour and barbarous greatness. Belhaven, an old blind lord, prayed to be seated by the Earl of Dumfries, one of the Nithisdale party, that he might make sure of him, which he seemed to do by grasping him hard with one hand; on Dumfries remonstrating with his troublesome neighbour, the old Lord excused himself, observing that since his blindness he was ever in fear of falling; meanwhile his other hand clutched a dagger ready to plunge into his companion's breast on the first commotion. (1) The insatiable rapacity of the fathers was now to be maintained by the insolent tenacity of the sons. Such was the volcanic soil which Charles was about to tread, and the subterranean fires were ready to burst out.

These were the cares of State brooding in the Royal breast, not yet opened to the world. At this time Clarendon describes Charles the First "as finding himself possessed of that tranquillity, by which he had no reason to apprehend any enemies from abroad and less any insurrections at home; and he resolved to make a progress to the North and be solemnly crowned in his kingdom of Scotland."(2) In the year 1633, England appeared to be a happy land—faction seemed to sleep—and peace guarded our coasts.

The King's intended progress to Scotland had furnished a topic for conversation, and the public mind had been prepared to meet the Royal wishes, that this great national visit should be graced by all the splendour and pomp of England; but it was not less known that his Exchequer was ill provided for the charge. The King invited the chief of his nobility to attend his Court, but required them to join him at their own charge. At that moment the fervour of loyalty vied with the pride of magnificence. In May the gorgeous train set forward, and we owe to the resident correspondent of the Mercure François the names of the English nobility who accompanied the King, each of whom brought from forty to sixty gentlemen and as many led horses richly caparisoned; he adds, what seems excessive in number, that more than five thousand volunteers joined the Royal cavalcade.

The splendour of the present progress had not hitherto been equalled in our annals. The northern road presented one continued scene of sumptuous festivals in the ruinous hospitality of those whose seats were opened to this travelling Court. Houses were enlarged, and state was assumed by some never before seen in their generations, and the feasting or banquetting, particularly at Welbeck by the Earl of Newcastle, at Raby Castle, the seat of the Vanes, and at Durham by Bishop Morton, were carried to such an excess, that Lord Clarendon according to his notion traces the seeds of the commotions of a subsequent period to the heavy debts which the nobility and the gentry incurred by their unlimited expenditure. Nor is this opinion of Clarendon, as it would seem, at all preposterous; for Lord Newcastle acknowledged to the Earl of Strafford that, as well as my Lord of Carlisle, he had hurt his estate much with waiting on the King in his Scottish journey. "Not to be sick in mind, body, and purse, with this weight of debt upon me, I know no diet better than a strict diet in the country which in time may recover me of the prodigal diseases. (3)

A royal progress had always been considered as a great annoyance to the individuals who had the costly honour of entertaining the Sovereign. It seemed to be a test as well as a tax of loyalty. It was sometimes contrived not to be at home on these occasions; a contemporary of one of the progresses of James the First writes, "The progress holds on towards Northamptonshire, as unwelcome in those parts as rain in harvest, so as the great ones begin to *remuer mesnage* and to dislodge; the Lord Spenser to his daughter Vane in Kent, and divers other gentlemen devise other errands other ways." (4) Bishop Andrews spent three thousand pounds in three days in entertaining James the First. Some, however, in office, were jealous to obtain the distinction of a royal visit, though they grudged the cost. Sir Julius Cæsar, in some short memorials of himself, while he

(1) Burnet's Memoirs, i., 34.
(2) Clarendon, ii., 162.
(3) Strafford's Letters, i., 101.
(4) Sloane, MSS. 4173. Chambertain's Letters,

proudly chronicles a progress of Queen Elizabeth and laments over "five former disappointments," mortifies his pride by calculating the result. Some of my readers may be amused by the recital. "The Queen visited me at my house at Mitcham, and supped, lodged, and dined there the next day. I presented her with a gown of cloth of silver richly embroidered, a black net-work mantle with pure gold, a white taffeta hat with several flowers, and a jewel of gold set therein with rubies and diamonds. Her Majesty removed from my house after dinner to Nonsuch with exceeding good countenance—which entertainment of her Majesty, with the charges of five former disappointments, amounted to seven hundred pounds sterling, besides mine own provisions and whatever was sent unto me by my friends." Sir Julius must have acted prudently notwithstanding, for some of these royal visits cost many thousand pounds to some of the nobility. This prodigality of the nobility was perhaps one great source of the prosperity of those inferior classes of the nation, who were advancing in influence, and wealth, and, at no distant day, mingled with the burgesses of Parliament. In proportion as the nobility exhausted their revenues, they promoted the future independence of the class of citizens.

On their entrance into Scotland the magnificence was redoubled, the prodigality was exhaustless; the emulation of two nations, like opposing flames which mingle into one, now blazed in union. The Scottish nobility vied in the richness of their equipages, and the grandeur of their state. The poorer nation were not unwilling to ruin themselves, provided the scoffers of their poverty were confuted by a single and fatal triumph. A whole nation is subject to an aberration of mind, when a sudden contagion prevails.

On the King's entrance into Scotland the English resigned their places to those of the Scots who by their titles or offices were entitled to hold them; the tables were kept up with renewed profusion, the splendour of the state was augmented, and the new guests were received in a struggle of general courtesies. "The King appeared with no less lustre at Edinburgh than at Whitehall."

When Charles made his public entry into Edinburgh, at the western-gate, he was attended by the Lord Provost and all the dignified citizens, and about three hundred of the flower of Scotland in white satin, with rich doublets, with their partisans and other arms. As the King passed, many a well-devised pageant arrested the acclamations of the people, by their elegant harangues or poetical invocations. In the magnificent spectacle, whatever charm the music, the poetry, and the painting of the times could awaken, were accompanied by the congratulatory or the pathetic sentiments, and the expressive gestures of the actors. The most extraordinary pageant detained them at the Tolbooth, where, personified, the long line of one hundred and eight Scottish monarchs was ranged, from Fergus the First, who in a prophetical oration announced that the future line from Charles would not be less numerous. The courtly flattery and the populous shout died away together, but the speeches from the planets, the song of the muses, and the lay of Caledonia—still live for those who will seek them in the poems of Drummond of Hawthornden. (1)

The romantic city, favoured by nature for the refulgent parade, and lengthened procession, is described at this time as consisting but of a single street, spacious as it seemed to them; and seated on the declivity of the side of a hill, stretching out a mile in length, from the Castle to Holyrood-house. The King, going in state to his coronation, issued from the Castle followed by all his nobility, riding through the city to the Palace, where he was to be crowned. The eye of the spectator could pursue the glorious pomp at once from the first to the last through one vast moving line. The glory of the monarch now seemed the pride of his rejoicing subjects; a burst of loyalty broke forth from the many whose eyes dwelt with affection on the person of their Sovereign, then held sacred—and the Scottish coronation for a moment might have effaced from the recollections of Charles the almost private, and less honoured, coronation of his England.

We however must pause amidst the shouts, the festivals, and the triumphs of this day.

(1) The speech of Caledonia, representing the kingdom, has these nervous lines. She

"Yet in this corner of the world doth dwell,
With her pure sisters, Truth, Simplicity;
A Mars-adoring brood is here, their wealth
Sound minds and bodies of as sound a health;
Walls here are Men—"

This is in a collection of Greek, Latin, and English verses. Some of the poems are highly poetical. The volume is entitled "ΕΙΣΟΙΑ Musarum Edinensium in Caroli Regis Musarum Tutani ingressu in Scotiam. Edinburgi, 1633.

Could the inaugurated Sovereign surmise, even in his most thoughtful moments, that this very population, at no distant day, were to turn from him with the same impetuosity they now followed his courser? When the King counted these waves of the multitude rolling on, and beheld the regal state which seemed to fortify his power, could he yet feel that the reality of this passing grandeur was but a phantom of glory? Assuredly there was not yet in Scotland a solitary Judas who was calculating the blood-money of his monarch; an enormous treason could not yet seduce their hopes; yet among the servile million, we are told, there were countenances which but ill-concealed their secret designs; and murmurs and sedition were amidst the pomp and the triumph.

Kings, indeed, by drawing their notions from their own circle, acquire but a very restricted knowledge of men and of affairs. James and Charles, in the love of their father-land, had scattered their bounties on Scotchmen resident at their court, but the Scottish nation only considered these as private obligations conferred on persons who had the least influence in their own country. On the contrary, those who affected popularity on the King's arrival, and were most suspected by Charles, whenever the King attended in public would attend near his person, obtruded themselves on his notice, amused him by their conversation, or attracted his attention to objects new to him. By their confidence and officiousness they impressed a notion on the populace that they enjoyed the royal favour.

Charles, whose manners were stately and formal at all times, could not, however, repulse these new companions. Lord Falkland quaintly observed on such intruders, that "keeping of State was like committing adultery, there must go two to it;" on which Lord Clarendon, a stern advocate for court-etiquette, makes a curious reflection: "A bold and confident man instantly demolishes the whole machine of State by getting within it, however the most formal man may resolve to keep his distance."

Thus the King discovered that of all his personal friends not one was recognised by the people but the Marquis of Hamilton, whose ambidextrous and ambiguous conduct was even then suspected; the novel friendships of his enemies were more suspicious and more to be feared.

The Coronation was followed by a Parliament. The irritated spirits of the aristocracy, who not long afterwards triumphed, were not then inactive. On the very day that the King made his entry into Edinburgh, the Earl of Rothes, afterwards one of the leaders of the Covenant, undertook timely in the morning to hasten to Dalkeith, to inform his Majesty that a petition to his Majesty and the Parliament had been drawn up for redress of all their grievances, but, before it was given to the Clerk Register of the Parliament, it was deemed decent first to show it privately to the King. Charles having read this extraordinary petition, returned it to Rothes, sternly saying, "No more of this, my lord! I command you!" (1) The petition in consequence at that moment was suppressed,—but it was not destroyed. Charles probably did not foresee that this very petition was the seed of that future rebellion which not many years after was to carry insurrection through his kingdoms. This early mode of his reception in Scotland must, however, have reminded Charles of his former unhappy meetings with his English Parliaments.

The same Earl of Rothes even ventured to accuse the clerk-registers of making a false return of the votes. (2) The resistance and difficulty with which matters passed could only have been overcome by the personal interference of the King, who on that day had a list of the names of the lords as they were called up; observing, "I shall know to-day who shall do me service." In this manner a forced and momentary success was obtained, while the seeds of future commotion were deeply sown in the soil. (3)

Hume, in following Clarendon, was not well-informed of the Scottish affairs. "No one," says he, "could have suspected from exterior appearances that such dreadful scenes were approaching." Yet some contemporary historians were not insensible to the strength of the rising party.

In the bold scheme Charles meditated, to break down the arbitrary power of the nobility, the measure could not be disagreeable to the people, but the design of restoring prelacy itself, in this land of Presbyters, was raising up all those evil spirits which were soon to marshal themselves in array. It was often the fate of Charles to be prompted by a right motive, but to be swayed by a false suggestion. By the side of Charles stood his evil

(1) Bishop Guthry's Memoirs, 9.
(2) Brodie, ii., 419.
(3) L'Estrange, 134.—Kennet.

genius—the Kirk-party scowled, as the Bishop of London in his rochet preached on the benefits of conformity and the sacredness of ceremonies, from that pulpit whence Knox had thundered out their eternal abolition. Was Scotland to become a dependent province of England? Were the Presbyters to sink at the feet of the Episcopalians? It had been well if Laud, as he notices in his Diary, had only startled the Highlanders by the portentous meteor of his coach crossing some part of their land, a wonder they had never seen before; but his improvident zeal for conformity, unmitigated by policy or address, only left behind him hatreds and rebellion; terrible evils which the sagacity of James had predicted.

Charles in returning from Scotland, notwithstanding the flourishing accounts of our English writers, could have been as little pleased with his Scots as the Scots were with their sovereign. The English themselves had been feasted and complimented, and they might have been deceived by the popular illusions of an inspiring coronation. Laud in his diary declares, that "he never saw more expressions of joy than were after it;" but Laud was too poor a politician, in the impetuosity of his temper—on this very occasion pushing aside one of the Scottish bishops who would not be clad in the sacred vestment—to detect the serpent which was sleeping under the flowers.

Charles could not but be sensible that he had only carried his point by his own personal interference, a mode of which the legality was very questionable. Cares and displeasures were clouding over the royal breast—the conduct of the monarch betrayed his secret vexation. Those who openly dissented from the acts which the King had carried through the Parliament were not a few. In one of his progresses in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh Charles refused a Provost the usual honour of kissing hands, because he was one of the Dissenters. A curious fact is related by one who must have been well informed; the Earl of Rothes conceived the King had intentionally disgraced him, when in a progress which his Majesty made to Fife, the Earl being hereditary Sheriff of that county, assembled all his friends and vassals in their best equipage to receive the King; but his Majesty, either by accident or on purpose, went another way, and missed him; this the Earl never forgot, and became one of the first and most active instruments in the future rebellion. This we are told by Sir Edward Walker, the devoted servant of his sovereign, merely as an evidence of one of those slight motives which are sufficient to operate so seriously on certain characters; did Sir Edward Walker really think that his Majesty missed him by accident?

We may be certain with Rushworth that the open affront was designed by the King; the Earl of Rothes had shown himself pre-eminently at the head of the Dissenters, and if Charles could resent Non-conformity in a poor Provost of a town, how much more in an Earl at the head of his county, and the first bearer of a petition about grievances!

The King hastened home, where perhaps he hoped for more tranquil hours. He arrived suddenly, privately crossing the water at Blackwall, without making his public entrance into London; this was designed to give the Queen, then at Greenwich, an agreeable surprise.

Kings are doomed to have their most private and indifferent actions maliciously commented; and on this occasion there were those who animadverted on the difference between King Charles and Queen Elizabeth. Such indeed on frequent occasions was the popular comparison during this reign. Elizabeth never ended her summer progresses without wheeling about some end of London, and never went to Whitehall without crossing the City, requiring the Lord Mayor and Aldermen in their scarlet robes and chains of gold to meet her, with all the Companies. This was one of the arts she practised to maintain majesty, and to excite popularity. James brooked not the formalities of state, and however lofty his style whenever majesty was his theme, no man was more careless of its paraphernalia. The retired character of Charles retained his father's love of privacy, and avoided these public occasions of engaging the affections of his people. Both the royal persons of the father and the son became in time strange and neglected, and their government lost that sympathy among the people, whose support, at some critical moments, they found was wanting.

But when the ill-natured spirits, on this occasion, could mortify Charles for flying, in the playfulness of his domestic feelings, to his Queen, by an odious comparison with Elizabeth, they might have recollected that Elizabeth had no partner of her life to delight by a surprise. The only enjoyment that political Queen was capable of receiving on her

return home was to be found in the streets, and not in the lonely palace; in the shouts of the people, and not in the voice and embraces of one beloved.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A Critical History of the Puritans.—Of their Origin.

No subject in modern history seems more obscure, by the views of the writers, than the history of that considerable portion of the nation so well known under the designation of Puritans. It is a nick-name branding with derision or abhorrence, or it is a proud title exalting them, to use the description of a Scottish biographer of the Covenanters, into "men a little too low for heaven, and much too high for earth."

These active enemies to the established forms of the Government of England have been condemned as a captious, a moody, and a mischievous race, pertinacious on indifferent matters, and inflexible in their own absolute power, which is subversive of every other. Their sullen and intolerant natures paused not till their dissent had spread a general non-conformity in the monarchy and the hierarchy of England. By the advocates of popular freedom, these Puritans have been elevated into the very beatitude of their designation, as "the Salt of the Earth," the promulgators of civil liberty, and its martyrs. By the wits, these Puritans have been exhibited in the grotesque shapes of ridicule, with very changeable masks on their faces; and by the more philosophical, these separatists, not only in dogmas and doctrines, exhibit a more curious singularity in their manners, their language, and their sympathies with their fellow citizens.

What I shall say on the Puritans will be, first, on their origin; secondly, on their attempts in England; thirdly, on the political character of their founder; and lastly, I shall account for the perplexing contradictions in their political character, and explain why they appear at the same time the creators of civil and religious liberty, and its most violent and obnoxious adversaries.

The Protestants of England who flew from the Marian persecution found a hospitable reception in several towns of Switzerland and Germany. At Frankfort, under the eye of the magistrate, a church of the French Reformed was allowed to be alternately occupied by the exiles of England. Attentive to the prevention of future controversies and civic troubles, the policy of the burgher senator required that the new comers should not dissent from the French Reformed in doctrine or ceremonies; and for their first public act he desired them to subscribe to the confession of faith which the French Reformed had not quite finished, but were about printing; yet so perfectly tolerant was the chief magistrate of Frankfort, that he allowed the English to practise any ceremonies peculiar to themselves, provided their French brothers did not object to them. Never was a magistrate more tolerant, or more authoritative. Everything at this period marks the feeble infancy of the Reformation.

The miserable are compliant, and the fugitive have no home. The English emigrants raised no objection to accommodate themselves to the practices of the French Reformed, who were of the Presbytery of their countryman Calvin. The Lutherans, who still retained many of the ancient dogmas and ceremonies, appear to have been so bigoted as to refuse receiving the English.

The emigrants, that they might not startle their new friends with objects strange to view or with matters as yet unheard, stripped their minister of his surplice, and threw aside the new Liturgy or Service-book of their late Sovereign Edward. In the ministration of the Sacraments many things were omitted as "superstitious." In the Reformation under Edward the Sixth some difference of opinion had arisen from a single Bishop, Hooper, respecting wearing the rochet, and other ecclesiastical robes. Hooper had resided in Germany, and had imbibed the new discipline; but subsequently he had conformed to the regulations laid down in the Service-book of the English sovereign.

These first compliant emigrants invited their dispersed brothers at Strasburg, Zurich, and other cities to join them; but when several of these found that they were not allowed the entire use of what was called "the English Book," they were on the point of leaving their Frankfort friends.

The famous Knox now arrived from Geneva, by invitation, as their minister. The party who required the use of "the Book of England," for the sake of peace, objected not to omit certain parts of the ceremonial prescribed in the Anglican service which "the country could not bear," but they required at least to have "the substance and the effect." Knox and Whittingham asked what they meant by the substance of the

book? They replied that they had not come to dispute; but while some of their brothers were laying down their lives for the maintenance of King Edward's Reformation, their adversaries might well charge them with inconstancy, and might well triumph over the Protestants of England who had tacitly rejected their own Service-book. They prayed for conformity, "lest by such altering they should appear to condemn its chief authors, who were now shedding their blood for it, as if there were imperfection in the doctrine, and mutability in the men, which might make even the godly doubt of the truth of which before they were persuaded."

Knox retorted that what they could prove of that book to stand with the word of God, and "the country would permit," should be granted. But Knox and Whittingham now professed that the Book of England was "A Mass-Book;" and drawing up a Latin version submitted it to their friend and master, Calvin, as arbitrator. They were certain of his opinion before they asked for it. The Father of Dissent replied, that in the English Liturgy "I see many *tolerabiles ineptias;* I mean, that it has not the purity which is to be desired." *Tolerabiles ineptias*, plainly translated, was "tolerable fooleries," but it was more tenderly turned into "tolerable unfitnesses." Bishop Williams observed that Master Calvin had his *tolerabiles morositates.*

The decree of the Oracle of Reformation at the little town of Geneva detached some wavering minds from the English doctrine, who in the humility of their weakness probably imagined that they had a distinct notion of Calvin's *purity*, and these enabled Knox and his party to carry all matters in their own way, shutting up King Edward's Service-book. (1)

At this time, among these emigrants, arrived from England Dr. Cox, who had been the tutor of Edward the Sixth, and was afterwards, under Elizabeth, the Bishop of Ely. The uncompromising Knox had now to encounter a spirit dauntless as his own. Knox had voted Cox and his friends into the church, and it was considered very ungracious that the last comers should thrust out those who had received them. Dr. Cox not only had the Liturgy of his royal pupil observed in defiance of Knox's orders, but enforced it[s] practice, by that single argument which resists all other arguments, *Ego volo habere!* All now was trouble and contest. Both parties appealed to the little Senate of the burghers of Frankfort. A magistrate came down to remind these disturbers of the town's peace of their first agreement—to accord with the French church, otherwise the church-door which had been opened might be shut. All parties instantly consented to obey the magistrate. But Dr. Cox was a politician!

The democratic style of Knox often laid him open to the arm of "the powers that be." In his "Admonition to Christians," where he had called Mary of England a Jezebel, and Philip by another nicknamo; he had also called the Emperor "an idolater, and no less an enemy to Christ than Nero." This passage, placed before the eyes of the honest burghers of Frankfort, in five minutes, was pronounced to be *Læsæ Majestatis Imperatoriæ.* The only writer of the history of these troubles at Frankfort insinuates that the party of Cox cruelly aimed by this *ruse* at the life of Knox. (2) The magistracy hinted to Knox's friends that he had best depart quickly and quietly—Heylin describes Knox as stealing away by moonlight; Neal, the historian of the Puritans, records, "the magistrates, in a respectful manner," desired his departure. Probably neither of these accounts is true; both are warped by the opposite feelings of the writers. "The stealing away by moonlight" was a malicious picturesque invention of Heylin, for Knox was accompanied part of his way by some twenty friends; and we may doubt "the respectful manner" of the half-terrificd burghers lest the Emperor's council at that moment sitting at Augsburg should have the same information of high treason laid on their council-table, and the free city cease to be free, for harbouring a Shimei. But what signify such minute accidents in the lives of the great movers of their age? They weigh not, as the dust on the balance. The banishment from Frankfort might form an epoch in the history of mediocrity, the life of some solitary Non-conformist—it is scarcely noticeable in the career of Knox. He who was now hurried out of the town of Frankfort, baffled and

(1) We may form some idea of the convulsive emotions of men's minds at this moment, when, in one of the papers which passed between the parties about this time, the following paragraph is set down as a matter of ordinary news:—"The Bishop of Gloucester, Mr. Hooper, a man worthy of perpetual memory, *whom we hear to be burnt of late.*"

(2) This writer evidently inclines to the Knoxians, but this history is not written without candour, and Strype refers to it as an authentic narrative.

outvoted, at no distant day was to be the most terrible man whom Scotland ever beheld; whose arm uplifted in prayer was to be as a sword of fire, and the thunder of whose voice was to convulse a kingdom.

The Non-conformists formed an inconsiderable minority; and it is evident that the dignity of the tutor of Edward the Sixth had greatly influenced the grave magistracy. After the flight of Knox, two distinguished Puritans—we may begin now to give them their names—Whittingham, afterwards the Dean of Durham, who turned the stone coffins of the abbots into horse-troughs, and Christopher Goodman, whose book on "Obedience" might more aptly be termed on "Insurrection," rigidly held to "the French order, which is, according to the order of Geneva, the purest reformed church in Christendom."

These fathers of English dissent offered to dispute against the Coxites, "Coxe et gregalibus suis," as Calvin distinguishes them. They would have proved that the order which these sought to establish ought not to take place in any reformed church. Each party looked to the civil magistrate to protect them from the other. Dr. Adolphus Glauburge, a doctor of law, and nephew to Mr. John Glauburge the senator, made a plain answer, that "Disputation there should be none, it being decided that other order than the book of England they should not have." The nephew referring to his noble uncle, the uncle to his learned nephew, in this see-saw of magistracy and theology, the peace of the city was not disturbed—for the disturbers now, in despair of controversy, flew from "the great English book" to Geneva; and it was from Geneva that Puritanism afterwards travelled into England.

Such was the origin of that dissent which sprang up in the infancy of the Church of England in exile. It was even increased by personal quarrels. We stay not to tell of "a certain controversy which fell out at supper," but which, however, rent the little Anglican church at Frankfort, by a violent schism, and as the *naïve* historian describes it through many a lengthened page, "so boiling hot that it ran over on both sides, and yet no fire quenched."

But what were the simple objects which had opened this eternal breach? To say the most we can for these our first Non-conformists, their jealousy of Romanism had inflicted on them strange horrors of "idolatries," and "superstitions," for some points of church discipline and certain accustomed ceremonies, which, abstracted from passion and prejudice, were of themselves perfectly indifferent. Such was the form of baptism; they insisted that the water should be taken from a basin, and not a fount. They protested against the churching of women as a Jewish custom, as if so many others which they affected were not equally so! And this fastidious delicacy of Judaic ceremonies was shown at the very time they were rejecting all Grecian and Roman and Saxon names, to adopt the scriptural names of Hebrew origin, which they translated with a ludicrous barbarism. (1) They would sit and not kneel at the sacrament, because it was a supper. The sign of the cross in baptism—the ring in marriage—the decent surplice of the minister—were not according "to the French order." Calvin and Bullinger, and the learned in this early era of the Reformation, were distressing themselves and their readers with scruples of conscience, which to this present day are carried on by vulgar minds with the same indecorous if not ludicrous protests.

As men do not leap up but climb on rocks, they were only *precise* before they were *pure*. Their earliest designation was a *Precisian*. A satirist of the times, when they advanced farther in their reformation, in rhythms against Martin Mar-prelate, melts their attributes into one verse—

"The sacred sect, and perfect pure-precise."

They became *Puritans* under Elizabeth, whom in their familiar idiom they compared to an idle slut who swept the middle of the room, but left all the dust and filth behind the doors. "The untamed heifer," as they called the Queen, long considered them only

(1) This early practice of the Puritans began under Elizabeth, since it is noticed by Bancroft in 1595. It was renewed with vigour under Charles the First. They not only adopted scriptural names to get rid of popery and paganism, but they translated the Hebrew names into English Christian names—such as Accepted—Ashes—Joyagain—Kill Sin. They pitched a note higher by adding whole sentences to their names. The reader has met with "Praise-God Barebones," but he may not be so well acquainted with his two brothers, who it is said assumed Christian names of a more formidable dimension. The one calling himself "Christ came into the world to save Barebones," and the other, "If Christ had not died thou hadst been damned Barebones;" which latter, for shortness, and to distinguish the brothers, was familiarly curtailed to "Damned Barebones!"

as "a troublesome sort of people." The Queen said that she knew very well what would content the Catholics, but that she never could learn what would content the Puritans. At first, confining themselves to points of ecclesiastical discipline, they only raised disturbances at "the candlesticks on the Queen's altar," at "the Romish rags" and ministers' "conjuring robes;" all the solemn forms, which viewed in

"The dim religious light"

touch the mind, not polluted by vulgar associations, in the self-collectedness of its gathered thoughts.

Who could have foreseen that some pious men quarrelling about the Service-book of Edward the Sixth, and the square caps and rochets of bishops, should at length attack bishops themselves, and, by an easy transition from bishops to kings, finally close in the most revolutionary democracy?

After the dissensions at Frankfort, Knox and Melville, and several eminent Englishmen, resorted to Calvin. Associating with a legislating enthusiast whose apostolical habits of life vouched his own doctrines, and whose solitary contemplation was the institution of a new order of things, men of their ardent temper were susceptible of the contagion of his genius. Knox on his return to Scotland preserved an uninterrupted correspondence with Calvin; and though he often acted before he consulted the supreme pastor of Reformation, still he never ceased with a proud submission to consult on what had already been done. Calvin at times had scruples and probably fears at the haste and heat of this great missionary of revolution, but his congratulations were more frequent than his fear. Knox indeed had only victories to recount, for he propagated the Gospel by demolishing, as fast as he procured hands, every religious edifice; often leaving notice in the evening for the monks to quit in the morning.

Whittingham, who married Calvin's sister, discovered on his return to England all the force of his relationship. Christopher Goodman, an early associate of Calvin, was one of the heads of the Puritans, till Cartwright, who had himself sojourned more than once at Geneva, here became a little Calvin. These persons, with some others, were the originators of democratical Puritanism, and they soon opened an intestine war with episcopacy, till at length, in the struggle for supremacy, they struck at the throne itself.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Critical History of the Puritans continued.—History of the Mar-prelates.

The Ecclesiastical domination had early under Constantine assumed the form of a Monarchy, and even in that day the elevated seat of the Bishop was called a throne. (1) Every thing relating to Episcopacy is regal. The house of a Bishop is a palace, as his seat is a throne; the crosier is a sceptre; the mitre a crown; and in the inauguration of a Bishop he is said to be enthroned. From the Spiritual court are issued writs in the Bishop's, and not in the King's, name, and the Court of Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction has its Chancellor. A Convocation of Bishops is an Ecclesiastical Parliament, consisting of an Upper and a Lower House, where the Archbishops and the Bishops form the Aristocracy, and the Commons of the Clergy are represented by their Deputies. In England their title of honour is only that of "Lord." Archbishop Grindal said that, though he was thus saluted, he did not consider himself "lordly." The Non-conformist Dr. Sampson petulantly retorted, "If you whom policy hath made a great Lord be not lordly, you are a Phœnix."

The Ecclesiastical polity seemed always to conform itself to the Civil. It was now attempted to change that Ecclesiastical polity, the growth of fifteen centuries. Cartwright in England maintained that the Church of Christ was to be regulated by the standard of the Holy Scriptures; as in the Apostolical state "gold and silver they had none." Archbishop Whitgift, in reply, denied that any particular government was laid down in the Gospel; it was therefore to be inferred that the Church discipline was to accord with the Civil Government. That Apostolical simplicity even to rudeness, which was adapted to its infancy, had gradually enlarged its authority and splendour as the Church grew to its maturity, under the protection of the Civil Magistrate. We perceive here that two able men, arguing by two opposite standards of judgment, may open an interminable controversy; so that, in spite of reason and philosophy, there must inevitably exist two opposite parties. The last argument indeed may remain with either, as accident shall determine. It is that distinguished argument called the *Ultima ratio Regum*, equally potent at Geneva or London; the Bishops under

(1) Cave's Primitive Christianity, c. vi., part i., 140.

Elizabeth punished the Puritans, the Puritans under Knox and Calvin expelled the Bishops; and thus the sword cut the knot which their fingers could not untie.

When the Presbyters of Calvin reminded the Episcopalians of Apostolical times and of primitive Christianity, reproaching their gorgeous state and usurped jurisdiction, they were reproaching not bishops, who were but men, but the natural progression in human affairs, when men cease to be villagers, and become citizens. The primeval church was built up with unhewn trees, when Christians were peasants;(1) were we therefore to demolish the cathedral, the magnificent work of art and wealth, when the Christian empire embraced all Europe? Thus too the pilgrim pastor, whose sole revenne was drawn from the alms-box, was changed into the lord of his diocese. Churches were endowed as well as consecrated, and ecclesiastical lands became as inalienable, in justice, as the lands of any citizen.

The penury and hnmiliations of a primitive bishop might have reduced the ecclesiastical order to the contempt of the people, who are no reverencers of a brotherhood unguarded by the ensigns of their authority, and dependent on the spare bounty of a parish. The Episcopal order may be considered as a community of the learned; their independence is at once the stimulus of their ambition, and the guarantee of their literary repose and their literary exertions. On the contrary principle we see how the Apostolical Presbyters of Scotland, early dispersed in remote solitudes, exiled from the living sources of knowledge, are thrown out of their age.(2) The nineteenth century has often witnessed, in the rude pastor of Knox, the fierce ungovernable spirit of his master combined with the traditional prejudices of his own rude parishioners.

Actuated however by a principle of retrogression, these new levellers would have converted a cathedral into a conventicle, and a bishop into a parish priest, exacting the equality of Democracy in the Ecclesiastical Monarchy. The bishops in the reign of Elizabeth were startled at the novel and extraordinary inquiry whence they derived their power and their superiority. They were not only astonished but were equally nnprepared to answer an inquiry, which they hardly knew how to treat.

When Henry the Eighth assumed the supremacy of the Church, in freeing the nation from the Papal yoke, he not only invested himself with the inflexibility of the Papacy, but had adroitly fitted the novel yoke to the haughty neck of the prelacy of England. The sovereign now no longer dreaded a rebellious or a rival power, in his own hierarchy. No future Becket could stand at the foot of the throne, more a sovereign than he who sate on it. Priestly domination was under the control of the King, and the patronage, or the creation of bishops, being placed in the royal prerogative, Episcopacy was now but a graft on the strength of the Monarchy.

The English bishops derived their authority and dignity from the election of the sovereign. The royal supremacy remained unquestioned. On this subject it is curious to observe that Rome in its plenitude of power was equally jealous of this regal privilege. Inculcating that the Pope alone was the sole head of the Church appointed by Heaven, all the minor orders of the priesthood devolved from the pontifical institution. Against this doctrine, as degrading to their sacred dignity, often had the bishops struggled. At the Council of Trent they disputed for their independence with the warmth of reformers; the Gallican church partly emancipated itself from their despotic pontiff. An Italian bishop having once inscribed on a missive that he was bishop by "the grace of God," this presumed "divine right" was treason in the Roman ecclesiastical polity; and the enraged Pope, exclaiming that "the grace of God was never bestowed on fools," instantly, to show this reformer that he owed his bishoprick to quite a different source, unbishopped the bishop.

The memorable controversy now opened on the authority of the Bishops and Presbyters. It was denied that any superiority was known

(1) A very ancient church of this rude construction is still existing at Grinsted in the neighbourhood of Chipping-Ongar.

(2) In the speech of the honest Sir Benjamin Rudyard, he foresaw the consequences of this state of humiliation of the clergy. "If we pull down Bishopricks and pull down Cathedral churches, in a short time we must be forced to pull down Colleges too; for scholars will live and die there as in cells, if there be no considerable preferment to invite them abroad. This is the next way to bring in barbarism! to make the clergy an unlearned contemptible vocation, not to be desired but by the basest of the people."—*Five Speeches of Sir B. Rudyard*, p. 28.

in the days of Apostolical equality; Bishop and Presbyter, denoting the same office, were but different terms for the same identical character, and therefore there could be no ordination from a superior, and no subordination in tho whole order. This mode of opinion went to establish the entire independence of the Presbyters, freed from the sovereignty of Episcopacy.

Hitherto the Anglican bishops had contented themselves by deriving their title and office from the royal grant. Bancroft, to put an end to this novel assumption of parity, took a higher flight, and vindicated episcopacy on the divine right.(1) He maintained the uninterrupted succession of bishops from the time of the apostles; the very ground on which pontifical Rome had settled her own divine authority, and holds the keys of St. Peter in a perpetual reversion.

From this doctrine it resulted, that if no man could be a priest without the ordination of the bishop's hands, all the unordained Presbyters were reduced to laymen, incapacitated for ministerial functions, or subordinate to the bishops.

This assumption of the divine right of episcopacy troubled legal heads, who looked on it suspiciously as an infringement of the royal prerogative. Was the crosier to divide dominion with the sceptre? The boldness of the claim even startled the Presbyters—and in their terror of the divine right of episcopacy, the Puritans at court attempted to bring the bishop himself into a premunire. But Bancroft had reserved his after-blow, maintaining that the divine right of episcopacy was by no means derogatory to the royal supremacy, since it was that very supremacy which confirmed it. The novelty of the doctrine, even Whitgift admitted, was what he wished rather than what he believed to be true.

In this history of human nature, it is worthy of observation, that those very Presbyters who at first had so stiffly opposed the *jus divinum* of episcopacy, which seemed fatal for them, at length assumed it themselves! Bancroft, the high-church Episcopalian, and Cartwright, the Presbyter from Geneva, alike agree in elevating the ecclesiastical jurisdiction above the temporal power; both aimed at the same predominance.

This, in regard to the Puritans, still more remarkably appeared when their distant day of triumph arrived, and the divine right of the Presbytery was transferred to themselves, while tho rejected bishops of England, such was the mighty change! were reduced to become themselves vagrants and Non-conformists! When Presbyters sat in Parliament the *jure divino* was debated, in their Assembly of Divines at Westminster, for thirty tedious days. Many protested against it, dreading the arbitrary government of these Evangelicals pretending to a divine right; it seemed a spurious Theocracy. The calm sense of Whitelocke by a subtle inference attempted to induce them to adjourn the interminable debate to some distant day. "If this Government," said this judicious statesman, "be not *jure divino*, no opinion of any council can make it so; and if it be *jure divino*, it continues so still, though you do not declare it to be so." The learned Selden, on his Erastian principles, insisted on the supreme authority of the civil magistrate which this divine right of Presbytery was supplanting. He tired out this whole assembly of Presbyters, perpetually confuting them in their own learning, by appealing to the original text, instead of their "little gilt pocket-bibles" to which they were incessantly referring. This presbyterian Assembly of Divines however obtained their "divine right" by a majority among themselves, but, having to refer the decision to the Commons they lost their divine right in the House. It is a curious fact that the priests of the Calvinian government, who should have been the oracles of their lay-members, having only obtained their present eminent situation at Westminstor by intrigue, and for a state-purpose, that was to destroy Episcopacy, were only on tolerance; so that the true genius of the Presbyterial government was reversed; for now the Laymen held their ascendancy over the Priests. In all political constitutions there are unlucky changes which legislators hardly ever foresee. The Assembly of Divines were at this moment entirely under the thumb of their politicians in the Commons, their lay-lords and masters. A Parliamentary anecdote has been

(1) Neal points to Bancroft's famous sermon at Paul's-cross in 1528, for this assumption. There neither Mr. Hallam, nor myself, have discovered it. The anecdote however told of Whitgift, which the reader will shortly find, confirms the notion that the doctrine, though novel, was well known. Lord Bacon has also observed that this notion was then newly broached, in his Tract on the Controversies of the Church of England.

recorded of these times. The Presbyters attempted to carry their question by a very early ettendance in a thin House. Glyn and Whitelocke, perceiving their drift, delayed the resolution, each speaking for a long hour, till the House filled. (1)

The times, however, in the following year became more ticklish—and the Scottish Presbyterian army in 1645 was near enough to create both fear and love emong the parties. The Presbyterial government was allowed a probation, as a civil institution, to be reversed or emended; both Houses at the same time declaring that "they found it very difficult to make their new apostolical settlement agree with the laws and government of the kingdom." (2) The spiritual sword once placed in the hands of those who presumed they were ecting by divine appointment, it was soon seen that the laws of tho land were no laws to thoso who claimed "the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." (3)

Knox and Cartwright, at the earliest period of the Celvinistical democracy, had attempted to raise the spiritual over the temporal power, for, although it seemed thet they were aiming only to dethrone bishops under Elizabeth, by a more circuitous way they were ettempting the subjugation of tho sovereign under "the holy discipline," as afterwards they sought to reduce Charles the First to e King of "the Covenent."

It is remerkable that in a government founded on the principles of democrecy, the style that it gradually assumed became regal. It described its ects by perpetual allusions to the potency and the ensigns of absolute monarchy. The first English Puritans abound with such expressions as "the advancement of Christ's sceptre"—"this divine government"—"the tribunel or the throne of Jesus." This style became treditional among the latest of the race. In e modern volume of the Lives of the Covenanters, we find such expressions es "Christ then reigned gloriously in Scotland"—"The Crown-rights of our Redeemer"—"The throne of the Lamb"—and "Christ's regalia." In the ermy of the Covenenters in 1639, every captain had his colours flying at his tent, bearing this inscription in letters of gold, "Christ's Crown end Covenant." (4) Vicars, the Parliementary chronicler, called the army of the Earl of Essex "Christ's army royal."

The great father of Puritanism in England appeered in the reign of Elizabeth. Thomas Cartwright was a person of some eminence, and doubtless of great ambition, which in early life had been hurt by the preference which the Queen had shown to his opponent at a philosophy act in the University of Cambridge. Elizabeth had more critically approved of those lighter elegencies in which the grave Cartwright was deficient. He had expatriated himself several years, end returned from Calvin endowed with a full portion of his revolutionary spirit. Again wes Cartwright poised egainst Whitgift, the Queen's Professor of Divinity. As Cartwright advanced his novel doctrines, Whitgift regularly preached them down, but to little purpose, for whenever Cartwright preached they were compelled to take down the windows to make entrances for the confluence of his auditors. Once, in the absence of Whitgift, this master of novel doctrines so powerfully operated on the minds of the youths of the college in three sermons on one Sunday, thet in the evening his triumph was declared by the students of Trinity rejecting their surplices as papistical badges. Cartwright was now to be confuted by other means. The University condemned him to silence, and at length performed that lest feeble ect of power — expulsion! In a heart already alienated from the established authorities, this could only envenom a bitter spirit; royalty he personally disliked, and the University had insulted him; the new forms of his religion accorded with his political feelings.

Cartwright does not scruple to declare his purpose. While the Puritans were affecting to annihilate the Church of England es a remains of the Roman supremacy, they proposed to establish one according to their own fancy, by which ell sovereigns should consider themselves as "nourrisses or servants under the Church; so they must remember to subject themselves unto the Church; yea, as the prophet speaketh, to lick the dust of the feet of the Church." (5) Explicit! Yet Certwright, in e joint prodtuction with Travers, another very eminent person, the domestic Chaplain of Cecil, afid the populer Lecturer at the

(1) Whitelocke's Memorials, 106. Both these members received the thanks of many "for preventing the surprisal of the House upon this great question."

(2) Neal's Hist. of the Puritans, iii., 249. 8vo.

(3) Ibid., iii., 242, 8vo.

(4) Lives of the Scots' Worthies, Preface.—Stevenson's History of the Church and State of Scotland, ii., 729.

(5) Cartwright's "Defence of the Admonition."

Temple, warmed by the genius of his associate, is still bolder; they insist that "the monarchs of the world should give up their sceptres and crowns unto him (Jesus Christ), who is represented by the officers of the Church." (1) Still more explicit, and more ingenious, we may listen for a minute to the whole art of political government. "The world is now deceived that thinketh that the Church must be framed according to the Commonwealth, and the Church government according to the civil government, which is as much as to say, as if a man should fashion his house according to his hangings, whereas, indeed, it is clear contrary. As the hangings are made fit for the house, so the Commonwealth must be made to agree with the Church, and the government thereof with her government; for as the house is before the hangings, therefore the hangings, which come after, must be framed to the house, which was before; so the Church being before there was any Commonwealth, and the Commonwealth coming after, must be fashioned and made suitable to the Church; otherwise God is made to give place to man, heaven to earth." (2) About eighty years after, these saints ruled England, and in their ordinance, 1646, covered the land with their classes, synods, and general assemblies.

From the Church it is scarcely a single step to the cabinet. The history of these Puritans exhibits the curious spectacle of a great religious body covering a political one; such as was discovered among the Jesuits, and such as may again distract the empire in some new and unexpected shape.

Cartwright employs the very style which a certain class of political reformers long after have used. He declares that "an establishment may be made without the magistrate," and he told the people that "if every hair of their head was a life, it ought to be offered for such a cause." It was not, therefore, strange, that such notions should create a faction among the people, which assumed the expressive designation of "The Mar-prelates." These new doctrines of Cartwright were echoed in their clamour. One of these revolutionists is for "registering the names of the fittest and hottest brethren, without lingering for Parliament." Another exults that "there are a hundred thousand hands ready." "What a stroke," he cries, "so many would strike together!" A third tells, that "we may overthrow the bishops and all the government in one day, but it will not be yet in a twelvemonth and a half!" (3)

This was the sanguine style of "the London Corresponding Society;" and, to run the parallel still closer, the whole frame and constitution of the Genevan discipline might have served as the model of the modern conspiracy.

A stream of libels ran throughout the nation, under the portentous name of Martin Mar-prelate. This extraordinary personage in his collective form, for he is to be split into more than one, long terrified Church and State. He walked about the kingdom invisibly, dropping here a libel and there a proclamation; but wherever Martinism was found, there Martin was not. He prided himself in what he calls "pistling the bishops," a very ambiguous term, but, according to his own vulgar orthoepy, he pretends it only meant "Epistling them." Sometimes he hints to his pursuers how he may be caught, for he dates "Within two furlongs of a bouncing Priest," or "In Europe," while he acquaints his friends, who are so often uneasy for his safety, that "he has neither wife nor child," and prays "they may not be anxious for him, for he wishes that his head might not go to the grave in peace,"—"I come with the rope about my neck, to save you, howsoever it goeth with me."

His press is interrupted, and Lambeth seems to breathe in peace. But he has "a son, nay five hundred sons," and Martin Junior starts up. "Why has my father been tongue-tied these four or five months? Good nuncles (the bishops), have you choked the gentleman with a fat prebend or two? I trow my father will swallow down no such pills, for he would thus soon purge away all the conscience he hath. Do you mean to have

(1) See a "Full and plain declaration of Ecclesiastical discipline," 185.

(2) Defence of the Admonition, 181. The same feeling is perpetuated among the Puritans; thus the Independent, Cotton Mather, observes that the description of the *whole world* by the first-born of all historians, (by which we must infer that the Egyptians had no historians before Moses,) is contained in one or two chapters." But the description of *the Tabernacle* occupies "seven times as many chapters." And the reason of this difference is he thinks, that the *Church* is far more precious than the *world*; which indeed was created for *the use of the Church*. Thus the great science of Politics is reduced to a Tabernacle Government; this was the true secret of "the fiery Puritans," as Fuller distinguished the class.—Cotton Mather's Introduction to Magnalia Christi Americana, 84.

(3) Madox, Vindication, 255.

the keeping of him? What need that? A meaner house than the Tower, the Fleet, or Newgate, would serve him well enough. He is not of that ambitious vein that the bishops are, in seeking for more costly houses than ever his father built for him." Another of these "five hundred sons" declares himself to be "his reverend and elder brother, heir to the renowned Martin Mar-prelate the Great."

Such were the mysterious personages who for a long time haunted the palaces of the bishops and the vicarages of the clergy, disappearing at the moment they were suddenly perceived to be near. Their invectives were well farced for the gross taste of the multitude. The Mar-prelate productions were not the elevated effusions of genius; the authors were grave men who affected the dialect of the lowest of the populace to gain them over in their own way. They were best answered by the flowing vein of the satirical Tom Nash; and Martin becomes grave after having swallowed some of his own sauce, and taken "his pap with a hatchet," administered to these sucklings of sedition. (1)

Never did sedition travel so fast, nor hide itself so closely; for the family of Martin employed a moveable press, and as soon as it was surmised that Martin was in Surrey, it was found he had removed to Northamptonshire, while the next account came that he was showing his head in Warwickshire. Long they invisibly conveyed themselves, till in Lancashire the snake was scotched by the Earl of Derby with all its little brood.

This outrageous strain of ribaldry and malice which Martin Mar-prelate indulged obtained full possession of the minds of the populace. These revolutionary publications reached the Universities, for we have a grave admonition in Latin addressed to those who never read Latin. (2) Who could have imagined that the writers of these scurrilities were scholars, (3) and that their patrons were men of rank? Two knights were heavily fined for secreting these books in their cellars. The libels were translated, and have been often quoted by the Romanists abroad and at home, for their particular purpose, just as the revolutionary publications in this country have been concluded abroad to be the general sentiments of the people of England; and thus our factions always serve the interests of our enemies.

Cartwright approved of these libels, and well knew the concealed writers, who indeed frequently consulted him. Being asked his opinion of such books, he observed that "Since the Bishops and others there touched would not amend by grave books, it was therefore meet that they should be dealt withal to their further reproach, and that some books must be *earnest*, some more mild and *temperate*, whereby they may be both of the spirit of Elias and Eliseus," the one the great mocker, the other the more solemn reprover. It must be confessed that Cartwright here discovers a deep knowledge of human nature. He knew the force of ridicule and of invective. The art of libelling is no inefficient prelude to revolutionary measures, and it will be found often to have preceded them.

But it was not only by a moveable press, unceasing libels, and other invisible practices, that this faction menaced the quiet of the State; it is evident by proclamations, and by frequent letters, from the ministers of Elizabeth, that the Queen was more alarmed at the secret and mysterious correspondence of its members.

The secret meetings of this party, we are told, had at first begun in private houses; they afterwards assembled in woods and fields, till these assemblies became periodical, and were held at stated places. These meetings were kept up very secretly, their appointments being only made known to those who belonged to the quarter in which they were held. Some Scottish fugitives, at length, introduced their "discipline," and conspiracy

(1) The title of one of Nash's pamphlets against the Mar-prelates. These libels, which enter into our national history, are of the greatest rarity. Some of these works bear evident marks that "the pursuivants" were hunting the printers—a number of little Martins were disturbed in the hour of parturition, for we have the titles of imperfect works. The curious collector may like to learn that there once existed, and probably may yet be found, a Presbyterian edition of these Martinisms. I find mention of it in Bancroft's "Dangerous Positions." "For fear that any of these railing pamplets should perish, they have printed them altogether in Scotland in two or three volumes, containing three and forty of the said libels."—Bancroft, p. 46.

(2) Anti-Martinus sive monitio cujusdam Londinensis ad adolescentes utriusque academiæ contra personatum quendam rabulam qui se Anglice Martin Mar-prelate, etc., 1589,—4to.

(3) John Penry, one of the most active of these writers, was hanged. The learned Udall perished in prison. Udall denied that he had any concern in these invectives, but in his library some manuscript notes were considered as materials for Martin Mar-prelate, which Udall confessed were written by "a friend."

now took a wider circuit, and moved in more intricate ways. The holy discipline, as it was termed, branched out into the forms of a dangerous confederacy against the Government, and though religion alone constituted their plea, yet the result was perfectly political; for some of their leaders had urged not to keep themselves in corners, but to show themselves publicly to defend the truth.

The whole kingdom was subdivided by these Puritans, and placed under a graduated surveillance. A national synod, or national assembly, was to be their Parliament, to consist of delegates from the provincial synods. The provincial synods were assemblies of delegates from the classes; every province consisted of twenty-four classes. And these classes were spread through all the shires of England. Provincial synods were busied in Warwickshire, in Northamptonshire, in Suffolk, in Essex; the line of communication was unbroken. This Nile of insurrection, in casting its waters over the land, seemed to have many a dark source—it was at Cambridge, or at Warwick, places where Cartwright often abode, or at London, where Travers and others sate in a synod. Their places of meeting were changeable, and only known to their own party, and they were rather to be discovered by their removals than by their meetings. Such secret societies, and such clandestine practices, warranted the alarms of the cabinet of Elizabeth.

Among other devices they made a survey of the number of churches, and of persons in every parish. What was concluded in the classical associations was sent upwards through the others, till the whole centered in their provincial assemblies, which finally were determined by synods or meetings in London. These were of the greatest authority, under the guidance of Cartwright, Travers, and others whose names have come down to us. The synods of London alone ratified the decrees of the subaltern governments, and from the synods of London alone emanated the orders which regulated the members through every county.

The Puritan faction, however, affirmed that their whole system was solely directed to the reformation of the Church, and the establishment of the Presbyterial discipline. But they were betrayed by the depositions of some faithless brothers; such as one Edwards, whom Bancroft thus designates, "then of that faction, but now a very honest man." Possibly the ministers of Elizabeth had employed that usual prevention of treason in sending a wolf in sheep's clothing, or what the French revolutionary police termed a *mouton*, among this saintly flock; for unquestionably, to the eye of the statesman, the political design of the synodical discipline assumed all the menacing appearances of an organised conspiracy. The civil magistrate was allowed to share in the common equality, but should he refuse "admonition" he was to be excommunicated; nor was the Sovereign less exempt than the ordinary magistrate, in this democracy of priests and elders. This Presbyterial government, with all the exterior of a popular assembly, proved to be the horriblest tyranny which ever afflicted a community.

This monstrous government was not conducted without policy. The people at large were not as yet to be stirred up until they were better instructed in "the discipline;" but the maturer and more daring spirits were to be privately encouraged. When they ambiguously mentioned in this Book of Discipline that "other means" besides petitioning the Sovereign and the Parliament were to be resorted to, for the advancement of their cause, they found this peculiar phrase more difficult to expound than did the royal council. They not only insisted on the independence of the Church, but they declared that the chief magistrate was only a member of the Church, as any other citizen. Their true design, and they were sanguine of its success, appeared in some intercepted letters. When one of the more innocent class objected to their proceedings in reviling the Anglican Church, and the difficulty of beating into the heads of the common people their new reformation, an eminent Puritan replied, "Hold your peace! since we cannot compass these things by suit, nor by dispute, it is the multitude and people which must bring them to pass." As is usual in all similar conspiracies, the fiery spirits had assumed that their "reformation cannot come without blood;" and those who afterwards manifested to the world that they were willing to shed theirs, could not be expected to exact less from their adversaries.

Neal, the historian of the Puritans, as an apology for their proceedings, urges that "they had for several years peaceably waited for the consent of the magistrate; but if, after all, the consent of the magistrate must be expected before we follow the dictates of our conscience, there would have been no

Reformation in the Protestant world." Neal does not deny the secret design of this great confederacy, and excuses it on the plea of conscience. The conscience of these saints then was to put the contemptible yoke of a Presbytery on the neck of a great people, and, while they were combating with the usurpations of the Court of Rome, were converting their father-land into the same "Kingdom of Priests." Milton in his anger denounced them—

"New Presbyter is but old Priest writ large."

"That is," says Warburton, "more domineering and tyrannical." It was indeed only a dethronement of the same class of priests, to transfer the same plenitude of power to another race, under a different designation.

About sixty years afterwards these very Puritans triumphed, and exhibited to the astonishment of Europe their singular government. They were constructing the constitution of England by the Judaic model. The observance, or the non-observance, of the Code of Moses, occasioned perpetual confusions among these modern Israelites, till some of their politicians hesitated to adopt what was not found expedient; but they ever appealed to the laws of Moses when they thought proper to insist on their perpetuity. We therefore know what this party designed to have done, by what they did.

It seemed extravagant in the days of Elizabeth, when the writer of one of the intercepted letters advised "Let us take our pennyworths of them (the bishops), and not die in their debt!" Another more humanely apprehended that "The Commonwealth would be pestered with a new race of beggars—in the bishops and the deans and all the churchmen ejected from their offices." Such sanguine politicians only anticipated the event which occurred under Charles the First!

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Critical History of the Puritans continued.—Of the Political Character of Calvin.

The father of Presbytery and Puritanism is held to be Calvin; his admirers look on this as his triumph; others reproach the novel system as incompatible with the existing state of human affairs; great kingdoms are to be governed, and not parochial republics to be superintended. Dangerous principles, subversive of established governments, were ascribed to the Puritans, as afterwards to the famous order of the Jesuits.

In what degree these charges attach to the Republican polity of Calvin has not, perhaps, been developed with all the impartiality that is requisite. We must contemplate the genius of this legislator, who founded this new state of human affairs, before we decide on the father by some of his sons.

The mighty Reformer of Geneva had modelled a new government. Purity of doctrine, holiness of discipline, and the equality of primitive Christianity were proclaimed. It may be useful to explain what Calvin meant by the peculiar phrase of "Purity of doctrine." It was religion entirely freed from all "superstitions," that is, the Romish ceremonies and the Roman creed. The term "superstition" is perpetually recurring in his great work of "The Institution of the Christian Religion." The Genevan model designed to rule the Christian world, in accordance with the mystical origin which some legislators have ascribed to their codes, was at first declared to be framed on "the Pattern in the Mount," that is, the polity which Moses, by his father-in-law's suggestion, appointed on Mount Sinai, to regulate the affairs of his tribes. (1) This the Jews imitated in their synagogue. Every parish now was to form a synagogue. The priest was revived in the pastor; the Levites in the doctors of divinity; the rulers of the synagogue in the lay-elders, and the Levitical officers in the deacons. Such was "the tabernacle of the congregation." (2)

This "Pattern in the Mount" found partisans in France, in Switzerland, and in Germany; it became established in Scotland, and had nearly decided the fate of England.

It is as a theoretical and a practical politician, and not merely as a theologian, that we are now to consider this great reformer, the founder of a new government, we had almost said a new theocracy.

Calvin, without question, was a Republican,

(1) Bancroft's Sermons at Paul's Cross, 1588. 8vo.

(2) The counsel of Jethro, who considered it unwise in Moses to sit alone to judge the people while they flocked to him "from morning to evening," and for which, as Jethro observed, "Thou shalt surely wear away," is contained in Exodus xviii., 13 to 26. Lord Bacon thought that it was hence that Alfred took his idea of Sheriffs and hundreders and deciners, according to the Saxon Constitution.

and his whole polity was framed by that of a petty, we may say a parochial, republic. It is alleged, however, that, though a Republican, he was not hostile to monarchical government, and we find in the closing chapter of his great work of the "Institution," which may be considered as the confession of his political faith, the most enlightened general views of human governments, allowing to different countries different forms, and rejecting with disdain the futile inquiry, which form is absolutely and in itself the best?

As a divine, Calvin acknowledged that strict submission to monarchical government which is enjoined in holy writ. The very able apologist of Calvin indeed asserts, that Calvin could never support "the abominable doctrine that the misconduct of a king sets the subject free, without contradicting the principles he lays down in the last chapter of his 'Theological Institutions' of the duty of submission even to the worst of kings, in things not contrary to the express commands of God." And as Milton included the name of Calvin among the other early reformers, to sanction the practices of his commonwealth, Bishop Horsley has indignantly repelled the imputation.

The truth is, that the bishop seems not to have taken an enlarged view of the political principles of Calvin. His sentiments on governments are but vague generalities, cautiously qualified, and the whole system of his politics revolves on the theological question, "Whether the prince rises in rebellion against God?" This leaves a wide gate open for the party who will take on themselves the decision. We know how the Puritans of England and the Presbyters of Scotland resolved the matter.

The same sacred source whence Calvin had been taught submission, even to the government he loved not, would also supply examples of that holy insurrection against arbitrary princes or tyrants which would fall into a Republican's notions. And, indeed, at the close of the very chapter to which Bishop Horsley refers, to show that Calvin was not that revolutionary genius which Milton proclaims, we find a remarkable passage, which tells more in favour of the political poet than of the political bishop. Calvin, indeed, does not allow the private man to take on himself the punishment of tyrannical monarchs; but the sceptres of evil kings may be broken—kings, those vicarious representatives of the Divinity, if their licentiousness pollute their authority, may be put down by the power of magistrates, who are constituted to defend the people, such as were the Ephori among the Lacedemonians, and the Tribunes among the Romans; and this popular magistracy in modern times Calvin assigns to the assembly of the three states in a kingdom. (1) Calvin, too, contemplates on a powerful empire as a powerful evil, and censures "the folly and madness of the people who desire to have kings of irresistible power, which is just the same as to desire a river of irresistible rapidity, as Isaiah describes this folly." He explicitly says, "Earthly princes divest themselves of their authority when they rise in rebellion against God; they are unworthy to be reputed among men; it were better to spit upon their persons than to obey them." These sentiments strangely contrast with those of that passive obedience which he inculcates in the same chapter. It must be confessed that a revolutionary writer might dexterously press the name of Calvin into his service, though it must remain but an ambiguous authority.

The truth seems, that the science of politics formed but a secondary object with Calvin, who was unceasingly occupied in founding a new religious dominion in which monarchists and republicans might equally cooperate, provided that the Church was made independent of, and even supreme over, the civil magistrate. This new legislator was only at open war with those Sovereigns in the Church whom episcopacy had enthroned.

In the novel democracy of the consistory of Calvin, ministers and laics sate together. Calvin flattered the weakness of human nature by the appearance of a political equality.

But the whole system was a delusion, for the tyrannical genius of its inventor first deprived man of his free-will.

The apostle of Geneva, by the bewitching terror of his dogmatic theology, had enthralled his followers for ever, in a mysterious bondage of the mind, out of which no human argument could ever extricate them—an immutable necessity! The dark imagination of the subtilising divine had presumed to scan the decree of Omnipotence, as if the Divinity had revealed to his solitary ear the secret of the creation. He discovers in the holy scriptures what he himself has called "a most horrible decree." Who has not shuddered at the fume of the distempered fancy of the atrabilarious Calvin?

(1) See his Institutions, lib. iv., cap. xx., sect. 31.

The exterior parity of this new democracy, so seductive to the vulgar, was a no less cruel delusion. In Calvin's mingled republic of Presbyters and Elders, the Elders, annually chosen, trembled before their sacred Peers, who, being permanent residents, had the Elders at all times under their eye and their inquisitorial office. When the Presbyterial government was set up in England, Clarendon observed that the Archbishop of Canterbury had never so great an influence as Dr. Burgess and Mr. Marshall, nor did all the Bishops in Scotland together so much meddle in temporal affairs as Mr. Henderson. Even at a later period, almost within our own times, the moderate Nonconformist Calamy, being present at one of the general assemblies of Scotland, was astonished at their inquisitorial spirit, and observing their proceedings against a hapless individual, he said he did not know till then that there was an Inquisition established in Scotland. His opinion, being conveyed to the Præses, gave great dissatisfaction to the venerable Presbytery. Thus the people had only been enchanted by an imposture of power; for it seemed to them that they were participating in power which was really placed far out of their reach.

The same fertile genius which had made "our Father in Heaven" a human tyrant, and raised the mortal criminal into beatitude, now invested his own Levites and his own "Rulers of the Synagogue" with supremacy. In this new Papacy, as in the old, they inculcated passive obedience, armed as they were with the terrors of excommunication. The despotism of Rome was transferred to Geneva. All was reversed, but the nucleus of power had only removed its locality.

Vast and comprehensive as seemed the system of the Calvinian rule in its civil capacity, it was in truth moulded on the meanest and the most contracted principles; it was the smallest scale of dominion which ever legislator meditated; and Calvin, with all his ardent genius, had only adroitly adopted the polity of the petty republic where chance had cast the fugitive Frenchman. A genius inferior to his own could not have imagined that kingdoms of Protestants could be ruled like the eleven parishes of the town of Geneva, where every Thursday the ministers and the elders were to report all the faults of their neighbours. "The divine simplicity of the discipline" of the Church of Scotland is the theme of Calderwood's history, who, however, does not conceal that some grew weary of "the lowly, but lovely, parity of the Presbyters." The eldership is watchful over their parish, but should the offender prove still contumacious, he is handed over to the Presbytery; and if still obstinate, the Presbytery consign him to the subtle heads of the synod; and should the synod fail to convert the rebel into an obedient son, he is finally resigned to the excommunication of the General Assembly, and one day "that soul shall be cut off from Israel." They strangled heresy, and they annihilated freedom, by this graduated scale of tyrannical bondage.

This new scheme of human affairs, formed of this burgher equality and this apostolical purity, at that revolutionary period was proclaimed by Calvin's incessant correspondence on doctrinal points throughout Europe. It was no mean ambition to rule over the churches of so many realms, and to dictate to monarchs how their people were to be governed. In England the Protector under Edward the Sixth was one of the royal correspondents of Calvin, and was himself a great courter of popularity. The Protector designed to abolish Episcopacy—and probably his first step was the sacrilegious seizure, without atonement or compensation, of those Church lands on which the Duke raised that stupendous palace, the work of an Italian architect, and of which the name has survived the edifice. (1) So easy is it to combine the pomps of this earth with even ascetic Puritanism! Calvin complained to the Duke of Somerset of the great impurities and vices of England—in swearing, drinking, and uncleanness. (2) It does not appear, historically, that England was more afflicted with these moral grievances than France or Germany; and whether the eleven parishes of his own Geneva, with all its "purity" and its espionage, and, to use a favourite expression of Calvin's, all "the nerves of its discipline," were, in proportion to the population, more exempt, may be reasonably doubted, since some of its members are stigmatised in the history of the Calvinian rule, which, however, made dancing a crime equal to adultery. Such minute matters, in the moral habits of a people, like the nails and the screws of a mighty engine, were to be scrutinised, as holding together the machinery of this novel government.

(1) Pennant's London, 128—Somerset House.
(2) Burnet's Hist. of the Reformation, ii., 88, fo.

The fervid diligence of this extraordinary man was commensurate with the vastness of his genius. His life was not protracted; he was a martyr to constant bodily pain, and the physical sufferings of the man are imagined to have shown themselves in the morose and vehement character of the legislator. The purity of doctrine, in some part at least, consisted in dethroning bishops, denuding ministers of the sacerdotal vestments, and banishing from the religious service all the accessories of devotion. Calvin seems to have imagined that man becomes more spiritualised in the degree he ceases to be the creature of sensation and of sympathy, as if the senses were not the real source of our feelings. But as he who is reckless of his own life is master of every other man's, so the great hermit of reformation, who disdained all personal interests, seemed to think and to act only for the world. Calvin might have founded his supremacy on the immortality of his own genius. His Commentaries, his Institutions, his never-ceasing discourses, had been sufficient to induce the Christian world to invest him with the authority which ruled it. Conscious of dispensing the fate of distant realms, the sick man, often in his bed, nerved his infirm frame to the labours which consumed it. Besides more than nine folios of his works, and several inedited volumes, no day passed without composing many elaborate letters; and the public library at Geneva preserves two thousand five hundred sermons taken from his lips, by the disciples over whom he had breathed his inspiration. (1)

The commanding genius of Calvin was sagacious as well as vehement. Inflexible in his great design, he knew when to concede and when to temporise. At the early stage of his career, before the expulsion of the Bishop from Geneva, the great extirpator of episcopacy offered to become the subject of an episcopal government, provided the Bishop renounced his Sovereign-lord of Rome. (2) Ruthless and inexorable, when his theological empire was in peril, Calvin was more or less than man, when his friends halted in their march. He sent forth the amiable Castalio a fugitive and an exile, and he burned Servetus at the same time that he deplored his fate.

Calvin's "Discipline" was a political legacy shared by many of his heirs in France and in Germany, in Scotland and in England. I would not ascribe to a cause too unimportant in itself the great change which was now taking place in public opinion—by deducing it from so obscure an origin as the petty Presbytery of Geneva. But the genius of Calvin was universal, however confined to the city of his adoption. In France the Calvinists long balanced the power of the state with the monarchy; in Scotland they had triumphed; and in England the Presbyters dwelt with us. The style of democracy was remarkable at this period, and crowned heads were usually stigmatised by nicknames. Knox and his ruder school emptied their quiver of scriptural by-names. Mary of England was Jezebel; Elizabeth was "the untamed heifer." Calvin and Beza retained a more classical taste in their anti-monarchical bitterness. Calvin called Mary of England, Prosperine; and Beza Mary of Scotland, Medea. The Emperor of Austria was a Pagan Nero. From calling names the democratic school advanced to higher doctrines. In the work of Christopher Goodman on "Obedience," to which Whittingham prefixed a preface, the sword is placed in the hands of the people, and consigned to any "Jonathan" who from some secret impulse would step forth to give the stroke of Brutus. These sons of Calvin confirm their doctrines from scriptural authorities, and they are all of that stamp which it is said were so much in favour with the political Jesuits, and afterwards with those who, with us, took the title of Independents. The heroes held out to the imitation of the world were Phineas, who in his zeal killed the adulterers; or Ehud, who in his zeal had stabbed Eglon, the fat King of Moab, in his private chamber; or Jael, who in her zeal murdered Sisera; or Matthias, who in his zeal massacred the King's commissioners who were sent to command the people to conformity. (3) Such was the style and such were

(1) Histoire littéraire de Genève, par Senebier, i., 250.

(2) Bancroft's Dangerous Positions, 8. — Calvin's principle then was to live under an Episcopacy, "if the Bishops refuse not to submit themselves to Christ, depend upon him as their only head, and in their brotherly society be knit together by no other knot than by the Truth." The Truth! was it at Rome or at Geneva? On these vague yet plausible pretexts one might have an annual insurrection at the least. The expelled Bishops would have used the same style in addressing the Arch-Heresiarch. The truth only appeared when the Bernois and the Genevese beat the Bishop's troops.

(3) Bancroft, 142.

the examples familiar with some of these novel advocates of popular freedom.

Calvin died in 1564. The great English Puritan Cartwright's "Admonitions," often composed in flight and exile, appeared in England in 1574; Hottoman's "Franco Gallia" in 1573; Languet's "Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos" in 1579, and in the same year Buchanan dedicated his fine and able political dialogue "*De Jure regni apud Scotos*" to James the First, where among other startling positions we find that *Populus Rege est prestantior et melior* — the people are better than the King and of higher authority, an assumption in the style of democracy which exprosses so much, and means so little. All these works, composed by elevated genius, first founded the authority of the sovereign on the consent of tho people; or what has been more recently, with more inflated nonsense, called the "Sovereignty of the People." The axiom itself seems but a vague and abstract point of "the social contract;" that phantom of political logomachy! The celebrated Philip Mornay, called by the Romanists the Protestant Pope, was one of the most illustrious sons of Calvin, and as early as in 1566 had distinguished himself by a defence of public liberty against the arbitrary Catholicism of Spain. By these and other works of a revolutionary cast, fast following on each other, we may judge of the rising opinions of a new age. Surely these were "the prognostics of state-tempests; hollow blasts of wind seemingly at a distance, and secret workings of the sea preceding the storm."

The inevitable results of these republican politics appeared by a mighty event in the cause of civil freedom, for in the year 1579 occurred the famous union of Utrecht, which consolidated and established the Republic of Holland.

Who, in this slight sketch, does not perceive the secret connection between the influence of human opinions and human events? The writers of the history of the United Provinces trace their foundation "to the prevalent opinions of Luther and Calvin." The long-protracted civil war of Spain with her Provinces was declared against heresy and psalm-singing!

A great political revolution was now operating throughout Europe, in the establishment of the potent Republic, which her first leaders had never contemplated, and in the Reformation in Germany, which had penetrated far into France. England was yet to he tried. When religion is converted into politics, and politics becomes inextricably connected with religion, and whenever a party struggles for predominance in the state, it necessarily hecomes a political body. There remains one more investigation in the history of the English Puritans. They were the friends and the martyrs of civil liberty; but how happened it that they proved to be its greatest enemies? This historical enigma remains to be solved, and, as we shall see, it has perplexed our most critical historians.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Cri tcal History of the Puritans concluded.—Of the perplexing Contradictions in their Political Character, and why they were at once the Advocates and the Adversaries of Civil and Religious Freedom.

Rapin, although a foreigner, had been conversant with our language and our country. He had the sagacity to detect an obscure and indefinable line which seemed to separate these Puritans among themselves; and, without taking the most comprehensive view of such important actors in our history, he drew this result, that there were, as he calls them, religious Puritans and State Puritans.

A recent French writer of our history, as a foreigner, is at a loss to adjust the contradictory statements, and the opposite results he found among our own writers, in regard to our Puritans. He is himself struck by men whose piety was so seriously occupied by the most frivolous objects, yet who maintained their cause by the magnanimity of their heroic sufferings. He perceived that this extraordinary race eagerly rejected all "superstitions" with the very spirit of superstition itself. He is delighted at their aspirations after freedom, hut he is startled at their open avowal of intolerance. In truth, the history of the Puritans, as connected with the religion and the government of England, is a history peculiar to ourselves; nor is it for the foreigner to comprehend what even the natives themselves have frequently been at a loss to define.

Honest Fuller, in his Church History, felt a peculiar tenderness in the adoption of the very term Puritan, as heing a namo subject to several senses; much like the modern term Evangelical; it was ridiculous and odious in profane mouths, yet often applicable to persons who laboured for a life pure and holy. To prevent exceptions, he requests his reader to recollect that, should the name

casually slip from his pen, he is only to understand by it Non-conformist. However, he divides them into two classes, the mild and moderate, and the fierce and fiery. (1) Fuller's difficulty existed ere he wrote; thirty years before, an honest Irish divine wrote to Archbishop Usher that "some crafty Papists safely railed at ministers for propagating that damnable heresy of *Puritanism*; which word, though not understood, was, however, known to be odious to his Majesty" (James the First). To silence these railers, he suggests having a petition to the King to define a Puritan, and, should his Majesty not be at leisure, to appoint some good man to do it for him. (2) Such was the extensive infamy of the odious term Puritan, that it was flung about to any adverse party, or obnoxious person. It was not always applied to the enemies of episcopacy, or of monarchy, but to persons of rigid morals, who were solely occupied by their private affairs, and neither hostile to bishops nor to kings. An intelligent contemporary said, "The Papist, we see, hates all kinds of Puritans; the Hierarchist another; the Court sycophant another; the sensual libertine another. All hate a Puritan, and under the same name hate a different thing." 3) The writer makes this remarkable observation: "Judaism appeared to Puritans mere superstition; Christianity seemed to the Jews gross blasphemy; and now amongst Christians, Protestantism is nothing else but heresy; and amongst Protestants, zeal is misnamed Puritanism." (4)

Amidst this diversity of opinions and principles, the history of the Puritans would offer to each historian, as his party inclined him, a theme for eulogy and triumph, or a subject for satire and obloquy. Heylin, in his "History of the Presbyterians," blackens them as so many political devils; these were "the fierce and fiery" of Fuller; and Neal, in his "History of the Puritans," blanches them into a sweet and almond whiteness, embracing not only the mild and the moderate, but even the fierce and fiery.

The extreme perplexity of Monsieur Guizot, to whom we have alluded, interests by the frankness of his confession, where his philosophical candour, at variance with his political inclinations, seems to have thrown some embarrassment into his style.

"In respect," says Monsieur Guizot, "to the fanatical Puritans, the religious enthusiasts whom Mr. Hallam has judged, I think, with a little ill-humour," or as he afterwards says, "with a coldness rather inclining to irony"—"I shall perhaps have some trouble to say exactly what I think. In my opinion, and in despite of so much impure alloy, their cause was the good one, and it was that cause whose defeat would have been a defeat, whose triumph prepared a triumph, for reason and humanity. At the same time the general character of this party shocks and repulses one. I have no taste for that passion so arid and sombre, and for those minds so narrowed and stubborn, who have no feelings in common with mankind; their bilious enthusiasm disfigures man, as I think, and shrinks him into so diminutive a size, that in viewing his sincerity and his moral energy they lose much of their greatness. These Puritans, however, were sincere, energetic, devoted to their faith and their cause, though their sentiments are so little attractive, and their opinions raise our contempt. They first rose up against tyranny. We may not like them, but we must speak of them with esteem, and we may yield them our gratitude, if we cannot our sympathy."

It is evident that Monsieur Guizot has reflected much deeper on the Puritans than Rapin; but I would not decide whether they fare better in his hands than in Mr. Hallam's "coldness rather inclining to irony."

A modern critic of a loftier mood writes of these saints with a saintly spirit. In this debate of mortal Puritanism, we shall find that Heaven itself is evoked, and the genius of the modern critic comes

"In a celestial panoply, all armed."

Never before, for Neal, in the creeping and slumbrous style of his history, has "no thoughts that breathe," were the Puritans so solemnly inaugurated in an apotheosis of Puritanism. To me is left the ungracious task of developing mere human truths where beatitude is placed before us.

The modern critic has discovered that "the Puritan was made up of two different men; the one all self-abasement, penitence, gratitude, passion; the other proud, calm, inflexible, sagacious." In this dual man, one

(1) Fuller's Church History, ix., 76.
(2) Parr's Life of Usher. Letters.
(3) "A discourse concerning Puritans," 1641. I have not discovered the writer of this able tract, who affects not to be what some would call a Puritan. At all events, we learn from this "the mistakes, abuse, and misapplication of that name." 57.
(4) Ibid, 4.

was he who would dash into pieces the idolatry of painted glass, break down antique crosses of rare workmanship, and burn witches—the other was he who would "set his foot on the neck of kings," and, so we are told, "went on through the world like Sir Artegale's iron man Talus, with his flail crushing and trampling down." These Puritans "looked with contempt on the rich and the eloquent, on every nobleman and every priest." Yet they themselves were "rich and eloqnent;" rich in bishops' lands, and eloquent in a seven-hours' sermon.(1) They were also "noblemen and priests" in their own seraphic way, for "they were nobles by the right of an earlier creation, and priests by the imposition of a mightier hand." If their biblical names were not "registered at the Herald's-college, they were recorded in the Book of Life," wherein the elect could read no other names than their own. Whenever they met a splendid train of menials "they were haughty, that a legion of ministering angels had charge over them;" and "they scorned palaces" for "houses not made with hands." Haughty truly, for more pride lurked under their black velvet scullcap tipped with white satin, with their mortified look and their screwed-up visage, than under the mitre of a majestic primate. We are told that "if they were led to pursue unwise ends, they never chose unwise means." That these novel citizens of the world should have been men of such deep sense and such happy fortune, is indeed saying a great deal—because that they were apt to fall into frenzies is not denied. The more exalted Puritan of the two which formed the one is described. "He heard the lyres of angels, or the tempting whispers of fiends. He caught a gleam of the beatific vision, or woke screaming from dreams of everlasting fire!"

The fairy tales of the Countess d'Anois, that charming writer of innocent inventions, do not equal the daring genius of the modern critic. The indomitable being whom we have now to delineate was yet unheard of in history or in fiction. "The very meanest of them was a being to whose fate a mysterious and terrible importance belonged; on whose slightest action the spirits of light and darkness looked with anxious interest, and who had been destined before heaven and earth were created." (2) Such were the men for "whose sake empires had risen, and flourished, and decayed." These were they who were appointed, according to one of their often bellowed positions, "to bind kings in chains and their nobles with links of iron," and "to tread the wine-press of the wrath of God till the blood rose to the bridle-reins." This Puritan, or this Covenanter, "like Vane, thought himself intrusted with the sceptre of the millenial year; like Fleetwood, he cried in the bitterness of his soul that God hid his face from him; but when he took his seat in the hall of debate, or in the field of battle," he was no longer the Puritan; but spoke and acted as men speak and act who call their intolerance "a regeneration," and immolate their fellow beings as "a sweet sacrifice." These were the Independents, the Jacobins of England—and the Covenanters of Scotland, of whom one of their chiefs, the Lord of Wariston, when he saw the Scotch army advancing, and the English Parliament voting moneys for the Evangelical Host, exclaimed, that "the business is going on in God's old way!"

It must be confessed that if the modern critic be a great poet in history, we cannot

(1) Many singular specimens might be produced. Mr. Vynes said in his prayer, "O Lord, thou hast never given us a victory this long while, for all our frequent fastings. What dost thou mean, O Lord! to fling us in a ditch and there leave us?" Mr. Evans thus expostulates—"O Lord! wilt thou take a chair and sit amongst the House of Peers? And when, O God! wilt thou vote amongst the Honourable House of Commons, who are so zealous of thine honour?" Another exclaimed, "O God, many are the hands that are lift up against us, but there is one God, it is thou thyself, O Father! who dost us more mischief than they all." Mr. Cradock cried out, "O Lord, do not thou stand neuter, but take one side, that we may see which it is that is thy cause." Another, "Lord, thou hast been good one year, yea, Lord, thou hast been good to us two years; Lord! thou hast been good to us fourscore years, but, Lord, thou art wanting in one thing!" A pamphlet entitled "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence, will amply supply the reader with the saintly effusions of these men; the e men of whom our modern critic tells us that "if they were unacquainted with the works of philosophers and poets, they were deeply read in the oracles of God!" Was balderdash ever inspired by "the oracles of God?" I dare not quote passages from the master-seer of the Covenanters, Samuel Rutherford, from their offensive lubricity and rank obscenity. Yet we are to be told that such vulgar spirits, instead of catching occasional glimpses of the Deity through an obscuring veil," by which the writer indicates the decent services of religion and the accessories of devotion, "aspired to *commune* with him face to face."—We have seen their style!

(2) Edinburgh Review, xlii., 337.

discover an equal knowledge of history in his poetry. It hardly became a philosopher, even in such a playful effusion of his imagination, to eulogise so seriously barbarism, intolerance, and madness.

An important historical onigma remains to be solved. How did it happen that "the good cause," as Monsieur Guizot terms it, was the cause of these *Énergumènes?* I may be allowed to employ a term which Monsieur Guizot would not disapprove. How came the great interests of mankind, the cause of civil freedom, to originate with zealots who had no feelings in common with mankind? An explanation of this point clears up all the ambiguity of their character, and reconciles the discordant opinions of our historians.

When we say that the age of Charles the First was a religious age, we might more accurately style it a Protestant age. The terror of Romanism propelled Protestantism. The Catholic policy was prevalent in Europe, and the Reformed party, everywhere, for their support, looked to our insular kingdom. With the cause of the Reformation, that of civil liberty became accidentally connected; I say accidentally, for certainly it was not necessarily so, as is usually considered. In freeing us from the yoke of Rome, if Geneva at the same time fettered us with one equally heavy, however altered might be the form, it cannot be said that we advanced in the purest principles of civil rights. Kings might be rejected as well as Popes, and yet the people might not be more free. The Democracy of Calvin was inquisitorial—and yet to establish this novel despotism, it became absolutely necessary, at first, to adopt the most enlarged principles of civil freedom. The nation had to struggle for its independence, ere it could proclaim its Presbytery and its "discipline."

It was necessary then, for the cause in which the Puritan or the Presbytery (1) were really engaged, to subvert the Government; and, although perhaps the arbitrary measures to which the Government had often recourse were in great part produced by this very opposition, still absolute power and arbitrary rule were at length suppressed by the self-devotion of these energetic characters. Even in the great Revolution of Scotland, though carried on by fanatical zealots, the principles of political liberty were combined with its progress; before they could become Presbyters, I repeat, it was first necessary to establish their national independence. Their civil thus became inseparable from their religious liberty. Though we may treat their real object with indifference, and conclude that whether a Church be governed by Episcopacy and Convocations, or by a Presbytery and Synods, as of all national objects the most unimportant, yet by such miserable means great ends were pursued; and, in the struggle of ecclesiastical predominance, civil liberty was immediately enlarged and strengthened. To the English Constitution were transferred some of its most wholesome correctives—the abrogation of the High Commission Court and the Star Chamber; the prohibition of arbitrary proclamations; and the institution of Triennial Parliaments. (2) The discovery of these great advancements in our political acquisitions, advanced by these gloomy fanatics, occasioned to our historians so many perplexing opinions and contradictory notions.

But if the principle of civil freedom were announced to us in the progress of this revolution, the great actors themselves, Puritans or Presbyters, were certainly the irreconcilable enemies to that popular liberty which they advocated. In their grasp of power they showed that nothing was more alien to the designs of their democracy than the freedom of mankind. The arbitrary will of the single tyrant, the excesses of the prerogative, seem light when compared with their more intolerant, more arbitrary, and more absolute power. When Presbytery was our Lord, even those who had endured the tortures of persecution, and raised such sharp outcries for their freedom, had hardly tasted of the Circæan cup of dominion, ere they were transformed into the bestial brood of political tyranny. It was curious to see Prynne now vindicating the very doctrines under which he had himself so signally suffered, for he invested the Executive even

(1) The inveterate controversy about *Episcopus* and *Presbyter*, after all, may resolve itself into a mere change of terms, and depends on our translation of the Greek term *overseers of the religious community*. Knox introduced the official title of "Superintendents;" it was truly a war of words.

It is curious that the Spaniards seem to be the only nation who really have preserved the term *Presbyter*, in its purity, as appears by Cobarruvias's Tesoro de la Lengua Castellana.

"*Presbitero*, vulgarmente vale et Sacerdote clerigo de Missa, Latine Presbyter, à Græco πρεσβυτερος Senex, Princeps, Legatus: yporque se presupone que han de ser hombres de edad, de canas y seso. *Presbyterato*, Sacerdocio, dignidad de Sacerdote."

(2) Laing, iii., 209.

with that power of inflicting death on its Non-conformists. So the Covenanter Baillie held every man to be worse than fool or knave who disputed the *jus divinum* of Presbytery, and expresses a wish to have such hanged; as he would have hanged those who asserted the divine institution of the Bishops! This warm Presbyter, when provoked by Selden's Erastian principles, which placed the Government of the Church under the civil magistrate, in rage called this more philosophical state of religion "an insolent absurdity!" The passive obedience of *jure divino*, the rigid conformity against which they had fought, were now insisted on for themselves. Toleration, which had been a common cause with all the sectaries, and which they had so often pathetically claimed, was now condemned for its "sinfulness." The very persons who had so long murmured at the tyranny of the Licensers, when themselves were paramount, at once extinguished the liberty of the press, by reviving the odious office, and condemning every anti-presbyterial volume to penal fires. Toleration now seemed to their eyes a hydra, and one of these high-flyers, in ludicrous rage, called out against "a cursed intolerable toleration." For these facts no sophistry can apologise, and no statement can alter them. Thus these spurious advocates for civil freedom, for which their character has been exalted in our history, were, in truth, its most irreconcilable enemies.

Another obscure point in the history of the Puritans requires elucidation. The Presbyterians have always asserted that it was not them who dragged the sovereign to the block. They would have been satisfied to have lapped the blood of the venerable Archbishop. The Presbyters, after dislodging the Episcopalians, had arrived at their "Land of Promise;" and while they fattened on the Bishops' lands, they would have reposed like fed lions. They were not hostile to monarchy; and the monstrous libels which issued from the school of Leighton and Prynne never impugn the regal authority; never touch on the abstract points of civil freedom; never handle the nice points of the prerogative; never breathe a murmur against forced loans, which probably did not grievously affect this class. Many of these libellers, doubtless, would have submitted to death ere they would have touched irreverently a hair of the head of "the Lord's anointed." The doctrine of the divine and indefeasible right of Monarchy entered into their creed, since on that was grafted their own Presbytery. These were "the mild and moderate" Puritans of Fuller; yet in striking at "the root and branch" extirpation of the Ecclesiastical government of England, their spirit was not less terrible than that of "the State Puritans," as Rapin calls those who were intent on republicanising England.

The Presbyterians had nursed under their wing the monster which at length devoured them. This was the party who called themselves "the Independents;" it was a splinter sect from the block of "Brownism." The Brownists were the most furious children of Non-conformity. The curious history of these parties is instructive; but it is not the opinions, sane or insane, of sectarians, which we are seeking, in our pursuit of the history of man.

The earliest Non-conformists, not without reluctance, had dissented from a uniformity with the Anglican Church; they still kept within its pale, dreading nothing more than schism. They were indeed prepossessed with a strange notion that the Church discipline was to be found in the rude and simple practices of the Apostolic times, when no national church existed, and no form of Ecclesiastical Government was prescribed. This was the first stage of mild Puritanism. The second was the intestine war with the bishops, or "the lordly prelates," as the Mar-prelates called them. The severities adopted by the Government and the Church, to suppress these public disturbers, or to reconcile them to the religious forms, established by Act of Parliament, only produced that reaction which inflames the incompliant to obstinacy. Renouncing all communion with their mother-church, which they now assumed was no true church, these rigid separatists formed a third state of Puritanism, founded by one Robert Brown, who became so formidable as to leave his name to a sect.

This Robert Brown was a fierce hot-brained man, who counted his triumphs by the thirty-two prisons in which he had been incarcerated, and in some of them, "he could not see his hand at noon-day." His relationship to Lord Burleigh had often thrown a protecting shield over his furious doings. In that day, when all parties were insisting on "the true Religion," Brown announced that he would found "a perfect church without a fault." He was one of those who would exclaim, "Stand farther off; I am holier than thou!" His friends stood aghast at their new

prophet, and referred him with his new revelations to the Martyrologist John Fox. The old man exclaimed that they had sent him a madman, and, thrusting Brown out of doors, predicted that this Neophyte of Ecclesiastical insurrection would surely prove a fire-brand in God's church. The new apostle journeyed about the country, like other self-elected missionaries. Preaching and persecution, however, seemed to interfere with each other, and, as was then the mode, Brown and his congregation shipped themselves off for Middleburgh. The Hollanders were the only people in Europe whose policy had been contrived to accord with all the modes of faith among the religionists. One might be curious to learn, how that new government came to adopt such an enlightened toleration; for the Calvinistic individuals who formed that government were themselves intolorant. The reverse has also sometimes occurred; in Switzerland, we are told, the Swiss themselves are very tolerant, and their government very much the reverse.

In Holland, Brown modelled his democratical church, without suffering the indignity of being driven into a saw-pit, to hide himself and his auditors. When once this perfect church of rigid separatists was raised, it fell like a child's house of cards, for the separatists separated among themselves, calling one another very ill names, and telling tales which "the Scorners" would not forget. (1) Brown in his latter days seems gladly to have escaped from his own church, and retnrned to Northamptonshire, where all the while he had kept his parsonage, paid a curate, and took the tithes. It is doubtful whether he returned to his wife, the object too frequently of his irascible piety. When Father Brown was reproved for beating his wife, which he honestly acknowledged no man nught to do, he scholastically distinguished—that he did not beat Mrs. Brown as his wife, but as a cursed old woman. Ilo died perfectly in character—proud, poor, and passionate; at the age of eighty he struck a tax-collector for demanding a parish rate; beloved by no one, and too decrepit to walk to prison, the stubborn apostle of Brownism was flung on a feather-bed into a cart, and died in a passion in the county gaol.

The Brownists in Holland began to excommunicate one another, often from private pique; till at length sons cursed their fathers, and brothers their brothers, in a clash, whether the governing power were to rest with the eldership, or in the Church. Many seceded from their "perfect Church," but never from its democracy. This "perfect Church" proved to be a hot bed of all dissensions, still persisting that "the new creature" may find perfection attainable in this life, amidst all the branglings and heart-burnings of their unsettled heads and meaner passions. Some modern sages indulge reveries on the porfectibility of man, but saints advance beyond, to perfection itself.

It was one of "the perfections" of these Brownists, that they would not be bound by any of their opinions, or come to any agreement; one of them insisted that the last thing he wrote only should be taken for his present judgment; it therefore became doubtful whether he ever had any "present judgment," or whether he would hold on Tuesday morning the tenet of Monday night.

A Brownist, of calmer dispositions, shook off the very name, considering it as "a brand for the making its professors odious to the Christian world." This man was the founder of "Independency."

This alluring title was assumed from its grand principle that every single community or congregation was independent of any other. They presumed, as their first position, that equals have no power over equals. The clergy and the laity mingled together, in this democracy, allowing of no superiority. In this rude principle of equality we detect that germ of anarchy, the equality of mankind, which so long after was as little understood. But in the surprising history of mankind, for sometimes we are surprised by unexpected results, and observo the follies of man often terminating in wisdom, in this tonet of a mean sect originated the blessing of toleration. The arbitrary Presbyterians persevered in their hostility to liberty of conscience, whilo the Independents were its earliest advocates, from their aversion to the establishment of any predominant power.

Few in number, and poverty-stricken, to part with one another seemed a relief. Those who could transported themselves, as adventurers, from the shores of Holland to the

(1) One Deacon, of Mr. Johnson's party, describes another of Mr. Robinson's, with his company, as "*Noddy* Nabalites, *dogged* Doegs, *fair-faced* Pharisees, *shameless* Shimeis, *malicious* Machiavelians." Thus saints of this class, even to the present day, scold and pun scripturally.—*Pagitt's Heresiography*, 60.

wilds of America, where they founded New Plymouth. Others ventured to steal homewards. During twenty years these latter shifted from house to house in their humble circle, but the eye and sometimes the arm of Laud was upon them. As yet they were only Religionists, and of what stamp we may judge by one of their distinguished pastors, called "the famous Mr. Canne." On his principle that no human inventions were to be permitted in divine worship, Mr. Canne furiously cut out of his Bible the contents of the chapters, the titles of the leaves, and left his fluttering Bible without binding or covers. This saint might, however, have been reminded that the holy scriptures could never have existed without the aid of human inventions, in the parchment of the manuscript, and the print and paper of the book. Another pastor, of not inferior fame, was a cobbler of the name of How. Neal, the Independent, describes the cobbler as a man of learning; the contrary is the fact. This saint published a revelation of his, in a treatise on "The Sufficiency of the Spirit," to show that all human learning is dangerous and hurtful. This was the independency of ignorance, and which a few years after led to a design, or a motion in the House of Commons, to shut up the Universities and to burn our records! The cobbler's fame, and the danger in which the two Universities stood from his awl, inspired one of the flock to pun in a quaint epigram:

"Cambridge and Oxford may their glory now
Veil to a Cobbler, if they knew but How!"

Amidst the disturbances of 1640, the Independents first made their public appearance in Deadman's-place, Southwark. They petitioned Parliament, piteously craving the liberty of subsistence, "be it the poorest and the meanest in the land." They asked only for a single church. We seem to be chronicling the miserable annals of a Tabernacle in a blind alley—yet these men were to be, as they came to call themselves, "the Keepers of the Liberties of England!" or as the Presbyterian, Clement Walker, retorted on them, "the Gaolers."

These humble creatures, too feeble to stand alone, lurked among the Presbyterians, earnestly co-operating till they gathered strength by concert. The principles of civil and religious freedom were in their system, but these were cautiously explained, or were wholly concealed. For them one great cause was always advancing, while the Presbyterians were striking at one-half the Monarchy in the ruins of the Hierarchy. The Presbyterians were willing to have a King of their own, a covenanting King, but the Independents thundered out the secret they had kept for several years—that there was to be no King on earth! The Independents were always found among "the fierce and fiery Puritans" of Fuller. Their professed independency, while they had their fortune to make, wore a mask of universal brotherhood, and accommodated itself to all mankind.

The Independents were themselves adventurers in the State, but their prospects opened as they cleared their way by the work of demolition. Every change in the State was an approach to a Revolution. The lands of the Church, the estates of the nobility, and of our ancient families, offices in the Government, commands in the army—all the spoils of the nation lay before them. What leading spirits would not enlist under their banner? The needy broken man who knew not how to live; the libertine who would live under lawless laws; he who feared to be questioned, and he who had been questioned; every malcontent now found a party—and it came to this, that the very refuse of the people, leaving their hammers, and their thimbles, their lasts, and their barrels, pushing on their fortune, became some of the Independent Members of the House of Commons, and held those Scriptural debates which were the mockery of Europe! Clement Walker, a stiff Presbyterian and their great adversary, characterises the Independent as "a composition of Jew, Christian, and Turk." Such a motley and desperate faction were more to be dreaded for the decision which would hasten extremities, reckless of all means, than for their number; they were but limbs and members of a body wanting a working brain and guiding hand. These at length they found in the tremendous genius of Cromwell.

This daring and rising faction scornfully glanced at the moderation of the monarchical Puritans of England, and viewed with abhorrence among some of the Presbyterians the remains of a tenderness for the rights and the person of the King. Equally hostile to the aristocracy, as to the monarch, to the Presbytery as to the Episcopacy, they insisted on that universal freedom, which long fascinated mankind, till at length these Independents lost their name in acquiring another more significant, and are known in history as

"The Levellers" of England and "the Jacobins" of France. Even the victories of the Parliamentary armies imparted little satisfaction, while their chiefs seemed half-royalist, and half-repentant of their conquests. It was this faction which dreaded nothing so much as a peace between the King and the Parliament. The true genius of Independency broke out in Cromwell. By a stroke of political adroitness, the Self-denying Ordinance new modelled the army, and every officer became an Independent. Smiling at the weakness of Charles the First, who would have arrested five members, the heads of a faction, his novel intrepidity emptied all the Commons of England in one morning.

In their political character, the Independents form a parallel with the Jacobins of France; this may not appear on the first view, since the Independents clouded themselves over in their mystical religion, and the Jacobins seem to have had no religion. But this circumstance, in the language of logicians, is a mere accident, or mode which may be taken away, without altering the nature of the subject. The psalm-singing and preaching of the officers in the Independent army, and the metaphysical rhodomontades of universal liberty of the Jacobins, were only different means, but not different designs. Cromwell himself printed a sermon; in the French Revolution he would have jargonised like Marat, or Hebert, in some "Ami du Peuple." They moved by the same impulse; the prelude of every desperate act with the military saints was "to seek the Lord" and sword and pistol; as with the Atheistic crew it was to offer peace to every people whom they had prepared to conquer. It has been thought that the English Revolutionists were not as sanguinary as the French; I believe they proposed more massacres than they executed; there was one, of all the Royalists and Presbyterians, in the true Marat style of taking two hundred thousand heads off at one stroke. The sale of Englishmen as slaves to America was worse than the deportations to Cayenne. The parallel might be run much further. It is enough here to show that the English Independency was the forerunner of French Jacobinism. The democratic anarchy of "these Saints of the first grass," as the admirable Wit of their day calls them, was precisely the same, for they

"Agreed in nothing but to abolish,
Subvert, extirpate, and demolish.
——————and hate
Dependency on Church and State,
And scorn to have the moderatest stints
Prescribed to their peremptory hints,
But left at large to make their best on
Without being called to account or question."(1)

Such were the different classes of the Puritans. The profound politicians among the Patriots, as Pym and Hampden, had allied themselves to the Religionists. The factions at first amalgamated, for each seemed to assist the other, and while the contest was douhtful, their zeal, as their labours, was in common. Religion, under the most religious of monarchs, was the ostensible motive by which the Patriots moved the people. All the nation was thrown into a delirium of terror, and their confused heads, some few years after, exhibited a dreadful reaction, when vulgar Atheism and insane blasphemy raged among the multitude. When on one occasion it was observed, that the affairs of religion seemed not so desperate that they should wholly engross their days, Pym replied that they must not abate their ardour for the true religion, that being the most certain end to obtain their purpose and maintain their influence. So true is the observation of Hume, that "the King soon found by fatal experience that this engine of religion, which with so little necessity was introduced into politics, under more fortunate management was played with the most terrible success against him."

That both these parties, or factions, the Religionists and the Patriots, the one having only in view the abolition of the Hierarchy, which was not the object of many of the Patriots, and the other, a revolution in the Government, which was not the design of the religionists, should, acting on distinct principles, with little sympathy for each other, and secretly aiming at two opposite objects in the State, have coalesced with such perfect unity as to have melted down into one party, and by a strange subtility in the management of their own peculiar interests, and above all by a mutual sacrifice of their own principles, have aided each other in their separate designs, and finally conspired together to overthrow the monarchy and the hierarchy, was in its own day a result as mysterious as it was awful. It was a state of national affairs on which no theorist had ever yet speculated, or even imagined; and it still serves as a theme for political science, where

(1) Hudibras, part iii., co. ii., v. 606.

a new path is opened for us, untracked in the experience of a thousand years.

So gradually matured was the vast design of these mighty factions in the State, so extraordinary the human agents and their sufferings, and so complete the accomplishment of their views, that every representative part of the established Government was immolated in the presence of a barbarous and a sorrowing people. The great Minister, faithful to his Sovereign, perished in the decapitation of Strafford; the Episcopacy was cut off by the axe which struck the venerable Laud; and Sovereignty itself disappeared when the head of the monarch fell from the block.

Thus the Patriot—the Puritan—and the anti-monarchist—had each their sanguinary triumph!

CHAPTER XXXIX.

History of Alexander Leighton and of the famous State-libel of "Sion's Plea against Prelacy.

Leighton may be considered as the elder Decius of that party who were suffered to become popular favourites by their voluntary self-immolations.

This learned Scotchman, by the hardihood of his pen, had become the head of the anti-prelatical faction; this was now a large class of the people who were beginning to appear among the meaner sort—heads which were working more busily than their hands; mechanics and even prophets!

Leighton had already sounded the tocsin in his "Looking-glass of the Holy War," which was the project of an evangelical crusade against the Romanists, in the cause of that kingless King of Bohemia the Palatine, on whose boyish adventure for a coronation some chose to rest the great cause of Protestantism. Leighton tells us that this effusion of his fiery imagination "found respect from many nations;" but assuredly not from the ministers of the respective powers who were to destroy, or to be destroyed in, this aceldama of Europe. In this "Looking-Glass," however, he had thrown out an invective against bishops, which had roused their notice; but as the writer professed passive obedience to the Divine right of the Sovereign, and was only contesting that of Episcopacy, James only inflicted a reprimand, and sheathed the talons of the Ecclesiastical Hippogriff which was one day to grasp the Presbyter.

Leighton had now become a marked character, as a silenced minister, and he tells us that "some persons of the better sort of the city and country" applied to him to draw up a petition to Parliament of their grievances. Their claims were moderate, looking no further than a mitigation of the arbitrary proceedings of the High-Commission Court. But Leighton, like another Knox, acquainted them with his "simple opinion," which was, "*for an extirpation of the Prelates, with all their dependencies and supporters.* The lopping of the branches had done no good; but the striking at the root would make all fall together. *Frustra fit per plura quod fieri potest per pauciora.* Many works in one saves labour."

In two hours, our fervid innovator drew up that decade of propositions which afterwards served as the ground-work of his famous State-libel.

An extirpation of the Hierarchy itself affected the imagination of his disciples, who, acknowledging their master, implored Leighton to seize the pen under this afflatus of inspiration. Leighton, indeed, was well fitted to be the forlorn hope of a faction, by his daring and indomitable nature.

But, notwithstanding his own eager relish for the work itself, he ruminated on the evil day which, with a melancholy sagacity, he anticipated. Alluding to his former "Looking-Glass," he observed, "I was almost split upon a former employment, and none to hail me to shore. I shall now have more fists about my ears should this work come to light." He was then exhorted to print beyond the seas; five hundred names were subscribed in approbation of his doctrine, but only fifty pounds were collected, and the missionary of sedition complains that "his expenses tripled the poor pittance, besides the intermission of his calling." A manuscript letter informs me that he was now practising as a physician.

The zealot passed over to Holland, and hastened two printed copies for the use of the Parliament; these arrived at the moment of their dissolution. Thus baffled, he pretended it made him "shut up shop," pleading on his examination that he had never published "Sion's Plea" in England; that he had used every means to suppress it, having addressed it solely to Parliament. However, the tract was always procurable at the price of a rare book, then twenty shillings. (1) Why Leigh-

(1) Harl. MSS. 7000; Mede to Stuteville, Feb. 1629.

ton should suppress, as he pretended, that which we shall find he was willing to seal with his blood, can only be classed among the common evasions which are practised by a defendant at the bar.

This State-libel, connected with the fate of the author, has occasioned much discussion; and, by an odd circumstance of bearing a double title, and being usually quoted under the second, has often eluded the researches of historical inquirers. Even Mr. Hallam declares that he had never met with it, and it was long before I discovered "Sion's Plea against Prelacy" in the catalogue of our national library, under the title of "An Appeal to the Parliament."

Leighton seems to have been the first of our political scribes of this eventful period who invented a satirical date to their state-libels; an ingenious device of faction, which afterwards was carried on somewhat amusingly by successive parties under our mutual governments, by Lilburn, Clement Walker, and others. Leighton dates his publication as "printed in the year and month wherein Rochelle was lost." There were also accompaniments of satirical vignettes to attract his readers. In one a whole conclave of bishops are viewed toppled down topsy-turvy from a tower; and, on "these intruders upon the privileges of Christ, of the King, and of the Commonwealth, he heartily desireth *a judgment and an execution.*"

Our Mar-prelate addresses the Parliament in this extraordinary style, "You are the Elders of Israel; you are as an army of generals; you are the physicians of the State; up and do your cure! The prelates are the device of man, contrary to God's commandment, and men must remove them. Unless ye pluck up these stumps of Dagon by the very roots, their nails will grow rankor than ever they were; and they will scratch more devilishly than ever they did. Will any one daub, or trim, or put a new cover upon an old rotton house that will fall about his ears; or will they not rather down with it, rid away the rubbish, and build a new one?" (1) Alluding to the spirited opening of the King's speech, that "the times are for action!" he says "it is a goldon apophthegm, the very best theme for your meditation, and motive for your heroic accomplishments. The laconic brevity of King's speeches, as Homer said of Menelaus, is very acute and full of matter, and so they would have themselves understood. For a word is enough from the wise, and to the wise. Who knows yet what a deep aceldama of blood our land may be? Who is the main impulsive cause of these evils of sin and judgment? Even these men of blood the Prelacy." (2)

Heylin, who was usually employed by Laud to examine these state-libels, is supposed to have aggravated the charge against Leighton, who, he says, advises "to slay all the bishops by smiting them under the fifth rib." These precise words are not found in the libel. Mr. Brodie has well observed that this was no unusual phrase in the theological controversies of the times. Heylin probably only meant, by adopting a current figure, to convey his own sense of the tendency of the libel, rather than any particular sentence in it. The words of Heylin were, however, alleged by the Laudeans to be an incitement to assassination, particularly when afterwards they were often threatened by some of Leighton's friends. In truth, there are many significant passages, hardly ambiguous, against "the men of blood." Yet with the subtility practised by libellers, in his closing page the writer suddenly alters his tone, pretending it is the Prelacy, and not the Prelates, at which he aims. He couches his ambiguous mercifulness in an obscure figure, borrowed from his latter avocation of medicine. "We fear they are like pleuritic patients that cannot spit, whom nothing but *incision* will cure; we mean of their callings, and not of their persons." But he who complained that "we leave God to do all the hard work by himself;" who had pointed out "execution by the word and the sword," and finally had told us that "a word is enough from the wise to the wise," and could not be supposed to design less than his accusers had charged him with, though in his closing page the artful libeller obscures the violence of his design, seems perfectly intelligible in his preceding ones.

While in imprisonment, before he received his sentence, the Attorney-General had inquisitorially tampered with Leighton to obtain the names of the five hundred who had incited him to the work, among whom were said to be several Members of Parliament—but he intrepidly resisted even the offer of pardon on the condition of declaring them. To induce him to recant, they attempted to

(1) An Appeal to Parliament, p. 174.

(2) An Appeal to Parliament, p. 185.

confute his principles; but this was a perilous enterprise, for it was to turn a syllogism, too confidently trusted in by the Registrar of the High Commission Court.

Leighton was conducted to an apartment where he found seven or eight of the members of that court seated at a table, with their Registrar, Sir Henry Martin. Sir Henry undertook to demonstrate that bishops by divine right should be our ministers. This logomachy has been reported by the theological duellist himself. It is a curious specimen of the dialectical genius of the scholastic Puritan.

Sir Henry demanded, "Is there not superiority in a Civil state? Was there not superiority in the state Ecclesiastical under the Jews; witness Aaron's superiority over the priests?

"So that he reasoned thus in effect: Aaron was over all the Levitical priests; orgo, Bishops by divine right should be our ministers.

"I smiled to hear their champion while I beat the brains out of the cause with a beam of their own making or of the Pope's; I told Sir Henry, that his antecedent and consequent were of so deep distance that all the learning of the world could never make them meet.

"Yet he set a face to prove it by a sounder proposition. If Aaron were over the Priests, then Bishops should be over Ministers, etc.

"I denied the connexion, and told Sir Henry he could not of all the quiver have chosen a deadlier shaft against themselves, as should appear by the retorting of the argument thus:

"Aaron's priesthood was superior to the rest under the law; ergo, no superiority in Ministerial function should have place under the Gospel.

"The sequel I prove thus:

"That which was in form of a type of Christ under the law must have no place under the Gospel, because it is done away.

"But not only the Priesthood, but also the superiority of Priesthood, or Ministerial function, was in form of a type under the law; ergo, superiority in the Ministerial function must have no place under the Gospel.

"The *Major* I cleared both from proof and reason, as Coloss. xi., v. 17. The *Minor*, as it is undeniable, so he had granted it, by way of *Quære*.

"The premises being thus invincibly proved, Sir Harry for a while was silent, but at last broke out to his fellow-commissioners in this sort—'Gentlemen, I can go no further, and I assure you, if it be thus, you may burn all your books!' The three Deans or Parsons, or what they were, with the Doctor, sate still, mute as fish, not answering one word." (1)

Such was the impregnable syllogism, the Major and the Minor, of the scholastic Leighton which disconcerted the learned Registrar of the High Commission Court, and cast the hierarchical Deans into a troubled silence. Systems of religion and political anxioms were then made to depend on the fallacies of this artificial arrangement of the Aristotelian logic. The present triumph of the Presbyter depended on a point which his adversary was compelled to concede, but with a Quære—that the new Gospel had abrogated the ancient law. This no follower of Jesus could deny. But the syllogism of the Registrar might be changed in its form, and then a new antecedent would produce a new consequent. In the present instance Leighton had assumed that the Mosaic code and institution were but types of the Advent, and in the accomplishment of the law, that law had ceased. Yet on many other occasions he and his party are perpetually appealing to the sacred volume which has preserved the Mosaic revelation; they consulted it for its polity, they referred to it for their authorities, and they alleged it for their conduct; their habits of thought and the very style of their conversation were all impregnated by the Judaic scriptures, and the customs which they had adopted smacked oftener of the Synagogue than the Church. The House of Commons in the Protectorate of Cromwell was chiefly filled with these intolerant Jewish Christians, and their gloomy austerity and stiff-necked pride marked the race of our Puritans and Presbyters.

Of Leighton's "five hundred" who had subscribed their approbation to his "Sion's Plea against Prelacy," the greater number were of that humble class of the people which we have noticed. This appeared when they flocked to his prison. A button-maker, refused admittance to his new apostle, was committed for putting his mouth to the keyhole of his dungeon, vociferating "Stand to it, Doctor, and shrink not!" An oatmeal-maker, some time afterwards, persisted in

(1) An epitome or brief discovery, etc., of the many and great troubles that Dr. Leighton suffered in his body, estate, and family, for the space of twelve years, etc. 1646.

keeping on his hat in the Court of High-Commission, as Leighton had set the example, declaring that never would he pull off his hat to bishops. "But you will to Privy-councillors," observed a good-humoured Lord. "Then," replied our Leightonian, "as you are Privy-councillors I put off my hat, but as you are rags of the Beast, lo! I put it on again!" When the Bishop of Winchester would have dismissed this frantic fool, the oatmeal-maker exclaimed, "Hold thy peace, thou tail of the Beast, that sittest at the lowor end of the table." Leighton—the button-maker—the oatmeal-man, *et hoc genus omne*, sate at that table ten years afterwards! and though these were often calculating the mystical number in the Revelations about "the Beast," neither they nor "the Beast" ever imagined that approaching metamorphosis.

Such were the confederating friends of the author of "Sion's Plea." They were devoted to the extirpator of bishops, and sent menacing letters to Laud to caution him that "he might expect a pistol, or something else in his belly, if Leighton escaped not." Another was sent to the Lord Treasurer. Fanatical arts were practised by Leighton himself. The day before he was to have received his sentence, he escaped from prison. In his prayer that morning he had mysteriously announced a miracle which would shortly be manifested, and his disciples spread a rumour that the prison-doors of their apostle would be opened, as for Peter. This miracle was the device of one of these people, a tailor, and it required the invention of such a genius. One Levington, "a zelotical Scotchman," and tailor, went to the Fleet-prison, accompanied by a Mr. Anderson, who was also visiting a friend. The tailor had craftily made a suit of grey cloth, the exact counterpart of that worn by Mr. Anderson. When they had entered the Fleet, each separated to go to his friend; the tailor hastened to shave his apostle, and dress him in the suit he had brought. The porter at the gate, on his returning with his friend in grey, allowed the two to pass, apparently as they had entered. But when the real gentleman in grey afterwards appeared, he was arrested. Anderson declared he was ignorant of the whole plot; but both ho and the tailor were heavily fined. Leighton wrote a treatise to prove the lawfulness of his flight, authorised by similar ones of Athanasius, Ambrose, Aquinas, and others. But no prophet should venture to write on the lawfulness of his flight till he had secured himself from a hue and cry, which in a fortnight brought back our apostle from Bedfordshire to the Warden of the Fleet. (1)

In this libel Leighton professes the utmost loyalty for the King, for whom he would lay down his life. Leighton was not conscious of the grievances of the Parliament—it was merely as a silenced minister that he felt what he considered as the grievance of the Hierarchy. "We proclaim what we think without flattery; that all Christendom hath not such a King for kingly endowments as our Sovereign and supreme Governor." And in a narrative of the inhumanity of his gaolers, who had hurried him from the chamber down many dark steps into a loathsome hole among felons, this cruel persecution did not come, as some have supposed, from the King, for Leighton confesses, "I was shut up twenty and two months, notwithstanding the King's command again and again to replace me in my former chamber." He had indeed offended the domestic feelings of the Sovereign by observing that "God suffered him to our heavy woe to match with the daughter of Heth, though he missed an Egyptian." This poignant allusion to the French and Spanish matches made a great sensation. The defence of Leighton, on this passage which he addressed to the King, displays an odd subterfuge, by converting the obnoxious passage into a pretended compliment to his French Queen. "Tho phrase is a singular phrase," observed Leighton, "and is as little as could be said, if anything were said, in that particular; for the *Hittites* were the kindest and trustiest neighbours that Abraham had." Leighton, as afterwards did the Puritanic Government, was in this manner introducing perpetual allusions to Scripture history, to accommodate the public affairs of England to the Kingdom of Israel!

It was not, however, solely the hierarchy which received the deadly blow of our zealot's pen; the whole government is charged with a popular rumour, which the ill conduct of

(1) Rushworth is the only writer who gives some notion of the manner of Leighton's flight, but his account is both obscure and imperfect. The Warden at the moment gave a false account to Laud of Leighton's escape, as he said, over the walls, either to excuse himself or from not comprehending the mysterious tale of the porter, of "the two gentlemen in grey." I find a clear narrative in a manuscript letter of the times; Harl. MSS. 7000. Mede to Stuteville, Feb. 27, 1629.

public affairs seems to warrant—that of betraying their country, or, as Leighton forcibly expresses it, "all that pass by us spoil us," meaning France and Spain, "and we spoil all that rely on us," meaning the Protestant Rochellers, whom he asserts we suffered to perish by famine. An eulogy bestowed on Felton, and the invocation of a future Brutus, startled the pondering lawyers, who in these apostrophes saw nothing less than high-treason.

Leighton himself has reported the conduct of Laud at the moment of his sentence; and curiously characteristic it is of that casuistry which Laud was accustomed to practise on special and critical occasions. "All this while this man of tongue (the bishop) spake what he would without controulment. At his conclusion, he added an apology for his presence and assistance in this great service, where he confessed that by the Canon Law no ecclesiastical persons ought to be present, or assist in such a judicature where there is loss of life or member, but, said he, to take away the ear is not loss of hearing, and so no member lost; so for burning the face, or whipping, no loss of life or member, and therefore he concluded he might assent to the censure."

Neal, the historian of the Puritans, in order to aggravate the odium of Laud's persecution, and to mark a fiend-like triumph in the Bishop over his prostrate victim, has recorded that, while the merciless sentence was pronouncing, "Bishop Laud pulled off his cap, and gave God thanks for it!" This circumstance rests on his single authority, and, as we know the side to which his prejudices would lean, it becomes a suspicious one. If Neal has delivered to posterity a fugitive rumour as an ascertained fact, he has violated the solemn duty of an historian. This story of Neal has occasioned more offence to Churchmen than perhaps it may deserve. (1) It is not difficult to imagine such an ebullition of the feelings of Laud at the discomfiture of this impious Corah. In the tragical condemnation of the extirpator of Prelacy, his Grace, always warm and hasty, might only have witnessed a public demonstration to support the established order, and, indulging more of hope than of cruelty on the new system about to be tried, have expected that the terrible punishments which the barbarism of our penal code authorised would be a preventive of future impieties against bishops.

Nor can we afford to Leighton all the commiseration his sufferings at first awaken. The intolerance of the enemies of the Hierarchy far exceeded any in the Church-government. The Genevan divines, the sons of Calvin, assumed that as the Mosaic Law punished idolaters with death, every Papist was involved in the same doom; and Leighton, on his own principle, condemns the Dutch Republic for suffering a Roman Catholic to exist in their State. Alluding to an accident, which produced a great sensation in that day, of a Romish priest and his auditory having been buried in the fall of an old house at Blackfriars, Leighton only sees in this deadly blow the finger of God covering the idolaters with blood and rubbish; and which, he adds, "pointed out the duty of *ministers* and *magistrates*, that they should have followed the blow, doing *execution* with the *word* and the *sword*. It is a great fault in men of place that they would have God do all the hard work by himself." (2) Such was the great adversary of the bishops! Had the places of the judge and the culprit been reversed, the sentence would not have been less merciless. And so it happened! In some lines by Leighton himself, he asks,

"Why put we not imperious Prelates down,
And set Christ's sacred senate in its room?"

When, ten years afterwards, this "Sacred Senate" sat on the case of the Quaker Naylor, they inflicted tortures as revolting in their detail as those of Leighton; it was, indeed, with the most difficult contrivances, and in protracted debates of several weeks, that a few calmer heads among the "Sacred Senate" prevented them from adjudging the poor crack-brained visionary to a horrible death.

A portrait of Leighton, engraved by Hollar, is inscribed with the revolting particulars of his tragical punishment—a picture of blood well suited to the graphical details of the po-

(1) A recent writer of the Life of Archbishop Laud has pursued an extraordinary mode of screening Laud from this popular odium. For, concluding that "there is not the slightest evidence that Laud was present at the trial," he proceeds, "Denying, therefore, that there is any evidence that Laud was present, etc., he must now be satisfied that this was a rash 'denial.' If the circumstance which has given so much offence had occurred, it would probably have been noticed by Leighton himself."—Lawson's Life and Times of Archbishop Laud. t. 530 And we see it is!

(2) An Appeal to the Parliament, p. 168.

litical Spagnolets whose dark pencils have copied the torture stroke by stroke. Yet scarcely have they told us all the variety of his wretchedness during twelve long years of a troubled life in what the enthusiast calls his "Prison-palace"—a close dungeon! Leighton more pathetically describes the merciless condemnation as "having inflicted harder things upon a man and his family than death itself; it was a shuddering sentence and as cruelly executed."

Leighton went to his horrible execution in the orgasm of a wild inspiration; he thought and talked, even in his tortures, labouring with the spirit of martyrdom. Some philosophers, in the calm of their cabinets, have conjectured that the view of a vast assembly of the people has stimulated to magnanimity even the trembler at death, and abated even the sensation of torture—martyrdoms have been met with a rejoicing spirit—but far more intensely may that sympathy affect the unshrinking sufferer who listens to his triumph in the animating shouts of the people themselves. Leighton indeed required no extrinsic aid to support a failing spirit, otherwise he would have found it in his voluble and active wife, who, marching by his side, beheld nothing less than a glorious crucifixion in the pillory, where her husband was to suffer nearly the pangs of one. Such a woman felt the importance of her own person. She went on before him to the execution, vociferating that "As Christ was sacrificed between two thieves, so was her husband led between two knaves," the officer and the executioner! The latter was made drunk to perform this bloody work. When Leighton put his neck into the pillory he exclaimed, "This is Christ's yoke, and the spirit of glory rests on my head." When his ear was taken off, he cried, "Blessed be God, if I had a hundred I would lose them for this cause." When they had slit his nostril and branded his cheek he cried out, "Such were the wounds which were the wounds of Christ." The knife, the whip, the brand, and the fire were to be repeated, and a sepulchral life was to close over his miseries! With a body macerated and a mind bewildered, both worn out by their equal affliction, Leighton yet lived long enough to describe himself as "The wheat that comes from between the two millstones, tried and purified,—gathering grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles." The old man, who had so often mysteriously invoked miracles which were to happen, might at length imagine that a great one was manifest, when his feeble eyes viewed Lambeth Palace changed into Lambeth Prison, and the Mar-prelate himself become its querulous keeper, at the sinking age of seventy-two. On Leighton's application to his former disciples and now his Lords, the Parliament, they appear to have left him to his own poverty, but to have consigned to him the Archiepiscopal Palace to range in, and make reprisals for his damages on those who had occasioned them. Nalson tells us that "he persecuted their purses, with as much rigour and severity as his masters did their persons." Laud notices the sacrifice of his goods which were sold at any price; but these were but the remainders of what Leighton did not seize on, who usually declared, that "All was his! Laud's goods, and all!" Yet the poor old zealot himself, on the verge of the grave, was not so placable as usually represented. Addressing the Parliament in 1646, he could not forbear alarming his late "Tormentors, so many as yet live." "Though the laws of God and man call for revenge of innocent blood, yet I refer that to them to whom God hath committed the sword." Such were "the tender mercies" of the Puritan, who was as zealous as his "Tormentors" in appealing to that ultimate regal argument.

With the undisguised emotions of Laud, when, in that great revulsion of fortune, the Archbishop was consigned to the hands of his old Sectarian, we are acquainted; for his own hand has recorded this extremity of his fate. Laud felt it as a studied indignity cast on him, and the prognostic of his own doom. We have his words in the history of his Troubles: "Dr. Leighton came with a warrant from the honourable House of Commons for the keys of my house at Lambeth, that prisoners might be sent thither. I then saw it evident that all that could should be done to break my patience. Had it not been so, somebody else might be sent to Lambeth, and not Leighton, who had been censured in the Star-chamber to lose his ears for a base and virulent libel against Bishops and the Church-government established by law, in which book of his were many things which in some times *might have cost him dearer*."

We may here perceive that notwithstanding the barbarous punishment inflicted on Leighton, the Archbishop considered this extraordinary libeller to have been leniently treated in having had his life spared. Laud once said on another libel of the same school, that

"there was treason enough in it to hang a man in any state."

What a meeting was this of Laud and Leighton! These two old men, both grave teachers of Christianity, and having passed their "three score and ten," lingering on the verge of life, were still never to be reconciled! They should have embraced each other on bended knees, praying for mutual forgiveness—but the hatred of party and the change of fortune only filled their narrow minds, when they lifted up their hands in amazement and horror at each other!

With regard to the inhumanity of the punishment which Leighton underwent, and which has thrown so deep an odium on the government, and more particularly on Laud, I think that this odium has originated in the artifices of party-writers, and the refinement of feeling in those who, though no advocates for such revolutionary characters, turned aside in disgust from so barbarous a scene. This severity of punishment the philosophic Hume censures, without venturing to describe the horrible operations, but deems it "more just than prudent;" while the fierce Macaulay and her successors, with the address peculiar to genius and faction, have contrived to repeat the detail, horror by horror, as "a tyranny which outwent any example of former ages."

These exaggerations were not the real feelings of contemporaries. Neither did the government presume on this occasion to be "tyrants;" nor did the people consider "the tyranny to have outwent any former example."

In the manuscript letter already referred to, it is said, that had not Leighton aggravated his offence by his flight and his conduct, "his Majesty had been inclined to have pardoned all his corporal punishments." It was so declared in court. Lawyers are certainly not the profoundest politicians; they keep their immovable eyes on the written code. The Lords Chief-Justices declared that had the author of such dangerous assertions been called before another tribunal, they would have sentenced him to the punishment of high-treason, as lawyers, and therefore they inflicted the severest they could, short of life. The barbarous punishment of Leighton must be ascribed far more to the sanguinary code of our jurisprudence, and the rude manners of the times in which those laws were passed, than to the temper of the judges who condemned him. Cruel punishments, at the mere recital of which we shudder—such as the quartering alive of men condemned for treason—were not then struck out of our penal laws. We must weigh the value and nature of things, as well as of men, by the standard weights which were used in their own times. I believe that the cry so often raised against the government of Charles the First, or of the Archbishop, on account of the tragical fate of Leighton, has been an artifice practised by a political faction in recent days, who were certain that in painting such horrors they could not fail of exciting the indignation of every humane mind, and to lay the odium on the head of Laud was to secure our abhorrence of that victim of State. To me the clearest proof that the severe punishment of Leighton was not in its day considered arbitrary and inhuman, as we are apt to conceive, is, as I have mentioned, that this very party, when in power, had recourse to the same penal law, and inflicted similar horrors on the Quaker Naylor; and that in the charges of Parliament against Laud, though the smallest were allowed to expand their list, the sentence passed on Leighton was never noticed.

Truly has Hume observed that this horrid punishment was "more just than prudent." The Statesmen of Charles the First had not been taught the danger a government incurs when it excites strong sympathy for the criminal. When afterwards the same experiment was repeated on Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, it produced the same effect of bad policy. About this time, Richelieu observing the triumphant manner in which some condemned Protestants died for their faith, in the presence of the people, that profound minister, terrified at this spirit, instantly ordered that no public punishments should henceforth be practised on heretics.

CHAPTER XL.

On the Sabbatical Institutions.

We have now arrived at the investigation of one of the most curious, one of the most delicate, and one of the most misconceived points in the history of Charles the First—the custom of performing, at Court, plays and masques on Sundays, or, as the spirit of party afterwards emphatically designated them, on "Sabbaths." Sunday was usually fixed on for these recreations as the festival day of the week—and the revival of the memorable declaration of James the

First for promoting lawful sports on that day, such as bowling, wrestling, dancing, distinguished from bear-baiting, cock-fighting, etc., was not one of the least causes of the civil war among the populace.

The memory of Charles is still loaded by some persons, as well as by the Puritans of this day, with the popular obloquy of irreligion and profaneness, in violating the Sabbath. Even his friends, startled by a profaneness, which certainly never entered into the mind of the mouarch, eluded the torturing inquiry.

But it is our business to enter more particularly into the motives and conduct of Charles the First; to trace out the opinions of himself and his predecessors upon this misconceived subject; to ascertain, we should rather say, the notions and the practice of the whole Christian world with regard to it, since the establishment of the Christian faith.

It may at first appear strange that a rite, ordained in the most ancient state of the ancient Israelites, should have no inconsiderable influence in the modern history of Great Britain—and in no other! Nor can the subject be justly comprehended without investigating the nature of the Sabbatic Institutions of the Hebrews, and the history of the modes of the observance of Sunday, as we trace them through ecclesiastical history. It is only by this way that we can become acquainted with the subject, and comprehend the notions and the design of the English Sovereign and the English Archbishop, who were dragged to the block as Sabbath-breakers.

An entire cessation from all the affairs of life on each seventh day is a Jewish institution; it is not prescribed by the laws of any other people.

The minutest violation of its rigid observance incurred the sentence of death. A man gathering faggots in a wood was condemned to the punishment of lapidation, a punishment reserved only for tho blasphemer, who in mockery of the God of Israel dared to pronounce the ineffable name. At a lower period of the Israelitish history, Isaiah in his sublime style impressed its extreme rigidity. "If thou restrain thy foot from tho Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, and shalt call the Sabbath a delight, and the holy feast of Jehovah honourable, and shalt honour it by refraining from thy purpose, from pursuing thy pleasure and from speaking vain words—then shalt thou delight thyself in Jehovah." (1) So inviolable was held the sanctity of this day, that its uninterrupted course was preferred to the preservation of life itself, of which history has recorded some instances of the most solemn nature, and some whose result has not been a little ludicrous.

The reason of this peculiar institution has been often inquired into. Moses in describing the Creator as *resting* from the labours of creation on the *seventh day*, and by ordaining the strictest ceremonies of the Sabbath as a memorial of the divine repose, only accommodated such figurative expressions to the sensual comprehensions of his tribes—an intellectual omnipotence whose workmanship is not the work of hands could not be comprehended by their gross conceptions. (2) The great legislator of the Hebrews has also assigned another reason for the Sabbatic Institution, for he told the Israelites that the Sabbath commemorated their deliverance from Egypt. (3) At a late period of their history the Jewish apologists of their people, so contemned and aspersed by Greek and Roman, assign different motives for the Sabbatical Institution. Philo, after some platonic fancies of the mystical number seven, for its quietness, floridly describes the seventh day as "the universal festival of Nature," which ought not to be peculiar to any people, but Josephus informs us, that the Sabbath of the Jews was instituted for the purpose of securing a regular application to the study of their law.

Sabbatarians became a term of reproach for the Jews with the Polytheists, who could

(1) Lowth's Isaiah, chap. lviii., ver. 13, 14.

(2) The most enlightened of the Rabbinical writers have usually agreed that such physical expressions and human emotions have been only adopted for the vulgar—as when in Psalms civ., 34—"The Lord rejoices in his works." So Aboab, in his paraphrase on Genesis, p. 7, tells us on this phrase of God *rested* from his labours, *Y helgo, a nuestro modo de hablar.* "And *rested*, according to our mode of speaking."

(3) Deut., v. 15. This double commemoration is explained by the most learned of the Jews, to clear up any difficulties which might arise, by a memorable event; we are informed that it was on a Sabbath morning that Pharaoh and his host were overwhelmed in the Red Sea. Such then was the hebetude of the Israelites, that Moses appears to have considered that an insulated incident connected with their own history was more likely to be commemorated by them, than the miraculous event of the creation itself; a perpetual miracle existing for all mankind.

never conceive the design of the Sabbath from its singular observances. The blunders of Plutarch are as ludicrous as his calumnies are malicious. (1) Tacitus and Juvenal imagined that the custom was a mere indulgence of national indolence. Sometimes they mistook the solemn Sabbath for a penitential fast, as did Augustus when writing to Tiberius; alluding to his own abstinence, he said that "no Jew kept so strict a fast upon the Sabbath as he did on that day." (2) The epigrammatic Martial alludes to the windy sourness of the empty stomachs of fasting Sabbatarians. (3)

The ancient Polytheists were as little acquainted with the customs of the insulated Hebrews as are most of the modern Christians. To them nothing seemed so joyless as the austerity of a Jewish Sabbath. It was a strange abandonment of all the avocations of life. They saw the fields of the Hebrews forsaken by the labourer; the ass unsaddled; the oar laid up in the boat; they marked a dead stillness pervading the habitation of the Israelite; the fires all extinguished; the accustomed meal unprepared; the man-servant and the maiden leave their work, and the trafficker, at least one day in the week, refusing the offered coin. The most scrupulous superstitions had long been superadded to the observance of the Mosaic institution, by the corrupting artifices of the rabbinical Pharisees. The female was not allowed to observe herself in a mirror, lest she might be tempted to pluck a hair; the Israelite might not even scrape off the dirt on his shoes, he must not lift a weight, or touch money, or ride, or bathe, or play on an instrument; the most trivial act of domestic life connected with labour or business was a violation of the Sabbath. Even the distance of a Sabbath-walk was not to exceed that space which lies between Jerusalem and the Mount of Olives; this was the distance between the Temple and the Tabernacle; it had been nicely measured, and the Hebrew in Rome on his Sabbath was still counting his steps on a Sabbath-day's journey. The Romans too might have heard that these Hebrews, when they had armies of their own, would halt in the midst of victory, on the eve of the Sabbath; and that on the Sabbath-day they ceased even to defend their walls from the incursions of an enemy. Had not the Romans profited by this custom in their last memorable triumph over Jerusalem?

But the interior delights of the habitation of the Hebrew were invisible to the Polytheist. He heard not the domestic greeting which cheerfully announced "the good Sabbath," nor the paternal benediction for the sons, and that of the master for his pupils. He could not behold, in the twilight hour of the Sabbath, the female covering the fresh loaves, prepared for that sanctified day, with her whitest napkins, in perpetual remembrance of that miraculous food which had fallen from heaven on every day, save the Sabbath. He could not behold the mistress of the house watching the sun set, and then lighting up the seven wicks of the lamp of the Sabbath, suspended during its consecration; a servile office performed by her own hand in atonement of the great mother of mankind. For oil to fill the Sabbath-lamp the mendicant implored an alms, which was as religiously given as it was religiously used. But the more secret illumination of the law on the Sabbath eve, as the Rabbins expressed it, bestowed a supernumerary soul on every Israelite. The sanctity felt through the Jewish abode on that day was an unfailing renewal of the religious emotions of this pious race. Thus, in the busy circle of life, was there one immoveable point, where the weary rested, and the wealthy enjoyed a heavenly repose; and it was not without some truth that Leo of Modena, a philosophical Hebrew, called this day "the Festival of the Sabbath."

It is beautiful to trace the expansion of an original and vast idea in the mind of a rare character, who seems born to govern the human race. Such an awful and severe genius was the legislator of the Hebrews! The Sabbatical institution he boldly extended to a seventh year, as well as he had appointed a seventh day. At that periodical return, the earth itself was suffered to lie fallow and at rest. In this "Sabbath of the land," the Hebrews were not permitted to plant, or to prune, to sow, or to reap; of the spontaneous growth no proprietor at those seasons was allowed to gather more than sufficed for the bare maintenance of his household. (4) In this sevonth year all debtors were to be released, a law which would naturally check the facility of increasing debts at the approach

(1) Sympos., lib. iv., where there will be found many absurdities about the Hebrew people.
(2) Suet. Oct. Aug.
(3) Lib. ix., Epig. 4.

(4) Levit. xxv., 3, 7.

of the periodical release. But what was the design of this great legislator in the extraordinary ordinance of ceasing agricultural labours?

We may conjecture that in the infant state of cultivation he considered, that in the confined territory which the Israelites occupied, far inland, among woods, and mountains, and rocks, and without any commercial intercourse with surrounding nations, for they sought none, and none came to them, their incessant industry might exhaust their soil. This law seems to have originated in a local necessity, but the foresight which would have prevented the evil of famine erred even in its wisdom; for, though Israel had been promised that "the sixth year should bring forth fruit for three years," and Moses would calculate on that surplus to supply the Sabbatical year, yet this refractory horde too often forfeited the Divine favour. This Ordinance impoverished the wealth of this agricultural people, and the Sabbatical year was usually followed by one of scarcity and distress. Thus it happened when Alexander, on a very singular occasion, (1) was desirous of conceding to the Hebrews some substantial mark of his royal favour, none seemed to them of more national importance than a dispensation to pay tribute in the seventh year.

A more obvious wisdom, and a more beautiful moral influence, appear in the still greater Sabbatical institution of every fifty years. Seven Sabbaths of years closed in their Jubilee, or the great year of release; a name and a ceremony still retained in the mimicry of Judaism by Papal Christianity, though it degenerates into a ludicrous and unmeaning parade. On the eventful day which hallowed a fiftieth year, at the blowing of the horn in the Synagogue, and the horn is still blown, though no longer heard in Judea, the poor man once more ceased to want, all pledges were returned, and all lands reverted to their original proprietors. On that day the slave was emancipated! The Lord had decreed, "The land shall not be sold, for the land is mine!" (2) By this Sabbatical institution of the Jubilee, no demoralised parent could entirely deprive his offspring of the inheritance of their ancestors; the curse of destitution no man could entail on his posterity. Equality of fortunes in the conditions of men, a political reverie in all other governments, seemed to have been realised in the small sacerdotal and agricultural Republic of Israel; and perhaps served as the model of that famous government which the Jesuits attempted to establish in Paraguay. The sublime legislator of the Hebrews, to prevent the oppressive accumulation of wealth in individuals, and the multiplication of debts without limit, and the perpetuity of slavery, decreed that nothing should be perpetual but the religious Republic itself! This greater Sabbatical institution was an expedient to check the disorders which flow from the monopoly of property. It produced a kind of community of goods among the people, and in some respects combined the theoretical politics of Plato and Socrates with the more practical systems of real property and personal possessions of Aristotle and Cicero. Too exquisitely benevolent for the selfishness, and the pride, and the indolence of man, the passions of mankind would revolt against this code of philanthropy, adapted to a smaller community; it was an Agrarian law without its violence, and an Ostracism without its malignity. While Israel possessed their Holy Land, all the Sabbatical institutions were religiously observed, till the destruction of the first Temple by the Assyrians. When the captive Jews, returning from Babylon, sought their father-land, they beheld their tribes confused together, and many of their brethren were wanderers in far-distant regions. The glory of their Temple had for ever passed away, the feelings of patriotism were cold in a desolated country—the magic had dissolved—and the Seven Sabbaths of Years for ever vanished!

Such is the history of the Sabbatic institutions of Moses. The seventh day, consecrated to the universal repose of all nature, may be said to have entirely disappeared, except among this ancient people, who still preserve it with all its rigours. Even Mahomet, in perpetuating it among his Moslems, changed it to a weekly feast-day, and "the most excellent day on which the sun rises," as it is described, is the sixth of the week. The Mohammedans esteem it a peculiar honour to Islam that Friday has been appointed for them, and that they alone enjoy the blessing of having first observed it. (3)

(1) The story is delightfully told by Josephus in his History, lib. xi., c. 8.

(2) Levit. xxv., 23.

(3) Sale's Preliminary Discourse to the Koran, 197. Lander recently, when in Africa, thus noticed this weekly festival. "Friday is the Mahommedan Sab-

The observance of the Sabbath-day became a subject of controversy only among the religious of the Protestants of our country; a subject which requires our investigation.

CHAPTER XLI.

Of the Observation of the Sabbath upon Sundays.

The superstitious discipline of the Jewish Sabbath, as practised by the tyrannical Pharisees, was one of those burthens of the old law which the new removed.

The Founder of the Christian Religion in the severe reprimands to his rabbinical persecutors, by his words and by his actions, testified that with the abrogation of the Mosaic ritual the ceremonial performance of the Sabbath was dissolved. Jesus announced himself to be "Lord of the Sabbath," and declared that "the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath," doubtless alluding to its arbitrary superstitions. "This man is not of God, because he keepeth not the Sabbath day," said the haughty Pharisees of Jesus; and when Jesus was accused of a breach of the Sabbath, according to the pharisaical strictness, by healing a sick man on that day, Jesus replied, "My Father worketh hitherto, and I also work." (1) The Apostles comprehended the intention of their Lord, otherwise they would have preferred enduring the keenest hunger rather than have plucked the ears of corn in passing through a field on the Sabbath. This was the point of time at which the ceremonial of the Sabbath was manifestly dissolved—or as Lightfoot, deep in Hebraic lore, that "Christian Rabbi" as Gibbon happily designates this prodigy of erudition, quaintly expressed it, this was "the shaking of the Sabbath."

Christianity was not established at once; this miracle was denied the world; and the children of the Gospel required the indulgence of tender converts, whose consciences and customs and imaginations could not be weaned on the sudden from those Mosaic rites which for so many ages they held as imprescriptible. The habits of these innovators, known in ecclesiastical history as Judaising Christians, were still clinging to the ancient faith, while their convictions had embraced the new. These Jewish proselytes, who are described as "certain of the sect of Pharisees which *believe*," (2) were indulged for the first half century in Levitical ceremonies. To these Judaising Christians the antiquated Sabbath and even the rite of circumcision was still allowed. St. Paul attended Synagogues on the Sabbath, and joined in the ceremonial part, with a view to obtain proselytes, and this great assertor of the Christian Faith, who had inculcated "the circumcision made without hands," himself circumcised Timothy to humour the rooted prejudices of these wavering Jews. (3) There was a moment even when the Judaising Christians attempted to reconcile the Code of Moses with the Gospel of Christ. These held a conference with the Apostles, which, like all such conferences, produced "much disputing," till Peter rising up, and having announced his successful conversion of the Gentiles, protested against a return to their obsolete rites. The Apostle rested his salvation, not on a Ritual, but "on the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ." Proceeding as they now were, with such great success, the Apostle exclaimed, "Now therefore why tempt ye God *to put a yoke upon the neck of the disciples which neither our fathers nor we are able to bear?*" This open confession of the Apostle is remarkable. The rites, or rather the ceremonies of Judaism, had sunk into an inextricable mass of the minutest and most harassing superstitions. Religion looked like witchcraft—and the Pharisees, ostentatiously austere, with inquisitorial terror, had inflicted on their people the brutalising bondage of passive obedience. The attempt to renew these multiplied ceremonies was thwarting

bath, which is constantly kept as a holiday by the inhabitants for public recreation and festivities." —ii., 114.

(1) A strong light is thrown on this expression of Jesus, as well as on our present subject, by Justin Martyr in his eccentric dialogue with Trypho the Jew—"You see that the heavens are not idle, nor do *they observe the Sabbaths*. If before Abraham there was no need of circumcision, nor *the Sabbaths*, etc., so now in like manner there is no need of them since Jesus Christ." Sect. xxiii.

(2) Acts xv., 5.

(3) The intolerant Knox was so greatly confounded at the compliance of St. Paul with the advice of St. James, in conforming with the Jewish customs, that he might not offend the converts of that nation, —that Knox inveighs against what he calls "a worldly-wise council" of both the Apostles, and hardily doubts whether the command of the one and the obedience of the other proceeded from the Holy Ghost. Knox discovered that the Apostolical toleration was pointed against his own unrelenting conduct to those who, however inclined to the new Reformation, yet still looked on the mass with religious emotions. How true is it that men in parallel situations necessarily move on similar principles.—Knox, Hist. Ref. of Scotland, i., 133. (Ed. 1814.)

the spirit of the mighty Reformation of Judaism, and would have contracted the influence of that more beautiful system which initiated its votaries on far easier terms. A baptism of blood was changed to a baptism of water; mercy and not sacrifice was now the hope of man; the Revelation which had remained incomplete was now accomplished by "the Saviour who had abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light." The early proselytes to Christianity unquestionably would have been diminished in number, had they been compelled to return to the old Jewish bondage.

The leading object of St. Paul's reform was to do away "all the differences of days and times," such as "*Sabbaths*, new moons, circumcision, with distinctions of meat and drink." The whole code of Moses was repealed, the rites and ceremonies were declared to be but "a shadow of things to come," (1) types of the new Revelation; Judaism was but an adumbration of Christianity.

In the East, Christians chiefly of Hebrew descent still lingered in their old customs; the Jewish Sabbath, and even the rite of circumcision, were permitted as indifferent matters, that, as we are told, "the Mother Synagogue might be laid to sleep with the greater honour." (2) But in the West the Christian Church condemned as heretical the celebration of the Sabbath of the Hebrews; it was mingling the Jewish leaven with the bread of life. As the Eastern Christians had been indulged with Judaic ceremonies, so the Western, consisting chiefly of Pagan converts, were favoured with more exhilarating festivals, instituted on a mythological model, for the heathen proselytes experienced the same reluctance in abandoning their own ancient ceremonies as had the Hebrews. (3) Those opposite rites and ceremonies of the earliest proselytes to Christianity were imperceptibly introduced into the Church; they have been deemed its corruptions; and the famous letter on the "Conformity of Popery with Paganism" requires as large a supplement on the conformity of Popery with Judaism.

When the Sabbath departed, no new one was substituted; no apostolical precept enforces it; no practice of the primitive Christians warrants it.

As the religious observance of the seventh day of the week declined, the first day gradually grew into some repute. (4)

Of customs, whose beginnings only glimmer in the obscurity of ages, it is hopeless to feel about for any palpable evidence. Paley has taken an enlightened view of this subject, aware as he was of the historical difficulties of affixing the Sabbatical character to our Sunday, or even the appellative by which it is honoured, as "The Lord's day." St. Paul and St. Luke only call it "the first day of the week," evidently from the acknowledgment that the Sabbath was the seventh and last day. At first it appears to have been fixed on as a day on which Christians assembled to unite in solemn prayer, perhaps as being in direct opposition to the Jewish seventh day. St. Paul distinguished the first day of the week, and opposed the observance of the Jewish Sabbath, and it was for this reason that those Judaising Christians, the Ebionites, rejected his writings, accounting the Saint to be an apostate, as we are informed by Irenæus and Epiphanius. (5) The primitive Christians abhorred the observance of the Jewish Sabbath, which they held was only practised by the contemners of "the Lord's day." Justin Martyr tells Trypho the Jew, in the full spirit of the times, that "they would gladly endure the most horrible tortures that men and devils could devise to inflict on them, rather than keep *your Sabbath*, and observe *your solemn days*."

It is probable that Sunday, being considered as the day of the Redeemer's resurrection, was hence called "the Lord's day." The first account we find of this impressive term is in the Apocalypse, chap. i., v. 10, "I was in the spirit on *the Lord's day*." This was written so late as the ninety-fourth year of the Christian era. The Lord's day can only be presumed to designate Sunday. The term is frequent among the prophetical writers, as Cruden's Concordance will show at a single glance. "But," observed Paley,

(1) Colossians, ii., 17.

(2) An expression from one of the Councils. Heylin's History of the Sabbath, part ii., 24.

(3) Mosheim's Eccles. Hist., ii., 141. Grotius, in his "Truth of Christianity," has noticed the toleration of Jewish rites by the primitive teachers of the Christian faith, book v., ch. 12.

(4) See Selden, *de jure naturali et Gentium juxta disciplinare Hebræorum*, lib. ii., in the 13th and following chapter. Prideaux, "The Doctrine of the Sabbath, delivered in the Act at Oxon, 1622. 4°." Heylin's "History of the Sabbath," part ii., 30—and also "Paley's Moral and Political Philosophy," ii., 98.

(5) Sunday no Sabbath. A sermon by John Pocklington, Doctor of Divinity, Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Lincoln, 1636, p. 10.

"we find no footsteps of any distinction of days, which could entitle any other to that appellation." So obscure is even the first introduction of the elevated designation which hallows that day.

The Jewish Sabbath and the Lord's day were long wrestling for the mastery; but while the first day in the week received the honours of the Sabbath, it bred some confusion among those whose faith lay in the seventh. The Judaising Christian, the mild Nazarene, and the fierce Ebionite, sabbathised both days; the Saturday as the day of Creation, when all nature began to live, and the Sunday as the day of the Resurrection, when man was blessed with such certain evidence of a future existence.

About the middle of the second century Justin Martyr noticed, that "upon the day called Sunday they met together to pray." He styles the first day of the week the day of the Sun, and assigns the reason for the selecting of that day for religious worship, that in it God began the work of creation, and Christ rose from the dead; this was evidently a confused mixture of the Jewish and Christian creeds. It was these Sunday assemblies which induced the Pagans to imagine that the Christians were worshippers of the Sun, from whom that dedicated day was named. Tertullian, who lived much later than this Father, calls Sunday *Dies Solis*, and considered it as a festival-day dedicated to mirth and festivity, and not wholly to devotion. He sometimes calls it "the Eighth day," and sometimes *Dies Dominicus*, the Lord's day. After divine service every one returned to his occupations. The apostles had never enjoined their followers to refrain from labour. Paul, who was a tent-maker, must be inferred, from a passage in the New Testament, to have worked at his tents on a Sunday.

During the three first centuries, the Lord's day was not considered as a Sabbath, nor was it held as such in the fourth. At this period, indeed, a remarkable circumstance occurred. Constantine, called the Great, whom Eusebius characterises by a single stroke, as "making a church of his palace," enacted laws for the equal observance of Sundays and Saturdays. But Sunday became a more favourite day, for his mingled army of Christians and Pagans would willingly address on the same day, the one in their Church, the Saviour Jesus; the other in the open field, Phœbus, the god of light. No cessation from the business of life had hitherto attended "the Lord's day." Constantine for the first time closed the courts of law, but the peasant and the artisan were seen at their work. After prayers Sunday was held as a day of recreation, and on Wednesdays and Fridays they equally communicated together by the order of this Prince, half-Christian and half-Pagan.

In the fifth and sixth centuries, when Christianity began to triumph over those anomalous sects into which Paganism had split, "the Lord's day" rose in the same esteem as other festival days. Still, however, through these and six succeeding centuries, we discover some Judaising Christians. Gregory the Great, who adopted so many popular ceremonies into the Church, yet strenuously opposed those who refused to attend to their occupations on the Saturdays or the Sundays. In their Judaising strictness, they refraiaed oven from their baths on Sundays, on which the Pontiff observed, "If bathing be sinful, why then wash the face on that day?"

Under the Gaulish and the Northern moaarchs, the barbarous Christian became more and more Judaical in the strict observance of the Sabbath. The writers of these times abound with legends of miraculous punishments happening to the violators of the Sabbath, or Sundays. We seem suddenly to enter on a history of Israelites composed by doting Rabbins, rather than on the annals of Christianity, dictated by an Apostolical spirit. The Rabbinical genius, in its minute tyrannies, among thoir Sabbatical superstitions had forbidden their Jews even making so small a noise as that of rapping their knuckles on a table to still a child; or tracing a letter evea in sand, or cutting a cord, or breaking a stick. These pitiful superstitions appear to have been revived in the spurious Christianity of the middle ages, and were actually practised by those Puritans who emigrated to America. In 1028, Olaus, King of Norway, having one Sunday notched and whittled a stick, was reminded that he had trespassed on tho Sabbath; the pious King gathered the chips in the palm of his hand, and burnt them on it, that thus he might punish the member which had, as he supposed, offended the divine precept. A miller, for mending his mill on the Lord's day, found his hand cleaving to the hatchet. Such superstitious legends prove that the grossest Judaism was a weed not easily to be extirpated from the soil.

For three hundred years after Christ, the most erudite researches have shown that the

Christian was bound by no law to the strict Sabbatic observance of the Lord's day, nor was any sort of labour interdicted on Sundays. In a Council held at Paris in 829, it was determined that "Keeping of the Lord's day had no other ground but merely custom."(1) More than a thousand years after Christ elapsed before the Lord's day became distinguished from the usual festivals appointed by the Church. In 1244, in the Synod of Lyons, it was included among the holidays.

At the Reformation, Calvin and Beza were anxious that the Sabbatical-Sunday, as a rest of Judaism, should be considered merely as an ecclesiastical day, originating in the appointment of the Church, but not of Divine institution. The Swiss Church in their Confession declare that one day is not more holy than another, nor do they think that a cessation from all labour is any way grateful to the Divinity. To show the world that the Church had authority to transfer the day, it was proposed to change the *seventh day* to *Thursday*; a change which certainly would have occurred in the Church of Geneva, had the Thursday voters not formed the minority. This proposition, by assuming that there was no distinction of days, was designed to mark their contempt of the Romanist's crowded Calendar. Calvin and Beza accused the Church of Rome of having imbued the minds of the people with Judaism by their frequent festivals and their saints' days.

At length we land at home. What had occurred on the Continent had been reflected here. The first account we find of any restraint from labour is in the reign of Edward the Third. The same argument then prevailed for establishing Sunday as a Hebrew Sabbath, and met with the same opposition; for markets were opened, public recreations allowed, and trades carried on, after the hours of prayer. At the Reformation, Tyndale remarkably expresses his sentiments to Sir Thomas More: "As for the Sabbath we be lords over the Sabbath, and may yet change it into Monday, or into any other day, as we see need; or may make every tenth day holiday only, if we see cause why."—"All days are Sabbath days!" said Bishop Hooper. Edward the Sixth, our infant Protestant, in the infancy of Protestantism, appointed Sundays among other holidays on which the people are to refrain from their business, yet, when necessity shall require, the husbandman, the fisherman, the labourer, may work in harvest, or ride or fish at free will. This was but a half-measure. Elizabeth unquestionably never considered Sunday as a Sabbath, for she enjoins labour on that as well as on other festival-days, after their common prayer — her language is observable by its indicating that we still harboured some Judaising Christians. "And if for any scrupulosity or grudge of conscience some should *superstitiously abstain from working on those days*, they shall grievously offend." I find Elizabeth granting a licence to one John Seconton to use certain plays and games upon *nine several Sundays*." (2)

It was however in the reign of Elizabeth, during the unsettled state of the national religion, that a sect arose among those reformers of the reformed, the first Puritans, who were known by the name of *Sabbatarians*. These held the Decalogue as of perpetual obligation; and, according to their new creed, if the Sabbath-day had been changed, which they doubted, the Judaic rigours of its strict observance were still to sanctify it. Labour and recreation, with those persons, equally profaned the silence and the repose of the Sabbath. John Knox, the great Reformer of Scotland, was the true father of this new doctrine in England, although Knox was the bosom friend of Calvin.

Calvin deemed the Sabbath to have been a Jewish ordinance, limited to that sacred people with their other ceremonial laws, and only typical of the spiritual repose of the advent of Christ, which abolished the grosser, rejected its rigours, and reproaches those whose Sabbatical superstitions were carnal and gross as the Jewish. (3) At Geneva a tradition exists, that when John Knox visited Calvin on a Sunday, he found his austere coadjutor bowling on a green. At this day, and in that place, a Calvinist preachor after

(1) Heylin, part ii., c. v., p. 143, who frequently profits by the learned inquiry of Prideaux.

(2) See T. Hearne's Preface to Camden's Elizabeth.

(3) The passage is in the Institutes, lib. ii., c. viii., sect. 34. "Crassa, carnalique Sabbatismi Superstitione, Ter Judeos superant," or, as he has given it in his own translation of the Institute, "Ceux qui la suivent surmontent les Jotfs en opinion charnelle du Sabbath." Calvin would observe Sunday as a fixed day for assembling for religious communion, but divested of all Judaism; not that there is any distinction between days, but the appointment of a particular one is convenient, that all may meet together. After divine service all are free, and he reprobates those who have imbued the poor populace with Judaic opinions, and deprived the working class of their recreations.

his Sunday sermon will take his seat at the card-table. Some of our early Puritans who had taken refuge in Holland, after ten years in vain pressing for the observance of the Sabbatic Sunday, resolved to leave the country where they had been kindly received, and went "to the ends of the earth," among the wildernesses of America, to observe "the Lord's day" with the Jewish rigours.(1) When Laud was charged on his trial for the revival of the Book of Sports allowed on that day, he thought it prudent to deny that he had been the suggester; he however professed his judgment in its favour, alleging the practice of their own favourite church of Geneva.(2)

It may surprise us that two of the great friends of Calvin, closely connected with him, and with his system, should have espoused a very opposite doctrine. Knox in Scotland, after Sunday having been 1554 years classed among the festival days, both in the Greek and the Latin churches, as the Anti-sabbatarians maintain, Knox no longer calling this day *the Lord's day*, but taking some Jew for its god-father, named it *the Sabbath*, and thus disguised its nature and custom.(3) Knox acquired many advocates in England. Whittingham, the Puritan Dean of Durham, who had resided at Geneva and had married the sister of Calvin, likewise differed with his brother, and on his return home appears to have had his mind imbued with a full portion of the spirit of his Scottish friend. This redoubtable Puritan evinced his zeal by defacing the antique monuments in Durham Cathedral, and converting the stone coffins of the Priors of Durham into horse-troughs. Whittingham was a rigid Sabbatarian, and these doctrines must have spread at London from a circumstance which Strype has recorded. At Paris-garden, where public amusements were performed on Sundays, a crowded scaffold gave way, and by this accident some were killed and many wounded. The Lord Mayor sent notice of it to Lord Burleigh as a judgment of Heaven for the violation of the Sabbath; and the Recorder chronicled the event in his Diary under the head of "a punishment of the violaters of the Sabbath." This doctrine therefore must have been general in 1582.(4)

The nation was therefore prepared in 1595 to receive these Sabbatic doctrines in a systematic form by a Dr. Bound. The book excited a ferment among the people; the Archbishop called in the copies, and the Lord Chief Justice forbade the printing as inculcating doctrines not acknowledged by the Church and the laws of the kingdom. The suppressed work, however, continued to circulate in manuscript, and, being prohibited, was the more eagerly read. When Whitgift was no more, an enlarged edition appeared in 1606. This book has hitherto eluded all my enquiries; yet it may be considered as the source of those conflicting opinions which, in the subsequent reigns of James and Charles, so long agitated the nation, respecting the mode in which Sunday should be observed, whether with the rigour of a Jewish Sabbath, or with the recreations of a Christian holiday?

Dr. Bound's doctrine of the Sabbath reigned paramount for several years, and as our quaint Fuller expresses it, "not so much as the feather of a quill in print did wag against him;" and Heylin more elegantly confesses that "in very little time it grew the most bewitching error, the most popular deceit, that ever had been set on foot in the Church of England." The pious could not reasonably object to an act which at least bears the appearance of morality and religion, though it

(1) Cotton Mather, Magnalia Christi Americana, fol. 5.

(2) Thomas Warton, in his first edition of "Milton's Juvenile Poems," observed, in a note on the Lady's speech in Comus, verse 177, that "it is owing to the Puritans ever since Cromwell's time that *Sunday* has been made in England a day of gravity and severity; and many a staunch observer of the rites of the Church of England little suspects that he is conforming to the *Calvinism* of an *English Sunday*." In Warton's second edition this note was wholly cancelled. It had probably given offence to heads unfurnished with their own natural history; thus are popular errors fostered. There was too an error, and one our critic and poet, not versed probably in Ecclesiastical history, might have easily fallen into, when he ascribed to Calvin the melancholy institution of Knox's Sabbath. Calvin himself was adverse to it. The Scottish Presbyterian who so eagerly embraced the horrible theology of Calvin, as if that were not sufficiently mortifying to man, dropped the only part which might soften the cares of human life, and added to the gloom of Calvinism the asceticism of the most rigorous Sabbath. Warton, having discovered himself surrounded by so many difficulties, and having unintentionally offended the false delicacy of some, in despair seems to have given up the note altogether, which, however, only required a very minute correction.

(3) Pocklington's Sermon "Sunday no Sabbath," 1636.

(4) Strype's Annals, iii., 440. The Puritan Neal, who alludes to this transaction, profoundly observes that "the Court paid no regard to such remonstrances, and the Queen had her ends in encouraging the sports, pastimes, and revellings of the people on *Sundays* and holidays."—i., 363. 4to.

may stand unconnected with either; but a serpent was imagined to have folded itself under this "Rose of Sharon." The Puritans having failed in their open attacks to subvert the hierarchy, and even the monarchy, from the time of the Mar-prelate faction, it was now supposed to be striking more covertly, and that Dr. Bound's doctrine was an arrow drawn out of their quiver. (1) This Doctor was a root-and-branch Reformer, for he had thrown out a broad hint that all other holidays might be safely put down as Papistical institutions which arbitrarily had raised ordinary days to an equality with the Sabbath.

On Dr. Bound's Sabbath, scholars were forbid opening their books, lawyers to peruse briefs, justices to officiate, and even the throne itself was rebuked, for it enjoyed no privilege to be occupied on that day with temporal concerns or idle pleasures. The whole kingdom was thrown into this bondage of Jerusalem. Nor did this "bewitching error" end here. Some stood up for abrogating the Lord's day by a positive return to the perpetual Sabbath-day, the Judaic Saturday; while others, in their disturbed zeal, equally observed both days.

This novelty was too well adapted to seize on the imaginations of the unthinking multitude, who, naturally religious, are awed by the ascetic forms of religion; they imagine that they become more spiritual in the degree that they remove themselves from all corporeal humanity; as if mortals were born to be as if they had not been born, so dead to all the affections of their nature! In transferring the rigours of the Jewish Sabbath to the Lord's day, the contrast among the people was not only melancholy but even ridiculous! All the business and the recreations of life suddenly ceased; no cattle were led to the water, no provender was procured for the horse, no wine was to be sold, and if a "godly" servant could be prevailed on to prepare the Sunday dinner, she saved herself from the sin of washing the dishes. A Sabbatarian lady had all her days longed to bless her eyes with the sight of royalty; when Charles and Henrietta were on a progress, Heylin offered to procure her this favour; but the lady refused seeing a King and Queen on "a Sabbath-day." Dr. Bound had proscribed all feasts and wedding dinners, but he inserted a clause which does no honour to the integrity of his piety, for he absolves "Lords, knights, and gentlemen of quality." (2) To cast a bowl, to ring even church bells more than by a single toll, even to talk of news or business, were sins, and ranked with murder, and adultery, and, even at a later period, a Sabbath-breaker became as an excommunicated man.

A gloomy and anti-social spirit was fast prevailing among the people in their "preciseness, as this new system was termed. Puritanic persons had deprived the populace of their accustomed festivals and pastimes on the Sunday afternoons after divine service; festivals and pastimes are the poor man's inheritance, his unbought enjoyments, the leisure of his servitude, the common solace of the ancient friendships of the village! At a period when the papal Christians still maintained some political influence, the Catholic priests were busily insinuating among the lower orders that the Protestant religion was nothing more than a sullen deprivation of innocent enjoyments, and we are told that this argument was not unintelligible, and had sometimes succeeded in "turning the people's hearts." Scotland had already put down "Pasche" and "Yule" and other cheerful holidays as "superstitious times." James the First, in one of his progresses, found the people of Lancashire discontented, by the austerity of their puritanical Sundays; and on his return home the King issued his "declaration" for "liberty on the Lord's day." "With our own ears we have heard the general complaint of our people." His native good-humour and his deep policy combined to sympathise with the querulous multitude, and to ward off this popular shape of Puritanism. The Royal declaration is usually known as "the Book of Sports," but it was soon contemptuously nick-named "the Dancing Book." James had heretofore learned a lesson in Scotland, from these sour Sabbatarians; and when he cast his eyes over Christian Europe, that monarch could not discover any reason why in his kingdom alone the Sunday, after

(1) Compare Collier's Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain, ii., 643, with Neal, the historian of the Puritans, i., 386, 4to edition. Collier indicates Dr. Bound's opinions in his index, as "singularities touching the morality of the Sabbath." The learned Henry Warton, in a marginal note on Laud's Diary, on the term "Sabbath," says, "For so these Puritans styled and accounted the Sunday."—214.

(2) Fuller's Church History, book ix., 127 Dr. Bound's notions are accurately referred to by Fuller, whose impartial narrative and citations are a substitute for the original.

church-time, should become a day of tribulation and self-denial—the people being prohibited from their pastimes of archery, leaping, May-games, and morris-dances, which encouraged the common people to a common amity, and inured the bodies of sedentary artificers by athletic exercises.

Scarcely was the memorable and unlucky "Book of Sports" thrown among the people, than in their inquiry after the nature of the Sabbath they discovered, to their amazement, that every thing concerning the nature of a *Christian Sabbath* was uncertain and questionable. The Sabbatarian controversy then re-opened.

The difficulties of the investigation rose in proportion to the number of learned tractates which appeared, either in favour or against the strict observance of the ancient Sabbath. What day is the Seventh? It is any day after six days. Which is the beginning and the end of the Sabbath? Does it open at cock-crowing, or does it last from even to even? It was considered that neither the day nor the hour were material; for Time having a circular motion, and its divisions being themselves but artificial, it was sufficient if the due proportion of the Sabbath be completed. There were who asserted that Sunday was a working-day, for that Saturday was the perpetual Sabbath; while, in this controversy, some, disturbed at counting the first day for a seventh, persevered in hallowing both days as Sabbaths. It was on the occasion of a bill "for the better observance of the Sabbath called Sunday," we learn from a private letter of the day, that a Member of the House, presuming to sneer at the Puritans, observed that if Saturday was *dies Sabbati*, it might be entitled a bill "for the observance of Saturday commonly called Sunday." Our unlucky wit had the good fortune to be only expelled the House, whose proneness to Judaism, at a later period, might have led them to renew the Mosaic lapidation.

The opinions of the Sabbatic Sunday were so unsettled, that when Fuller wrote his Church history of Britain, that honest historian shrank from the Sabbatarian controversy, and has curiously arranged his history on this subject into three columns, of "Sabbatarians, of moderate men, and of Anti-Sabbatarians, without interposing any opinions of his own.

James and Charles were alike condemned by the popular prejudice; and though the present was one of their least political errors, if truly it were an error, heavily was it visited on the last sovereign. The Parliament's armies usually chose Sundays for their battles, that the profanation of that day might be expiated by a field-sacrifice, and that the Sabbath-breakers, the Royalists, might suffer a signal punishment! James the First would have started with horror at his "Book of Sports," could he have presciently contemplated on the Archbishop and the Sovereign who persisted in its revival being dragged to the block. By what invisible threads does fate suspend together the most remote events! It was not to be imagined that the consciences were to be disturbed, and the opinions distracted of the English people, because they had fallen into a peculiar practice when compared with their European neighbours. Even to a much later period, the prejudice against those monarchs had lost none of its bitterness, none of its unrelenting hatred, for the presumed impiety of sparing the people the melancholy indolence of a Puritanic Sunday. So late as in 1711, a writer in his strictures on the Lower House of Convocation's representation on the growth of Infidelity, Heresy, and Profaneness, maintains that "this deluge of impiety and licentiousness must be traced to the wicked 'Book of Sports' of James and Charles. Charles the First renewed that war against Heaven which his father had impiously begun," and he discovers no other cause in "the rebellion" but that of "the Sabbath-breakers!" (1)

But this became no dispute of a mere theological dogma; "the Sabbath" was now a party-term taken up in opposition to the term "Sunday" to distinguish the Court from the popular party; and it seemed no longer to involve a case of Ecclesiastical judicature, when it raised up a banner under which was to be fought the terrible contest of civil and political power, and to which flocked the subverters of the government.(2)

(1) See a folio pamphlet entitled "The Representation examined, being Remarks on the State of Religion in England."—1711.

(2) In a suppressed passage of Hume, of his first quarto edition, p. 151, he treats with some philosophical levity the change of the term *Sunday* to the *Sabbath*. "This is a difference about a few unmeaning syllables, but as the controversy betwixt the Church and the Puritans did not altogether regard theological dogmas, but involved a dispute concerning ecclesiastical as well as civil power and government, that controversy must be allowed, in

CHAPTER XLII.

The Cause of the Revival by Charles the First of "the Book of Sports" for Recreations on Sundays.

We must consider the Puritanism that was spreading among all ranks as that counteraction which usually occurs in human affairs. The prevalent jealousy and dread of Papistry had forced scrupulous minds to become what was sometimes termed "precise." This new mode of opposing superstitions had, however, many of its own. Some good men, but far more fantastic and conceited persons, imagined that it was wise to be "righteous over much" rather than to revert to the Romish ceremonials, as "the dog returneth to his vomit;" yet these very persons were fast restoring the corruptions of rabbinical Judaism.

The Prelacy had been openly attacked; a more covert blow was now aimed, by affecting a Judaic strictness in the observance of "the Lord's day," which the Puritanic now began to style emphatically "The Sabbath."

The divinity of the Lord's day was new divinity at Court, says a contemporary historian, (1) and, it may be added, it was so throughout England. At Court, so far were they from practising any austerities on Sundays, that it was their custom, "time sans memorie," not only to hold privy councils, but to reserve this very day for their more splendid amusements, the Masque—the Pastoral—and the Play. Even among the lowest orders, Sunday had long been held the most convenient festival day for the pastimes of the people; and more particularly for the celebration of those numerous Church or parochial holidays, whose traces still linger among our northern counties, and were then held to commemorate the dedications of churches to their patron saint, or to consecrate the memory of some munificent founder. That many of these festivals of the people were the remains of old Pagan and Hebrew customs, was better known to a later age of inquiry than the age of Charles the First. They had, however, long been converted to Christian purposes. The profane erudition of the Puritans of that day was not very extensive, and their authorities were usually limited to the old and the new law, which they appear to have sadly confused between the literal and the typical meaning. They had, it is true, a due abhorrence of the Saints which crowded the Romish calendar, and grudged even to bestow on Paul and Peter their titular honour. They now attempted to abolish these parochial festivals, on the plea that they were profanations of "the Sabbath."

From time immemorial our rude and religious ancestors had preserved their country wakes, festivals held throughout the night, and which, in fact, as their title imports, were the ancient vigils. To strew rushes on the floors, and to hang fresh garlands in the church, were offices pleasing to the maidens; the swains encountered each other in their athletic recreations of wrestling, cudgelling, and leaping, or melted the hearts of their mistresses, by their morris-dances and their May-games; above all, they feasted liberally, the rich spared not their hospitality, all doors were opened, all comers welcomed; all looked forward to their wake-day, and old friendships were renewed, and little enmities were reconciled at a joyous wake. Some of these festivals were called Church-ales. The people, after divine service on Sundays, resorted to the churchyard, and, after partaking in the same common enjoyments, and copious potations of a subscription ale brewed by all the strength and care of the district, they left some token of their honest piety for the service of their parish church, to cast a bell, or to repair a tower, and dropped their mite into the alms-box. There were Clerk-ales where the parishioners sent in their provisions to the Clerk's house, and came to feast with him. The Clerk was the vender of his own brewings, his profit and his reputation were at stake, and, by the zealous libations of his friends, a half-starved Clerk eked out his lean quarterage by these merry perquisites. There was also a Bid-ale, a feast of charity, where a man decayed in his fortunes gathered the generous bounties of his neighbours at this Sunday holiday. All these holy festivals and public spectacles, well provided with good fare and barmy ale, concluded with rural games in May, and a Yule-block at Christmas. These Wakes and Ales were long a singular mixture of piety, benevolence, and mirth. The delightful poet, the happy painter of our by-gone manners,

some of its articles, to have been of much greater importance." Perhaps he erased this passage on maturer consideration, when he found that it is impossible to separate the theological part of the contest from the political; the theological being often the ostensible, but not always the real cause of the civil war.

(1) Hamon L'Estrange, Reign of Charles the First.

and the faithful recorder of our once country-customs, has described the Wake in verse as exhilarating as these rural revels themselves. I will not forbear their transcription.

"Come, Anthea! let us two
Go to feast as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
Are the junketts still at Wakes,
Unto which the tribes resort
Where the business is the sport.
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian too in pageantrie;
And a mimick, to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes;
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a cudgel play,
When a coxcomb will be broke
Ere a good word can be spoke.
But the anger ends all here,
Drencht in ale, or drown'd in beere.
Happy Rustics! best content
With the cheapest merriment,
And possess no other fear
Than to want the Wake next year." (1)

That those village Saturnalia were not always associated with the innocent simplicity which the Devonshire poet fancied, could only be an inevitable consequence of the revelries of an English populace. Swains were too fortunate, and maidens too tender; the ales were too potent, and the wrestlers too pugnacious. Our own people may yet learn something from the decencies of the populace of the continent. It is still a remnant of our insular rudeness, that our rustics imagine that their boisterous freedom is never freedom till it is proclaimed by the Riot Act, and till the general carouse is concluded by manslaughter. The commemorations of these festivals were charged with such licentious acts; the charge seems to have been aggravated, and these disorders were but local and occasional.

It is certainly a singular circumstance, strangely discordant with the after-conduct of Charles the First, that in the first and in the third year of his reign, two statutes passed, the one entitled "An Act for punishing divers abuses committed on *the Lord's day called Sunday*;" and another for "the further reformation of sundry abuses committed on *the Lord's day commonly called Sunday*." No unlawful pastimes were to be allowed, carriers are not to travel, nor butchers sell their meat, etc., customs certainly which had heretofore been practised. It is also expressly said, that "the holy keeping of the Lord's day is a principal part of the true service of God, which is now profaned and neglected." In no part of these statutes can I find the term "Sabbath," otherwise this last sentence is a remarkable specification, perfectly accordant with the notions, and delivered in the style of the Puritans.

This would seem inexplicable, unless we conjecture that when Charles the First held his Parliaments, these statutes were contrived by that party. Heylin declares as much; he says that "the Commons had *gained* these acts." (2) As they did not go so far as to abolish these Ecclesiastical festivals, but only professed their better regulation, at that moment no objection was started from the Government side. It is probable that the remarkable specification of "the holy keeping of the Lord's day" was designed, by those who drew up these statutes, as a preliminary to the future introduction of the novel term "Sabbath." That term was not yet to be found in the laws of England.

It is curious to observe, that when James the First composed his advice to his son Prince Henry, touching on the present topic, he provides that "the Sabbothes be kept holie." This was his style in the land of John Knox. In his new dominions of England that term was entirely thrown aside. The Puritanic rigours of a Sunday were, however, gaining ground even in the reign of the father of Charles the First, and more particularly among the civic corporations, as the son lived to experience. The conduct of a Lord Mayor under James the First has been recorded as an example of his piety, and it may be added of his prudence. The King's carriages, removing to Theobalds on a Sunday morning, raised a clatter in the time of divine service. The Lord Mayor commanded them to be stopped; the officers returning to his Majesty made vehement complaints. The King warmed, and swore he thought there had been no more kings in England than himself, and dispatched a warrant to the Lord Mayor to let them pass. The Puritanic chief magistrate obeyed, observing, "While it was in my power I did my duty; but, that being taken away by a higher power, it is my duty to obey." The shrewd sense of this Lord

(1) Herrick's Hesperides.

(1) Cyprianus Anglicus, p. 281.

Mayor produced a compliment from the King.

The doctrine of the rigid Sabbath was rife when Laud was Bishop of London. A circumstance will show the character of these city Sabbatarians. Sir Nicholas Rainton, the Lord Mayor, prosecuted a poor old apple-woman for retailing her small stores on Sundays in Paul's Church-yard; Laud insisted that she should continue her harmless living on Sundays in the Churchyard, threatening, that should the Lord Mayor again interfere in his jurisdiction, he would complain of him to the King and council. Another Lord Mayor in 1629 issued his warrant against those "who profane the Sabbath day by buying and selling." Laud excepted against it, as intruding on his Episcopal jurisdiction. These anecdotes are maliciously given by Prynne, who concludes, "Such was this profane Archbishop." (1)

The land seemed threatened with that renovated Judaism which, not many years after, triumphantly rabbinised the whole realm. Judaical opinions had been broached by one John Thraske, (2) who among other absurdities had insisted that the Levitical ritual, relative to meats, etc., was also of perpetual ordinance. Now one Theophilus Bradbourn dedicated a treatise to Charles the First, in which he demonstrated that the Jewish Sabbath was to be kept with the rigid observances of the Hebrews, being a perpetual and moral obligation for mankind, while Sunday was an ordinary working-day. These Judaising Christians, whose Bibles had disordered their heads, had their followers; and Heylin tells us that there was a tendency in the people to "downright Judaism." (3) All these theological reveries were fostered by the novel doctrines of the Sabbatarians. Bradbourn, however, when brought into the Court of High-Commission submitted to a conference, where he had the good fortune to discover that his arguments were untenable, and to conform himself to quiet and orthodoxy.

As profanations of "the Sabbath," the Puritanic party had often protested against the Ecclesiastical festivals which we have described. It was now attempted to sanction their opinions. At the request of several country magistrates, at an assize in Somersetshire, Lord Chief-Justice Richardson issued an order for the utter suppression of these popular festivals, and further ordered that all ministers should publish his order from their pulpits.

The Bishop of London, startled at this usurpation of the jurisdiction of the Church, and this abolishment of days of ecclesiastical appointment, complained to the King. The Chief-Justice summoned to the Council-board, argued as a sound lawyer; appealed to the recent statutes, and alleged many precedents of such assize-orders, for the suppression of these festivals from the reign of Elizabeth. (4) Law was babble, when divinity was jealous. The Judge was severely reprimanded by the Bishop for having assumed a power over ministers, without the consent of the Bishop of the diocese; and commanded him to revoke that order at the next assizes, in the same public manner in which he had given it, as he would answer the contrary at his peril. On leaving the Council-board the indignant Judge, as much in rage as in dejection, shed tears, and when asked by Lord Dorset how he did? replied, "Very ill, my Lord, for I have been almost choked with a pair of lawn sleeves." (5)

Laud desired the Bishop of Bath and Wells to inquire concerning "the late noise in Somersetshire about wakes." The conduct of the Lord Chief-Justice, acting without the Bishop's consent in pretence of reformation, said Laud, had gone on a principle that "anything that is abused may quite be taken away;" that disorders which might have broken out in those feasts instituted for good purposes ought to be prevented by the Justices of Peace themselves. Laud hints that "the Humourists were increasing much in those parts, and unite themselves in banding against the feasts, as his Majesty has been lately informed."

That the suppression of these rural festivals was considered as an affair of the anti-prelatic or Puritan party, appears by the reply of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. Having dispatched his missives through all the deaneries of the diocese, the Bishop received the testimonials of his numerous clergy, from distant parts of the county, protesting against

(1) Canterbury's Doom, p. 132.
(2) In 1618. Fuller's Church History, x., 76.
(3) Cyprianus Anglicus, 243.
(4) Prynne, in his "Canterbury's Doom," has collected a number of these assize-orders, which sufficiently vindicate the proceedings of the judge. —132.
(5) Heylin's Cyprianus Anglicus, 243. Prynne had already furnished the anecdote.

these suppressions; they were desirable for the people; the wealthy maintaining hospitality, and the poor being cheered by these feasts of religion and charity, where the differences between neighbours were often happily composed by this meeting of their common friends, and alleging other reasons for their continuance.(1) The disorders complained of had been greatly exaggerated, and worse occurred in fairs and markets, where a constable was sufficient to put them down.

After the reprimand of Laud at the Council-board, the Chief-Justice at the next assize, without acknowledging any error, revoked what he called "the good orders" which he had formerly issued. The country magistrates, troubled at the revocation, prepared a petition. They were evidently of the Puritanic party, for the petition was sent up to London to be secretly submitted to "Master Prynne," that head of all "the Humourists!" Prynne was waiting the arrival in town of the Lord-Lieutenant of the County, to have it presented to the King; but early intelligence had been sent to Laud; and it was during this interval of twelve days that Laud by a vigorous measure induced the King to revive his father's "Book of Sports" to be allowed on Sundays.

The ostensible object of these dissensions was not the real one. With some it was not so much the suppression of the Wakes as the establishing the Sabbatic Sunday; there were others with whom it was not so much the establishing the Sabbatic Sunday as the political opposition to the Government, of which this served as one of the most popular pretexts. So human affairs are strangely combined together! All religion seemed now to exist in the rigid observance of "the Sabbath;" the rising party rung this alarum, and the nation was artfully divided into Sabbatarians, and Sabbath-breakers.

Neal, the historian of the Puritans, at this point of his history, makes this reflection: "Here we observe the laity petitioning for the religious observation of the Lord's day, and the Bishop with his clergy pleading for the profanation of it." This was a conclusive argument for whoever had not entered into the history of the Sabbatic Sunday in England. The people would have wondered to have learnt that Archbishop Laud accused *them* of superstition!

The motives which urged the revival of the royal declaration concerning lawful sports on Sundays appear by some artless memoranda which Laud never suspected would have seen the light. They are these: "A general and superstitious opinion conceived of that day—a book set out by Theophilus Bradbourn 'Judaism upon Christian Principles'—which had perverted many—a great distemper (disorder) in Somersetshire upon the forbidding of the wakes in the sourness of this opinion—an act of a Judge that rid that circuit—his Majesty troubled with petitions by some of that county—his royal father's example upon the like occasions in Lancashire."(2)

Laud could not as a prescient statesman foresee the result of approaching events—that the times had altered, Laud had yet hardly discovered—and that at a crisis it is not always wise to be looking for a precedent, was a philosophy too comprehensive as yet to have been recognised. In the narrow limits of his political experience he did not act without premeditation. He sought for an authority for the measure he adopted by referring Charles to his royal father's example on a similar occasion, and he was certain that the precedent would prevail; for Charles on many critical occasions seems rarely to have acted from his own suggestions. In the great struggle in which Laud was now engaged in the religious commonwealth with the rising power of Non-conformity, he probably contemplated on a deeper object. By commanding that the edict should be read by the parochial ministers, he was numbering the dutiful sons of the Church, and marking out her disaffected members. The "Declaration" would be a test of concealed Puritanism. It was a strong measure; but the zealous Laud, as his old master James the First had said, was at all times "tossing about" for strong

(1) The correspondence between Laud and Pierce, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, is interesting. The Bishop has described these "Country feasts." When Prynne ransacked the cabinet of Laud, he found these letters, and published them in his "Canterbury's Doom," signature V: they were indorsed by Laud "My Lord of Bath's certificates about wakes in Somersetshire." They reflect no discredit on either party; one earnestly inquired after the truth, and the other laboriously furnished the information. Prynne, according to his notions, notes on the Clergy, seventy-two in number, who signed the certificates which they sent from their different residences, that "they were the deboystest (the most debauched) and worst in the county." We perceive the bitterness which this party-affair was beginning to stir up.

(2) Prynne's Canterbury's Doom, numbered, p. 418.

measures, and it has been his ill-fortune to be judged of by their result.

On the issue of "the Declaration," a consternation spread among the clergy; Laud seems not to have been aware that the opinions of the clergy themselves had of late fluctuated between the prevalent sectarian notions and the former customs of the country, and indeed of all Christian Europe, except the land of John Knox. Some imagined that they saved the violation of their own consciences by deputing the clerk to promulgate the obnoxious act; one having read it, and, afterwards the fourth commandment, told his parishioners that "they had now heard the word of God and the injunction of man, and they were to obey which they pleased." If Laud by this test of Uniformity discovered the obedient subjects of the Church, he might have been alarmed at the considerable number of ministers ejected, or suspended by his authority, and against their will thrown into the ranks of the Non-conformists.

Many extraordinary works were now sent forth to enlighten the public mind on this obscure or misconceived topic of the Sabbatarian controversy. The most curious for their erudition were on the side of the court; indeed, the investigation could only be carried on by the most extensive researches; it was to ascertain the customs and practices of different ages since the foundation of Christianity. The inquirers, who deemed the Sabbath an abrogated institution, considered it was superstitious to observe the extinct Sabbath of the Hebrews, which distinguished the Jews from other nations. They assumed that in its own nature it was neither moral nor perpetual; Jesus "had nailed all the ceremonial law to the cross," and the old law, which had begun with Moses, had ceased with Christ. The moment the controversy turned on the sentiment or the opinion of the writer, it became fanciful and contradictory. The most absurd reasonings were alleged to extricate themselves from the perplexities in which they were involved. Those who appealed to the fourth commandment for perpetuating the Jewish Sabbath yet had changed the hallowed seventh day into the first of the week; this was a perplexing objection. If the first day of the week, as the Lord's day, had been appointed by the Church as a festival day, by what authority was it to be regulated by the rigid observance of the Sabbath?

The short history of Dr. Pocklington, an eminent divine, is a part of that of the Sabbatarian controversy, and his fate may serve as its close.

Dr. Pocklington had published a sermon which had excited great attention, entitled "Sunday no Sabbath," in 1636. Here he had sharpened many keen passages against the prevailing Puritanism. Five years afterwards, in 1641, when Puritanism became parliamentary, he was selected as the first victim. He had articles exhibited against him, drawn from his own writings. There is "a petition to the Lords by J. H., of Cardington, in the county of Bedford, Gent." This puritan gentleman had also undertaken the office of controverting what he calls the Doctor's "Jewish and popish superstitions and anti-christian doctrines." It is curious, that both parties recriminate on one another their tendency to Judaism.

Pocklington having affirmed that the day which they nicknamed the Sabbath is either no day at all, or not the day which they mean, the Puritan replies to this: "*Sabbatum* signifies a day of sacred rest consecrated to God, whence all such days are in Scripture called *Sabbaths*, as well as the Seventh day. Therefore the Lord's day may be so termed, without any danger of Judaism, as well as Easter is still called *Pasca*, and Whitsunday *Pentecost*, the Jewish words and institutions." The ingenuity of the answer is superior to its logic. By changing its first position he eludes the question altogether. He does not prove Sunday to be the Sabbath, otherwise than as any other day may be, according to his assumption. The retention of the Israelitish terms and festivals in the Christian system was a remarkable circumstance; they were the remains of the early Judaising Christians.

At a committee of many lords in the painted chamber, the unfortunate Pocklington had to defend his theological opinions in the articles now brought forth in judgment against him. Our Puritan, of this trial both publisher and commentator, assures us that "The man was not able to make any reasonable defence, for his parts and learning had quite forsaken him, and he had nothing left in him but anger and passion to manage his cause, which provoked all good Christians to praise God, who had given his truth such a weak enemy, and error such a foolish patron."

Pocklington, before this committee of peers, who were sitting to decide on nice and ob-

scuro points of historical theology, might have been both impatient and indignant. Their sentence deprived him not only of all his ecclesiastical livings, dignities, and preferments, but held him incapable hereafter of holding any place or dignity in the Church or in the Commonwealth. The last critic who was to take in hand his unlucky "Sunday no Sabbath" was to be the common executioner, and the last copy was to flutter in the flames. The Puritan "Gentleman" who has sent down to us the discomfiture of the learned Doctor has not noticed the discomfiture of the Committee of Peers, who were now doing the drudge-work of the Puritanic Commoners. It is from another quarter I discover that when Dr. Pocklington was accused and censured, he was also to perform the penance of a Recantation. Persisting in his former opinion, he gave his Recantation a quaint and novel form. He said, "If *Canto* be to sing, *Recanto* is to sing again;" (1) that is, he would only repeat what he had first said. So that the man whose "parts and learning" had so suddenly deserted him, at the last recovered all their energy. It is said that the party designed to have further punished his contumacy; but as Pocklington died in the following year, his death has afforded Walker, in his Sufferings of the Clergy, another victim, whom he describes as dying "in a manner heart-broken." But the honourable courage which marked the learned Doctor when before the Committee of the House of Lords, though they had cruelly deprived him of the means of existence, would hardly have forsaken him in so short a period.

When the strength and glory of England were placed in the hands of the Puritans, their extravagant conduct on many national objects was never more visible than on their Sabbatic regulations. It seemed as if religion chiefly consisted of the Sabbatarian rigours, and that a British senate had been transformed into a company of Hebrew Rabbins. In 1650 an act was passed for inflicting penalties for breach of the Sabbath, some of which included dancing and singing, or travelling in a boat, on horseback, or in a coach or sedan, except to church. This exception occurred on the remonstrance of one of the members of the House of Commons complaining that "in their zeal they had tied the Godly from going to Church by water or coach, for that he coming from Westminster to Somerset-house, to sermon, had his boat and waterman seized for the penalty." The perverted feeling and the misconception of this race, in respect to the Sabbath, had appeared as early in the reign of Charles as 1637, when many emigrated to New England. In their code of laws, among the Sabbatic prohibitions under severe penalties are these, "No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair or shave." "No woman shall kiss her child." These were the grossest Rabbinical superstitions.

At length having prohibited Sundays as days of recreation, and abolished all Saints' days, or festivals, the common people evidently murmured at the deprivation of their periodical holidays. The feelings of the people were more natural than their Parliament, even in the gloomy land of Puritanism. This must have been the occasion of a remarkable ordinance issued in 1647 concerning "days of recreation allowed unto scholars, apprentices, etc. The second Tuesday in every month was set apart for the holiday of these persons, when it was ordered, that "all windows of shops and warehouses shall be kept shut on the said day of recreation."

Our kingdom of the Godly must have been the scorn and ridiculo of other nations, while they were regulating the police of an empire as if they were dwellers in the land of Canaan. What was the result of this spurious sanctity, this fantastic renovation of the Israelite's Sabbaths? When Sectarianism bred all monstrous shapes, and irreligion so easily assumed the garb of piety, after having observed the Lord's day with these Judaic rigours, a re-action took place among those who now rejected the observance altogether, pretending to that elevated holiness which kept all days as Lord's days. A popular preacher at the Temple, who was disposed to foster a cheerful spirit among the common people, yet desirous that the Lord's day should not pass undistinguished, declared that "those whose hands are ever working whilst their eyes are waking, through the whole week, need their recreations on the Lord's day," but that Sundays should be observed with strictness and an abstinence from all recreations, only by "persons of quality" who had the whole week for their amusements.

(1) This curious anecdote may be found in "Lowth's Letter to Edward Stillingfleet," p. 56. 4to. 1687. Neal has acknowledged that Pocklington refused to recant.

Such were the opinions and practices of the Sabbatic Sunday of the Government of Charles the First, and of the Puritans.

CHAPTER XLIII.

The Sovereignty of the Seas.

In every history of England, the reader may find what I shall now quote from Hume, that in 1636 "a formidable fleet of sixty sail, *the greatest that England had ever known*, was equipped under the Earl of Northumberland, who had orders to attack"—what, with the greatest fleet England had ever known?—"the herring-busses of the Dutch which fished in what was called the British seas."

Sixty sail equipped to claim "the tenth herring!" and which when the affrighted fishermen and the States of Holland at length agreed to compound for, by a duty or tribute for license to fish, amounted to thirty thousand pounds. This truly had been a wanton prodigality of the hard-wrung ship-money, for as a financial speculation the British Cabinet must have been convinced, *primâ facie*, that they were securing a heavy loss to the Royal treasury.

In political transactions, it is a very rare absurdity, as runs the proverbial phrase, "to break an egg with an axe;" but what is not rare is, that the public are accustomed to decide on public events by their obvious pretext. The real motives, and the secret occasion which induced Charles the First to put forth these formidable preparations against these Dutch fishermen, were not comprehended by the writers who have calculated the profits of the herring-fishery to the Dutch, and envied their happier success in the art of curing them, and still less have they been understood by those depreciators of the unfortunate monarch, shortly to be noticed, who have cast a malignant obscurity over the magnanimity of Charles the First in a momentous trial of the character of a British monarch.

This trivial incident of the herring-fishery is connected with one of the most important subjects of our foreign relations, that of the English monarch's claim to the sovereignty of the sea—a claim then disputed, and often since resisted.

The dispute about the herring-fishery occurred in 1636, but, to take the subject in all its true bearings, we must look for its beginning, two years preceding that event. Dates are often the most positive arguments in history.

It was in July, 1634, that, from intercepted letters in Flanders, the Spanish Resident in London furnished very important information to Charles the First. In this correspondence of the Prince of Orange with the Dutch Ambassador in France, there was transmitted a copy of proposals by Cardinal Richelieu to the States. That enterprising minister had projected to combine the French armies with the fleet of Holland, in order to surprise Dunkirk and Gravelines, two ports which Spain retained in the Austrian Netherlands. The plan was to be effected with such secrecy as to be concealed from the English monarch, lest he should not consent to it, and to be so sudden that the Cabinet of Madrid should not have time to frame a league with that of Whitehall.

Charles, on this information, acknowledged without reserve that these secret practices and confederacies of the French and the Hollander were dangerous to both Crowns—and that the Dutch had grown more insolent since they had become victorious. At this moment these new States were powerful at sea; they had recently taken an English merchant-ship, and had openly declared that they would confiscate any which traded with the subjects of Spain. Charles was therefore ready to join with Spain to frustrate their designs, but it was hinted that he was yet unprovided with the means of fitting out a great naval armament, and the danger, however imminent for Spain, did not press immediately on England. The Spanish Resident having, by this acknowledgment, felt his ground, now showed that he was furnished with ample powers both to supply moneys and to conclude on articles.

Of this secret treaty we have three papers, as these passed through several variations, in their progressive stages. They offer a striking specimen of Charles's application to business. In each careful revision the King with his own hand made several material interlineations, and he has distinctly endorsed these three papers as "Old—New—Newest."

The treaty was concluded in August, 1634, but the armament was not to put to sea till the spring of the following year. In order not to arouse the vigilant observation of their neighbours, this great fleet was to be gradually increased—and at first only twenty sail were contemplated. It was agreed that

the *pretext* of this arming should be to free the coasts of Great Britain and Ireland from the pirates of Barbary, and to protect the fishery. There was a secret article that his Majesty of Great Britain should give secret instructions to the commanders of his ships, that should they meet Spanish ships in an action with their enemies at open sea, the English should aid them, in case the Spaniards were overmatched, and, to use the words of the treaty, "taking some convenient pretext to justify it, that the Hollanders may not hold it for an act of hostility." (1) Such is the mysticism of politics! This article must have strained on tenter-hooks the understandings of our most dexterous diplomatists, who, when called on to explain, were to convince the Hollanders that, while we were their assailants, we were, notwithstanding, at peace with them.

There was still a more remarkable article. In "the Old" paper, it was mentioned that "the English ships shall use their best means that the subjects of the King of Spain shall receive no wrong, and that *his Majesty's sovereignty and dominion in these his seas* shall be preserved from violence and insolencies on *both sides*." The English, in fact, were conscious that their "Sovereignty of the Sea" was equally disputable with their old ally and their new rival. The Spaniards thus objected to the offensive phrase:—"It is certain Kings do enjoy their Sovereignty in whatever is theirs, and do not acquire it, where they have it not, *though they use the word*; but in treaties such terms are commonly avoided." It is curious to observe that, in this instance, treating on equal terms with his ally, Charles the First struck out the words "his Majesty's sovereignty and dominion in these his seas shall be preserved," and, with political courtesy, reduced the regal assumption to "his Majesty's subjects shall be preserved." Thus, while the Government was insisting on "the sovereignty of the sea," from one part of the world, and was sending forth a vast armament "to scour the seas, and to sink, or to be sunk, if any strike not sail to the English Admiral in the narrow seas," (2) in the silence and wisdom of the Cabinet, such was the delicacy of the claim that it was waived in a treaty of alliance with a friendly power; a remarkable instance of the accommodating style of politics.

But claims of this nature, though they are suffered to lie in abeyance, are in fact never yielded. Three years afterwards, when the state-policy of the two Courts was again suffering a change, that on the complaint of the Hollanders, who refused to pay the English for a protection which the Spaniards did not regard, when the Ambassador of Spain would have replied to these complaints, "his Majesty," writes Secretary Windebank, "fairly and roundly answered the Ambassador that he will maintain his sovereignty of the seas, and defend those who acknowledge his sovereignty, against any power or prince whatsoever." (3)

This, then, was the true cause of equipping one of the most formidable fleets which ever issued from our ports since the reign of Elizabeth, and that this was the great object of Charles the First is confirmed by a variety of very interesting circumstances.

The subject, indeed, at this moment so deeply engaged the thoughts of Charles the First, that, having learned that Selden had formerly composed a work to vindicate the maritime rights of the English monarchy, the King desired the author to revise it for publication, and so highly approved of the erudition and the authority of that illustrious antiquary, that the King commanded that three copies of the work should be perpetually preserved in the Council-chest, the Court of Admiralty, and the Court of Exchequer, to be valued as a record.

Such was the origin of the famous *Mare Clausum* (the Closed Sea) of Selden. The title is an evidence that Selden had in his mind the *Mare Liberum* (the Free Sea) of Grotius. But though it was an answer to the general principles of that other great heir of fame, the object of Grotius was entirely different. We are astonished to find that Whitelocke, a great lawyer and even a statesman, has fallen into the inconceivable error that Grotius published his treatise of the "Mare Liberum," on the affair of the herring-fishery, when in fact it was published nearly thirty years before, and for a very different purpose. Whitelocke probably only recollected the title of the treatise of Grotius; as a patriotic Briton, he would confidently appeal to the book in "the Council-chest," or at "the Admiralty." Our Memorialist has, however, sadly misled several modern

(1) Clarendon Papers, i., 215.

(2) Such were the instructions which the Lord General declared he had received, as appears by a letter from James Howel to the Earl of Strafford.

(3) Clarendon Papers, ii., 4 and 9.

writers, who, doubtless, either on his authority, or trusting to the contrasted titles of the two works, have committed the same anachronism, and thus, repeating that the disputes on the herring-fishery had produced the treatise of Grotius, they have ventured to perpetuate a fact which had never occurred.

We may smile that the subject of the sovereignty of the sea should have so long formed an intricate discussion among jealous nations and philosophical jurists, since that knotty point has long been cut by the sword. An exclusive dominion mutable as the winds and the waves—a desert of waters where occupancy only could give possession, ceasing in the liquid road with the wake of the ship—was by some presumed to be but a chimerical empire. That which we cannot keep is not ours, and that which all men can possess without our consent cannot be appropriated to any one. The power which only begins with our presence and ceases in our absence can never be deemed sovereign. Others have asserted that we may remain masters of the sea even when we do not actually possess it. On the plea of maritime rights, the circumfluent waves constitute a part of their own shores, and maintain the security of a kingdom. "But whether the law of nations warrant any further pretensions may be questioned," observes Hume. The Duke of Somerset, the Protector, declared that Britain was surrounded on all sides by the ocean, as the securest rampart against her enemies; hence we may infer that an insular nation has its own policy, distinct from its neighbours.

Our maritime dominion was protested against by those whose national interests induced them to claim the universal freedom of the seas. When Holland was rising into an independent empire, she became indignant at the exclusive navigation of the Indies by the Spaniards and the Portuguese, and aspired to divide that world, which her old masters concealed as it were in darkness from Europe. Grotius, then the Attorney-general of Holland and Zeland, vindicated the liberty of the seas, and the "Mare Liberum" appeared in 1609. The property of the sea, he declared, was a violation of the law of nature and of nations—the sea and the air, like the light of the sun, could not, as the earth, be appropriated, for their divisions were impossible. To contest the freedom of navigation was to destroy navigation itself, breaking a tie which should unite all nations, and throwing the universe into confusion. The treatise of Grotius was an appeal to the feelings of those nations whose superiority at sea remained doubtful. They are still employed in refuting Selden. A memoir in the French Institute, in the days of Napoleon, revived the controversy, and accorded the palm to the declamatory Hollander, resisting the colossal erudition of Great Britain's antiquary, whom Grotius, so honourably to himself, distinguishes as the glory of England. (1)

The *Mare Clausum* of Selden remains among the monuments of the human mind. Profound in disquisitions on the nature of dominion, and stored with the inexhaustible researches of all human learning, Selden explored for his principles his own mind, and for his precedents the history of nations. In his patriotism he gave England the sovereignty of the four seas, while his erudition furnished them with a less disputable possession than that ideal sovereignty in the work itself; where, in the many-coloured languages of his page, we discover the Hebrew of Solomon Jarchi and the Talmud, with the Arabic characters of the Koran.

The Dutch Ambassador Joachimi appears to have obtained an early copy of Selden's book, which was dispatched by a courier to the States-General. It was considered tantamount to a declaration of war, and Joachimi received secret orders instantly to return home on pretence of attending his wife's funeral, but really in order to confer on a point too delicate to confide to paper. Already the English fleet was at sea, and the affrighted Dutch busses were flying in all directions. Many distracted councils were now held, and the pride of the new Republic painfully contended with their prudence. It was proposed to send out a Dutch fleet to escort their fishermen, which long after was done, and refuse the florin duty levied for every two barrels, but it was considered that negotiation might be a wiser method than battle. They resolved on seizing a favourable opportunity which now presented itself—the

(1) The memoir which I read at the time is, I presume, that which the Biographie Universelle ascribes to Gerard de Rayneval, published in 1811, who we are told has invincibly refuted the arguments of Selden. One would imagine that the French Diplomate had sent forth a French marine greater than the fleets of England!

birth of a Princess—to dispatch an Ambassador Extraordinary to the British Court with royal gifts, not only to congratulate the father, but to engage the monarch, if possible, to desist from his imaginary property over the seas. (1) On this occasion the States-General displayed a more refined manner than usual in flattering the elegant tastes of the English monarch, probably prompted by the suggestions of their resident Ambassador from his personal knowledge of Charles the First. Mr. Cornelius Beveren, the Lord of Stravelshock, came over to England, and entered Whitehall, not as a stern Republican, but as a discreet courtier, offering the amicable presents of his masters. Precious amber, transparent china vases, a chest of the finest linen, the unrivalled manufacture of Holland, and the mechanical wonder of a curious clock, which the King of Sweden had found in the cabinet of the Duke of Bavaria when he took Munich, and had sent to the Prince of Orange—were trivial elegancies, which Charles instantly consigned to the Queen. But several fine horses, and, above all, four inappreciable pictures—not from their own native and depreciated school, but from the more classical easels of Italy—the master-pieces of Titian and Tintoret, were gifts no man more highly valued than the King. Whitelocke, who has noticed a part of this little anecdote, remarks, "It is supposed they did this to ingratiate the more with our King, in regard his fleet was so powerful at sea, and they saw him resolved to maintain his dominion there."

James the First had proclaimed his right "to restrain foreigners from the fishery on his own coasts without his licence," but a proclamation had never induced a foreigner to pay for a licence; yet, as James always liked a book, he had read over and approved the manuscript of the Mare Clausum, but he lost the glory of its publication, for either his pacific measures, or some other cause, suffered the manuscript to lie neglected many years in Selden's study. Charles declared the fishery to be "a right and royalty of inheritance incident to our Crown," (2) and his fleet had more explicitly asserted the sovereignty of the sea. The States had remonstrated; but the English cannon pealed! The Lord of Stravelshock was therefore but partly successful in his solemn and courteous embassy, and if he could not get rid of the sovereignty of the seas, he, however, adjusted an annual contribution from the States of thirty thousand pounds for the liberty of the fishery. The naval dominion of England was established.

There was, however, no peace among the Jurisconsults, and Selden was not allowed to partake of the triumph of his royal master. Graswinkel, the pupil of Grotius, had displayed so much learning and such consummate ability in a manuscript treatise on these contested points, that he was pensioned for it by the States-General, and a new office was created for him under the title of Advocate-General of the Marine, but these honours were acquired on a very singular condition; that some of the Deputies of the State should carefully examine his work, and that *it should not be published!* So desirous was the Republic at that moment of terminating a discussion which had already occasioned the annihilation of their fishing fleet, and a tributary treaty. It was a subject, as a statesman among them, wiser than the Jurisconsults, observed, which the pen could never decide, but which the sword would.

It is, however, a curious circumstance in the history of the human mind, that though every judicious person was convinced of the inefficacy of a volume to maintain, or to abrogate, the sovereignty of the sea, still each nation looked with a fond eye on the book which cherished their own prejudices and supported their own interests. Neither the doctrines of Seldeu, nor those of the suppressed Graswinkel, were neglected at an after-period by their respective nations. When the Commonwealth of England went to war with the States of Holland, Marchmont Needham published a translation of the "Mare Clausum," castrating the dignified dedication to Charles and substituting his own servile adulation of the Commonwealth. On this occasion the States-General altered their former opinion respecting the publication of the manuscript of their Advocate-General of the Marine; Graswinkel was now sent forth to oppose Selden, as well as the fleet of Holland to encounter the fleet of England,—their fates were alike, for Selden answered, and our cannon was fatal to Van Tromp. It may seem strange that when two powerful nations have decided on war, they should look to

(1) Gerard Van Loon, in his voluminous Histoire Métaltique des dix-sept Provinces Unies, has furnished some details of this critical state of affairs.

(2) Clarendon State Papers, ii., 9. The language of Charles used for the same purpose, but on a different occasion.

philosophical theories, or the inky combats of closet-idlers, as auxiliaries in their cause, but practised statesmen know how susceptible are the imaginations of the people, who, not always knowing what they fight for, sharpen their patriotism by intricate discussions, and carry on a war with great spirit, when it is the result of a system of thinking, that is an assumption of arbitrary principles, equally passionate and temporary.

The conduct of Charles the First in vindicating the British power in the dominion of the British seas, by requiring the foreigner to strike his flag to the flag of England, avowing the sovereignty of the sea as his principle and maintaining the principle by the deed, is one of the most magnanimous acts of his reign, and one which must ever constitute the peculiar characteristic of an English monarch. In this great incident in our history, from his first step to his last, we may justly commend his inviolable honour, and his unalterable decision; his inviolable honour, because the moderate if not the scanty supply which Charles the First had drawn from ship-money had been sacredly set apart for its great national object; his unalterable decision, because the mind of Charles the First had been fully impressed both by the greatness and the necessity of this enterprise. The seas were swept by our friends as well as by our foes, and even the distant pirates of Barbary had dared repeatedly to descend on the Irish coast.

England may sometimes wisely relinquish a military position on the Continent, but when may she yield the royalty of her seas? When Venice dropped her nuptial ring into the Adriatic, who smiled not at the pageant hero, who slunk away from his ravished bride? But England is embraced by the ocean itself—or, as one of her admirals said in Charles the Second's reign, married to the sea. It is our triumphant navies which have extended a narrow insular dominion, till England has risen the arbiter of her neighbours, and, as it were, become herself the neighbour of the most distant powers.

This great naval enterprise was therefore no wild scheme of ambition, no capricious act of power. It adjusted the political balance of Europe, while it was achieving the secret wish of the people who were murmuring at the ship-money. Besides the volume of Selden, which Charles the First held as the record of his title to his maritime dominions, the King had shown his earnestness to improve the state of his navy, and to display to the world a model of naval architecture, worthy of him who claimed the sovereignty of the seas. He called forth the genius of Phineas Pett, the great shipwright who had been patronised by his father, and particularly by his brother Prince Henry. Charles frequently visited the dock-yard at Woolwich. It was during one of these visits that the King, in a private conference with Pett, himself projected the plan of this great ship of war, and Pett travelled to the north to obtain timbers of an extraordinary dimension, and manufactured materials expressly adapted to this marine citadel. In the great dock at Woolwich at length appeared "that miracle of ships," as Lilly calls it. It exceeded in its magnitude, its workmanship, and its magnificence, any ship which England had put to sea, or, as it is said, in the world. It became a popular object of curiosity, and not only their Majesties but multitudes flocked to wonder at this floating castle. This ship of war was a favourite object with Charles the First, and the cost was more than royal, of which when reminded, he gave that noble but severe answer, which, though I have already noticed it, deserves here to be repeated. "While some nobles prodigally spent their patrimony in luxurious courses, nothing either to their credit, or their reputations, or beneficial to the kingdom, as King, he might be allowed to build that ship for his pleasure, which might be useful for the service of the kingdom." (1)

Two other remarkable memorials which the King has left his country attest his own sense of the glory and the patriotic pride of his own claims. Charles the First struck

(1) This ship of war is minutely described in Strafford's Letters, ii., 116. It was of 1637 tons, which by an accidental coincidence was the very year in which it was finished. In respect to the name of the ship some difficulties have occurred. it has been erroneously called "The Royal Sovereign," and in a passage in Strafford's Letters I find "My Lord of Northumberland had the happiness to light on the name which most pleased the King, 'The Sovereign.'" Even contemporaries differed about the name of this ship. Later writers call it "The Sovereign." The right name is extremely important on the present subject, to show what was passing in the mind of Charles. And now it may be finally ascertained, for the builder himself, in his autobiography, has preserved the expressive appellative. The King himself commanded she should bear the name of "The Sovereign of the Seas." I recollect, in an evening lecture at the Royal Institution, Mr. Knowles, F.R.S., of the Navy Office, fa-

several medals to commemorate the glorious event after the treaty with Holland, which may still be seen in the cabinets of the curious; (1) and in St. James's park there stood, and doubtless now stands, a cannon which was emphatically called "the gun;" it was cast in the year 1638, bearing this inscription:—

Carolus Edgœri sceptrum stabilivit aquarum.
"The sceptre of Edgar established on the waters by Charles."

Such was the venerable antiquity of the regal claim. A cannon which bears an argument is royal logic, and would seem, in more than one respect, irrefragable. It is possibly a delicate allusion to the work of the great master of our antiquities, who had deduced our maritime dominion from the first Sovereign of England. (2)

The pirates of Sallee, who had revolted from the Emperor of Morocco, headed by a rebel who was called the Saint, by their descents and depredations on the Irish coasts, among other disgraceful evils had carried off into captivity numbers of our countrymen. These pirates were now extirpated. Charles was anxious to confer particular honours on Captain Rainsborough, the commander in this successful expedition, and when this "experienced and worthy seaman," as Secretary Coke describes him, declined the honour of knighthood which the King himself offered, Charles ordered that his naval hero should be presented with a costly gold chain, and with a medal of not less value than three hundred pounds. This memorial of loyal service may perhaps still exist, should not very opposite family feelings have melted it down in the days of the Rump.

The Moorish Ambassador appeared mounted on horseback; in his train four grooms led four Barbary horses, which showed their mettle in their paces, richly caparisoned, the saddles studded; and the captives mostly clad in white, who now had returned free men to England, passed through the city, where it was also known that the Ambassador was the bearer of a treaty of alliance and commerce. Even Strafford imagined that "this action of Sallee is so full of honour that it will bring great content to the subject, and help much towards the ready cheerful payment of the shipping moneys."(3) But doubtless there were many, now that the expedition was successful, finding out reasons why it ought not to have succeeded. Ancient is the cry of what we moderns call the Opposition! (4) The poet Waller may soothe the manes of Charles the First for the insults he is doomed to receive. Waller has composed a poem on the taking of Sallee. The poet, like most persons, was attracted by the novel spectacle of the Moor—the mettled palfreys—the Christian captives:—

Morocco sends the Chief among his Peers,
Who in his bark proportioned presents bears,
To the renowned for piety and force,
Poor captives manumised, and matchless horse.

Alluding to the lawless democracy of these pirates, a couplet more happily applies to our present purpose:—

Safely they might on other nations prey;
Fools to provoke *the Sovereign of the sea!*

CHAPTER XLIV.

Causes of the Inaction of the English Fleets.

Charles the First was doomed to war with Fate! The narrative of his glory must ever terminate with that of his misfortunes. This monarch had first set that noble example which his successors in government have scrupulously followed, whether a Cromwell, a Stuart, or a Guelph. The sovereignty of our seas will ever remain a part of our insular policy, yet Charles the First was himself to witness the reverse of all his hopes. The humiliated Sovereign of the Seas was to suffer

vouring us with an interesting view of our Naval architecture, and exhibiting a draught of "The Sovereign of the Seas," which ship for that period he considered a master-piece of the art. Of Phineas Pett, the great naval architect, there are some memoirs in the Archæologia, xii., 247, and the MS. of his life is preserved at the British Museum.

(1) It is an extraordinary omission in Evelyn's rambling work on Medals, that he should not have noticed these testimonies of the triumph of Charles the First and of England. Nor are they in Pinkerton's Medallic History of England. I have seen some in the collection of British Medals at the British Museum.

(2) Mare Clausum, lib. ii., cap. xii.

(3) Strafford's Letters, ii., 129—132.

(4) "The success of the measure arose entirely from an accidental event," observes Mr. Brodie; "it is said that intestine commotions opportunely assisted the attack."

The plan was concerted with the Emperor of Morocco, who in the preceding year had sent over to England an envoy with a proposal that he should attack the place by land, while the English assailed it at sea. By what licence of style can a preconcerted measure be said to have terminated in "an accidental event?"

a national insult even from those whom he had subjected.

It is worthy the curiosity of Englishmen to become acquainted with the complicated events by which this great naval design became utterly frustrated. It often happens in the history of Charles the First that his accusers have not developed the peculiarity of his position, while they have reproached his conduct. Even when their reproaches may not be unjust, truth has required a different statement than they have afforded us. The subject of the sovereignty of the sea is a remarkable instance of this.

We have shown the exertions which were required to equip the most formidable fleet which England had ever put to sea, and the scrupulous honour of Charles in employing the moderate revenuo of the ship-money to this great national object. Yet, notwithstanding these efforts, in the course of three years we find this great fleet inactivo; our flag no longer honoured by the French, the Hollander, and the Spaniard, and, to reach the climax of national disgrace, the English Sovereign received the European affront of witnessing the neutrality of his ports violated by two nations, in defiance of his express command. It is only a mind most perverted in its political feelings which can imagine for an instant that Charles was tamely insensible to this national outrage—he who had maintained with such elevation not only this sovereignty of the sea, but at the same critical moment, as we shall shortly show, was asserting the independence of his government against the foreigner. It is evident that causes which have not been explored by our historical writers must have been secretly operating to have occasioned such a fatal reverse.

At this period two strong parties, equally balanced, divided the Cabinet. Lord Holland and Secretary Coke had adopted the French interest, in opposition to Lord Cottington and Secretary Windebank, who were warmly attached to the Spanish. A personage of no inferior importance in the naval history of this period must also be considered. This was the Lord High Admiral of England, Algernon, Earl of Northumberland.

An idea of the condition of our naval affairs we obtain by some letters of the Earl of Northumberland. In February, 1636-7, two querulous letters to Strafford represent the miserable state in which the business of the Admiralty was conducted, which was then in commission. Northumberland had been appointed Admiral of the summer fleet. "It is not declared who shall command the King's fleet. If that charge be committed to any other body, I shall not envy him that hath the honour of it; for I profess to your Lordship, to whom I shall ever speak freely, that, as it is now managed, it is not an employment fit for any person of honour."

A few days after we find, "the King hath this day told me privately that he is so well satisfied with my carriago in his service the last summer, that he intends again to employ me this year, which I should willingly have declined had I known handsomely how to avoid it. I perceivo some others, of whom the King is not very confident, have been suitors for the employment; and if four pounds a-day whilst I amon board be the only reward for my service, truly I would have wished it in another hand."

This is no heroic strain! However, we learn, two months afterwards, that the King in person, at a Committee of the Admiralty, called together the officers of the Navy, to answer the abuses alleged against them by the principal commanders, but little was said by them in their own defence. Some reform was agreed on, and, after admonition from the King on "hope of their amendment," he graciously dismissed them.

Again, "If the King have not more use of his fleet than is yet known, he may well save one half of the charge, and give me leave to stay at home."

Thee months after, July, 1637, a letter dated on board the Triumph, in the Downs, prolongs the same desponding tone. They were extremely idle, no directions for the disposing of the fleets. "When men go several ways and are led by privato ends, they are not only long in coming to resolutions, but do often destroy public designs." He continues in a nobler strain than the former one of "four pounds a-day when on board." "To ride in this place at anchor a whole summer together without hope of action, to see daily disorders in the fleet, and not to have means to remedy them, and to be in an employment where a man can neither do service to the State, gain honour to himself, nor do courtesies to his friends, is a condition that I thiuk nobody will be ambitious of." (1)

How much may be abstracted from the amount of these querulous dispatches, or

(1) Strafford's Letters, ii., 81, 67, 71.

how far they may originate in a youthful nobleman who had not yet reached the point of his ambition, who shall say? One thing appears, that there was a strange unaccountable inaction in the fleet. However disorderly was the general conduct of the navy, and tedious and mysterious its inaction, a bright beam is suddenly thrown over the late darkened picture, in the mind of Northumberland, when in March 1638 "his Majesty conferred on him an honour beyond his expectation," by creating him the Lord High Admiral. This royal grace Northumberland ascribes to a friendly conversation which Straffnrd had formerly had with him in Sion Gallery. We are now told that "the King, taking into consideration the inconveniences nf having his navy and sea-affairs governed in this conjuncture by a commission, is pleased to think me worthy to be trusted with that charge, and declared in Council that hereafter he purposed to make his son the Duke of York Admiral of England when he should be fit for the execution of the place." The Earl indicates the parties which then divided the Court. "Till all was resolved and concluded, very few but the Queen knew any thing of it; one presently retired to Kensington (Lord Holland?) and other pretenders are nothing well pleased to see this office thus disposed of."

But the navy was no longer sovereign! The Cabinet was involved in the same mystery, and the samo indecision of measures left the navy of England idling in itsharbours. Sometimes we hear that the summer fleet was in movement, dispersing here and there; or a squadron under the Prince Elector is gone God knows whither! till it returned, after a cruise. The only real expedition was the squadron sent against Sallee. Meanwhile the French were increasing their naval force, were proying on our commerce, and returning apologies for our remonstrances, till Lord Leicester, our Ambassador at Paris, strongly urged more offensive measures on our side to balance our complaints—"Let us complain and redress on both sides, but, while we are doing one and not the other, we shall get no relief here." Licenses for the fisbery were now considered as superfluous by the Hollander. The British fleet might have exacted the tribute, but when the Dutcb busses found twenty sail of their own stout men-of-war by their side, who was to be the tax-gatherer? One of our captains offered, but they fired a salute in the air, and afterwards pretended that they had asked for licenses. At length in 1639 the honour of the British flag was openly insulted.

Spain, by a desperate and exhausting effort to preserve her expiring dominion in the Netherlands, unexpectedly sent forth an armada, carrying an army of twenty-six thousand soldiers. This formidable expedition gave rise to the most extravagant rumours; it could, however, only have been designed to reinforce their army in Flanders and to encounter the fleets of France and Holland. As was their usual custom, they considered that the magnitude of their galleons would have rendered them irresistible against the lighter vessels of their enemies; but when they met with a Dutch fleet off the Downs, not a fourth in number, and the Hollanders, active in their movements, got tho wind in their favour. these bulky sailers were found unmanag able. At the sound of the cannon, Van Tromp hastened to join his cnuntrymen, and after a furious fight, when ships had been sunk on both sides, the shattered Spaniard retreated to the Downs, and anchored in that road of Dover which in the diplomatic style is called "The King of England's Imperial Chamber," whose protection and security is to be kept inviolato from the inroads of hostile nations. At this moment the weaker Dutch respected it, but, having been abundantly supplied at Calais with powder by their good friends of France, they anchored at a convenient distance.

Tho Spaniards showed no disposition to quit their retreat, secure in the protection of England, while the Hollanders were receiving hourly reinfnrcements. Each fleet was watching tho othor, whilo the ministers of the two nations were not less anxiously engaged in presenting their memorials at Whitehall; the Spaniard implnring tho King to keep off the Dutch for two tides, and the Hollander protesting against any aid being afforded to the Spaniard.

The case was critical — and the agitation was extreme on all sides. Charles was only anxious to preserve the neutrality of his own harbours. Bound as the King was in one common amity with these powers, he sometimes exclaimed, "Would to Heaven that I were well rid of both!" The distress of the monarch was of a singular nature. If Charles drove out the Spaniard from his port, he hnrried them to an unequal combat and inevitable destruction—if he assisted the weaker party, he was himself the violator of that sacred

neutrality he claimed. Meanwhile Charles was about incurring the disgrace which he at length received, for if he commanded them both to quit the Downs and neither would obey, his honour was not less blemished than when they at length openly violated the neutrality of his port, and insulted the protection of the King in his chamber.

Another perplexity, originating in the suspicions of party, had no little influence on the King, who, as Warwick expresses it, was "harassed by his own subjects and the Admiral favouring the popular party." The most malicious rumours had been spread by the discontented party here, of the pretended design of this Spanish fleet. These rumours must have been very general, for the sage Whitelocke has chronicled them. "This armada was believed by many to have been designed for an invasion of England, and many discourses *pro* and *con* were vented about it." It was even said, as Nalson tells us, that Charles was in a secret confederacy with the Spaniard to establish the Romish religion and arbitrary government, which terrified the common people out of their allegiance. When now we read the State Correspondence of the times, we are struck by the strong delusion of such factious inventions. The Spaniards who could not defend themselves from a Dutch fleet were imagined to invade that kingdom in whose ports they were imploring a refuge. Nonsense, although a base metal, soon becomes a current coin, when the people stamp it with their passions.

At this critical hour, the Lord High Admiral seems not to have viewed as a statesman the peculiar political position into which his royal master was thrown. Northumberland, indeed, was by no means averse to immolate the Spaniard to the Hollander, who, he acknowledges, was hourly expected "to assault the Dons." We have seen what he, and the party to whom the Earl belonged, felt on this extraordinary occasion. The scheme he suggested to the King evinces little zeal, or deficient ability. While he seems aware of the indignity which Charles was likely to receive from the decision of both parties, he advises the King to command both fleets out of the Downs. The Earl writes, "his Majesty's designs are a little to be wondered at, that he should endanger the receiving an affront, and expose his ships to much hazard, rather than command both the Spaniard and the Holland fleets out of the Downs. He saith now, that at his return to London on Saturday next, he will appoint a time for them to depart out of this road." It was probably on this advice that the King dispatched the Earl of Arundel to the Spanish Admiral, to desire that he would retire on the first fair wind, while Vice-Admiral Sir John Pennington, who lay in the Downs with thirty-four men of war, informed the Dutch Admiral that he had orders to act in defence of either of the two parties who should be first attacked. (1)

But when the Spaniard was bid to be gone, as Northumberland suggested, did he go? He delayed his departure with new excuses day after day. If the wind were favourable, they wanted powder—or masts from the King's stores—before they could stand out to sea, while the Hollander grew more insolent as they increased in number. They had now a hundred sail, besides fireships. When the Spaniards pleaded, as one excuse for their delay, their want of powder, that great naval hero Van Tromp sent them an offer to supply them with five hundred barrels, to be paid for at the usual rate, and if they wanted masts from Chatham, he would send his own frigates to tow them, if they would weigh and stand out to sea! Once, favoured by the darkness of the night, and, it was supposed, under an English pilot, the Spaniards succeeded in sending off to Dunkirk fifteen vessels with three thousand men, which raised a clamour both in France and Holland, as if Charles had violated his neutrality in this instance. On this occasion Van Tromp, who appears often to have expressed himself in language as original and fiery as was his action in combat, said that, "having his hands full of flies, it was impossible but some of them would escape through his fingers." Secretary Windebank, who records this anecdote as a rhodomontade greater than any of the Spaniards, little knew then that the man who had delivered it could not use ideas too great to express the energy of his own deeds, and his lofty scorn of his enemy. Van Tromp was so popular with us, that several English gentlemen, no doubt of the discontented party at home, went abroad as volunteers. The Dutch Admiral told them

(1) During the three weeks of this extraordinary conjunction of affairs, a treaty had been concluded between Charles and the Infant Cardinal at Brussels, that for the sum of 150,000*l*., to be paid instantly, the English monarch would protect the Spanish fleet to its destination, till it was moored in some port in Spain.

that he imagined the Spaniards were waiting for the stormy weather, to get that by running which they despaired by fighting, and in that case, "if they keep lying so near the shore the King of England would have their guns, the country their wreck, and the devil their men."

Such an extraordinary state of affairs could not last; the crisis was looked for at every hour. The Dutch asserted that a shot from a sentinel, possibly accidental, had been fired by the Spaniards at the barge of Van Tromp, and a dead body was sent to the English Admiral, as evidence that the neutrality of the King of England's harbour had been violated. The attack soon after commenced; few escaped of the Spanish fleet. It is said Van Tromp appointed a squadron to keep the English at a distance. The plea of the Dutch that they waited till their patience was exhausted, and the reluctant apology of their ambassador, made for the sake of form, were mere pretexts, to conceal what had been resolved on by the States-General, for we now know that Van Tromp had orders not to attack the Spaniards till he had been joined by various squadrons, and then, in case the English would not remain neuter, he had positive commands to fight both one and the other. This political revelation we draw from D'Estrade's correspondence with Cardinal Richelieu. The Cardinal had desired the Prince of Orange "to give orders to his admirals to engage the Spanish fleet in the Downs, notwithstanding the protection which the King of England seemed inclined to give them."

It has been a question huw the English conducted themselves at that moment. Dr. Lingard says, "Pennington remained a quiet spectator." Was the Vice-Admiral kept off by the ships sent towards him? Our people seemed to have been more earnestly employed in seizing on the sinking Spaniards and saving their wrecks from the Hollanders. They, however, actually fired on the Dutch from their batteries and their ships; for Van Tromp, writing to the Comte de Charost, adds, "but, as far as we can judge, the fire of the English was intended rather for a feint than from passion." (1)

Thus ingloriously for Charles terminated this singular incident, which the exulting negotiator of France describes as "the most illustrious action which could be thought of, that of defeating the fleet of Spain in an English port, though assisted by English ships." And the Infant Cardinal at Brussels told Sir Balthazar Gerbier that his Majesty of Great Britain, by this attempt of the Hollanders, had received a greater blow than the King of Spain. So lofty was the sense of Castilian honour! In the Council of the States-General, when some objected to attack the Spaniards in an English port, whence might ensue a rupture between England and Holland, it was insolently answered that the King durst not break with them, and if he durst, they feared him not, and, rather than suffer the Spanish fleet to escape, they would attack it though it were placed upon his Majesty's beard! In their ancient style the States-General had formerly sued for the protection of England, under the humble designation of "the poor distressed States," but thoy had recently titled themselves "High and Mighty."

What causes had thus fatally operated on our maritime affairs? How happened it that the great fleet of England, which had showed itself in triumph, was paralysed by inaction? This mighty navy, which had vindicated the sovereignty of the seas, in the short period of two years we find directed to no single point, ingloriously lying in its harbours. To know these causes, we must attempt to trace what was silently operating on the mind of Charles.

Early in 1637, I find Charles, in a confidential communication to Strafford, alluding to an approaching alteration in his foreign politics. The object is always the same eternal dream of the restoration of the Palatinate. Lord Arundel had returned from his inefficient embassy to Vienna. Charles was now convinced that all negotiations were useless. From Austria he got only civility, and from Spain promises, but from the Duke of Bavaria himself, who had taken possession of the Palatinate, the plain stern language of a soldier, who swore that what the sword had gained the sword should preserve. An English monarch who would acquire conquests on the Continent by the eloquence or the high rank of his ambassadors, without an army, is liable to incur the insults of even the petty military powers of Germany. The noble Arundel, who assumed a princely state in his embassy, was so little considered, that he thought proper to leave Vienna without taking leave, and an envoy of one of those petty princes scornfully observed, that "our English ambassadors were fit only to pick poultry."

(1) Griffet, xxi., 233.

Our Cabinet, divided as it was into two opposite parties, was now more than ever convulsed by its fluctuating measures. A league was proposed with the Protestant Princes, the allies of France; these coalescing with Holland, Denmark, and Sweden, were to reinstate the sister and the nephew of Charles the First in the Palatinate. But Charles acknowledges to Strafford that he is quite incompetent to join his new allies with troops. "I have professed that all my warfare must be hy sea, not by land."

The King proceeds: "what likelihood there is that upon this I should fall foul with Spain you now may see as well as I, and what great inconvenience this war may bring to me, now that my *sea-contribution is settled*, and that I am resolved *not to meddle with land armies*, I cannot imagine, except it be in Ireland, and there, too, I fear not much, since I find the country so well settled as it is by your diligent care. Yet I thought it necessary to give you this watch-word, both to have the more vigilant eye over the discontented party, as also to assure you that *I am as far from a Parliament as when you left me*."

This confidential dispatch was sent in February, 1636-7. I do not know whether we are to read the last lines as a patriotic regret, or a confirmation of unalterable decision. Why were they written? They are not set down in passion. Strafford, as well as other ministers, we know was friendly to Parliament. Were they in reply to a suggestion of Strafford's to call a Parliament? I incline to think they were dictated by a sorrowful conviction according to his own notions, or from more recent knowledge, that Charles could discover no relenting animosity in the party who he concluded were his personal enemies. One point is here proved, that Parliaments at least were not utterly dismissed from the mind of Charles.

From this period we may trace the indecisive measures of Charles the First. He was not yet the open friend of his new allies, nor was he yet hostile to the ally whom he was quitting; for the treaties were sometimes retarded by the Cabinet of the Louvre, and the States-General or the Prince of Orange had conflicting interests with England. Spain was indeed alarmed at this awful conjunction, and her ambassador hastened to Charles with offers to restore the Lower Palatinate, and with a promise to procure the Upper, from the Duke of Bavaria, for a compensation in money. He further proposed that if England would join his master with twenty thousand men and her fleet, the Spaniards would take the field with as many Brabanters, and their combined army should place Languedoc and Normandy in the hands of the British monarch. This rhodomontade of the affrighted Don was an artifice intended to decompose the elements of this perilous combination. The projected league of the various parties had become the subject of public attention two months after the King had written to Strafford. A famous news-letter writer of the day thus describes the state of affairs:—"Our new patriots and statesmen here cry out, 'Let England, France, and the Low Countries join together, they will quickly bring the Spaniard on his belly.' 'Tis true these truly conjoined would do much, but upon what terms doth England stand yet with either of them? Farther off with the Low Countries than we have been a long time, and for France things come on much slower than we expected." This was a true statement of political affairs. Another season was suffered to elapse, which, however, was interrupted by the beginning of the troubles in Scotland in July and October, 1637. It was in November of that year that Cardinal Richelieu attempted to seduce Charles by his offers to aid the King against those of his subjects whom the Cardinal called "his rebels."

But Charles's attention was now roused to his own domestic affairs. Our fleet, however, still existed, and in 1638 the sovereignty of the sea was still present in the anxious minds of the English. A well-informed writer of the day observed, "The long treaties between the French and the Spanish are now near a conclusion; the Dutch will not he left out; then have at England for *the dominion of the seas*." (1)

But rapid was the approaching change, and the state of affairs is strongly painted by the Lord High Admiral in January, 1638-9—"I assure your lordship we are altogether in as ill a posture to invade others as to defend ourselves—the discontents here at home do rather increase than lessen—the King's coffers were never emptier than at this time, and to us that have the honour to be near about him, no way is yet known how he will find means either to maintain or begin a war without the help of his people." (2)

One cause of the inactivity of the fleet may

(1) Strafford's Letters, ii., 184.
(2) Ibid., 267.

be traced to the change in the foreign policy of the Cabinet, which prevented any decisive measures from being adopted; and when at length it became necessary to chastise the indignities which England was daily incurring from the encroaching Gaul, the insolent Hollander, and the haughty Spaniard, the monarch, seeing his honour was compromised, was glad to accept the futile apologies of the foreign aggressors. He who in politics accepts apologies for wrongs only acquiesces in the evidence of his weakness. Harris on this exclaims, "A spirited prince would have had a satisfaction as public as the injury itself, and thereby have shown the world that he was worthy of the sovereignty of those seas which he claimed."

Thus Charles has sometimes incurred reproaches where he might rather move our sympathy. The inextricable dilemma into which Charles was now cast, by the course of events, never occurred to this writer of common-place declamation, and whose genius in all respects is mean as his style. The personal distresses of the King were fast gathering on him, but the historian who does not investigate cannot perceive them. The state of his affairs no longer admitted of an expostulation by his own navy; what was just and glorious in 1637 was no longer so in 1639. The mind of Charles was now too deeply engaged in military preparations against his own revolting subjects, while his Exchequer was so utterly exhausted that it became for him a direful necessity to look to the help of his people, to gather the reluctant alms of their loyalty, or to submit once more to the dubious results of those new masters of sovereignty—the Parliament!

The troubles in Scotland were pressing on the mind of the King, and, to reduce that kingdom to obedience, Charles had resolved to raise an army of thirty thousand men. All foreign affairs became matters of secondary importance, a circumstance fatal to his character as a sovereign, and which the Cabinets of Europe soon discovered. The unpopularity of the ship-money continued a source of general discontent, although that tax was neither onerous nor useless. Even those who wished no ill to the King allowed themselves the utmost freedom in protesting against the decree of the Judges which had legalised it. Waller, who addressed so many loyal poems to Charles, and who when the civil wars broke out, for his adherence to the King, only saved his live by the sacrifice of his fortune, delivered a very impressive speech against this obnoxious tax. Sir William Monson in his "Naval Tracts" has noticed the many factious and scandalous rumours which were invented at the time to persuade the people that all the naval preparations were only an artifice to draw money from the subject. Those who were fined and imprisoned for their contumacy looked for revenge in the North; and the cry against ship-money, cherished and inflamed by faction, was always greatest when the monarch was in his extreme distress.

A NOTE ON SHIP-MONEY AND ON THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS.

Dr. Lingard has done justice to Charles the First in the particular instance of the King's disposal of the Ship-money. "By this contrivance the King obtained a yearly supply of 218,500*l*., and it should be observed that he carefully devoted it to the purposes for which it was demanded." (Lingard, x., 29.)

The careful direction of that tax Hume has justly urged as a plea for Charles the First; even the cold Presbyter Harris nods his acquiescence. Sir Philip Warwick had stated a fact. "The King so sincerely employed the Ship-money that it was never mingled with that of his own Exchequer, but kept apart with their accounts, and yet adding considerably of his own treasures to it."

But other more popular history may show how the history of this period has often been written. Oldmixon, who has degraded history into ribaldry, and whose folio volume on the Stuarts at the day, and with a party, seems to have passed for authentic history, condemns the great enterprise of Charles as sheer folly. Sir Philip Warwick, a distinguished gentleman and actor in the events of his time, he criticises as "a writer below reflection; his matter, his style, and integrity are all of a piece, and 'tis ridiculous to be serious about him." "The Critical Historian," as Oldmixon styles himself, therefore ridicules the notion that "The King kept all the Ship-money in a bag by itself." All the service done by the revenue from the Ship-money was "clearing the Channel of a few Turkish rovers, and the frighting our Protestant allies, the Hollanders." The great State principle of the Sovereignty of the Sea—the tributary treaty—and the retreat of the combined fleets of France and Holland—are wholly dropped in this faithless narrative.

Mrs. Macaulay was somewhat sensible to the firm and intrepid conduct of the King; but the meed of glory she awards is mildewed by a sneer! Listen to her! "Charles now seems to be in the meridian of what he termed glory; he had fairly placed the yoke on the neck of his own subjects, and by the seizure of their purse had found means to humble the Hollanders, whose independent flourishing state had ever been an eyesore to the Stuarts."

With Smollett, all these transactions, the historian sagaciously discovers, were founded on mere *pretences*! He ascribes the levying the Ship-money "to a *pretence* of the nation's being in danger of a *league* concluded between France and the United Provinces," which we have shown, and still have to show, assuredly existed. And further, "that a *pre-*

ance might not be wanting for levying the tax of Ship-money all over the kingdom, Charles published a proclamation forbidding all foreigners to fish on the coasts of Britain." Doubtless the historian and his readers were satisfied that in these "pretences" they had discovered the whole secret history of these public events!

At length we reach the illumination of Mr. Brodie's history, our own contemporary, who knows far better than any of his predecessors how the Ship-money was disposed of. "The English had not the consolation of thinking that the money extorted from them was destined to *any useful purpose;* luxury, hungry courtiers, and the Queen's French attendants consumed the greater part of this ill-acquired treasure, while a *portion of it* was applied towards overturning the liberties and religion of Scotland." (ii., 404.) Had we not known the *moderate supply* of the Ship-money, and the *heavy charges* of fitting out the most formidable fleet which England had ever put to sea, and farther, on the authority of Sir Philip Warwick—though this obvious fact required no authority—that the King was often compelled to supply its deficiencies from his own exchequer, had we not known all this, we might have congratulated Mr. Brodie on the secret sources of his history of the disposal of the Ship-money. But Mr. Brodie is only mistaken in his arithmetic! Let Mr. Brodie deduct from the gross receipts of the Ship-money, so much for "luxury," —so much for "hungry courtiers"—so much for "French attendants"—and place contra—"sixty ships of war"—and he will find that not an obolus will remain for "overturning the liberties and religion of Scotland." All this is serious truth—and every item which Mr. Brodie has here enumerated as having been furnished by Ship-money is chimerical. I cannot help adding one of Mr. Oldmixon's phrases when alluding to Clarendon, Warwick, and others—"You see what history they give us!"

Mr. Hallam will pardon the notice of an expression of his, somewhat inaccurate in regard to the subject. "There wanted not reasons in the Cabinet of Charles for placing the navy at times on *a respectable footing.*" (i., 165.) Thus, all that I have written on the Sovereignty of the Sea; all that Selden has sent down to posterity in his immortal "Mare Clausum;" and that miracle of our fleet, "the Sovereign of the Seas"—the inscribed cannon —and those legacies of fame—the medals of Charles the First, with all the greatness of the noble emprise, is clouded over by "a respectable footing."

It is amusing to turn to the recent Biographie Universelle, (1) where we may collect some instruction relative to the systematic perseverance of our Government from the days of Charles the First to those of George the Third, in maintaining the Sovereignty of the Sea.

Our Gallic contemporary tells us that "the principles which *Charles the First avowed*, were also those of Cromwell, and produced the Dutch war." Here I find an omission in his chronological view, which I shall supply. He has not told us that Charles the Second was once patriotic enough in 1675 to declare that he would risk his crown rather than his Sovereignty at Sea, and when a French squadron refused to strike to the British flag in the English Channel, the French Captain who had offered the insult was sent over to implore the pardon of the English monarch. (2) This writer proceeds with William the Third, who in a manifesto reproaches Louis the Fourteenth for having allowed his subjects to violate the rights of the sovereignty of the English crown in the Britannic seas—and George the Third in the last wars appears fully to have followed up the system of his predecessors. From these facts, which we are very far from denying, the result discovered by the French diplomate is "that these facts sufficiently prove how these monarchs had not abandoned the doctrine of Selden!" Our critic henceforward will, I hope, do us islanders the justice to observe our consistency in attending to our own interests, and commend us for the fearlessness which has defended them—it has cost more Dutch than French blood.

(1) Biog. Univ., xii., 502.
(2) Ralph's History of England, i., 284.

CHAPTER XLV.

Of the Commotions of Scotland.

The insurrection of Scotland might have proved to Charles the First an extraordinary source of political instruction; but the limited policy of this monarch, the policy of the times, was preservative, not creative. It was to support what was established, and not to discover what was remedial.

In the government of the Church and the State his principle was immutable conformity; a principle which naturally repulsed strange innovations which to the King appeared secretly subverting the monarchy, while they offered no substitute for that Episcopacy which they would abolish, but another Prelacy of a meaner character, yet of a more audacious and turbulent genius.

The time was at hand when this fated monarch was about to be hurried on through a dark labyrinth of factions and revolutions. It was to be a struggle to which the genius of the man was incompetent, uncongenial to his temper, and novel to his experience. The second Stuart was not one of those rare minds who create an epoch in the history of nations, and who, anticipating a distant posterity, discover a wisdom not of their own age. Charles the First could not, like Henry the Eighth, have passionately struck out a great revolution, or have terminated one with the cautious decision of Elizabeth; in the one case Charles would have looked in vain for a precedent of Reformation, and in the other by some hastiness of conduct he would have been thrown into situations whence he could only have extricated himself by retractation or concession.

The commotions of Scotland are a prototype of the Civil War which afterwards broke out in England, and corresponded closely with all the great points of our greater struggle. From an early period the movements

of the Covenanters were regulated hy their confederates among the patriotic party in England. Our patriots in that secret alliance not only adopted the principles but even the mode of proceedings of the Covenanters; in a word the English Revolution was modelled by the Scottish Insurrection. In the complicated question of the progress of our Revolution under Charles the First, this becomes an important position, which has not fixed the attention of our historians.

The Scots were our tutors in the artifices of popular democracy, and those mysteries of insurgency, which afterwards were systematised by ourselves. They were the contrivers of that terrific revolutionary engine—a mobocracy; and it was from them that we learned how to organise a people in vast masses, so as to assemble or disperse them at will. Their petitions and remonstrances served as our models when, in a similar submissive style of loyalty, they kept drilling throughout the whole kingdom. This subtile party even practised the arts of political flattery; at the moment they were insolent in the success of their arms, they apologised for their invasion; and his Majesty's loyal subjects of Scotland were only rebellious in their acts. In the fall of the Hierarchy, through all its stages, the English Commons were but the servile imitators of the Scottish Covenanters. The leaders of faction, both at home and in Scotland, were indeed but few; they had, however, engaged the whole people on their side by covering their own design, which was a subversion of the government, and making religion their ostensible and national object. Fanaticism has all the characteristics which faction delights in; undismayed by peril, and most triumphant when opposed, it hurries on without sense to discover its folly, and without remorse to avert its crimes. Private interests and personal jealousies were often disguised by the Scottish insurgents in the parties which they formed. In this vast and confused struggle the principles of constitutional liberty were sometimes developed and asserted; the first statute for triennial Parliaments originated in Scotland; and thus the independence of Parliaments was secured by the prevention of their disuse. (1) Both parties alike in England and in Scotland finally succeeded in objects more concealed; the national avarice of the Covenanters sold their Sovereign, and the remorseless republicanism of the other murdered him—and both the Presbyter and the Republican finally sank with their victim!

The King's conduct, from first to last, in the Scottish Revolution, was precisely similar to that which governed him in England. We discover in his first commands the same regal tone of authority; in his measures the same indecision; and at length in their result the same entire concessions, but all granted, however, to no purpose! Inflexible, or yielding, the fortune of the King was alike malignant. Baillie, the able Scotch Covenanter, who possessed a personal knowledge of the Court, and of the leaders of the parties when the last great scene was approaching, has thrown out an observation which, properly understood, conveys a great truth. "It has been the King's perpetual fault to grant his people's desires by bits, and so late he ever lost his thanks." We must remember, however, that "the people's desires," in the eyes of a partisan, always mean the system of that partisan. With Baillie "the people's desires" meant the unbishoping of bishops, and a Covenanting King of England!

Had Charles the First proved to be such a creature of circumstance as to have subscribed himself a Covenanter, all Scotland, and half of England, might have been too strong for the ruling party in Parliament. The English Parliament were, indeed, early jealous of the King's intercourse with the Scots, and Charles in his mind seems to have had some latent design of winning over his countrymen to his side; but, when the Scots insisted that the royal hand should be set to their famous national covenant, whatever might he the policy of his negotiations, their real object became unattainable. Charles conceded often reluctantly. Forced to act against his will, he could not be always sincere; hut it is not less true that his inflexibility sprang oftener from principle than from policy.

The history of the Scottish commotions is neither a digression nor an episode, in the history of Charles the First, or in that of the causes of the revolutionary measures of his reign. The character of the monarch developed itself in its progress, as well as the arts

(1) Laing's Hist. of Scotland, iii. Rushworth, iv., 188, where we find the King's speech on passing the act for triennial Parliaments, Feb. 15, 1640. The Speech in many respects is remarkable; the King observes "This is the greatest expression of *my trust in your affections to me*, that before you do any thing for me I do put such a confidence in you."

and practices of the insurgents, till at length we discover how the Scottish insurrection terminated in the great revolution of England.

To comprehend the secret motives, and the dark intrigues which prevailed in the Scottish affairs, we must rapidly review the state of Scotland from the Reformation: the descendants of the first actors in that busy era of reform and spoliation were still performing their hereditary parts, and the same principles were operating on their conduct.

The Reformation in Scotland had been mainly effected by those friars who were the popular preachers, in opposition to the regular clergy. These divine orators of the multitude at the same time instigated the people from their pulpits, and engaged in their cause those noble reformers who were first called "The Lords of the Congregation," by pandering to their passions of ambition or of avarice. These preachers were a rabid swarm of public disturbers engendered by the heat and fury of the times; Knox himself acknowledges that they were blamed as "indiscreet persons; yea, some called them railers, and worse. Amongst others, peradventure, my rude plainness displeased, for some complained that rashly I spoke of men's faults. But, alas! my conscience accuseth me that I spoke not so plainly as my duty was to have done; for I ought to have said to the wicked man expressly by his name, 'Thou shalt die the death!' For I find Jeremiah the prophet to have done so to Pashur the high-priest, and to Zedekiah the king. And, not only he, but Elijah, Elisha, Micha, Amos, Daniel, Christ Jesus himself, and after him his apostles, expressly do name the blood-thirsty tyrants and abominable idolaters." Here we have the full-length of a saint, armed with all the terrors, if not the daggers, of his "Godliness"—and a nation was to be revolutionised by a horde of fanatics, who imagined themselves to be "more pure" than their brother Protestants; or who, as Knox himself declares, were appointed by God to be the salt of the earth." In the warmth of his simplicity, Knox reproaches himself with his mildness, which he ascribes "to the blind love that I did bear to this my wicked carcase." (1)

These fanatical preachers, aided by the nobles, were hurrying on the eventful revolution. The wealth and lands of the church lay before these parties, an enormous body and an easy prey! The rapacious aristocracy, profiting by the disordered state of the government, became sole masters of the soil, sharing among themselves the rich spoliations of abbeys, and monasteries, and cathedrals, and what they had found no difficulty to grasp, their arm was potent to retain.

Andrew Melville brought from Geneva that model of ecclesiastical polity which Calvin had suited to his parochial republic. Knox was disposed at first to have bishops, under the novel title of Superintendents. By the revelations of these apostles of democracy the Scottish people, however, soon discovered that Episcopacy was "a great chip of the old block, Popery;" and they were taught to exult, in the words of Knox, that in regard to "the primitive and apostolic church—no realm this day upon the face of the earth hath the like purity—for all others retain in their churches some footsteps of Anti-Christ and dregs of Popery." (2) And the mob of "the Kirk brake down the altars and the images;" the lands of the Ecclesiastics were reserved for the zeal of "the Lords of the Congregation."

Gratified at first by that reforming spirit which had ejected their ancient masters, "the godly ministers" possibly did not imagine that they themselves were not to partake of that temporal spoil they had so spiritually spread, or, as Knox plainly called it, "the rents of the Church." The fierce disciple of Calvin lived to discover this error; for he has himself told us that whenever he remonstrated with "the Lords of the Congregation," suggesting some reformation among themselves, such as more leniency in the slavery of their serfs, and more bountifulness for the maintenance of "the poor ministers," the gripers of abbeys and cathedrals mocked their own fiery apostle by treating these rebukes as nothing but "devout imaginations." Knox has libelled for posterity a certain Lord Erskine, "who had a very evil woman to his wife, and if the poor, the schools, and the ministry of the Church had their own, his kitchen would lack two parts and more of that which he unjustly possesseth."

The nobility were in truth exercising the most arbitrary power; the peasant was crushed by vassalage; and, during the minority of James, the unprincipled conduct of

(1) The Admonition of John Knox to the true professors of the Gospel of England.

(2) Knox's History of the Reformation, in the opening of his fourth Book.

one ambitious, and one avaricious Regent, had wrested from the Crown its inalienable rights in regalities and tithes which Parliament had annexed to it; all which this usurping aristocracy had silently shared among themselves. It was observed that these lords exacted the tithes with a rigour and wantonness of oppression to which the people had never been exposed from the Catholic clergy. (1)

The Scottish nobles considered that it was their great interest to continue their patronage to the popular preachers; and, indeed, neither party could exist, with any security, independently of the other. While Presbytery flourished, it kept out the claims of the ancient owners of the church-lands, whose present possessors dreaded the horror of a returning Hierarchy; and the Mar-prelates themselves, although they had resigned to the nobility the spoils of the Church, because they were not suffered to be partakers, were not, however, insensible that they possessed no inferior dominion in leading the understandings, and rousing at will the passions of a people, whose rudeness, just emerging from the blindest superstition, was so favourable to the wildest impulses of the fanatical spirit.

This democracy of priests assumed a power absolute as that Papal supremacy which, while it formed the perpetual object of their clamorous invectives, they secretly aspired to transfer to themselves. These denunciators of Popery were themselves Popes to a man. It was the dangerous principle of this novel community that the Ecclesiastical was totally separated from, and independent of, the Civil power, and that these oracles of Heaven were not accountable for any treason which they preached before the tribunals of man, but only to an ecclesiastical judicature, where the most obnoxious were sure to receive only a gentle rebuke. Nor were these the only tenets which they held, inconsistent with good government; all which, though but a vulgar mimicry of the system which they had abrogated, the rude people looked on with indulgence, or rather with pleasure, as excesses of holy zeal. (2) We have shown, in the history of the Puritans, that there were among these political Rabbins some whose doctrines soared even much higher, and who secretly aimed at establishing no less than the supremacy of the ecclesiastical power over the civil magistrate.

These men of Parity, the Ministers of Scotland, continued to be a turbulent race, and particularly the junior apostles of sedition. These delighted the populace with their juvenile audacity; their stinging personalities were libels on the Court, and while they were ringing alarums of Popery, they were rebuking the Royal Council. James the First seems to have known their designs as well as their pride. His *naïve* description of these demagogues was thrown out in the warmth of his feelings at the famous conference at Hampton Court, where, assuming his rank as sovereign, James reiterated to the political rabble of "Jack and Tom, and Will and Dick," that "*Le Roy s'avisera.*"

This government the Scottish monarch had patiently endured through his minority, and his early reign,—the sovereign power rested among the aristocracy; the people remained under the influence of their ministers; the monarchy itself was but a shadow in this half-feudal and half-popular government. Hence James, at a later day, exclaimed "No Bishop! No King!" Episcopacy had been condemned, as contrary to the word of God, in 1580, and when James discovered some disposition to restore it, the party raised an army, and the King, to preserve peace, established Presbyterianism by law in 1592.

By one of those eruptions to which democracy is perpetually inclining, the genius of its followers betrayed itself. A minister had been prosecuted, and the privileges of their "discipline" they insisted had been violated. An armed multitude congregated, and these warlike apostles, impatient at the absence of their generals, for they had their elected commanders, had furiously leaped to their weapons with the fanatical cry of "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! It shall be either theirs or ours!" This mob streamed along the streets, and surrounding the Sessions House, where the young King sat in council, had nearly forced the gates. A company of musketeers, secretly introduced by the back stairs, protected the King and the Council in their escape to the palace of Holyrood. On the following day the King left Edinburgh. This headless multitude dispersed at the entreaty of the Provost, in the same confused way they had assembled.

This open violence gave a fatal blow to the audacity of these democratic assemblies; they

(1) Even by the Confession of Mr. Brodie, Hist. of the British Empire, ii., 409. See Malcolm Laing's luminous statement, iii., 89—94.

(2) Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 26.

were even deserted by their former patrons, the nobles, who cared not to espouse a quarrel which tended to strengthen a licentious predominance in the state. (1) James, on his side, again attempted to break down this overgrown power of the people by taking advantage of the odium the party had incurred.

This rebellion, as many considered it to be, was somewhat favourable to the revival of Episcopacy. When James ascended the throne of England, he found many of their own party, to curb the insolence of these pugnacious saints, ready to admit the establishment of Episcopacy, without, however, abolishing the Presbytery itself. Two opposing parties thus divided the country; the one mainteining the Presbyterial Kirk of Scotland, and the other advocating the Episcopal Church of England.

A uniformity in religion prompted James the First to require a uniformity in worship, that both the great Churches of his two nations might constitute an unity in their government. The Marquis of Hamilton, father to him who is soon to come forward on the scene, with greater prudence and greater dexterity, consequently procured the passing of the five articles of Perth; these turned on certein customs, or rites of the Anglican Church, as innocent as mey be, end the sole object of which was to produce a uniformity in the Church service. These acts of Parliement did not, however, pass without considerable opposition, and were accompanied by the protests of the Presbyters. James was still anxious to press on the Scots a Liturgy on the model of the Church of England; but Hamilton deemed it more prudent to secure what he had already obtained, by assuring the Scottish Parliament that "the King would not in his days press any more change, or alteration, without their consent."

In all this the pacific monarch had acted with cautious policy; he had exercised no severity, and had edopted a legal form in wrestling with the stubborn Kirk. James relinquished the future ettempt at conformity, a favourite object with the statesmen of that age. Bishop Guthry, e warm votary for Episcopacy, seems surprised that the Bishops waived the royal motion, and proceeded no further in establishing the uniformity of their ecclesiastical discipline; but this Bishop was not so well acquainted as ourselves with the King's feelings on this occasion. James, convinced that he could not obtain all that was desirable, with prescient sagacity observed on Laud, who was urging him to a stricter union of the two Churches, by introducing the Anglican Liturgy end drewing up the Canons, that "he was a restless spirit who could not see when matters are well, but loves to toss and change, end to bring things to a pitch of reformation floating in his own brein, which may endanger the steadfastness of that which is in e good pass, God be praised! I speak not at random, for he hath made himself known to me." "When three yeers since," continued the King, "I had obtained of the Assembly of Perth to consent to five articles of order and decency in correspondence with this Church of England, I promised that I would try their obedience no farther anent ecclesiastical effairs, nor put them out of their own way which custom has made pleasing unto them." A second project of Laud was eqnally resisted by the prudential policy of James, who observed, "Laud knows not the stomach of that people, but I ken the story of my grandmother, the Queen Regent, that, after she was inveigled to hreak her promise mede at Perth meeting, never saw good day, end, heing much beloved before, was despised by all the people." (2)

Charles renewed his father's scheme, and listened to Laud, urged on by his conscience —his policy—or his fate. To plant the Hierarchy in e land of Presbyters; to establish that monerchical institution among a fierce democracy; to exact conformity with the Anglican Church from the sullen sons of Calvin, proud of their opposition to England, not only from a religious but e national feeling, was now to be the perilous lebour of Charles the First. The King does not eppear to have been aware that he had to extirpate the nation, ere he could abrogate its Presbytery, end he proceeded unconscious of the conspiracies and disaffections around him.

(1) Bishop Guthry says, in his Scottish Gallic idiom, that "this meschant business" was called "the seventeenth of December," to mark their detestation of the day.

(2) This remarkable conversation of James the First with the Lord Keeper Williams discovers that shrewdness and sagacity were often prevalent in his thoughtful hours. His prediction of Laud's own character is a very remarkable instance of political foresight. When solicited for his promotion—"Take him," said James, "since you will have him, but ye will surely repent it."—Hacket's Life of Archbishop Williams, 64.

On his first visit to Scotland, Charles had left no doubts of his adherence to Episcopacy. The Presbyters, baffled in their last hopes, propagated their discontents, backed by a jealous nobility, who looked on the Bishops either as encroachers on their aristocratic power in the State, or as possible reclaimers of their ancient patrimonies.

Charles, as he had done in England, to aggrandise the Bishops in dignity and power, conferred on them offices in the administration, which the nobility had considered as the apportioned objects of their ambition. Those who had sought and missed preferment saw themselves supplanted by a new race of intruders, and those who occupied the highest places cast an evil eye on the Churchmen who were designing their fall. The Lord of Lorn, afterwards the famous Argyle who became the head of the Covenanters, had largely partaken of honours and emoluments; yet he was long a secret Covenanter, till at length he threw off the mask, either from displeasure at the King's refusal of the Chancellorship conferred on the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, or from a knowledge that his wiles had been detected, and that it had been resolved by the Court, that the Earl of Antrim should be allowed his claims on some of Argyle's lands. At the bottom of this burst of patriotism, as is too usual, there lies no small share of private feeling. (1) The Earl of Traquair, though openly professing friendship for the Bishops, and conforming himself to the schemes of his royal master, was also their secret enemy. Traquair imagined that these ecclesiastics were colleaguing with Maxwell, the Bishop of Ross, and that this person, the most able of the order, and the most ambitious, was grasping at the Treasurer's staff which the Earl held.

The Bishops, however, were divided among themselves; the body was composed of an old and new party, acting on contrary principles. The election of the Scottish Bishops had been wisely managed by James, who had appointed the Archbishop of St. Andrew's to convene the Bishops, and name three or four, from whom the King reserved to himself the power of nominating to the vacant see, and during his reign, according to Bishop Guthry, none but men well qualified were advanced. Charles had changed this system, and transferred to his own Court at London the seat of Scottish preferment. Bishops were now the children of court-favour, the creatures of patronage; and it is not surprising that, in the day of trial, several of these, when patronage was to be sought elsewhere, hurried to apostasy. Buckingham's recommendation made Lesley a Bishop of the Isles; Maxwell of the bed-chamber procured his relative the bishopric of Ross. Archbishop Laud made others, and the Earl of Sterling, Secretary of Scotland, had a mitre for his friend. These younger Bishops, not being indebted to their elder brethren for their preferment, kept themselves apart, more constant in their correspondence with Laud, than in concerting measures among themselves, their sole object being to keep up their interest at Court. More fiery, being young in office, than the elder Bishops, they were prompt at any enterprise suggested to them; and, with the impolicy of heedless authority, were irritating the Presbyterian Ministry with a haughtiness which the elder Bishops had ever avoided. Laud at Court was easily misled by the ardent correspondence of the younger Bishops. The prudent Archbishop of St. Andrew's and the elder ecclesiastics persisted in their advice to suppress "the Buke," as the Scotch called the Liturgy, till a happier juncture; a counsel which probably would have been accepted had the Scotch Bishops been unanimous in their opinion; but the younger mitres were more stirring and more sanguine. When a corporate body differ so widely in their sentiments, it is only a great minister whose penetrating genius can discern the secret motives of the men; the statesman of routine will usually adopt the opinion suitable to his own design.

The great coming evil was chiefly accomplished, as it appears, by the malicious manœuvre of the Earl of Traquair, who, intent on the ruin of the Scottish Hierarchy, concurred with Laud and his party in promoting the most decisive measures; talking to them in their own language; blaming the phlegmatic Bishops as timorous creatures, whose sees required to be filled by more active spirits, and pledging "his life" to carry them through the business were he entrusted with

(1) Bishop Guthry, p. 42, assigns the one motive, but whether "ill-naturedly," as the Presbyter Woodrow would say, who shall determine? The other we positively discover in a letter of the Earl of Strafford, ii., 325. It had been resolved in council in England before Argyle declared for the Covenanters. It was probably not unknown to Argyle. Malcolm Laing inclines to this supposition. It is probable that both motives combined with an equal impulse.

its execution. Laud confided in his young Bishops; the young Bishops in the Earl of Traquair. The Earl was appointed; and finally the Earl himself actually signed the Covenant which abolished Episcopacy!

During the preparations for the approaching day, the public mind was heated by the most malicious reports respecting the Bishops. Tales flew about from all quarters against their worldly spirit. It was said that they were heaping estates for their children; that they dealt in simoniacal practices; and that these remnants of Popery were furbishing up the old mass. These were the rumours of Presbyters; there were others from another class; the Bishops, it seems, were not only trampling on the Church, but they were domineering in the State.

An ecclesiastical spy, in gathering the secret intelligence which occupies such men, seems to have opened one of the great sources of the enmity of the majority of the nobility who had now concluded on the removal of Bishops from the third order of the State. It appears that these ecclesiastics had obtained a singular predominance in Parliament; eight, being Lords of the Articles, chose eight of the nobility known to be friendly to the Crown, and these sixteen the rest; so that all depended on them, and they upon the King. (1)

The same spirit had travelled from England, and was cordially embraced by the Scottish malcontents. The recent prosecutions in the Star-Chamber against Prynne, Bastwick, and Burton, and the Declaration of the Book of Sports, had at this unlucky moment kindled new flames of discord. There was an active Scotch party at London in close connection with the great one at Edinburgh; and their sagacious and active agent, on his return from England, in giving an account of his successful negotiations with the English Nonconformists, in politics as much as in Church discipline, assured his masters that "the English had the same design of reformation in their Church,"—he might have added in their State—"as soon as the work should begin here." (2)

At length approached the evil day. It had been deferred by the advice of the Earl of Traquair, on the plea that some preparatory methods might render the people more cheerful on this eventful occasion; this had also furnished the Opposition with full time to concert their measures. It was proclaimed from all the pulpits, that on Sunday the 23rd of July "the Service-Book" would be read in all the churches.

But surely it never was! though for that reading came in solemn procession the Chancellor, the Prelates, the Lords of the Sessions, the Provost, and the whole Council of the city. Scarcely had the Dean of Edinburgh opened "The Buke," than opened that memorable scene in which the confusion was so sudden, and so various, that all the accounts give different particulars. (3) The universal hubbub may be imagined, but the language of the individuals can only be conceived in its Doric *naïveté*, which best shows the sort of people here congregated. The popular axiom, that the voice of the people is the voice of God, was happily illustrated on the present occasion of this mobocracy, when they were afterwards compared to Balaam's ass; an animal in itself stupid and senseless, but whose mouth had been opened by the Lord.

A terrible yelling and clapping, intermingled with curses and groans, and, when they could be heard, the sobbings of the soft-hearted gentlewomen as they sighed that "Baal was in the Church," and the broad nicknames of the insolent viragos, calling the Dean "One of the witches' breeding, and the De'il's gette (child)," shook the church, in vain designed to be raised into a cathedral!

Fearless awhile, the stout-hearted Dean, suddenly panic-struck, slipped through his surplice, leaving behind this white trophy of the future Covenanters. Then the Bishop showed himself in the pulpit; a portly personage, who might have urged a better excuse than the Dean for an "alacrity in sinking." The vocabulary of the mob, prompt as it is copious, instantly saluted "the Anti-Christian wolf—"the beastly belly-god—the crafty fox!" The echo reverberated "a Pape! a Pape!" to be stoned—or "to get the thrapple out of him,"—that is, to cut his wind-pipe. Hardly escaped the Bishop with a tremulous life, conveyed away in the coach of the Earl of Roxburgh, himself suspected of raising this mobocracy; showers of stones were flung, and the Bishop narrowly escaped the martyrdom of St. Stephen. (4)

(1) Sir David Dalrymple, 47, observes that this is very rational and intelligible, and yet it seems to have escaped the observation of eminent historians.

(2) Bishop Guthry, 1., 3.

(3) The memorable scene has been more minutely related by Mr. Brodie in a collection of curious extracts from contemporary vouchers.

(4) This tumult was called in Scotland "Stony

This revolutionary outrage originated with females. The High-Church, now presumed to be a cathedral, it was observed, was crowded with women, chiefly of the lower orders; old wives and servant-lasses, otherwise "the godly females," were the indomitable champions of the Kirk. Of these an irascible crone—more heroine than she who damaged her Bible by thumping "the false thief," as she called the young man who unluckily responded "Amen" to "the Buke"—launched from her withered hand "the thunderbolt of her zeal," in the stool she sate on. Averted by some friendly hand, it flew whizzing by the Bishop's ear. This set the example of a universal rout. After a conflict, the insurgents were dislodged from the interior—the service was hurried over—amidst the rapping of the doors, the stones flying in at the windows, and the reverberating shouts of an infuriated multitude storming the High-Church.

It seems that this old wife, Janet Geddes, has secured her respectability in Scottish history; and she who the week before, as tells the scandalous chronicle, had sate upon the stool of repentance, is sainted by throwing one at the Bishop's head. Her name has been immortalised by Burns, and the glorious attitude of this testy crone, hurling her stool at the Bishop in the pulpit, is triumphantly perpetuated in a vignette of one of the volumes of the magician of the north. For the strength of the patriotism, we may forgive the grossness of the taste, which by a rhyme and a print thus gratifies the passions of the populace, which it demoralises, by confounding an act of insolence, done by a base hand, with a deed which merits the admiration of a people.

The story of a furious beldame beginning the fray, by casting her stool at the Bishop's head, who then retreated from the pulpit, Mr. Brodie seems to doubt, for he could only trace it to De Foe's memorial of the Scottish Church, and surmises that the tale originated in the woman who beat "the false thief" with her Bible. I have, however, discovered a manuscript document of the time—it is a warrant from Secretary Windebank to Rushworth, riding post to Berwick, authorising him to procure horses on the road. On this warrant our great noter of the history of his times has set down various memoranda, as seems to have been his habit. The present is one.—"Mdm. I was born at Edenborough presently after the first disturbance by the woman throwing a stoole at the Bishop's head; a small thing to be the beginning of a war." (1)

This reflection of our great historical collector conveys to us no favourable idea of his political sagacity. It was, however, the prevalent notion of the times.

The truth, however, is, that this was no unpremeditated riot—it was a concerted measure—and the names of the plotters of this memorable scene have been recorded with particulars which sufficiently authenticate the fact.

So early as in April, the famous Alexander Henderson, and another minister, schemed the whole, and having consulted Lord Balmerino, a zealous Scotch patriot, whose zeal had once put his head in peril, and Sir Thomas Hope, who was the King's advocate by office, but much more the Kirk's advocate in heart, the whole affair was arranged at a house in the Cowgate among a senate of matrons. To encourage these heroines and their associates to this valorous onset, they were assured that the men would afterwards take the business out of their hands. (2) Having organised this odd conspiracy, the plotters themselves left the city, and their interference escaped detection by their cunning absence. No one seemed to countenance this unexpected sedition, which was considered as a mere ebullition of the rabble—ceasing with the hour it passed away. It, however, excited surprise, that not even a single person of the lower orders was brought forward to undergo even a mockery of punishment; and such was the silent understanding of the parties, that when the Bishops were in personal danger, they knew to what popular nobleman to apply for protection, at whose presence they were conscious these raging waves of the people would ebb and subside. To us, who are better acquainted with the secret history of the times than contemporaries, this tumult assumes a higher importance than to those who witnessed it.

Some of these women had been tutored by persons of superior rank and intelligence. When one of these viragos, worthy to have flourished in the sanguinary streets of Paris or Lyons, expressed her ardent wish to cut the Bishop's wind-pipe, and was told that a much worse man might come in his stead,

Sunday," and Sir James Balfour has entitled his narrative "Stenefield Day."

(1) Sloane MSS. 4519.

(2) Guthry, 20.

"No!" she exclaimed, "when Cardinal Beaton was sticked, we had never another Cardinal sin syne." (1) Such an incident and such a reflection could not have sprung from the mind of the lowest of the rabble, particularly of those times.

That such a memorable scene of a universal movement of public opinion should have passed away as a transient ebullition of popular feeling may surprise us, who view in it the awful prelude to the great insurrection, when "the four tables," of nobility, of gentry, of ministers, and of burghers, were to convulse the whole Government with a democracy, and the shout of rebellion was to be echoed as a hundred thousand hands were to be lifted to Heaven to ratify "the Covenant." But when we consider the complicated intrigues which had been silently preparing, unmarked and unsuspected by the Scottish Bishops, we find how men in power are not the most lively observers, and often stand insulated and unconnected with the more active spirits of the times. One only among them saw at once the results; the Archbishop of St. Andrew's, Primate and Chancellor, wofully exclaimed, "The labour of thirty years is lost for ever in one day!" The Bishops reposed on the wisdom and the strength of the King's far distant Council, writing up to London for advice, and never advising themselves. They only discovered the true state of affairs at the moment of their consternation and their flight, when they were summoned to "the Tables," not to take their equal seats, but to hear their condemnation, and to learn their perpetual ejection from the State.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Of the Conspiracies of the Scots against Charles the First.

Hume closes a luminous view of the discontents in Scotland by a philosophical observation on the King's inflexibility in this great revolution. "In his whole conduct of this affair there appeared no mark of the good sense with which he was endowed; a lively instance of that species of character so frequently to be met with, where there are found parts and judgment in every discourse and opinion; in many actions, indiscretion and imprudence. Men's views of things are the result of their understandings alone; their conduct is regulated by their understanding, their temper, and their passions."

The almost daily correspondence of Charles with the Marquis of Hamilton, during the Scottish commotions, betrays no deficient energy of mind at this period; indeed the reverse is true. These numerous letters are a striking evidence not only of the unwearied activity of the monarch, but of the prompt acuteness of the man. These are not official dispatches, undersigned by a secretary, where mechanical forms often cover a vacuity of thought; but with the conciseness of a man of business, regardless of all ornament, Charles often expresses himself with great force, and with too much earnestness to indulge in an idle page. (2)

Doubtlessly the strangely concerted opposition which burst out at the reading of the Liturgy came unexpected to Charles, who seems never to have suspected the existence of that public opinion which so long had been creating in the Scottish metropolis, that it had reached even to the remoter provinces. Persuaded that he could accomplish that national conformity which his father had perhaps designed, but had avoided with prudence, in the establishment of Episcopacy in his native kingdom, and amidst delusions raised up by the interests and passions of so many, when Hamilton once imparted his fears and his doubts, Charles replied that his information led him to conclude that the Episcopalians did did not constitute the inferior party in Scotland.

(1) This curious fact is given by Mr. Brodie, from Sir James Balfour's "Stonefield Day," ii., 485.

(2) Since writing this, we have the opinion of one whose practised skill in the construction of artificial periods is too apparent in his criticism on the Letters of Charles the First. Mr. Godwin has recently thus described them: "They are written in royal style; no attention is afforded by the writer to what are regarded as the artifices of composition. They have nothing in them of circumlocution or ceremony; no colouring of the craft of authorship. The sceptred penman proceeds somewhat impatiently to his point; he is blunt and brief; we see plainly that he thinks it would be some sacrifice of his dignity, if he were careful of auxiliaries and expletives, and used words other than were barely necessary to convey an unambiguous meaning." This criticism is the most unjust, and therefore the most erroneous, that ever a partisan adopted in order to depreciate what in itself is commendable. We have many hundreds of letters of Charles the First. The King was his own secretary, but it was not therefore incumbent on "the sceptred penman" to use a secretary's style. He was to command, not to discuss. Most of his letters were written on urgent and even immediate occasions—not always in the calm of his cabinet but often in the hurry of a moveable camp—more frequently in

In the Scottish affairs Charles always proceeded unconscious of the conspiracies and disaffection around him; could he suspect the creatures of his favour, or the associates of his leisure? Many who were not with him were known to be his friends, and more, who had largely participated of his favours, he had a right to imagine were such. And indeed it is only by a due observation of this very circumstance of their personal regard for the King, that we can lift the veil which hangs over every part of the conduct of the mysterious ministers of Charles throughout the whole of the Scottish transactions. To this personal regard was often opposed their national feeling. In the degree that their loyalty executed their master's design, they felt that they were betraying their own cause; and when they sacrificed the royal interests for that cause, they were hurried into popular compliances which threatened even a greator danger.

The father and the son, from affection or from policy, had studied to reconcilo their ancient and native kingdom to the absence of their Court, by every royal indulgence. That the national pride of Scotia, too often wounded by the gibes and taunts of their Southern brethren, should not be further mortified by any sense of dependonce on England. Charles had placed the whole conduct of affairs among two or three Scotchmen who attended at the Court for this purpose. There they held their councils, so that the affairs of Scotland were never brought before the Privy Council. (1) But the consequence of this tenderness for their privileges was, that Scotland and its affairs excited no curiosity in the English public; and while the Court and country were alive to any weekly news they received from Germany and Poland, no one ever inquired after any event which occurred in so considerable a portion of their own kingdom. The result of the system which the Stuart dynasty had adopted was unfortunate also in another point. The numerous Scottish residents at the English Court, on whom these monarchs doubtless relied for their zealous exertions with their countrymen, entirely lost their personal influence over their distant brothers, nor were the honours lavished on these absentees valued by the Scottish people at large. These absentees, however, remained Scottish in their hearts, and found as little compunction in betraying the secrets of their master, as the nation afterwards experienced in selling him. Nor did the English people sympathise with their new friends, whom they looked on as intruders on their interests, and who perpetually were the burthen of a ballad, or the jest of a tale. Thirty years could not indeed allay the ancient prejudices of two nations, since even a century and a half have not extinguished them; so long can last the idiosyncrasy of manners, and so long it is ere popular malice becomes obsolete.

The presence-chambor, and the privy-chamber, and the bed-chamber, were crowded with Scotchmen, who formed a vast disproportion to the Englishmen at Court. Carte has given a list of officers of state all Scotch. The Marquis of Hamilton was Master of the Horse, and had filled the stables with Scots; the Earl of Morton was Captain of the Band of Pensioners; the Duke of Lennox was Warden of the Cinque Ports; the Earl of Ancram, Keeper of the Privy-purse; Sir William Balfour, Keeper of the Tower; Wemyss, Master-gunner of the Navy, and in the Civil War "Master-gunner of England," a considerable employment. (2) Numberless were the gentlemen ushers, the grooms, and the carvers, and the cup-bearers—who, creatures of the bounties of the father and the son, and prospering in the wealth of England, were betraying their sovereign in continued intelligence with their distant compatriots, and with malcontents nearer at hand.

There existed a Scottish faction at Court closely connected with the nobility, and with the commoners, Puritans or Patriots. The Earl of Haddington, brother-in-law to the Earl of Rothes, who was the first conspicuous leader of the Covenanters, and whom Haddington afterwards joined — remained at Whitehall. This lord was busily intriguing with some of our peers, such as the Earl of

vexation and trouble; with the cares of Sovereignty weighing on the spirits, involved in the most complex intrigues, and at times distracted by opposite interests. Whatever may have been the extent of his capacity, it was always in a state of tension, and perhaps there are few men who could have written with the promptness of thought and the earnestness of feeling which mark the correspondence of Charles the First.

(1) This fact is ascertained by Clarendon, i., 193.

(2) Of this Scotchman a remarkable anecdote is recorded by Sir Richard Bulstrode. At Cropredy bridge, Wemyss, once a sworn servant of the King's, was taken prisoner, and being brought before Charles the First, the fawning and impudent Scot, in his broad tone, told the King, "In gude faith, my heart was always towards your Majesty!"

Holland, who was the visible head of the Puritans in London, as his brother, the Earl of Warwick, afterwards the High Admiral of the Parliamentarians, was considered the chief of the Oppositionists in the country, and with Lords Say, Brook, and Wharton; while Mr. Eleazer Borthwick, the able and statesmanlike agent of the Covenanters, and who passed twelve years in London, held daily communication with the good citizens of the Puritanic party, and with Hampden, Pym, and other patriots. The intercourse seems to have been mutual. There is a remarkable passage in the preface to Burnet's Memoir of the Hamiltons, where he tells us that "a gentleman of quality of the English nation, who was afterwards a great Parliament-man, went and lived some time in Scotland before the troubles broke out, and represented to the men that had then the greatest interest there, that the business of the ship money and the habeas corpus, etc., had so irritated the English nation, that if they made sure work at home they needed fear nothing from England." Burnet, it is to be regretted, has not preserved the name of this "English gentleman of quality." This "great Parliament-man" appears to have been Hampden; Echard mentions that he paid an annual visit to Scotland to concert measures with *his friends*. We find by Nalson that this celebrated person alluded to, whoever he was, and "other principal men of the faction," as Nalson calls them, "made frequent journeys into Scotland, and had many meetings and consultations how to carry on their combinations."(1) Wariston, in Cromwell's time, valued himself on these intrigues, which had confused the counsels and nullified the actions of the King, and ruined the Stuarts. The recent publication of Secretary Nicholas's letters to the King confirms these accounts of the private meetings of the Opposition to concert measures; and in writing to the King, then at Edinburgh, he remarkably observes, that "they were of late very jocund and cheerful by some advertisements out of Scotland, from whose actions and successes they intend, as I hear, to take a pattern for their proceedings here."(2) In fact, the party were holding a little parliament of their own, with their own lords and their own commoners. At London, and in the country, they had their committees. Accounts have reached us of what passed at the seat of Lord Say, in Oxfordshire, where company, unobserved by the house, often assembled in a particular apartment, which they entered by a secret passage in which no servant was allowed to appear, but their discussions were often loud. The same secret assemblies were held at Mr. Knightley's, in Northamptonshire. In these and other places, the party had their council-chambers and leading speakers. In the metropolis some places have been particularised where they met to terminate their more important decisions; Secretary Nicholas has noticed Lord Mandeville's house at Chelsea; Echard one in Gray's-inn-lane;(3) and Clarendon indicates a kind of fraternity where the members of this party seem to have lived and boarded as in a private family.(4) We are told that Pym rode through different counties, and others did the same, to procure elections of members, and for other purposes. We may at least admire their diligence, but we rather perceive its spirit when the Earl of Warwick wrote from York to his friends in Essex "that the game was well begun;" and another leader, whose name has not come down to us, observed that "their party was then strong enough to pull the King's crown from his head, but the Gospel would not suffer them." It is lamentable to observe that patriots should be constrained to assume the characters of conspirators, and to leave the open and honourable path for dark and intricate plots; the mind becomes degraded by the artifices it practices, and cunning and subtlety are substituted for those generous emotions and that nobler wisdom, which separate at a vast interval the true patriot from the intriguing partisan.

(1) Nalson, ii., 427. Dalrymple, 124, on this very point observes, on the confession of Wariston that the Scots had kept up an intelligence with the English. "This is a very remarkable circumstance," he adds; "it cannot be fully explained unless we were certain what persons of the English nation corresponded with the Scots and incited and encouraged their measures. He who can explain and illustrate this particular from original papers, will greatly serve the cause of truth." We are not so entirely deprived of this knowledge as Dalrymple supposed, but we still want more original papers, which in this age of unburying manuscripts may yet be discovered. I have sometimes fancied that Hampden and Pym must have left some manuscripts and correspondence; but as no trace remains in the library at Hampden, it has been suggested that on the Restoration it was considered prudent to destroy any memorial of the past which might implicate their possessors. Pym must necessarily have received a number of State-papers.

(2) Evelyn, ii., 28.

(3) Echard, 485.

(4) Clarendon, i., 319.

We know too little of the secret history of the parties who were so conspicuous in the Civil War. Such active spirits as Hampden and Pym, though they lived in the age of diaries, appear to have left no memorial of themselves, or of their transactions. They were probably too deeply busied in the plans and schemes of the day. One great man among them, Lord Kimbolton, afterwards Viscount Mandeville, and, finally, the second Earl of Manchester, wrote memoirs relating to this very party with whom he had acted many years. Even this authentic source of secret history remains imperfect, and is only known by a few important extracts in Nalson's collection. (1) The simultaneous movements of these parties, the Scotch and the English, sometimes betrayed their secret connexion. On the day the King received the Scottish petition, there was also presented another, signed by twelve English peers, for calling a Parliament, and the shrewd politicians of Edinburgh on this occasion surmised that Haddington and Borthwick had not laboured in vain, and that "the work would shortly begin in that kingdom." (2)

There is not wanting certain evidence that the King was surrounded by spies, prying into his movements, watching his unguarded hours, and chronicling his accidental expressions. Even in his sleep the King could not elude their scrutiny; his pockets were ransacked for letters to transmit copies to the Covenanters. This treachery was so well known, that Archbishop Laud, on delivering some important communications, requested the King not to trust the papers to his pocket. (3) We find Secretary Nicholas complaining that his own letters are seen by other eyes than the King's; and, on one occasion, that the secret orders which he received from the King were known before he could convey them to the Lord Keeper. (4)

This low degradation of eminent men betraying the secret councils of their royal master by such humiliating means is not so rare a circumstance in secret history as one might imagine. The difficulty of procuring a private audience with James the First induced the Spanish ambassador to watch his opportunity of slipping into his Majesty's pocket those extraordinary charges against Buckingham, which alarmed the King, and probably would have ended in the ruin of the favourite. Anecdotes are related of the Jesuits, respecting their discoveries, picked out of the very foulest papers which a great personage used, and which when he had used he imagined that he had destroyed. A remarkable fact of this kind has not, as far as I know, been published; and, as it relates to two illustrious personages, and the transaction is itself as ingenious as it appears authentic, the reader may be interested by its preservation.

De Witt, having taken the Prince of Orange (our William the Third) under his government and tuition, in order to be master of all his actions and motions, surrounded him by his own creatures. A *valet de chambre*, who had constantly attended the Prince from a child, was, at the Prince's earnest request, suffered to continue in his service. The Prince had then a constant and very secret correspondence with the English Court; and, on the receipt of these letters, usually put them in his waistcoat pocket. One day De Witt, in conversation with the Prince, warning him against intrigues dangerous to his highness, let fall expressions, from which the Prince inferred that the pensioner had seen some of his secret letters from England.

The Prince, however, with his usual caution, took no notice to any one of his embarrassment, but, pondering on the circumstance, when he went to bed feigned sleep; and, after due time, detected the faithful operations of his valet, who, taking out the letters, copied them for the pensionary, and then carefully replaced the originals. The Prince still continued to conceal the discovery, but took care in his subsequent letters from England to receive such answers as he wished to have conveyed to De Witt. These by degrees changed the face of affairs, removed the pensioner's jealousies, and ever after kept him in a false security with regard to his pupil's transactions and correspondences. When the Prince had overcome all his difficulties, and was made Stadtholder, he confounded his valet by revealing one secret of the English correspondence which he had not yet copied; and, complimenting him on the great servic he had so mainten-

(1) Nalson acknowledges receiving from "Sir Francis North, now Lord Keeper of the great seal of England, a transcript of some memoirs of the late Earl of Manchester, the originals being written with the Earl's own hand," ii., 206. May not these memoirs be recovered?

(2) Bishop Guthry's Memoirs, 74. See the Petition in Nalson, ii., 437.

(3) L'Estrange, Charles I., 196.

(4) Evelyn, 42. Correspondence.

tionally done his master, by his dexterous secretaryship of the waistcoat-pocket, he dismissed the traitor, not without the charity of a small pension. (1)

The Marquis of Hamilton was a person not less illustrious than the Pensionary De Witt, and he stands accused of practices not less insidious, actuated perhaps, too, by a less pardonable motive, the ruin of a rival, and that rival one as great as himself. The famous Earl of Montrose, whom we at first find among the Covenanters, himself acquainted the King with the real occasion of his having joined them. On his return from the Court of France, where he had been a Captain in the Scottish guards, Montrose intended to enter into the King's service, and was advised to make his way through the means of his countryman, the Marquis of Hamilton. Hamilton professed every good will, admiring that romantic gallantry which Cardinal de Retz has so forcibly and so classically described; but Hamilton cunningly insinuated, that the King was so wholly attached to the English, and so systematically slighted the Scotch, that, were it not for his country, he himself would not longer submit to the indignities he endured. To the King, Hamilton, in noticing the return of Montrose, and his purpose to wait on his Majesty, insinuated that this Earl was so popular among the Scots by an ancient descent from the royal family, that if he were not nipped in the bud, he was one who might occasion much future trouble. When the Earl of Montrose was introduced to the King by Hamilton with great demonstration of affection, Charles, too recently tutored to forget his lesson, gave Montrose his hand formally to kiss, but ungraciously turned away in silence. The slighted and romantic hero, indignant at the coldness of that royalty which best suited his spirit, hastened to Scotland, and threw himself in anger and despair into the hands of the Covenanters. (2) But the heart of Montrose remained secretly attached to his sovereign—and at length he opened a correspondence with Charles. A letter of Montrose was taken out of the King's pocket, and the copy transmitted to the Covenanters, which put an end to his influence with that party. The report was current, and the fact has been sanctioned by history, that the Marquis of Hamilton had done, or procured to be done, this "foul and midnight deed." Burnet, in whose folio Memoir of the Hamiltons we never discover a single ambiguous act, or one political tergiversation—has attempted to strike out even this blot from the scutcheon of his hero. He tells us that the letter to the King was inclosed by Montrose in one he addressed to Sir Richard Graham, who, ope ing the letter, carelessly dropped the inclosure, when Sir James Mercer, the bearer of these letters from Scotland, civilly stooping to take up the letter, silently marked the royal address, and hastened to the Scottish camp to tell the tale. This accident, resting on Sir James Mercer's testimony, may be true, but it would not account for the knowledge of the contents of the letter. For this purpose Burnet adds, on his own authority, for I find none given, that the council of war insisted that Montrose himself should furnish a copy of his own letter. If this were done, we may be sure it contained no treason. Montrose in his defence showed that others were corresponding with the Court, and when Lesley accused him of having corresponded with the enemy, the dauntless Montrose in his chivalric manner asked, "Who is he who durst reckon the King an enemy?" The affair at that moment had no result. Investigation would have implicated other leaders of the Covenanters. From other quarters, indeed, we learn that copies of letters addressed by Montrose to the King were transmitted to the Scotch by some bed-chamber men, who searched the King's pockets when he was asleep. (3) It is probable that the Marquis of Hamilton was not the only Scotchman who thus served his country's cause at the cost of his honour.

Whether it were love of country, or concealed ambition, or some motive less honourable, the insincerity of the Scotch about the person of Charles is very remarkable, from the nobleman to the domestic. The loyal Earl of Argyle advised Charles to keep his son, the Earl of Lorn (afterwards the famous Argyle), at Court, and not allow him to return to Scotland, predicting to the King, with

(1) This anecdote was told by D'Allone, Secretary to Queen Mary, and long in the confidence of King William, to Lord —, "the great friend" of the Rev. Henry Etough, who communicated it in a letter to Dr. Birch.

(2) This story is told by Heylin in his little curious volume of "Observations on the History of King Charles, by Hamon L'Estrange," p. 205. It is confirmed from other quarters. The subsequent conduct of Hamilton is itself a confirmation.

(3) Bishop Guthry, p. 75. This circumstance rests on other authorities.

an honest *naïveté*, that if Lorn once left him "he would wind him a pin." Charles thanked the father for the counsel, but, as the son had been called up by his warrant, he considered that he ought not forcibly to retain him, for Charles added that it behoved him "to be a king of his word."(1) Charles, it appears, had conferred many substantial honours on Argyle—in places—in titles—and even in donations of money. As we advance in the investigation of the Scottish affairs, and particularly in a following chapter on the Hamiltons, we shall find an unparalleled scene of involved intrigues, of which many can never be elucidated. But hardly any surpasses the faithlessness of the son of Argyle, who, on more than one occasion, displayed an absolute recklessness of his honour and his word. It was in one of those ebullitions when the heart of the perfidious, from its fulness, utters what it would at another time conceal, and gains nothing by the avowal, that we discover his profound dissimulation. When at length the Earl openly joined the Covenanters, in his maiden speech he assured them that "from the beginning he had been theirs—and would have held to the cause as soon as any did, had it not been that he conceived that, by attaching himself to the King, and going along with his Council, he was more useful to them than had he from the first declared himself."(2)

Of the loose notions of Scottish gratitude, and of the solemn asseverations of its perpetuity, we have a remarkable instance in the great Scotch general, Lesley, who was created Earl of Leven, by the favour or the policy of Charles. At this unexpected honour the old soldier was so transported that once on his knees he swore "that he would not only never bear arms against the King, but would serve him without asking the cause." This was the inebriation of his loyalty, for in less than two years after he led the Scotch army against the creator of his honours.

Charles offended his English subjects by conferring on a Scotchman, Sir William Balfour, the Lieutenancy of the Tower. The Parliamentary party were not certain that this hardy Scot was staunch to their cause, and once obtained his removal. They needed not to have been jealous of the passive obedience of the devoted Lieutenant-Governor of the Tower; for Sir William Balfour took an early part with the Parliament; zealously rendered the captivity of Strafford inexorably severe, and resisted the most considerable bribe ever offered to a Governor, to connive at the escape of a State-prisoner. Having thus manifested himself to be worthy of the confidence of the party, he became one of their ablest commanders, when he had the satisfaction of encountering his royal master in arms.

Among the inferior Scots we find frequent notices of this personal ingratitude to the monarch. Even the menials of Whitehall defamed the Sovereign and the Court. Even the common feelings of humanity were alien to the hearts of Scotchmen; for they had all drawn from the breasts of their nurses the sour milk of Presbytery and democracy. "Little William Murray," as Charles affectionately called him, of the bed-chamber, had from his childhood enjoyed the particular confidence of Charles, and transacted his most delicate affairs. Yet on several occasions this mysterious man raised suspicions of his conduct. It is not only from Clarendon that we learn the faithlessness of this domestic companion and confidential agent of the manhood of the monarch; we draw it from an impartial witness in De Montreuil, the French Ambassador, who accompanied Charles in the last critical period of his life. At a moment when the unhappy monarch was meditating to emigrate, the plan was entirely left to the care of William Murray, who was ever flattering the King of its safety; yet, adds De Montreuil, Murray is very careful to hinder the King from employing those who certainly are as able as himself, and far more sincere. Murray persisted in reiterating his doubts that Ashburnham would deceive the King. The impartial Frenchman sarcastically concludes, "Thus I perceive that these honest persons, as zealous for their Prince, had two displeasures; the one, that their master is betrayed, and the other that it is not they who betray him."(1)

The Scottish Archbishop, Spotiswood, was so sensible of the infidelity of his countrymen, that he offered himself as a personal sacrifice, advising Charles to have a list prepared of all his counsellors, his household officers and domestic servants, and with his own pen expunge all the Scots, beginning with the Archbishop himself, which at least would prevent any complaint of partiality. The State secrets of the privy-councils of Charles were betrayed. A Royal Commission

(1) Bishop Guthry, 31.
(2) Bishop Guthry's Memoirs, 41,

(3) Thurloe's State Papers, i., 85, 88, 92.

for "the discovery of revealers of secrets in council" is surely an anomalous State paper. One such, however, we have from Charles, when the dissolution or continuance of Parliament was agitated in May, 1640, with the simple confession that "by what ways or means they were revealed and disclosed, is not yet manifested to us." (1)

In Scotland, the Scotch were even less to be trusted. The King's Advocate, Sir Thomas Hope, was much more the advocate of the Covenanters. This subtle lawyer had great command over Charles. Having undertaken the restitution of those Church lands of which the nobles had formerly defrauded the Crown, none doubted that by his delays and evasions he was acting in concert with the nobility. (2) Hamilton, when High Commissioner, complained that all the skill of the King's Advocate only perplexed his resolutions. The King's Advocate could not appear openly in the cause he had secretly espoused, but he failed not to supply the legal points on which Lord Balmerino and Henderson proceeded in their opposition. Most of the Lords of the Council, and Officers of State, were unquestionably Covenanters, though openly acting contrary to their principles.

The faithlessness of the Scots in their own country may not be difficult to account for—"The Cause," as it was emphatically called, was national; and the appearance of liberty was on their side—though often disgraced by the mutual intrigues of rivals, and above all by that religious fanaticism which enabled the crafty insurgents to kindle a war which can never terminate by a peace—a holy war!

It is more difficult to satisfy our curiosity on the infidelity of the Scots about the person of the King, and who were residents at the Court of Whitehall. Their ingratitude or their treachery could not originate in any contemptuous or unkind treatment of Charles, for we discover only his entire confidence and his confirmed partialities—and the best we can say in favour of these domestic treasons is, that the Scots at London were the same as the Scots at Edinburgh. Malcolm Laing, enlightened and acute, acknowledged that "seldom were the Scotch distinguished for their loyalty." (3) Did the feudal tyranny of their haughty aristocracy seem more tolerable than the rule of a sovereign? Was not the establishment of the Presbytery the true origin of the spirit of their modern democracy?

There remains a paradox in this history. The devotion of the following generations of Scotchmen to their Stuarts has been as romantic as that conduct which we have noticed was crafty and treacherous; it seems a problem in human nature and in Scottish history.

Thus surrounded by great and by minor conspiracies, and betrayed in his most secret councils—we shall hereafter see how the King himself became the secret object of the contests between the rival and involved intrigues of Scotchmen. The unfortunate King of England now proceeded on principles of State which appeared to him irrefragable—and for some time imagined that the show of his regal authority would put down the insurgency of a whole people.

CHAPTER XLVII.

The Difficulties of Charles the First in the First Invasion of the Scots.

The system of these commentaries is to pursue our inquiries, independent of the chronological arrangement of events, with which every history of England will furnish the reader. It therefore sometimes happens that we have not only to allude to incidents already noticed, but must necessarily anticipate others which have not yet been told. One art of discovering truth in history is that of joining its dispersed but connected facts; facts which were furnished at the time by those who were often unconscious of this secret relation. Thus the horizon of history expands, and a brighter gleam darts through that hazy atmosphere in which past events are necessarily enveloped.

We have shown how the Scottish intrigues were closely connected with those in England; we shall find that our own revolutionary measures were entirely modelled on those of the Scots. This principle of discovery is of the utmost importance for the proper comprehension of the history of this period; and it is surprising that none of the writers of our history have yet struck into this vein. In detecting the secret intercourse which existed between the parties at Edinburgh and at London, we shall obtain the most striking evidence of the true origin of many obscure and mysterious incidents in the reign of Charles

(1) This singular commission is preserved in Nalson's collection, i., 344.

(2) Burnet's History of his own Time, i., 39. Guthry's Memoirs, 71—89.

(3) Laing, iii., 187.

the First; and in comparing the proceedings of the Commons in England with those of the Scottish leaders, we shall find that the same designs became their common object. When we come to develope the character of the Marquis of Hamilton we shall allude to those great events in the Scottish commotions in which he bore so conspicuous a part; at present we turn our attention to the King himself, from the beginning and through the progress of that great revolution, for such indeed it was, and the model which a party at home servilely copied. His motives and his perplexities may sometimes be ascertained; and some incidents which historians have erroneously denied, or have misconceived, and others which time only has revealed, become revelations of Truth. The personal character of Charles the First, accompanied by all his misfortunes and his errors, is of itself a study for the painter of man. The inextricable dilemmas, the delusive designs, the wavering hopes and fears in which this unhappy sovereign was inclosed as in a magical circle, may excite the sympathy of those who wish not to extenuate the errors of his policy, and yet who would not at the same time be ignorant of the passions of his age. The history of the man is not less interesting than the history of the monarch, and a tale of human nature is not less precious than a history of England.

The moment the solemn "Covenant" was taken, a term drawn from the inspiration of the Judaic history, and every true Scotchman became a good Israelite—the moment "the Tables," as the Scots meanly called their assemblies of the four great classes of their people, or, as they are ably dignified in the *Mercure François*, perhaps by Richelieu himself, "the four Chambers," constituted a national Convention, holding itself independent of the Royal Council, and assuming the office of Sovereignty, the revolution became necessarily political. This moment had been anticipated by the Marquis of Hamilton in the preceding year. Addressing the King, he observed, "Probably this people have somewhat else in their thoughts than religion. But that must serve for a cloak to rebellion, wherein for a time they may prevail; but to make them miserable, and bring them again to a dutiful obedience, I am confident your Majesty will not find it a work of long time, nor of great difficulty, as they have foolishly fancied to themselves." (1)

(1) Lord Hardwicke's State Papers, ii., 118.

In July, 1637, the Liturgy was first read at Edinburgh, and six months afterwards, in February, 1638, the Scots entered into their Covenant. We detect in the warm historian of the great Presbyterial revolution all the triumph and exultation of the militant saint. "*Our second and glorious Reformation* in 1638, when this Church was again settled upon her own base, and the rights she claimed from the time of the Reformation were restored, so that she became 'fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.' It is hard to manage a full cup, and I *shall not take upon me to defend every step in that happy period*." (2)

In January, 1639, orders were issued by the Covenanters for a general drilling throughout the kingdom. "Terrible as an army with banners," which appears only a metaphorical expression in the zealot, was in truth a simple historical fact. They divided and subdivided the kingdom. The Earl of Traquair writes from Edinburgh :—"The writers and advocates are the only men busy here, in this time of drilling; and of the writers I dare say the most of them spend more upon powder than they have gained these six months bygone with the pen." (3) They had secretly supplied themselves abroad by the purchase of ammunition and arms, and had engaged experienced officers and commanders, from their absent countrymen who had been trained to arms in the school of the great military genius of the age. A small sum, and busy agents from Richelieu, had served to kindle the flame of insurgency, but such was the national poverty that it could never have maintained its army. The spirit of the people, long unused to war, was roused by those great leaders of democracy, the Presbyters in their pulpits, who pronounced the curse of Meros on those who came not to the help of the Lord against the mighty. The enthusiasm flew from rank to rank; all men pressed forward as volunteers. When the Marquis of Hamilton anchored before Leith, he witnessed the gentry labouring on a bastion, and ladies of the first condition busied in the trenches.

But if this enthusiasm had been caught by the people, the leaders of the Covenant, and their wary general, Alexander Lesley, were proceeding with a more human policy. Con-

(2) Wodrow's Introduction to History of the Sufferings of the Church of Scotland, p. ii.

(3) The Earl of Traquair to the Marquis of Hamilton. Hardwicke State Papers, ii., 125.

scious of their feeble resource in case of a defeat, or, what would have proved as fatal, a prolonged campaign, they studied to avoid the appearance of an offensive war. They held out no menace, but they urged a plea; they had armed, not to invade England, but to defend themselves from an English invasion. When the King issued a proclamation that they should not approach nearer the royal camp than ten miles, it was dexterously obeyed. Such was the infant strength of the Rebellion! The Scots had taken the precaution to disperse by their pedlars in their packs "an Information to all good Christians," about "the true Religion" and "the Lord's own cause," which were made palatable to the English Puritans with sprinklings of Scriptural allusions, where the Sanballats "and such like" were pointed at, who opposed the building of the New Jerusalem by Ezra and Nehemiah. (1) Such was the style of those Scotch patriots, and such, not long afterwards, was to be that of the English. Letters had also been dispatched to some at Court vindicating their proceedings, solemnly protesting that they designed no harm to England, and expecting no hostility from them; letters not ill received among some eminent persons at Court. (2)

The Scots, in their first invasion, were long influenced by motives of delicacy from venturing to cross the Tweed. The insurgents contented themselves in exercising their tactics at home, possessing themselves of the forts of their own country. They only made war by acts of peace, and renewed their "humble desires" only by petitions, armed at once to strike or to sign.

An unpublished letter, which is in the State-paper office, from Edward Norgate, who followed the English army, exhibits the misery of the country, and the consequent confusion which prevailed in a disorderly army:—

"Barwick, 29th May, 1639.

"The King made a halt at Alnwick, upon some alarm that was in the camp, whereof he received information from my Lord General, so that persons of great quality lay in their coaches, carts from the town being little and company great. So at Morpeth I staid, but the next day went on to Alnwick, whence the King was gone that morning to the army at Gaswick, five miles short of Barwick, for the alarm was false.

"The next morning passing through Belfort (nothing like the name either in strength or beauty, it being the most miserable beggarly sodden town, or town of sods, that ever was made in an afternoon of loam and sticks), there I stumbled upon Mr. Murray, one of the cup-bearers to his Majesty, who had taken up the very and only room in the only alehouse. Thither he kindly invited me, to a place as good as a death's head or memento for mortality, top and sides being all earth, and the beds no bigger than so many coffins. Indeed, it was for beauty and conveniency like a covered saw-pit. Our host was a moving uncleanly skeleton; I asked him who had condemned him thither. He said, *durum telum necessitas;* that he, with fourscore other gentlemen of quality (a horse troop), being billeted the night before at a little village three miles further, coming to the place after a long and weary march, found no other accommodation than a dark and rainy night; in all the town not one loaf of bread nor quart of beer, not a lock of hay nor peck of oats, and little shelter for horse or man; only a few hens they roasted and eat without bread, but not without water. Their horses had nothing. He told me I should find the army in little better condition, the first companies having stood in water up to the ankles by reason of the rain; that in forty-eight hours they had no bread, nor other lodging but on the wet ground, the camp being low near the sea-side, nor any shelter but the fair heavens. After dinner I rode to the army, where I think there was not above seven thousand foot; the horse elsewhere dispersed into villages, about three thousand. Here I found the cause of the late want was for want of carriages to bring bread to the army, but now they were better accommodated, yet lay *sub dio*. The King was in his tent, about where some of the Lords had pitched theirs. I think none that loves him but must wish the army ten times doubled, and those ten fifteen times better accommodated; especially seeing this town as ill provided as the other, and the hourly reports of the Scots advancing ten thousand in one place and fifteen thousand in another to second their fellows. Yet are we told they come with a petition, but it seems they mean to dictate the reference to themselves, wherein I believe Sir Edward Powell will have little to do.

(1) This State paper is preserved in Frankland, 739.

(2) Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 446.

"To this town (Barwick) I came last night, when Sir John Borrowes and I could hardly get a loaf of bread to our supper; a black cake we got scarce edible. I went to Mr. Secretary's (Sir John Coke) to beg one, and had it given me with much difficulty, Mr. May protesting that his master was glad to send to my Lord Governor for bread for him and his, the day before, and that he got but two half-penny loaves. This day our host fetching us some dinner, had it snatched from him by a soldier, who much complain. The people here say, that if some present and speedy order be not taken, they shall want bread for their families, the soldiers devouring what can be got, and the Scots, by whom it seems the town was formerly supplied with victual of all kinds, and that in a plentiful manner and cheap, having declared they fear extremely the want of provisions, the country in Northumberland side being very barren, but plentiful beyond the boundary towards Scotland."(1)

Both the armies at length were encamped opposite to each other, and found themselves in an extraordinary situation. At the time, the causes of the unexpected results of this formidable appearance on both sides were not known, and were therefore misrepresented.

The royal army had been hastily formed by the King; Charles relied on the imposing pomp of his splendid cavalry, the flower of the English nobility and gentry, and on the number of his troops, to awe the Scots into submission. Ludlow aptly describes this army as "raised rather out of compliment than affection;" and Clarendon, evidently with pain to himself, has confirmed this opinion. "The King summoned most of the nobility of the kingdom, without any consideration of their affections, how they stood disposed to that service, presuming that the glory of such a visible appearance of the whole nobility would at once terrify and reduce the Scots." Clarendon adds one of those profound reflections, which we rarely find but in this "Lord Chancellor of Human Nature," that "such kinds of uniting do often produce the greatest confusions; when more and greater men are called together than can be united in affections or interests in the necessary differences which arise from thence, they quickly come to know each other so well, as they rather break into several divisions than join any one public interest, and from hence have always arisen the most dangerous factions."(2) But a royal care, unknown to Clarendon, lay hidden in the King's breast. Charles was aware of the moral condition of his army. The Marquis of Hamilton had in the gallery at Whitehall confidentially revealed to the King the fatal secret, that the English nobility and general officers were far from being heartily engaged in this war. They were not to be trusted; the Scots at Court had succeeded in impressing on the minds of some that they were little interested in a *bellum Episcopale*; nor was it probably unknown to Charles, that the officers and privates in his army on their march had openly declared that they would not fight to maintain the pride and power of the Bishops.(3) Many also, who took no interest in the factions of the day, but consulted their own quiet and the King's happiness, vented their contempt on the poverty of Scotland; and, as May tells us, the young courtiers were usually heard to wish Scotland under water, or that the old wall of Severus was re-edified. Others of graver thoughts, as Comines was then a favourite historian, pointed out the story of Charles the Duke of Burgundy's war with the Swiss, who, had he taken them all prisoners, could not have paid a ransom to the value of the spurs and bridles in his camp. And a verse of Juvenal was frequent in their mouths:

> Curandum in primis ne magna injuria fiat
> Fortibus et miseris.(4)

It is certain that Charles was aware of the neutrality of some, and of the treachery of others of his commanders; for when the infidelity of the Earl of Holland, at a subsequent day, was noticed to him, the King replied, "Had that army been in earnest, he would have chosen other commanders." It is evident, therefore, that the King depended entirely on "the glory of such a visible appearance." Charles, in fact, was leading only the phantom of an army. Charles betrayed his alarm at the distempered condition of his army when he was reduced to the extraordinary expedient of requiring a *Sacramentum militare*. This was a subscription to a solemn profession of loyalty and obedience, and at the same time disclaiming any correspondence with the insurgents. "The

(1) The writer, Edward Norgate, was secretary to Windebank. Birch transcribed this letter from one in the State-paper office. Sloane MSS. 4176.

(2) Clarendon, i., 206.
(3) Whitelocke's Memorials, 33.
(4) Sat. 8—121.

Scots," sarcastically observes Lord Clarendon, "took it to a man without grieving their conscience, or reforming their manners." But an open refusal came from a quarter whence, perhaps, it was not expected, however it might be suspected. Two English noblemen, afterwards well known in the Civil War, Lord Say and Sele and Lord Brooke, in the King's presence, sullenly refused their signatures. These lords ingeniously averred that it was against law to impose oaths not enjoined by law; and further, being ignorant of the laws of Scotland, neither could they decide whether the Covenanters were rebels. The King, indignant at this studied insult, offered in the face of his whole army, and doubtless dreading that the example of these lords might prove infectious, immediately ordered them to be put under restraint. Charles desired that the Attorney and the Solicitor should be privately consulted, whether these lords could be proceeded against criminally, but the King found that "the cunning and jesuitical answers," as Secretary Windebank calls them, "only concealed their malignity and aversion to his Majesty's service." The sturdy refusal of these lords threatened alarming consequences at that critical moment—they, indeed, had only anticipated the unhappy day that was shortly to befall England; and their conduct had instantly operated, for those who had willingly subscribed this bond of loyalty now signed another paper, declaring the sense in which they had accepted it. This vain expedient of securing the fidelity of the faithless was thrown aside.

While the mind of the perplexed monarch was suspended between doubt and fear, amidst the disaffection and reluctant duty which prevailed in the royal camp, a far different scene broke forth among the joyous tents of a people, who once more beheld their native hills covered with a national army. There a veteran and unlettered soldier, aged and weather-beaten, deformed and diminutive in his person, but renowned for his skill in all military affairs, was recalled from foreign campaigns to the land of his fathers. His sagacity was prompt to master difficulties, and his enterprise was too prudent ever to have failed in good fortune. But the military virtue now most to be valued—the knowledge of the human heart—was eminently his own. Lesley was a Scotchman who in foreign lands had never forgotten the native humours of his countrymen, and now marched with them as if he had long been their neighbour and their companion. In the plain simplicity of his language, he told the noble and the meanest gentleman, that "volunteers were not to be commanded like soldiers of fortune. Brothers they were all, and engaged in one cause." He flattered to command. Even the haughty nobles, whose rivalries had been dreaded, loved the wisdom and authority of "the old little crooked soldier," as Baillie naturally paints him—and his undisciplined levies acquired at least that great result of all discipline, a love of obedience. The gentleman was nothing the worse lying weeks together on the ground, or standing all night in arms in the storm, and the lusty peasantry raised their hearts as they mingled with the nobles of the land, and their own "Men of God." Their eyes watched this "Captain of Israel." Lesley had called on his country in the name of God, and the Scottish camp seemed the tabernacle of the Lord of Hosts. Crowded with spiritual pastors, these sent forth their heralds to all their Presbyteries, exhorting the absent, or reproaching the loiterer. As the army advanced, its numbers multiplied. Every company had a new banner waving before the tent-door of its captain, blazoned by the Scottish arms, and inscribed "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." The reveil called them to solemn prayer at the dawn; the drum beat to a sermon under the roof of heaven, which twice a-day convinced them of the righteousness of their cause; and as the sun went down in the still repose of evening, the melody of psalmody—the extemporaneous inspiration of some prophesying pietist, or exhortations from some folded page of the sacred volume, refreshed the spirits of these patriotic enthusiasts, who, in combating on earth, seemed to be possessing themselves of Heaven itself. "True," says Baillie, "there was swearing and cursing and brawling, whereat we grieved," but as the good Principal walked through their tents, he caught the contagious fervour of this singular union of insurrection and religion. "I found the favour of God shining upon me, and a sweet, meek, humble, yet strong and vehement spirit leading me all along." The valiant Saint was ready either to start to battle, or to chorus a psalm.

The assumed humility in the supplications of the Covenanters induced Charles to imagine that they were intimidated at the view of the English army. A second proclamation

more authoritatively commanded their submission; but one day when a very inferior Scotch force put to a shameful flight the whole cavalry of Lord Holland, the determined spirit of the Scots was confirmed, as well as the suspicions and the dread of the King of the disposition of his own troops. The Marquis of Hamilton lay inactive at sea, and Lord Holland was a fugitive on land. At London the King was censured for not more vigorously quelling the Scotch revolt. Those indeed who were distant from the scene, and knew little or nothing of the state of both armies, wondered at the King losing this opportunity of chastising his rebels. Contemporaries rarely possess the secrets reserved for their posterity. The Covenanters were alike surprised at the inactivity of the English, which they ascribed to a refined policy designed to waste by delay their limited resources. They were acquainted at that moment neither with the indifference of the whole army, nor the disappointments of Charles in a foreign negotiation for Spanish troops, who, it was rumoured, had landed in England, and also in some expected levies from Ireland. The Scots in this first excursion were awed, too, by the fear of rousing the jealousy of the English people. A secret intercourse indeed had already been opened with some English friends, but no party, however, had yet risen in strength openly to espouse their cause. We learn this from Baillie—"the hope of England's conjunction is but small, for all the good words we heard long ago from our friends." This is a pointed allusion to the earliest intercourse of the Covenanters with some of our own patriots. He proceeds—"all this time when the occasion was great to have kythed their affections both to us and their own liberties, there was nought among them but either a deep sleep or silence." (1) They knew they wanted not for friends at Court, nor among the citizens, who were not displeased to see the Scots in arms against the King, and who were not desirous of an English victory, supposing, says May, that "the sword which subdued the Scots must destroy their own liberties." But these friendships of the parties were yet callow, and not to be too roughly handled. So jealous was our Parliament at times of their invading friends, that when the Scottish army, after the pacification of Berwick, intended to march though this garrison town, a wooden bridge was ordered to be thrown over the Tweed at some distance from the town, that they might be separated from the townsmen. The day had not yet come, although it was fast approaching, when the English Parliamentarians were to vote their Scottish invaders "a friendly assistance," and that the Scots were to return their solemn thanks for the style of "brethren" given to them in the vote of the House. (2)

As the King from the first had never contemplated a war, and as the Scots did not know whether they might begin one, both armies were precisely at that point which would admit of a treaty. Lesley decided on a great movement. "He gave out obscurely his purpose to approach the English camp," says Baillie. The enthusiasm of the people had daily augmented his forces, but, destitute of the resources to support a defensive war, this sagacious general foresaw that his forces would have dispersed as rapidly as they had assembled, in the inactivity of a prolonged campaign, and that even his numerical strength might be fatal in an impoverished land. The approach of Lesley excited an alarm in the royal camp At this critical moment an ancient page of the King's was permitted to pass over to the Scottish camp on a visit to his friends. There he hinted that if they would please to supplicate the King, the happiness of peace might yet be obtained. This light motion was not neglected—an intercourse was granted, and the King's honour was thus saved. Some English historians have presumed that the Scots were the first who solicited the peace, but Baillie has preserved the name of the old page who doubtless was the messenger of the pacific overture.

Four Scotch Commissioners, among whom was the Earl of Rothes, a voluptuary, and Lord Loudon, an able intriguer and necessitous man, both long afterwards gained over by Charles—met in the tent of the Earl of Arundel, the English general, to confer on the adjustment of the minuter points in dispute. An extraordinary scene opened. Unexpectedly, at least to the Scottish Commissioners, the King himself entered—and taking his seat at the end of the table, the others then standing up, a remarkable conversation ensued. It was taken down at the time in notes, and sent by the Earl of Arundel to Laud.

(1) Baillie, i., 482.

(2) Rushworth, iv., 462.

This is a very dramatic narrative, and in some respects leads us to an intimate acquaintance with the manners of Charles the First. The propriety of the King's appearance at this conference may be doubtful; it would check the necessary freedom of discussion; but Charles on various critical occasions too easily flattered himself that he could compose all differences by his own presence; his sincerity might be greater than his prudence. On the present occasion the King seems not to have been more peremptory than a man who delivers himself without reserve, patient though dignified; and since we know that this meeting was not concerted, the spontaneous language of the King will show that his capacity was no ordinary one, and that his earnestness was not a mere form and show of obtruding royalty, designed more to gratify its own vanity than inspired by any deeper interest in the affairs of the people.

Dr. Lingard truly observes that "Charles for several days debated every point with an earnestness of argument and a tone of superiority which seems to have imposed on the hearers of both nations." This penurious commendation hardly does justice to Charles. We have a warmer account from Baillie. "The King was very sober, meek, and patient to hear all. The King missed Henderson"—(with whom Charles at a distant day was to hold a famous controversy on ecclesiastical polity)—"and Johnston"—(afterwards the hot Covenanter Wariston.) "The King was much delighted with Henderson's discourse, but not so with Johnston's. Much and most free communing there was of the highest matters of State. It is likely his Majesty's ears had never been tickled with such discourses, yet he was most patient of them all, and loving of clear reason. His Majesty was ever the longer the better loved of all that heard him, as one of the most just, reasonable, sweet persons they ever had seen." Of this remarkable conference which occurred on the first day, unknown to Clarendon and Hume, I shall select such passages as most enter into the character of Charles the First:—

The King.—My Lords, you cannot but wonder at my unexpected coming hither; which I would myself have spared, were it not to clear myself of that notorious slander laid upon me, that I shut my ears from the just complaints of my people in Scotland, which I never did, nor shall. But, on the other side, I shall expect from them to do as subjects ought; and upon these terms I shall never be wanting to them.

Rothes.—The Earl of Rothes answered but with a low voice, that his sentences could hardly at any distance be understood. The effect of his speech was a justification of all their actions.

The King.—My Lord, you go the wrong way in seeking to justify yourselves and actions; for though I am not come hither with any purpose to aggravate your offences, but to make the fairest construction of them that they may bear, and lay aside all differences, yet if you stand on your justification, I shall not command but where I am sure to be obeyed.

Rothes.—Our coming is not to justify our actions, or to capitulate, but to submit ourselves to the censure (judgment) of your Majesty, if so be we have committed any thing contrary to the laws and customs of our country.

The King.—I never took upon me to give end to any difference, but where both parties first submitted themselves unto my censure (judgment), which if you will do, I shall do you justice to the utmost of my knowledge, without partiality.

Rothes.—Our religion and conscience is now in question, which ought to receive another trial. Besides, neither have we power of ourselves to conclude any thing, but to represent it to our fellows.

The King.—If you have no power to submit it to my judgment, go on with your justification.

Rothes.—This is it which we desired, that thereby the subjects of both kingdoms may come to the truth of our actions; for ye know not the reason of our actions, nor we of yours.

The King.—Sure I am, you are never able to justify all your actions; the best way, therefore, were to take my word, and to submit all to my judgment.

Rothes.—We have reason to desire liberty for our public justification, seeing our cause hath received so much wrong, both in the foundation, relation, and the whole carriage of the business.

Loudon.—Since your Majesty is pleased to dislike the way of justification, we therefore will desert it; for our purpose is no other but to enjoy the freedom of that religion which we know your Majesty and your kingdom

do profess; and, to prevent all alterations of that religion which we profess, which, finding ourselves likely to be deprived of, we have taken this course, wherein we have not behaved ourselves any otherwise than becometh loyal subjects. Our sole desires are, that what is point of religion may be judged by the practice of the church established in that kingdom.

THE KING.—Here his Majesty interrupted this long intended declaration, saying that he would not answer any proposition which they made, nor receive any, but in writing. They withdrew themselves to a side-table, and wrote a supplication—to ratify the acts of the assembly at Glasgow, that all ecclesiastical matters be determined by the Kirk, and that a peace be granted, and all incendiaries suffer punishment.

This supplication having been read, his Majesty said he could give no sudden answer to it; in fact, it included the great point of the abolishment of Episcopacy.

THE KING.—Here you have presented your desires, as much as to say, "Give us all we desire;" which, if no other than settling of your religion and laws established, I never had other intentions than to settle them. His Majesty withal told them that their propositions were a little too rude at the first. (Charles alluded to the ratifying the democratic acts of the Glasgow assembly.)

LOUDON.—We desire your Majesty that our grounds laid down may receive the most favourable construction.

THE KING.—I protest I have no intention to surprise you, but I withal desire you to consider how you stand too strictly upon your propositions. I intend not to alter any thing in your laws or religion which has been settled by sovereign authority. Neither will I at all encroach upon your laws by my prerogative; but the question will be at last, Who shall be the judge of the meaning of those laws? His Majesty then further told them that their pretences were fair, but their actions otherwise.

ROTHES.—We desire to be judged by the written word of the laws. (Here he proceeded in justifying the assembly at Glasgow.)

THE KING.—You cannot expect the ratification of that assembly, seeing the election of the members of it was not lawful, nor was there any free choice of them.

ROTHES.—There is no other way for settling differences in religion but by such an assembly of the Kirk.

THE KING.—That assembly was neither free nor lawful, and so, consequently, the proceedings could not be lawful. But when I say one thing, and you another, who shall judge?

The Earl of Rothes offered to bring the book of the assembly to the King, to prove its legality. Lord Loudon explained the nature of the Presbyterial government by the book of discipline—the work of the earlier Puritans.

THE KING.—The book of discipline was never ratified by King or Parliament; but ever rejected by them. Besides this, there were never in any assembly so many lay elders as in this.

ROTHES.—In some assemblies there have been more lay elders than of the clergy. In this assembly every lay elder was so well instructed as that he could give judgment of any one point which should be called in question before them.

THE KING.—To affirm thus much in truth seems very ridiculous; namely, that every illiterate person should be able to be a fit judge of faith and religion. This, indeed, is very convenient and agreeable to their disposition, for, by that means, they might choose their own religion.

The King, in closing the present conference, observed—"I have all this while discoursed with disadvantage, seeing what I say I am obliged to make good; but ye are men of honour too, and therefore whatever ye assent unto, if others refuse, ye are also obliged to make it good."

Lord Loudon once affirmed the power of the Glasgow assembly to punish any offences. Rothes, at a later conference, in plain terms affirmed the power of the assembly to be so great that, were he the King, it had authority to excommunicate him also. (1) Against this principle, perfectly papal, the note-writer observes that his Majesty excellently disputed, could reason have satisfied them. Charles here had certainly the strongest argument. It is curious to observe the advocates for po-

(1) This was no oratorical flourish of the Earl of Rothes, but the avowed principle of the Presbytery. Our first English Puritans under Cartwright had maintained, not only that "the Church could inflict its censures on Royalty," but that it possessed a supremacy of power. Calvin's policy was to make the Church an independent power in the state, but this seems to have been but a first step; there are passages in his "Institution" which have an evident tendency to Cartwright's and Knox's system.

pular freedom, eagerly contending for passive obedience; and a monarch, supposed to be a stickler for arbitrary government, exposing the absurdity and injustice of a dangerous despotism. So contradictory seems human nature, when man acts on his own temporary views or individual interests. We may regret that we have no notes of the conference of the fierce Republican, Wariston, with Charles, though at a distant day we have the King's sentiments on Republics in a conversation with Harrington, the author of the "Oceana," and which at the time impressed that singular Commonwealth's man with a high notion of the King's character.

The peculiarity of this state of warfare was terminated by a treaty as peculiar; a treaty consisting more of verbal explanations in vague conversations, than of written agreements, or articles afterwards ratified. The Scots desired to have their religion and liberty according to the laws of the kingdom—intending those that were in force before James's accession to the crown of England, and Charles, such as had been enacted since that time. Both sides must have perceived the ambiguity, but both were desirous of not coming to extremities. The Scots, with twelve thousand men, had not imagined that Charles could have raised an army of twenty thousand; but Charles was in no less perplexity than themselves, as he feared treachery among his own troops. The Scots wished delay in their negotiation, and the King hoped the day would come when he could explain the terms. The Scots would only swear to the true religion of 1580; Charles insisted that the true religion was in 1606, and was more manifest in the present year 1638. The King would not acknowledge, and the Scots would not disclaim, the Glasgow assembly. This difficulty was obviated by the King consenting to call another assembly to decide on ecclesiastical affairs. From that tender subject, the removal of Episcopacy, Charles convulsively shrunk; while the Scottish Commissioners on their knees in vain implored that great boon, it was evaded on the plea that the King would not forestall the decision of the future assembly. Some harsh expressions in the King's declaration were softened, but when the Scots complained that it represented them as if they had struck at the monarchy, they were answered that so much was due to the royal honour, and that the King's reputation abroad required that his style should preserve the regal authority. Ambiguous sentences were explained in conference, and the Scots on their return to their camp set them down in writing, which in due time, says Baillie, "shall see the light in their own royal and noble phrase." "There were not two present," says Clarendon, "who did agree in the same relation of what was said and done, and, which was worse, not in the same interpretation. An agreement was made, in which nobody meant what others believed he did."

Malcolm Laing has severely charged the King with dissimulation in this treaty;(1) but he does not lay the same charge on his own countrymen. When the treaty was signed, if treaty it can be called, an intercourse took place between all parties, and the result shortly appeared on both sides. The Scots cemented their secret friendships, and excited the sympathy of many new ones; and under the tents where they had signed the peace they concerted future plans of more successful invasion; a clearer understanding between some of the English and themselves appeared to all the world on their second incursion. Nor was the King less active in his accessions; Montrose now first discovered himself to Charles; several of the Scottish lords were mollified by royal condescensions, and the ambiguous Hamilton had so adroitly insinuated himself into the favour of the Covenanters, that he had slid into their secrets, and with admirable fidelity betrayed them to the King.

It is evident that the pacification of Berwick was as little sincere on one side as on the other; and, as is not uncommon, the parties with great truth reciprocally accused each other. Equally impatient for peace, both dreaded the dubious issue of a battle, and both were alike unprovided with the means of maintaining their strength, even at the cost of a victory. The exhausted exchequer of Charles had levelled him to the poverty of the Scots. The determination to combat, rather than to retreat, was probably as strong on one side as the other. The language of the ingenuous Baillie is affecting,—though a Covenanter, he had a great reverence for Majesty. "Many secret motives there were on all hands that spurred on to this quick peace. What to have done when we came to Tweed-side we were very uncertain. The King would rather have hazarded his person than have raised his camp. Had

(1) Laing's History of Scotland, iii., 171.

he incurred any skaith (harm), or been disgraced with a shameful flight, our hearts had been broken for it; and likely all England behoved to have risen in revenge." The Scots, it is evident, at that moment feared the English nation as much as the King.

"This "quick peace" leaving unsettled the great contending points, and every condition ambiguous or indefinito, could only be one of those delusive treaties which serve to prepare the strongest party for war. It was a breathing space for two armies who could not separate without a determination to conquer; it was a pacification, but it was not a peace. A treaty in which more was explained verbally than was written could be but a patched-up peace, not made to hold long together. The ink was scarce dry ere the treaty was broken. At Edinburgh they reproached their chiefs with apostasy; at London they lamented the disgrace incurred by an inglorious campaign.

At this moment we may be curious to discover the real feelings of Charles. They may be deemed romantic! Pleased probably with his partial interviews with Montrose and other Scottish lords, he fancied that the presence of Majesty had not lost its charm over the people. In the warmth of his emotions, Charles, often hasty in his resolves, proposed to accompany his Scottish subjects on their return to Edinburgh—to hold the Parliament in person. He imagined a popular triumph to awaken the affections of a whole people. Charles becomes a self-painter in writing to Wentworth from Berwick.

"As for my affairs here, I am far from thinking that at this time I shall get half of my will, though I mean, by the grace of God, to be in person both at Assembly and Parliament; for which I know many wise men blame me, and it may be you among the rest. And I confess not without many weighty and considerable arguments, which I have neither time to repeat or to confute—only this believe me, nothing but my presence at this time in that country can save it from irreparable confusion; yet I will not be so vain as absolutely to say that I can. Wherefore my conclusion is, that if I see a great probability, I go; otherwise not, but return to London, or take other counsels." (1)

There is no dissimulation in this confidential communication. The sorrowful and perplexed state of a mind so variously agitated; the impulse that hurries him in his own person to pacify the troubles of a people, and above all the modest check which his own judgment imposes on his sanguine hopes, are the characteristics of the man—and when we pause on many similar effusions, we may at least wonder how it was possible for such a man ever to have been the absolute despot which the injustice of party and historical calumnies so often set before us.

Charles did not pursue his romantic progress to fill Fergus' chair in the palace of his ancestors. A fresh revolt had broken out in the streets of Edinburgh on the surrender of the Castle to the former royalist governor. "The devout wives," as Guthry calls them, who were not apt to go on these messages without being sent, again opened their campaign of Presbytery, by an onset upon the Royal Commissioner, the Earl of Traquair, with "their neaves" (fists). They broke my Lord Treasuror's white staff in pieces before his face; a circumstance which more endeared him to the King, says Baillie, at the moment his credit was cracking. When the representative of Majesty appealed for the chastisement of the ringleaders, the magistracy solemnly voted the Treasurer a new staff!—thus estimating the indignity the Crown had suffered—at the damage of sixpence!

The King, still intent to open the Scottish Parliament in person, required fourteen of the Scottish leaders to attend him at Berwick. Rothes, Montrose, and Johnston came, but the rest with Argyle contrived to raise a mob at the moment of their pretended departure. At the water-gate they were stopped on the pretence that the King would detain them. The King repeated his summons, but he found himself distrusted. These Lords feared that Charles knew more of them than probably at this moment the King did.

The ministers of Charles were alarmed at these continued tumults; Secretary Windebank could not think without horror of the King exposing himself to the mercy of a people weary of monarchical Government, "who know your Majesty's sacred person is the only impediment to the Republic, liberty, and confusion which they have designed themselves." Wentworth's caution had perhaps more weight. "So total a defection in that people is not to be trusted with your sacred person over early, if at all." The distrust of the Scottish Lords was indignantly felt, and Charles could no longer confide in them who

(1) Strafford's Letters, ii., 362.

had no confidence in him. The King returned home from the dream of the pacification of Berwick, melancholy and unsatisfied, convinced that he had carried no single point, while from Hamilton and Montrose he was but too well informed of the dark designs of his enemies. The triumphal march which he had once promised himself had only closed in an interview of two hostile armies; but it had shown the world, at home and abroad, that the Scottish insurgents were a nation.

Charles seems to have vented his disappointment in the graceless manner with which he disbanded his own army; he suddenly dismissed the gentry without any acknowledgment of their loyalty in leaving their homes at his call; nor did he scatter honours on those who had aspired to them. This impolitic conduct of the King was not forgotten when in the following year he had another army to collect—few cared to attend, and many abandoned him in the Civil War. If Charles be often accused of dissimulation, it must also be acknowledged that he too often acted from spontaneous feelings, hasty and undisguised.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Charles the First resists the Seductions of Cardinal Richelieu.

The vindication of the maritime rights of England formed the most glorious period in the reign of Charles the First. The King seems to have found himself more master of events, following only his own dispositions in asserting the independence of the British Crown and the security of his people. From 1630 to 1637 he probably anticipated none of those dark evils which lay brooding among his northern subjects and his dismissed Parliamentarians. Before the troubles broke out in Scotland, perhaps the most secret agents in the approaching revolution possessed as little foresight as Charles the First and his ministers.

It was at this period, in 1637, that another political event occurred of not inferior importance than the sovereignty of the sea; it was an event in which Charles the First maintained the independence of his Crown among foreign powers, guided by the true interests of England. Those State-interests, I presume, must ever be an unremitting watchfulness over the growth of her neighbour's influence, and the secret intrigues of their Cabinets; hence to keep down the stronger, and to strengthen the weaker, but above all things to preserve England from becoming a passive instrument of the dangerous projects of an ambitious rival, or a seductive enemy.

In the present case Charles the First performed the duty of an English monarch, however fatally the event terminated for his own happiness.

Our popular historians, some of whom, it must be granted, were not supplied with the copious materials we now possess, and some of whom would certainly have wanted both the necessary diligence and candour, had they possessed them, have accused Charles the First of a blind and sometimes of a "Popish" inclination towards Spain. On this prejudiced principle, they have not hesitated to charge as "a mere pretence" the danger into which Charles considered the nation was thrown by a secret league between France and the United Provinces. Of the reality of this secret league we can no longer doubt. We find it was discovered to Charles by the Spanish resident in July, 1634. France, however, had been busily intriguing with the States-General two years earlier, in 1632.

It was, however, not before five years afterwards, in 1637, that the project matured by Cardinal Richelieu assumed a tangible shape, presenting itself openly to the English King. The gestation of a great political design is sometimes painfully slow, the birth is delayed by its secresy, and the pangs seem proportioned to its magnitude.

The plan of Richelieu, which we saw at work by the intercepted dispatches in 1634, and which was now settled in 1637, was, in concert with the Prince of Orange, to seize the maritime towns of the Spanish Netherlands, the last remains of the ancient dominion of Spain, from which important conquest resulted nothing short of the annihilation of the Spanish name and influence among the Flemings. But before this bold enterprise could be opened, and even before it could be well resolved by the Prince of Orange, the Cardinal deemed it necessary to secure the neutrality of England; and, to ascertain the disposition of the Cabinet of Whitehall, the Cardinal dispatched the Count D'Estrades with very particular instructions.

Richelieu, aware that he stood not in the good graces of the Queen of England, whose mother, Mary of Medicis, he had abandoned to her destiny, commissioned the Count d'Estrades to offer Henrietta every possible proof

of his devotion to her, and, entreating immediately to be put to the test, he desired the honour of being made acquainted with her wishes, that they might be instantly accomplished. Should the Count find the Queen favourable, he was to deliver the Cardinal's letter written by his own hand—but should Henrietta continue unfriendly to the Cardinal, D'Estrades in that case was to present the letter of her brother, the King of France.

D'Estrades, who on his arrival in England had to execute with the utmost promptitude, as we shall see, affairs of the most opposite nature, hastened without a day's loss to the Queen. He found Henrietta greatly indisposed against the Cardinal. The letter of his Eminence was therefore suppressed, but her brother's referred her to Count d'Estrades, who acquainted her with the object of his mission, requested the Queen would use all her influence to persuade her royal husband to preserve a strict neutrality. Henrietta declared that "she never intermeddled in affairs of this nature," but in compliance with her brother's wish she would mention the subject to the King her husband, appointing the ambassador, who pressed for time, to return at five o'clock.

When D'Estrades came, he found the Queen in ill-humour; she complained that he had been the occasion of her suffering a severe reprimand for having proposed to the King to remain neuter while the sea-ports of Flanders were to be attacked, but the King himself would expect the Count at six o'clock.

The Queen's reception was no favourable prognostic. The Ambassador was, however, graciously received by Charles. D'Estrades, having opened his negotiation, laid great stress on the numerous advantages the King of England would derive from preserving a rigid neutrality. Masters of the sea, the English would have the whole commerce of Flanders at their disposal, and the supply of all the armies, both the Allied and the Spanish, which could only be carried on by English shipping. But his Eminence offered apparently a less resistible seduction; for the Cardinal not only assured Charles that he was most desirous of preserving a union of interests with the two Courts, but that his Eminence would pledge himself to persuade his royal master to aid and support Charles against any of his rebellious subjects.

Charles's reply to the French Ambassador was prompt and decisive. "He wished for the friendship of his brother, but friendship there could be none if it were prejudicial to his honour, or injurious to the interest of his people. Should the ports of Flanders be attacked by France and Holland, the English fleet would be in the Downs ready for action, and with an army of fifteen thousand men." Charles thanked his Eminence for the offer of his aid, "but he required no other assistance to punish rebels than his own regal authority and the laws of England!"

Such was the noble answer of Charles the First to the political seduction of Richelieu; such was the strength of character which at critical conjunctures he invariably displayed; and such was his fortune and his fate that the greater his personal distresses rose on him, the greater the energy which he seemed to derive from their excitement. On this incident even the sullen Presbyter, Harris, felt a transient glow, exclaiming, "This answer was worthy a British monarch!" We must also recollect that this offer from the Cardinal was made in November, and that Charles had already in June been menaced by the rising troubles in Scotland. His own personal condition strangely contrasted with his magnanimity; to be plunged into a war with France while he was preparing a northern army to act against his own malcontents, required in the spirited monarch that fortitude and moral courage which in truth never failed him in his "hour of need."

But Charles probably did not know that D'Estrades, who remained here but a few weeks, and then hastened to the Prince of Orange, had a double commission in coming to England. He was to offer the King of England the aid of France, or rather of Cardinal Richelieu, should Charles be disposed to act as his Eminence desired; but should Charles prove adverse to his scheme, the ambidextrous agent was to address himself secretly to the heads of the Scotch party. The fact is, that D'Estrades had not been five days in London, ere he had already opened a communication with two Scotchmen, and in his dispatches congratulates the Cardinal on "this favourable conjuncture for embarrassing the King of England's affairs." Such, then, was the great *coup d'état*. The neutrality of the King was to be bribed by the destruction of the rebellious Scots, or enforced by the necessity of devoting his whole powers to their suppression.

The reply of the Cardinal to D'Estrades is very remarkable. Sarcastically approving of the openness of the King and Queen o

England in their conduct towards him, he owns "that France might have been embarrassed, had the royal couple had the address of concealing their sentiments—but now *the year should not close* before both should repent of their refusal of his proposals. It shall soon be known that I am not to be despised." He desired D'Estrades to assure the two Scotch deputies of his friendship and protection, and that in a few days he will dispatch one of his chaplains, the Abbé Chambres, who was their fellow-countryman, to hasten to Edinburgh and open a negotiation with their party. This wily statesman would have Scotchmen appear to govern Scotchmen. The Abbé Chambres, whom Whitelocke calls Chamberlain, and who had probably Gallicised his name, was accompanied by a confidential page of his Eminence, also a Scot, of the name of Hepburn—and probably serving, in the present instance, in the capacity of a spy on the other spy. To mortify the haughty Henrietta, and to inconvenience Charles, by rendering the English Court still more unpopular, the vindictive Cardinal, within a few months of the interview of D'Estrades with Henrietta, drove, by his persecutions, the exiled Mary of Medicis to her daughter. In vain had Charles repeatedly urged his foreign agents to prevent the Queen-mother directing her flight to England—there seemed to be no other resting-place for the royal fugitive. The fortunes of Richelieu had been the creation of this hapless princess; but he never forgave, as is usual with great politicians, the patroness, who was herself alarmed at the mighty being her own feeble hand had formed.

Mary of Medicis was the weakest of women, but she was a Queen of sorrows; the daughter of Tuscany, the wife of Henry the Fourth, the mother of Louis the Thirteenth and of the Queens of England and Spain, and the Duchess of Savoy. She it was whom, on her landing in England, Waller addressed—

"Great Queen of Europe! where thy offspring wears
All the chief crowns; whose Princes are thy heirs."

This eminent personage, the victim of political intrigue, was now, wherever she came, a wandering spectacle of melancholy,—the presence of the ill-starred woman was looked on as a prognostic of public calamity. Here the sight of her person inflamed the popular prejudice against her daughter, and the season in which she arrived turning out wet and stormy, the common people called it "Queen-mother weather."

Charles the First thus incurred the vindictive artifices of Richelieu; and it is unquestionable that the royal fortunes were greatly influenced by the mysterious policy of this hardy and inventive statesman.

The Cardinal accomplished his prediction or malediction on Charles's head about the period assigned. We have found Richelieu instigating the Hollanders to violate the neutrality of the British ports, at the very moment Richelieu was holding a secret intercourse with the Scottish Covenanters, and, subsequently, with the English Parliamentarians. Thus, by an extraordinary combination in his Cabinet, the hand of Richelieu was directing the fate of Charles the First at once in his maritime sovereignty and his Scottish dominions.

It would seem that Charles the First had yet no notion that the disgrace of having incurred an insult in his own ports was the work of the Cardinal, nor did he probably imagine that the Papistical prelate could ever coalesce with the Calvinistical Presbyters, or that the Minister of an absolute monarchy could ever cordially blend with the Commonwealth-men of England in the abolition of monarchy itself.

The influence of Cardinal Richelieu over the fortunes of Charles the First is a subject not unworthy of our inquiry.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Of the Influence of Cardinal Richelieu on the Fate of Charles the First.

The famous Cardinal-Duke de Richelieu was one of those great ministers on whom panegyrics and satires equally abound. It is hard to say of Richelieu, that in his passion for glory he would have sacrificed his own France to that of Europe, if by that fatal pledge Europe had prostrated herself to the Cardinal-Duke. In his political imagination he had contemplated on vast designs, which the ordinary date of human life only had interrupted, for, when Richelieu was no more, a youthful monarch and a minister trained in Richelieu's schools astonished and alarmed the world by the sparks which had fallen from his forge.

The master-genius of Richelieu had wrestled with domestic factions, and trodden down rivals. His mightier despotism had annihilated the multiplied tyrannies of a haughty

aristocracy, who had usurped an authority over the laws.

Richelieu must not be classed among those rare and patriotic statesmen, who are the fathers of their country. He first conquered his own people—crushed his own nobility—and concentrated in his sovereign the despotism he himself required. Louis XIII. was jealous even of the minister, in the absence of whose genius he would probably have ceased to reign; but, though the Prince was weak, the majesty of the throne was greater than it had ever been. It was indeed an iron rule—state-prisons, scaffolds, and garrisoned towns deformed the fair face of "pleasant France."

It is said to have been a state-maxim of this famed politician, who we must candidly remember lived in troubled times, that to keep the people in subjection it is necessary to depress them. An anecdote has come down to us, which in some respects describes the actual state of the French people during his formidable ministry. An Englishman was declaiming against the tyranny of this minister. "Don't talk so loud," said his friend, "lest some of his creatures there should hear you"—pointing to a crowd of beggars in their sabots. At his death there were public rejoicings in the more distant provinces, and the people by their fireworks, and their dances, proclaimed to the world that the death of the tyrannical ruler gives a holiday to the people. Yet when the Czar Peter the Great visited the magnificent tomb of Richelieu, contemplating the statue, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Great man! were thou living I would give thee half of my empire, wouldst thou teach me to govern the other." Must we therefore consider that one of the arts of government may consist in making a nation great, at the cost of its happiness?

By the strength and unity of his government, Richelieu made the nation tremble, while he secured its power. A general rumour prevailed, and it was the favourite topic of conversation, as I learn by a manuscript letter of the times, with "the brave Monsieurs in France," that "their King must be Emperor," and it appears that to have ventured to contradict them would have been at the hazard of a duel. So early had the national egotism anticipated its glorious infirmity! (1) Thus while France bowed under its severe master, with secret pride she looked on her ascendancy in the great family of European governments. A nation, like an individual, has often sacrificed its happiness to its splendour.

Richelieu conquered France—the greater conquest was in view. Force, remorseless force, had mastered his native land; subtle intrigues were to awaken every other European kingdom. This great minister was now to strike out, amidst the most complicate obstacles and cabals, the elements of grandeur and prosperity, to create a political Cabinet, which was to survive its creator, and to hold Europe itself in an equilibrium, to be guided by the arm of France. His recruited armies were to encounter the Imperialist and the Spaniard, his miserable marine was one day to meet the fleets of England and Holland; and his silent genius was at the same time busied in Spain, till he struck out from its dominion an independent kingdom in Portugal; and in England, whose alliance with the French Huguenots, and whose invasion of Rhé were indelible on his implacable memory, till he subdued its independent monarch by a revolution which he lived to witness, and, we are told, long enough to regret, for De Brienne, his confidential secretary of state, acknowledges that matters went further than the Cardinal had designed, and than he desired.

The confession of Brienne was sincere. Père d'Orléans, who had access to the papers of the Marquis de la Ferté-Imbault, who was the French ambassador in England in 1642, informs us "that Richelieu began to be alarmed at the consequences of his own successful intrigues, which menaced the destruction of a monarch whom France was only desirous of embarrassing, to wean him from his inclination to unite with Spain. The French monarch offered to become a mediator between the parties; after three or four journeys to Windsor, the French ambassador found that the offer of the French Cabinet was received with equal suspicion by the King and by the Parliament," (2) Cardinal Mazarin, in his correspondence with Sabran, the French agent in England in 1644, whose papers I have examined, was earnestly desirous of pacifying the English troubles. This is confirmed, too, by a conversation of Mazarin with Lord Digby, in which the Cardinal told him that "France found too late their

(1) Harl. MSS. From a letter of the times.

(2) Père d'Orléans, Révolutions d'Angleterre, iii., 38.

own error, that they had been well content to see the King's great puissance weakened by his domestic troubles, which they wished only should keep him from being able to hurt his neighbours."(1) Such has ever been the human policy of political Cabinets, who have sought for their own security by inflaming the intestine disorders of their neighbour; or, to obtain some temporary advantage, provoked a lasting evil. Richelieu, by the Covenanters of Scotland and the Parliamentarians of England, recruited his armies against Austria, and neutralised the ally, Spain possessed in Charles. When the revolution burst forth, it was too late to undo the web of his own subtle work. How far, or if at all, the conduct of England towards the French Revolution in its early stage affords a parallel case, I know not. Accusations were raised by some of the French against Pitt. Pitt, like Richelieu, had his recollections, and our American Colonies might have been to Louis the Sixteenth what the Isle of Rhé and La Rochelle were to Charles the First.

The politics of Richelieu may be paralleled with the system of Napoleon. Richelieu was forming an invisible alliance with the disaffected of every government; thus his own genius presided in their councils, and all the members of his diplomacy served as the active agents of the revolutions of his age. We are struck by the parallel of Richelieu and Napoleon in their secret principles. Pliant, as well as unbending, the Prelate of the Papacy could confirm the edict of Nantes for his own Huguenots, granting toleration at the moment he meditated their extermination,(2) to check the House of Austria, the Romish Cardinal could confederate with the Protestant princes to maintain the Protestant cause; and the minister of an absolute monarchy was the faithful ally of the new Republicans of Holland.

The intrigues of this politic statesman could not pass untraced amidst the gathering troubles of Charles the First—the serpent, however wary, still leaves the trail of his crooked motions in the dust he passes over. The Irish insurgents were supplied with arms by the Cardinal; the agents of the Covenanters were at Paris, as well as the agents of the French at Edinburgh.

Besides the political influence of Cardinal Richelieu over the fortunes of Charles the First, I think there was a more latent one, the result of which was not less important in the affairs of the English monarch. Charles admired Richelieu, and many of the interior transactions which had occurred in France, the disorders composed, the difficulties overcome, often presented an image of the state of England. The disaffected princes appeared to Charles greatly to resemble some of our Patriots; the remonstrances of the French Parliaments, though these are but courts of law, had sometimes approached the lofty tone of our Commons, and the strong republican party of the Huguenots could not well be separated in their conduct and their principles from our own Puritans. Charles had a mind too reflective, and too personally interested in these events, to pass over regardlessly the conduct and success of the great French minister. Charles the First, and Strafford, and possibly Laud, who has been idly compared with Richelieu, were close observers of the Cardinal-Duke, and Richelieu, unquestionably, of them. Ministers, like jealous traders, keep an observant eye on each other. Olivarez, the great Spanish minister, when some Frenchmen complained of the libels and satires on Richelieu profusely spread in Flanders, declared that as a Minister of State it was his own interest not to countenance such unworthy methods, but he had himself often told his master that his greatest misfortune was that the King of France possessed the most skilful minister who for a thousand years had appeared in Christendom; as for himself he would willingly submit to have whole libraries printed every day against himself, provided that the affairs of his master were as well conducted as those of France!

This secret sympathy, or this mutual influence among these great parties, was often indicated by circumstances accidentally pre-

(1) Clarendon's State Papers, Suppt., tii., lix.

(2) It is a curious fact exhibiting the awkward dilemma into which great politicians sometimes thrust themselves, that at the moment the articles of peace with the French Protestants were to be signed at the council-table, both the Cardinals Richelieu and de la Rochefoucault withdrew, that they might not appear publicly to sanction a truce with heretics—although this very peace was the favourite work of the great Cardinal himself. It may possibly be alleged that the departure of the Cardinals at signing this treaty with heretics might have been a mere form which grew out of their priestly character. Le Clerc unquestionably gives the anecdote in the spirit of a Protestant. It was certainly a dilemma.

served. That Charles the First had long admired the genius of Richelieu, appeared on the famous day of the Dupes, when news arrived of the dismission and fall of the French minister. Henrietta rejoicing at the Cardinal's removal from power, which had been so long desired by the Queen-Mother, Charles the First chocked the feminine petulance, expressing his highest admiration of the unrivalled capacity of the minister. "Your mother is wrong," he observed to the Queen; "the Cardinal has performed the greatest services for his master. Had I been the Cardinal I would have listened tranquilly to the accusations of the Queen your mother, and remembered those against Scipio before the Roman people, who, instead of replying, led them to the Capitol to return thanks to the gods for having defeated the Carthaginians. The Cardinal might have told the King, within these two years Rochelle has been taken, more than thirty towns of the Huguenots have submitted, and their fortifications are demolished; Cazal has been twice succoured, Savoy and a great part of Piedmont are in your hands; these advantages, which your arms have acquired by my cares, answer for my industry and my fidelity." (1)

That Strafford was attentive to the proceedings of the French minister, appears by his alleging the conduct of the Cardinal in appointing commissioners to enter the merchants' houses at Paris to examine their accounts and to cess every man according to his ability to furnish the King's army. And that Richelieu was well acquainted with English affairs is evident from the remarkable circumstance mentioned in a former part of this work, of the minute and secret correspondence the French minister held with some courtiers at Whitehall. Had the political personages of the Court of England not been well known to Richelieu, he would not have thrown out that striking observation, when, hearing of the fate of Strafford, he remarked that "the English had been foolish enough to take off the ablest head among them." (2)

Charles the First, driven by his necessities and the perpetual opposition of his Parliaments, could hardly avoid admiring the energies which for some time he seems to me to have fatally imitated. English lawyers, in their vague and florid style, had declared that no monarch was so absolute as an English sovereign, and "the right divine" of kings was not only upheld by kings themselves, but by the divines of Christian Europe. I have often thought that by the vain struggle and confusion of the principles of the absolute monarchy of France under Richelieu, with those of the constitutional forms of England, Charles the First fell a victim to strong measures in a weak Government.

CHAPTER L.

History and Trial of the Earl of Strafford.

Sir Thomas Wentworth, as we have already noticed, was an independent country gentleman, who opened his political career by a patriotic opposition to the measures of Buckingham; he spoke seldom, but always with effect, and the ability which awed the minister taught him also the strength of its support. Severe scrutinisers into Wentworth's conduct have considered that there was a political coquetry in his patriotism, which rather sought to be won than cared to be obdurate.

Wentworth, however, endured with magnanimity the petty persecutions of the day. He suffered confinement as a loan-recusant, but when, having enlisted in the ranks of Opposition, he suddenly hesitated in the march, when his opinions wavered, and he began to discuss rather than to act with those whose confidence he possessed, whose designs he comprehended, and whose artifices of faction were not unknown to him, in a word, when Wentworth gave signs of what in the modern political cant is called *ratting*, he incurred the hatred of the impetuous and the sorrows of the gentle. Noy had deserted the popular cause, but he had crept out like a grovelling lawyer, calculating on the most advantageous client; but Strafford (for the Earl is best known in history by his title), great and independent, whatever might be his motive, was about to devote the most

(1) Griffet, Hist. de Louis XIII., ii., 77. From Richelieu's Journal. That Charles had expressed himself to this purpose we cannot well doubt; it would not otherwise have been entered into the Cardinal's Journal. But I suspect that the latter part, where the Cardinal enumerates such a variety of his own memorable acts, was added by himself as an illustration. Had Charles detailed such a series of events it would show a more particular attention than was necessary; in speaking to the Queen he would merely have alluded to the general results of Richelieu's administration.

(2) Trial of Strafford, pp. 30, 592.

elevated efforts of his nature, and ascend into the highest sphere of action ; his wisdom was to govern the royal councils. and his heroism to maintain the public safety

Pym, in parting from Strafford, did not shed the generous tear which Fox is reported to have let fall for Burke. The enraged leader of Opposition vowed perpetual enmity, and, as if he had already contemplated, in the long perspective of his political vision, that axe which was so often to be raised, declared that " he would never quit him while Strafford kept a head on his shoulders." And when the fatal hour arrived, Pym, the Patriot, indulged his personal rancour, and flew with indecent haste to denounce Strafford as " the apostate who was the greatest enemy to the liberties of his country that any age had produced."

Charles at first urged his new minister to take his seat in the House. The presence of Strafford in Parliament inspired the King with confidence, but the Earl himself foresaw that it would irritate the Parliamentary party, and their secret allies the Scots ; out of their sight he would less occupy their thoughts, and should they persecute the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, at that safe distance he would be found at the head of his army. The statesman observed, prescient of his fate, " If any difference should happen between your Majesty and the Parliament, it would disturb your Majesty's affairs, and in that case I should prefer suffering myself than them." But Charles professed that " as King of England he was able to protect his minister ; whatever danger might happen, not a hair of his head should be touched." At that moment, Charles the First unquestionably deemed himself possessing more independent power than by the sequel appeared. It is no rare case in political history, that when men are reduced to great weakness, they exist on the remembrance of the power they once possessed.

The magnanimous Strafford resigned the army, who were devoted to him, to attend in Parliament. Warned, indeed, by his friends at Whitehall, of some impending design, he came not unprepared with evidence to impeach some of " the Scottising-English" in both houses of Parliament, whose intrigues with the Covenanters had already brought an invading army into England. Strafford particularly intended to impeach Lord Say. But the party more vigilant than he, who yet had never fai'ed in vigilance, hurried to strike the first blow. (1) This act, at least, would exhaust the talents, the temper, and the industry of their dreaded adversary. Buckingham had crushed his enemy, Bristol, by the great advantage of reducing his accuser first to defend himself.

Whenever a political storm happens, an observer often recollects the prognostics of the horizon. Some days before the meeting of Parliament, " Mr. Hyde" (as Clarendon then designates himself) noticed " a marvellous elated countenance in many of the members." The conversation of Pym startled the young politician. Now Pym avowed that " they must be of another temper—they must not only sweep the House clean below, but must pull down all the cobwebs which hung in the top and corners—and, to remove all grievances, they must pull up the causes of them by the roots." A radical reform hardly seems the coinage of our own days.

On the first day of the opening of Parliament, Pym, preluding with an awful solemnity, declared that he had a business of great weight to impart, and desired that the lobby should be cleared.

This unusual proceeding in the Commons reached the Lords, who dispatched a message to desire a meeting in the painted chamber to consult on the Scotch treaty. The messengers appear to have been sent on an errand of discovery respecting the impending debate. The House returned an answer by the same messengers, that they were in agitation of very weighty and important affairs, and they doubted whether they could give a meeting to the Lords as early as was desired.

The debate proceeded with closed doors. The key of the House was ordered to be laid on the table. Pym, whose education had been chiefly in the office of the Exchequer, accustomed to business, with nervous compressed sense, and acute argument, display-

(1) There is no doubt that it depended but on the turn of a moment that the political game would have been reversed. I shall quote, as a proof, the most partial and uncandid of all our historical writers, Oldmixon, whose style debases even his perpetual misrepresentations. He makes the avowal "Strafford had prepared matters for an impeachment against those Lords and gentlemen who had encouraged the Scots to march into England, but Mr. Pym was beforehand with him, and, not many hours after he arrived in town, carried up to the House of Lords an accusation of high treason against Strafford," 457. This is a material fact, to which we shall again have occasion to allude. It is authenticated by Rushworth in his Introduction to Strafford's Trial, 2.

ed an austere eloquence in his invective, different from the elevated appeals to their imagination with which the Ciceronian Eliot had formerly thundered in the Senate against the favourite Buckingham. Our orator had discovered the cause of the calamities which had fallen upon the nation in "the reign of a pious and virtuous King who loved his people." He opened the fountain whence flowed these waters of bitterness—the very person who had perverted the King's excellent judgment—he named! But surely the declared enemy of Strafford sunk from the dignity of the patriot into the malice of the libeller when a British Senate listened to the volatile rumours of a scandalous chronicle, and personal malignity touched on the lighter vanities of a great man, and even on his secret amours! The party orator aggrandised his victim into colossal power to alarm the true patriot—while he shrunk him into a diminutive object of familiar contempt to gratify the meaner spirits. But the plot was concerted—the parts were prepared—the actors followed each other. A knight who had posted from Ireland delivered a confused tale of the tyrannical measures of the Lord-Lieutenant; another from Yorkshire alleged an arbitrary expression which had fallen from the Earl, that "they should find the little finger of the King's prerogative heavier than the loins of the law." At this the flame burst around—passion, prejudice, and patriotism spoke but with one voice, and raised but one hand! An instant impeachment was moved and carried. Even "Mr. Hyde" did not oppose it, and when the immaculate Lord Falkland, who felt no personal kindness for the Earl, and who agreed on the propriety of the measure, conceived, however, that they should pause till they had digested the articles against the accused, his lordship was silenced by an argument of Pym, that, were the moment lost, a dissolution would follow. To those who were doubtful whether the charges could amount to high treason, Pym replied that the House of Commons were not judges, but simply accusers. It proved, however, in the result that they were to be both. But the principle itself, that they were not judges but merely accusers, seems to expose any individual to sequestration on the charge of any party who are bold enough to lay the imputation. Was not the impeachment of Hastings a persecution of many years?

Pym, that "ancient gentleman of great experience in parliamentary affairs and no less fidelity to his country," as "the Secretary of the Parliament" describes him; Pym, the declared enemy of Strafford, accompanied by his friends, hurried to the Lords, and abruptly "in the name of all the Commons of England accused Thomas Earl of Strafford, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, of high treason." The Lords, it appears, were startled by this unexpected intelligence, unexpected at least by most of them. The indecent haste which Pym betrayed on this occasion is said to have been occasioned by some knowledge that Strafford would have anticipated him in an impeachment, and we shall find hereafter that the subsequent attempted arrest of the five members of the Commons, which proved so fatal to Charles, was probably connected with the presumed conspiracy of which Strafford imagined that he possessed sufficient evidence.

The impeachment having been communicated to the Earl, who was at that moment with the King, he hastened to the House; finding the door closed, he struck it impetuously, and inattentive to the remonstrance of Maxwell, the Usher of the Black Rod, Strafford passed on to his seat. At his entrance his eye glanced around with the accustomed haughty contraction of his brow—but his fate was before him! A clamour rose "which suited not the gravity of that supreme Court." The Earl was already a fallen minister! Called on to withdraw, Strafford in confusion retreated to the door, and there awaited their summons to learn their decision. When recalled, he stood before them, but was commanded to the bar of the House to kneel as an accused man. The Earl protested against a general charge without the specification of a single act of treason. He was silenced, till he should clear himself of the charges laid on him, and was consigned to the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod.

The impeachment originally consisted of nine articles, but their eager diligence set to work in every obscure corner, and their encouraging invitation of grievances made to every malcontent, had accumulated twenty-eight charges, involving the conduct of the accused minister during the long interval of fourteen years. (1)

The trial of the Earl of Strafford presented a more imposing spectacle than had ever

(1) After the charges had been delivered to the House of Lords, Strafford was conscious that they contained no act of treason. This appears by a letter which the Earl addressed to his lady on that

been exhibited to the nation. Never had a greater actor appeared on the stage of public justice. "The pompous circumstances and stately manner of the trial," as May describes them, were not here the only awful splendour; it was not merely the outward solemnity of judicial forms which affected the public imagination; the passions of every class of citizens, from the sovereign himself to the humblest of the people, were alike agitated in the cause of this great minister. The trial of the Earl of Strafford seemed no longer the trial of an individual—it was the trial of the sovereign's affections, and the sovereign's influence—it was the trial of the kindled spirits of three rival nations—it was the trial of a great man, whose very virtues were his defects, and whose defects were to be his crimes.

Westminster Hall was the scene. Scaffolds nearly reaching the roof were erected on either side, eleven stages high, divided by rails; in the upper ranks were the Commissioners of Scotland, and the Lords of Ireland, who were joined with the Commoners of England in their accusations. The Members of the Lower House sate uncovered; but that punctilio of etiquette had passed through a stiff debate and had been conceded with great difficulty. In the centre sate the Peers in their Parliament robes, and the Lord Keeper and the Judges in their scarlet robes were on the woolsacks. At the upper end, beyond the Peers, was a chair raised under a cloth of state for the King, and another for the Prince. The sovereign did not occupy this throne; for he was supposed not to be present, and reasons were alleged for this legal fiction. Two cabinets or galleries with trellis-work were on each side of the cloth of state. One the King, the Queen, and their Court occupied during the whole trial; the other was filled with the French nobility and other foreigners. At the foot of the State was a scaffold for ladies of quality; and at the lower end was a place with partitions and an apartment to retire to, for the convenience of the managers of the trial, to hold their consultations; opposite to them entered the witnesses, and between was a small desk where the prisoner stood or sate, the Lieutenant of the Tower beside him; at his back stood his four secretaries carrying papers and assisting him in writing and reading. Strafford, in the midst of noise and confusion, was compelled to draw up his answers instanter, and was allowed but short intervals.

"It was daily the most glorious assembly the isle could afford; yet the gravity was not such as I expected," observes the grave and zealous Principal of the University of Glasgow. The coarseness of our national manners at this period was not concealed by their magnificence, and when compared with the conveniences, the decorum, and the refinement to which a more polished state of society has given rise, it has occasioned some misconceptions of the grossness of the court, and of the habits of Charles himself—even with the philosopher, and far more with those whose minds are but ill constituted to enter into distant times and strange manners, with the feelings of a contemporary.

This awful solemnity, except at the moment the prosecution was proceeding, exhibited such a noisy and indecorous scene, that, had it not been detailed by the faithful memorialist, we could not have suspected such degrading occurrences while turning over the copious folio which Rushworth has devoted to this famous trial. There was always a great clamour about the doors; but at those intervals when the illustrious prisoner was busied in preparing his answers, a distracting hubbub broke out; the lords were walking and chatting—the Commons, whose apology must rest on their multitude and their zeal, were more offensively loud. They ate "flesh and bread," and "bottles of beer and wine were going thick from mouth to mouth." The aristocracy of England were not yet delicate enough to procure drinking-cups; their indelicacy indeed was extraordinary, such as had never been witnessed within Westminster Hall, and would not have been pardoned in an assembly with-

occasion. This letter having fallen into the hands of a print-seller, he engraved a fac-simile, and sold the original to some collector, and no doubt it still exists. I shall preserve it here, both as an historical document, and as a remarkable evidence of the sagacity and the feelings of the eminent personage:—

"Sweete Harte,—It is long since I writt unto you, for I am here in such a trouble, as gives me little or no respett (respite). The charge is now cum in, and I am now able, I prayse God, to tell you, that I conceave ther is nothing capitall, and for the rest I knowe at the worste his Majesty will pardon all without hurting my fortune, and then we shall be happy by God's grace. Therefore comfort yourself, for I trust thes cloudes will away, and that we shall have faire weather afterwardes. Farewell.

"Your lovinge husband,

"Strafforde."

"Tower of London, 4th Feb., 1640-1641.

out. From eight in the morning till sometimes late in the night, they were not allowed to retire, and "the bottles were going thick." Baillie, Covenanter as he was, had very elevated notions of ancestry as a Scot, and he treats contemptuously this senate of English Peers, for he says of the single Marquis we then had, the Marquis of Winchester, "England hath no more Marquises, and he but a late upsiart, a creature of Queen Elizabeth! Hamilton goes here, but among the Earls, and that a late one; Dukes they have none in Parliament; York, Richmond, and Buckingham are but boys."

When it was proposed that the axe should be carried before the prisoner, the King expressly forbade it, assigning a legal distinction.

Tho illustrious prisoner appeared in deep mourning, wearing his George. His dark countenance, with its heavy brows, retained the habitual commanding look, but the gracefulness of his gestures, and solemn thought, softened his stern dignity. There was a sickly hue in his countenance; for his complicated disorders were of a nature to be greatly increased by the anxiety and the labours of his mind; his body slightly bowed down, not by age, but by infirmity and care. This was so evident, that he alluded to it in one of his pathetic appeals, when he drew the attention of the spectators to his person. "They had here," he said, "this rag of mortality before them, worn out with numerous infirmities, which if they tore into shreds there was no great loss; only in the spilling of his, they would open a way to the blood of all the nobility in the land."

The physiognomy of Strafford may afford a triumph to the votaries of Lavater; we have all contemplated its masculine spirit in some admired portraits; even the prints retain the dauntless austerity, the deep solemn thought, and the lofty air of this great man—in his full and contracted brows, his ample forehead, his dark thick hair, worn short, which added one more stern characteristic to his countenance. (1) Although without a handsome feature, his person was not disagreeable—the dark physiognomy of Strafford, or, as Whitelocke calls it, "the countenance manly black," did not prevent the Earl from being admired by the fair sex, especially at his trial. A woman's eye could detect some graces in his air, and the volatile Henrietta noticed that "he had the finest hands of any man in the world." (2) The grace of his action was in harmony with the eloquence which melted his auditors, and even disturbed the hearts of those who were watchful over their prey, and contemplated on the axe they had prepared for their victim.

A writer of that day, no admirer of Strafford, was so deeply agitated at the Earl's last powerful appeal to his peers, and to the public, that he acknowledges that Strafford was one of the most wonderful actors he had ever seen; he ascribes the affecting breaks in his speech, all the tenderness of his domestic emotions, and the confusions of his thoughts in the pause and forgetfulness of what he had to say—all this he ascribes to the arts and practices of an accomplished orator. Few orators, however, have drawn reluctant tears down the cheeks of their persecutors. When this "great actor" threw out these pathetic appeals to the domestic feelings of his auditors, they flowed from that sacred fountain of all true feelings, the heart of the man who uttered them—his lips trembled, and his eyes moistened with his own eloquence.

We may indeed ascribe to that discipline of the mind which Strafford had habitually

(1) A poet of the day, who had doubtless viewed the great deputy of Ireland at the bar, has poetically delineated his noble physiognomy:

——— On thy brow
Sate Terror mixt with Wisdom, and at once
Saturn and Hermes in thy countenance.
Shepherd's Epigrams, lib. iv., ep. 39. 1651.

(2) It could, however, hardly have been the personal attractions of Strafford which fascinated the women—it must have been their own sensibility in the high conception they had formed of his character, his awful magnanimity, and the superiority of his genius among all his accusers. The women were enchanted. The once courtly and refined May tells us, that "They were all of his side, whether moved by pity, proper to their sex, or by ambition of being thought able to judge of the parts of the prisoner," and with all the elegance of a poetical mind happily applies these verses:—

Non formosus erat, sed erat facundus Ulysses,
Et tamen æquoreas torsit amore Deas.

Ulysses, though not beautiful, the love
Of Goddesses by eloquence could move.

And the rough covenanting Principal of the University of Glasgow, alluding to Strafford's eloquence, confesses that "With the more simple sort, especially the ladies, he gained daily much." May and Baillie, excellent judges of human nature, whose own bosoms were heated by political passions, seem to have forgot that these had not yet contaminated the softer bosoms open to more generous emotions than their own.

practised the promptness of his replies, his luminous statements, the force of his arguments, and that imperturbable calm amidst the distractions of the crowd and the malignity of lawyers, when his life at times seemed to be hanging on the thread he himself was to weave. This self-possession, those "gathered thoughts" and government of his mind, we may indeed consider as the practical results of his former studies.

Some modern statesmen may smile at the previous studies of this great minister. Certainly, the Earl of Strafford did not derive his greatness from the mere exercise of his power. Unremitting industry in his official duties was one of his characteristics, but he had once practised another sort of diligence, in disciplining his mind by severe studies. He had long accustomed himself, before perusing some eloquent writer in English, French, or Latin, to compose on the subject in his own manner, and then, by comparing his own production with the one which had suggested it, to fertilise his own barrenness, or to prune his own luxuriances by the more perfect production of that writer who had composed more at leisure and for glory.

At this moment the Archbishop, who lay in the Tower, was forgotten! The result of every day's trial furnished the prevalent conversation, or controversy, in every company; and the Court ladies were not less deeply engaged than their grave lords in taking notes, and arguing, in the confusion of words, whether the fundamental laws of the kingdom had been subverted, or only diverted in their course, by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Another party would maintain that misdemeanours, though never so many, could not make one treason, unless one of them had been treason in its own nature; and a third would assert, as Strafford did, that a hundred misdemeanours could not make one felony, nor a hundred felonies one treason, being a crime of a different kind. Others would ask, as Pym asked, what use were his Parliaments without Parliamentary freedom? What praise was due to him for making good laws in Ireland, if he made his own will above all law?

The trial of the Earl of Strafford is well known, by the folio volume of Rushworth. Among many heavy charges of severe measures and arbitrary rule, (1) many were drawn from hasty and unqualified language; many expressions were asserted to have been misconceived; some were reports of reports, and, as the honest Scotchman in his journal describes them, "chamber and table-discourse, flimflams, and fearie-fairies." The remarkable language which, when it was first delivered to the House of Commons, had kindled their spirit, that "they should find the little finger of the King's prerogative heavier than the loins of the law," was asserted by the prisoner to have been inverted; Strafford declaring that the little finger of the law would be heavier than the loins of the prerogative—besides that the observation applied to a circumstance of itself innocent, while the witness had placed it to another which might seem criminal. Incidents long passed—conversations forgotten—and the equity, or the iniquity, of many of his acts of government called in question, were so many charges heaped on the head of this political victim. To all these he was compelled to find an immediate answer. Sometimes he implored leave to retire to recollect himself, but this was denied, and half an hour only was allowed in the open Court, amidst the incessant din of voices and the tumultuous movements of a crowd. As soon as his adversary had closed his charge, Strafford would turn his back to the Lords, and abstracting himself from the confusion around, assisted by his secretaries, read his notes, and wrote or dictated his observations. Composed of such hasty mate-

(1) The most arbitrary persecution was that of Lord Mountnorris, to whom evidently Strafford bore a strong personal dislike, though he had formerly indulged a close intercourse with him. Mountnorris from a very humble station rose to be a Viscount, but his manners were sordid, petulant, and troublesome. For these he suffered too heavily. It is not the object of this note to enter into any inquiry concerning this affair. It may be worth a word to defend our illustrious Hume from one of the unjust and hasty strictures of Mr. Brodie. Hume notices that Mountnorris was a man of *infamous* character. Mr. Brodie observes that Hume "gives no authority whatever, and that it is perfectly clear to me that he had no other than the character from Lord Clarendon, and the reader will be able to judge how far he has kept to it," iii., 69. It is indeed true that no such term as "infamous" is applied to Mountnorris by Clarendon. But Hume recollected that Mountnorris is also described by Strafford in a letter "as one extremely given to good fellowship, who sat up all night to play for large sums, very meanly pursuing it is advantage upon young noblemen and gentlemen not so good gamesters as himself," i., 403 Mr. Brodie, who appears at times to have written in haste, has himself furnished this very passage in his following page. There is a comfort in Mr. Brodie's work, if carefully read: it is, that many parts will be found to correct others.

rials, Strafford delivered his eloquent defence. Baillie acknowledges that "he oft triumphed that they alleged crimes against him which they were not able to make good."

As the trial proceeded, the life of Strafford seemed in no peril from his accusers. (†) The great object of the Earl was to ward off the blow of treason; and that he succeeded in this respect is evident by the extraordinary and desperate conduct the enemies of Strafford afterwards adopted to obtain their purpose. There are eloquent passages in his defence, which perpetuate the sympathy which they excited in the hour of his agony. It is said that at some of our public schools parts of his speech have served for the practice of declamation. (2) He has described the cruelty of retailing familiar conversations, accidental expressions, and idle rumours to criminate a man:—

"If words spoken to friends in familiar discourse, spoken in one's chamber, spoken at one's table, spoken in one's sick bed, spoken, perhaps, to gain better reason, to give himself more clear light and judgment, by reasoning; if these things shall be brought against a man as treason, this, under favour, takes away the comfort of all human society; by this means we shall be debarred from speaking, the principal joy and comfort of society, with wise and good men, to become wiser, and better our lives. If these things be strained to take away life and honour, and all that is desirable, it will be a silent world; a city will become a hermitage, and sheep will be found amongst a crowd and press of people, and no man shall dare to impart his solitary thoughts or opinions to his friend and neighbour."

Thus he who was accused of straining an inquisitorial power to silence the free thoughts of others could pathetically plead for that liberty which he himself had denied, and, now a criminal at the bar, in his own person offered a terrible example of the remorseless cruelty of misinterpreting, misquoting, and misapplying the words of another, to torture them into treason.

When the business was proceeding unfavourably to the real purpose of the prosecutors, a considerable difference arose between the two Houses. The Committee of the Lower House, in order to render one of their charges more effectual than it turned out to be, were desirous of procuring additional evidence—while the Earl craved the same liberty for himself, having other testimonies in his favour. This Glyn the lawyer loudly protested against, inferring from this request that "the prisoner at the bar presumed to prescribe to the Commons." The Lords deemed it reasonable. On this they shouted, "Withdraw! withdraw!" The Commons furiously rose, and, standing up with their hats on, "they cocked their beavers in the King's sight." The House broke up in tumult and dismay, without even adjourning the Court. Strafford slipped away in his barge, glad to be gone, lest he should be torn to pieces—the Lords withdrew—and the King went home in sadness and silence. In the afternoon the Commons violently resolved to bring in a bill of Attainder. This was on a Saturday; Sunday was passed in terror by the town, who augured a final separation between the two Houses; and it cannot be denied that the public feeling was a sort of political second-sight, whose melancholy vision was hastening the sad catastrophe on which they were meditating. Some of the Members of the Commons declared they would draw up a bill of Attainder against the Earl, as well as every lord who adhered to his cause—they would not pause till they had obtained his execution. Monday was spent in a conference between both Houses, for this discussion had suspended the trial in Westminster-hall. On this occasion there were yet remaining some of the nobility, who addressed the Commons in the lofty spirit of the aristocracy. These, it is said, told the Members of the Lower House that "it was an unnatural motion for the head to be governed by the tail; that rebellion was as hateful as treason; that the same blood that ennobled their ancestors ran still in their veins, and therefore they would not be suppressed by a

(†) It evidently was the public opinion that Strafford would clear himself from all the heavy charges. This we gather from an impartial witness, the illustrious Grotius, who gives this intelligence to his brother, in a letter dated March 30, 1641.

(2) It is to be regretted that we do not possess a corrected copy of this far-famed speech or oration. It appears differently in Whitelocke, Rushworth, and in the State Trials. Does a well-authenticated copy exist? A critical editor, blessed with the right feeling, might still supply a more genuine copy than any, by melting the present copies into one, taking from each the most felicitous expressions and the most forcible conceptions. We may be certain that such must be the most genuine, for the reporters of that day had neither the talent nor the disposition to improve the speeches they imperfectly took down.

popular faction." (1) Probably, for the last time, the Committee of the House of Commons seemed to give way to the Lords; or rather in the present case were not hardy enough to maintain the glaring injustice of denying the prisoner the power of self-defence.

The evidence indeed had fallen far short of involving Strafford in a capital crime, as he himself had anticipated. It was also clear that the Lords would not join in pronouncing an illegal condemnation of death. The Commons dreaded that their great victim of state should escape from their grasp, whose immolation they had vowed to their Scottish friends, and by whose blood they proposed to open their meditated revolution.

It was then that an extraordinary incident, the subtle contrivance of Pym, practising on the dormant vengeance of the Vanes, took all parties by surprise. The Secretary of State, Sir Henry Vane, the father, had long been irreconcileably indisposed against the Earl. Among minor causes of personal dislike, Strafford in assuming the title of the Barony of Raby, the castle being the seat of the Vanes, had inflicted a wanton insult on the Secretary, who had not been without hopes himself of acquiring that cherished title. (2) There existed other irritations against Strafford, who had treated Vane with levity. But the caution and fears of a weak man had taught Sir Henry to suppress his indignation while Strafford was in power. Even after, Vane hesitated to be an informer, or an accuser against the great man, for the Secretary's views did not extend beyond the horizon of the Court. This personal antipathy, however, probably influenced the evidence he gave. Some advice of the Earl at a Cabinet-council for the transport of the Irish army, Sir Henry understood was designed for England, to reduce the country to obedience. No other Privy-Counsellor present confirmed this deposition. The subject of discussion was, whether to maintain an offensive or a defensive war, and related to Scotland, and not England; his ear, as he declared, had caught the relative *that* kingdom, referring to Scotland, for *this* kingdom, which would have referred to England. His first recollection was, however, so imperfect, that he declined to accuse Strafford with the charge in hand. At another time, on a second recollection, preluding with a formal declaration of his love of truth, he rather improved the meaning—but it required a third opportunity for Pym to extract from no unwilling witness what he desired. Strafford argued against this heavy charge, that Sir Henry Vane was an incompetent witness—that he could not remember the words but at the third time—that words might be like in sound and differ in sense—that no such project which he had supposed had ever been proposed, for which Strafford appealed to the whole Council—and finally the Earl took a legal exception, that no one could be arraigned for the crime of treason on a single testimony, which the law required to be attested by two sufficient witnesses.

It was then Pym broached a dangerous legal paradox, that "several concurring circumstances make one witness as effectual as two." And, therefore, to give Sir Henry Vane's single evidence the competency of two witnesses, Pym opened a piece of secret history, that he might be enabled to produce as competent evidence a certain document, which bore on its face the ugly feature of violated confidence.

Sir Henry Vane the younger was of a bolder temper than his father; he had long been in close intercourse with Pym and the patriotic party. On the occasion of the son's marriage—so was the tale told to the Commons—the father, being absent, sent the son the keys of his secret drawers at Whitehall to look for some title-deeds. The young patriot and the future mystic indulged his statesman-like curiosity in ransacking all the state-secrets so carelessly confided by the Secretary, and in a red velvet cabinet he found, so he said, a paper of rough notes which his father had taken of a Cabinet Council. They were entitled "Notes taken

(1) Thus Echard in his useful compilation. Though he usually does little more than transcribe from his originals, yet he never gives his authorities. I have not discovered whence he drew this lofty style of the aristocracy, Baillie is my authority for the picturesque passions of the Commons.

(2) This assumption of a title which gave such offence to another person is clearly stated by Heylin in his anonymous observations on Hamon L'Estrange's "Reign of King Charles," a small volume curious and scarce. "Sir Henry Vane had obtained of the King not long before the Manor of Raby in the Bishoprick of Durham, not without hope of being made Baron of that place. The Lord Lieutenant deriving his descent from the Nevils, Earls of Westmoreland, whose honorary seat that was, procured himself to be created Baron of Raby in these letters patent by which he was invested with the Earldom of Strafford," p. 228. Heylin.

at the Juncto, or as elsewhere marked, "No danger of a war with Scotland if offensive, not defensive." (1) These were in fact rough heads of notes of a debate in Council, consisting of fragments of sentences. It was doubted by some whether the Secretary ever did take notes at the board, the King having desired that all notes of Cabinet Councils should be destroyed, that opinions not adopted should never appear against their advisers. "This paper," as the Earl of Manchester notices in his memoirs, "either from his own curiosity, or his father's direction, he opens and reads, and *hastens to Pym* with great expressions of a troubled mind, not knowing what way to clear himself betwixt the discharge of his duty to the Commonwealth and his faithfulness to his father." (2) The younger Vane could not have applied to any one who with greater facility could ease his scruples. Pym takes a copy of the notes, and, promising a tender care for the son's reputation and the father's security, the original is replaced in the velvet cabinet, and the father knows nothing of the late abstraction. To complete the imperfect and confused evidence of the elder Vane, Pym unexpectedly brings forward a transcript of these notes, which concurred with the particular charge the Secretary had after his two former hesitations witnessed against Strafford. No originals could be produced, as they were declared by the father to have been destroyed in pursuance of the King's desire. At the same time the father considered that the copy which Pym had just delivered in was "like those notes." (3) The point now pressed was that, since Sir Henry Vane believed that the present was a true copy, his former written testimony and his present evidence amounted to the validity of two witnesses, which are legally required to prove an act of treason. This extravagant position, that one person could become two witnesses, was not rejected by the Commons!

A remarkable scene now opened between the father and the son. The younger Vane rose apparently in great trouble, as if this discovery had for ever lost him his father's confidence, and with that air of earnest en-

(1) How are we to account for the difference between these notes, as they appear in the Earl of Manchester's Memoirs, in Nalson, ii., 208, and in Whitelocke's Memorials? It is more remarkable that such an extraordinary incident as the scene between the Vanes should not have been preserved by Rushworth, that assiduous collector. Did he consider the absurdity as well as cruelty of Pym's argument, as not honourable to his masters the Commons? Rushworth has also silently passed over the case of Lord Loftus, which we only know from Clarendon, and where certain private letters of Strafford to his lady, not designed for the eyes of a third person, were brought into Court. These are but a few of the castrations and voluntary omissions of the Clerk of the Commons.

I have had frequent occasions to detect the incorrect state of many of our historical documents, or State-papers as they are called, owing I suppose, to the hasty carelessness of our early transcribers, who gave them rather in their own way than in the exact state in which they found them. I took great pains to copy from the autograph letter of Lord Carleton the paper found in Fellon's hat, and which had been variously given to the world. His Lordship's letter was sent to the Queen and yet he gave this paper, which he pretends to have transcribed, very incorrectly, as now appears by the identical paper itself, which I have examined in the autograph collections of Mr. Upcott, and which Dr. Lingard has recently published.

(2) Such pieces of secret history are often told differently by the parties concerned; there is great art in turning a tale. In the present instance, to infer that there was no premeditated plot, it is stated that Pym visited the younger Vane during a severe indisposition, when the paper of notes was produced; that Pym insisted on taking a copy. It was some time afterwards, when the elder Vane's testimony was considered incomplete, that Pym then produced this copy as a substitute for the original. Mr. Brodie is my sole authority for this statement respecting "the severe indisposition" of the younger Vane and his "reluctance" in suffering Pym to take a copy. (Brodie, iii., 91.) Even Oldmixon doubts not that "all this was theatrical, and the notes were taken to do Strafford a good turn some time or other, and the key was sent on purpose to have this paper found among others." And concludes, "It is no matter how we came by them," (166, 167.) It would have been scarce credible that history in our own times could have been composed in this manner, had not Oldmixon furnished his extraordinary specimen of party-writing, and his fierce vulgarity, through all the solemnity of a large folio.

(3) Sir Philip Warwick calls these notes, what probably the original was, "Sir Henry Vane's blotting and blundering paper." We see even by Sir Henry's third extorted testimony, that he only considered Pym's copy "like those notes," a most vague mode of authenticating it! Mr. Brodie, here the advocate of a very weak cause, labours to colour the want of recollection in Vane by recriminating on "the memories of the other witnesses of the Privy Council, which continued incurable to the last." How could the other members recollect what Vane had misconceived, namely, that the Irish army was designed to be transported to England, and not to Scotland. I do not deny that when the Irish army had conquered the Scottish, the patriots in England would have been endangered. Mr. Brodie also urges that "the previous want of recollection in Vane proves that he had no understanding with the prosecutors." It is very possible that Vane the father might have found himself entrapped by the infidelity of his son, and the subtility of Pym.

thusiasm, which afterwards stamped such a singularity on all his proceedings, he cast himself on the compassion of the House to pardon this trespass on his natural parent, and to recollect that he had acted from his abundant zeal for their common cause. All this while the father, sternly looking on his son, declared that he now too clearly saw the unhappy object who had been the source of his troubles in those pressing interrogatories by which he had been put to the torture. However, he did not deny that the copy was as good as the original. The House, thus taken by surprise, admiring this conflict of feeling between the father and the son, and more the conscience of the youthful patriot, "a very gracious youth," as the Scottish Covenanter designates him, they interfered to reconcile them. But long after, in public, they appeared to act separately and in opposition to each other. The old courtier, the Secretary, retained his office, lifting up his hands and his voice against the hardier proceedings of his son, who proved afterwards so remarkable a personage in the approaching revolution; but we cannot doubt that he secretly hugged himself that the Vanes at last had struck their vindictive blow at the great man in whose presence he had not dared even to imagine those thoughts of revenge, which lay rankling in his soul, for contempt so long endured.

We have every reason to believe with Clarendon that the whole scene had been preconcerted between the Vanes and Pym—and the political juggle was played off with all the delusion so grateful to those who look to be deceived. Vane the father, on various occasions, proved to be a faithless or an inept servant to Charles, and was at last expelled. He went over a proselyte to that party among whom his son was to act so conspicuous a part, but no change of party could elevate his spirit. His natural abjectness having crept into a bolder line of conduct, quite alien from his character, through the instigation of his aspiring son, the Secretary lived at last to be contemned by all men, and to endure that heaviest curse of bustling ineptitude and unprincipled selfishness—the contempt of his own child.

(1) It is maliciously observed by Nalson that the famous reply of Pym to the Earl's defence was "not an extempore product of his parts and abilities." Nalson too notices that Pym "fell into a great disorder and confusion, and pulled out a paper to refresh his memory, which occasioned one of the noblest auditors to smile." It certainly does not detract from the merits of a speech to be delivered to the public that the speaker had premeditated it; it would be better that many were so. We may wish that Nalson had been more explicit on the cause of the confusion of ideas and the abrupt close of Pym's speech.

Strafford was still reserved, before he withdrew from the bar to the block, to listen to the two speeches of Pym and St. John. These are both memorable. Baillie considered that "the King never heard a lecture of so free language against his idolised prerogative;" yet the speech of Pym, divested of its personal rancour, is not so democratic but that every constitutional Englishman at this moment would assent to many passages of its condensed and masculine eloquence. It is worthy of our observation that the orators of every party, when laying down the principles of the British Constitution, agree in substance, and even in words. The Earl of Strafford delivered himself in a style as constitutional as Pym. It is only in the application of the principles, or in that mental reservation which party advocates permit themselves, or in the different associations of ideas on general terms, that we discover the fallacy of principles and the ambiguity of words.

An interesting incident occurred which interrupted the speech of Pym, but which does not appear as the speech is printed in Rushworth. The close of Pym's speech is a cruel personal invective; he labours from the depth of his imagination to aggravate the pretended crime of treason—he says, alluding to Strafford, his death "will not be a new way of blood; there are marks enough to trace this law to the very original of this kingdom, and if it hath not been put into execution, as he (Strafford) allegeth, these two hundred and forty years, it was not for want of law, but that all that time hath not bred a man bold enough to commit such crimes as these—he is the only man that in so long a time hath ventured upon such a treason as this."

It must have been, we may imagine, at this passage that the illustrious prisoner, raising his head, fixed his disdainful and indignant glance on the orator—and it convulsed the speaker's whole frame. Pym betrayed a sudden confusion—his memory deserted him—his hands trembled over his papers—he could no longer find either ideas or notes (1)—and he abruptly closed his speech. "To humble the man, God let his memory fail him a little before the end," ob-

serves Pym's warm eulogist, the Scottish Covenanter.

Strafford indeed often displayed all the silent expression of eloquent gesture. His glance quickly discovered what was passing in his mind, and his motions seemed often a comment on the living text.

Unquestionably Strafford had obtained the secret suffrages of the Lords by his forceful appeals to their better feelings, and by enlightening their political wisdom, and the party who were athirst for his blood were more than once in despair. The great lawyers, such illustrious names as Selden, Holborn, and Bridgeman, had declared that there was no law of treason which could reach Strafford. The Commons basely degraded themselves in a debate by menacing those lawyers who dared to plead for that person whom they accused of high treason. (1) They actually prosecuted and sent to the Tower the Counsellor Jeffrey Palmer, some time afterwards, not for not urging his point with all possible force, but for the decency and respect with which he had treated "the wicked Earl," as Pym called Strafford. Such are the passions of Parliament! The revolutionary tribunal of France hardly offers an act of more injustice.

The dark and the sullen St. John, in opposition to his more eminent brothers, now came forward with his "Argument of Law," to satisfy the scruples of those members, for many had actually left them, who might oppose the fatal bill of attainder. In a speech of three hours, replete with the curious erudition of cases of treason, as if still doubtful whether the dusty volumes of a law-library might fail in convincing his auditors, our lawyer argued from the *Lex talionis*, and introduced his famous barbarous comparison —"He that would not have others to have a law, why should he have any himself? It's true we give law to hares and deer because they be beasts of chase, but it was never accounted either cruelty or foul play to knock foxes and wolves on the head, as they can be found, because these be beasts of prey." Such was the spirit that hunted down the fallen Minister! Strafford silently betrayed his deep attention, and often, by the solemn elevation of his hands and eyes to Heaven, he appealed against the merciless State Advocate. The indignant emotions of the great man were the only reply the Court could not refuse him, to the invective of this "Law Argument," which lasted so long, that nothing more was heard on that day. These emotions were not the less dignified nor the less affecting; the auditors of St. John were the spectators of Strafford; his silent gestures had so deeply penetrated their hearts, that a contemporary historian regrets that the pathos of his action could not be preserved from oblivion, as well as that other eloquence whose immortality makes posterity the auditors of Strafford.

The Commons hurried the ferocious bill of attainder through their House, by a second reading in one day. On the third reading, Lord Digby forcibly opposed it, and some of the most illustrious names in our legal history protested against it. Lord Digby, the son of the Earl of Bristol—that extraordinary and accomplished man, who had all along proceeded with the popular party, and had wound himself into all the secrets of its leaders—on a sudden, and, as Clarendon tells us, "before he was so much as suspected," (2) left them, as Digby said, "at the final sentence unto death or life of a great Minister of State." He did not hesitate to declare that he continued the same in his opinions that the Earl of Strafford was a most dangerous minister, insupportable to free subjects—his rare abilities had only aggravated his practices—Strafford was the grand Apostate of the Commonwealth, who must expect no pardon in this world till he be dispatched to the other—but, "as my conscience stands," added Digby, "my hand must not be to that dispatch."

Digby, when he consented to Strafford's accusation, had been assured by Pym that the notes of Sir Henry Vane would prove his treason; but a transcript of disjointed fragments, of which even the original did not exist, containing only "the venomous parts of speech," could be of no use but to bring men into danger. At first the Secretary positively denied the charge about the Irish army—pressed a second time, he seemed doubtful—yet he who upon oath would not remember might well on the third time misremember, where the difference of a letter, *here* for *there* and *that* for *this*, quite alters the case.

(1) Clarendon, in noticing this fact, adds, "This matter was too gross to receive any public order, and so the debate ended—but it was no doubt their intention to let those gentlemen know how warily they incurred the anger of that terrible congregation." i., 394.

(2) Clarendon Papers, iii., Suppt. lili.

"God keep me from giving judgment of death on any man upon a law made *à posteriori*; let the mark be set on the door where the plague is, and then let him that would enter die.

"Let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and sadly consider what we are going to do—with a breath either justice or murder—the danger being so great, and the cause so doubtful, that I see the best lawyers in diametrical opposition concerning it. Let every man wipe his heart as he does his eyes when he would judge of a nice and subtle subject.

"Away with personal animosities, away with all flatteries to the people, in being the sharper against him because he is odious to them; away with all fears lest, by the sparing of his blood, they may be incensed; away with all such considerations as that it is not fit for a Parliament that one accused by it of treason should escape with life."

Digby is accused of volatility of character, but he surely delivered himself on this occasion with earnestness. As for the speaker and the speech, the one with difficulty escaped being sent to the Tower, and the other was honoured by being condemned to the flames. His old party was so enraged, that they would gladly have prepared a block for his head as determinedly as they had decided on one for Strafford. The House expelled Digby. Those who had intimidated the lawyers who offered to plead for the prisoner, and at last would not reply to the legal argument of Lane, the Earl's Advocate, assigning this curt reason, that "it was below their dignity to contend with a private lawyer," in the same "public spirit" decided that none of their own members should be allowed to differ from themselves! It must be confessed that those who were advocating the cause of public liberty were violating all personal freedom; and, to say the least, were as partial to the practices of arbitrary government, and even to tyranny itself, as he whom they had condemned.

This memorable trial, which had opened on the 22nd of March, closed, as far as the evidence, on the 13th of April, but, these charges not amounting to a capital conviction, it became necessary to urge their arguments on legal points, but on the 30th of April the trial was abruptly interrupted by the bill of Attainder.

One party asserts that the Commons suddenly declined the prosecution by *Trial* from a failure in the evidence, but the Parliamentarians insist that the votes of the Lords on two particular charges, that of billeting soldiers and another, had sufficiently convicted the Earl of treason without any need of their bill of Attainder. Thus, on their own showing, their illegal and anomalous violence was a gratuitous exercise of the worst tyranny. To obviate the odium of this conduct, an artful reason has been alleged. The Commons resolved to make the King as judge a party in it; and, though the common way of process would have convicted Strafford capitally, as they assume, yet then the King would have been passive only in his punishment; but they had resolved that he should be a participator in the condemnation of death, in terror to all future evil counsellors. (1) Such is one of those insolent avowals of a party, when, to extricate themselves from being implicated in one heavy charge, they have the effrontery to assign another motive, which, though it gives a different turn to the circumstance, is not inferior to it in baseness. Were that true, which is denied, that the Commons could have convicted Strafford capitally, without having recourse to their bill of Attainder, their present proceeding was only a personal persecution of their unfortunate monarch.

The truth is more manifest than the evidence of party-writers on either side. Long before this trial a formidable party in the Commons had decided on the public execution of the Minister. The Scots were implacable, for Strafford's decision respecting them was well known; and their army was now maintained by "the brotherly assistance" of the Scottised English, who were at once their masters and servants. So intimate was the mutual dependence! The immolation of their arch-adversary, the Minister of Charles, was a bond of blood which was to seal this dark and secret alliance.

That this public execution had been resolved on appears as early as the 2d of April, long before the first part of this trial had closed. The famous Wariston confided to his Scottish correspondent, Lord Balmerino, the settled scheme. Wariston, the great head of the Covenanters, was deep in the secrets of his English friends. The whole passage is remarkable. "Strafford's business is but yet in the fifteenth article. The Lower House, if they see that the King gains many

(1) Oldmixon, 169.

of the Upper House not to condemn him, will make a bill of *teinture*,(1) and condemnation formally in their own House, and send it up to their House as any other Act of Parliament, to be voiced (voted) formally." Twenty days afterwards, on the 22d of April, he writes exultingly, "The Lower House has given up their bill (delivered)—grown in daily strength—*We have Strafford's life!* They are thinking on moneys for us. Lord, encourage and direct them!"

During the progress of the trial the Commons appear to have discovered that public opinion, when not under the guidance of party, and even that of their own supporters, was more divided than ever. A month had elapsed, and little had been gained by their "accumulative evidence" and their "constructive treason;" and now, since their proofs did not amount to legal evidence, they determined on a legislative power; at once decreeing Strafford guilty of treason, every one might eagerly vote for the execution of the attainted man, without requiring any further testimony than his own vote.

This doubtless hastened the bill of Attainder, which bears the indelible stamp of that perturbation with which it was framed. After it was brought to the Lords, it languished in the Upper House, for few of the Peers were disposed to consent to a verdict of death on the illustrious state-prisoner, who, though not blessed with many friends among his Peers, stood, however, strangely condemned for a capital crime of a novel and uncertain treason; the unheard-of treason of a post-facto law, so that that was made treason in the case of Strafford which could not have been treason at the time it was done; and whose conviction was considered so anomalous, even by the Commons themselves, that they had providently introduced a proviso that their act should not be held as a precedent in after-times.

This extraordinary clause has proved a sore point with the Anti Straffordians. From the first it was considered by most persons who trusted to their common sense, that it must stand as a perpetual evidence of their injustice. It is obvious that the Commons never intended to have stigmatised their own bill—and it has, therefore, been attempted to explain away the monstrous absurdity of the declaration, that the Act of one Parliament should never be a precedent for another. I shall throw into a note a remarkable specimen of the length to which party-purposes may drive some who dishonour any which they join. (2)

Hitherto the King throughout the trial of

(1) Dalrymple's Memorials, 417. So Wariston spells *Attainder*; a plain proof that though he relished the thing, the Scotch lawyer was not acquainted with the word. Or is this the term in Scotch law?

(2) The present instance of literary depravity would be difficult to parallel unless we search for others in the same writer of history. Oldmixon gives as from Rushworth the following passage: "This Proviso hath occasioned the common discourse and opinion that the judgment against the Earl was enacted never to be drawn into precedent *in Parliament*, whereas *it expressly respects only judges in inferior courts*." Rushworth by a marginal note marked the mysterious proviso, but he offered no explanation whatever. All that here appears in italics is an interpolation of Oldmixon, who, blending his own explanation with Rushworth's note, to a careless reader it becomes authenticated. Oldmixon took the notion from Wellwood, who affects to call the general opinion "a silly mistake, which has gained some credit in the world, but it relates only to Judges and inferior courts, who, notwithstanding the present act, shall not adjudge or interpret any treason in any other manner than they should have done before the making of this act." It is extraordinary that this explanation, which explains nothing, could be adopted by successive writers of the same political school. The state of the question remains unaltered; they, the Commons, declared that the act which themselves had done should not be considered as a precedent. Yet this mystifying explanation has been repeated by Mrs Macaulay; but, as if she were not quite satisfied with it, she draws from her alembic a more rectified spirit, asserting that "this decree of the Commons shows a very laudable attention to the preservation of public liberty." (ii. 454.) Mr. Brodie tells us that "it is an unusual clause in a bill *pro re nata*, that it should not be drawn into a precedent, as a proper restraint upon the ordinary courts, to which alone it is applicable." (ii. 130.) Mr. Brodie, no doubt, is a skilful lawyer, and may solve historical and moral enigmas technically; but to those who are apt, as Wellwood says, to fall into "a silly mistake," or as Oldmixon explicitly calls it, "this general error in the histories of disaffected authors," that is, authors who are not for striking off people's heads for a party-purpose—our difficulties remain as great as ever. We do not contemplate on two kinds of justice—the one for the nonce. Are there two kinds of justice as well as courts? Is that which is proclaimed to be treason in the Higher Court not allowed to be so in the Inferior?

Our last philosophical historian on this topic has more deeply penetrated into the designs of the actors in the present scene. Mr. Hallam has said nothing on Wellwood's explanation, but I believe he has assigned the real motive of this obscure and ridiculous proviso in the bill of Attainder. "It seems to have been introduced in order to quiet the apprehensions of some among the Peers who had gone great lengths with the Government, and were astonished to find that their obedience to the King could be turned into treason against him." (i. 566.)

The truth seems to be, that the Commons, deter-

Strafford had preserved a silence as deep as his sorrows. Every morning was Charles seen in the trellised cabinet reserved for him half an hour earlier than the Lords. There sate the pensive and dejected monarch often occupied in taking notes. Though constitutionally absent, the idea that his personal presence would animate his unfortunate minister, or at least testify to him the deep anxiety of his royal master, probably led to this unremitting attention. Charles and the Queen never returned to their palace, as Henrietta assured Madame de Motteville, without aching hearts, and often in tears.

At this crisis, Charles for the first time in this eventful cause was induced to appear openly in it. The King addressed the Parliament from the throne. He confided to them his secret and oppressed feelings. He implored them to spare his conscience in this awful trial. He had never intended to have spoken on this business, and, *had they proceeded according to law*, the law should have taken its course, but by adopting the way of attainder they had forced him to become a party in his quality of judge. They well knew that he had been present from the opening to the close of this great affair, and therefore he could not pretend ignorance of what had occurred. He assured them what no one could know so well as himself, that never had Strafford suggested bringing over an Irish army into England—nor to alter in the least any of the laws of England, much less to alter all law itself. "I must tell you this, that I think nobody durst be ever so impudent to move me in it; for if they had, I should have put a mark upon them, and made them an example to all posterity.

"I desire to be rightly understood. I cannot condemn him of high treason, but I cannot say I can clear him of his misdemeanour. I do think my lord of Strafford is not fit hereafter to serve me, or the commonwealth, in any place of trust, no not so much as to be a constable.

"Find a way to satisfy justice and your own fears, but do not press on my conscience. I have not so ill-deserved of the Parliament at this time that they should press me on this tender point. I leave it to you, my Lords, to find some such way as to bring me out of this great strait. Certainly he that thinks him guilty of high-treason may condemn him of misdemeanour."

Such was the speech Charles the First was induced to deliver either to relieve his long harassed feelings, or deceived by the advice of others; but whether he was mistaken, or had been deceived, it is quite certain that he was in earnest. The apologists of Charles tell us that it was either a sinister project of the enemies of Strafford, Bristol, and Saville, to hasten the catastrophe, which is not probable, for neither of these lords were present when it was voted, or the treacherous counsel of Lord Say, who the King was now weak enough to imagine had become his friend since his recent admission into place and power. (1) Strafford himself protested against the King's interposition, and at once saw through all the mischief.

The Commons, who had already counted on their own triumph when they saw the King still doubtful to act, were in no temper to retrace their steps, but raising a more violent clamour insisted that the royal interference, during the progress of a bill in Parliament, forejudging their councils, had more openly violated their privilege than ever!

All historians have censured, or lamented, the ill-timed interposition of the King. In the humbled tone of supplication, we perceive only the language of the heart, and all those distracted emotions which were still more evident in those two fatal concessions, immediately to follow, when Charles, as if insensible by despair, with an utter carelessness of self-preservation, signed the commission for the execution of Strafford against "his conscience,"(2) and that famous bill which, hurried in a few hours through the House, per-

mined to accomplish their great deed, in the heat of passion were entangled in difficulties—and got over them as well as they could. Historians who write in the calm of leisure appear sometimes to forget that many important events have been transacted, not with the wisdom of Legislators, or the purity of Patriots, but with the heated haste of Partisans.

(1) Clarendon, sarcastically alluding to Lord Say, observes, "Those who believed his will to be much worse than his understanding had the uncharitableness to think that he intended to betray his master, and put the ruin of the Earl out of question." Father Philips, the Queen's Confessor, who was likely to be informed, also alludes to Lord Say.

(2) The remembrance of that act embittered his after days with the most melancholy contrition. In a letter among the Harleian MSS. 6988, fol. 106, to the Queen, Charles writes that "He had sinned against his conscience, for the truth is I was surprised with it instantly after I made that base sinful concession concerning the Earl of Strafford. I hope that God will accept of my hearty repentance." I quote this as I have shown that Henrietta could not herself have advised Charles to an act which he has noticed to her in this manner, and

petuated the Parliament independent of the King—an act by which the sovereign virtually dethroned himself.

There was no political wisdom in the King's address from the throne; but whether he had delivered that speech, or remained mute in despair, the result had been the same. The trial of the Earl of Strafford, either from matter of fact, or matter of law, was only assuming the forms of justice to perform an unjust act. Ere his conviction was recorded, his doom had been sealed, for the execution had been pronounced before the arraignment.

The secret history of this momentous period more deeply interests us than almost any in our domestic annals; the trial of the King himself hardly exceeded it. The execution of Strafford was but the precursor of that mighty and yet distant event.

Here let us pause, to view the state of men's minds on the trial of Strafford, and the secret causes which were at work, hastening on his fate. Ireland had been ruled, and she called that rule tyranny; Scotland would have been conquered, and she called it treason; England beheld a minister whom she dreaded, as the vast instrument of the regal prerogative. The fate of the great minister, whether he was to be snatched out of the hands of the merciless who stood athirst for his blood, or whether the state-victim was to bleed on the altar of the nation, involved so many principles of policy, so many duties of moral justice, and such sympathies of our common humanity, that it was not only the King and his minister and the leaders of Opposition who were at variance, the intense interest pervaded the recesses of domestic life, and the opposite views of individuals separated for ever in opinion and in act, the most ancient friendships. Anecdotes recorded of independent men reveal the feelings of the times. The members for Cornwall, neighbours and friends acting usually in concert, are an instance. Sir Bevil Grenville begged his colleague, Sir Alexander Carew, not to have a hand in this ominous business of the death of the Earl of Strafford. Carew fiercely replied, "was I sure to be the next man that should suffer upon the same scaffold, and with the same axe, I would give my consent to the passing of the bill." The Earl of Essex complained that he was weary of arguments. After listening to Mr. Hyde, who would have saved the life of the minister but have deprived him of all political power, the Earl waived any farther discussion, and, shaking his head, exclaimed, "stone-dead hath no fellow." We may believe that such honourable men were perfectly free on this occasion from all participation of mere party-purposes, and yet we see how opposite were their consciences. But this was an unhappy time for consciences, since they talked much of a public and a private one. There was a new doctrine, that the King is obliged to conform himself and his own understanding to the advice and conscience of his Parliaments; or as Warburton clearly discriminates this invasion of the sovereign's veto, "it was taking away the King's negative voice, and therefore this *public* conscience was as absurd an idea as it was a wicked one."

The King had pleaded for his "conscience," but in that day of political passion, and in that dark struggle of Prerogative and Privilege, even men of the purest principles dreaded the one, and feared to lose the other.

Could we enter into the Palace of Whitehall, observe its disturbed movements, and penetrate into the cabinet of the afflicted monarch, wavering in doubt and dismay; could we see the House of Lords resisting the popular clamour till they flew from their seats in terror; could we pass into the City and discover a sudden irritation in the public mind, acted on by artifices till then unpractised; could we join the party of Pym, under his secreting roof, where the Scottish Covenanters, Hampden among them, held their conclaves and ratified their indissoluble covenant—we should contemplate an unparalleled scene of the disturbed state of a whole nation.

In some respects we are not unfurnished with certain outlines of these intrigues and manœuvres on both sides; and by connecting so many distinct but simultaneous movements, we may form a tolerable conception of that secret history of this period which otherwise we do not possess.

It is remarkable that when the Earl of Strafford, at the beginning of his persecution, appeared among the people, this fallen Minister was looked on with awe, and was courteously saluted, both on his landing from the Tower and on his return. (1) As the

which evidently shews that the advice came from a different quarter.

(1) Some writers, and others, had reported that at first the crowd had betrayed their inveterate hatred of the Earl, and had declared that "if Strafford passed the stroke of justice, they would tear

trial proceeded, the public opinion was oftener in favour of this State-prisoner than against him; and, as we see by Grotius's letter and by many other authorities, (1) candid and honourable men had concluded that the Earl must stand acquitted of the high charges of acts of treason. It is evident that the people had not yet caught the contagious feelings of the ruling party. In a few short weeks we discover the populace pushed on by some unknown impulses, barbarously clamouring for Strafford's execution, and marching in open insurrection under the eye of the Sovereign. We cannot account for this extraordinary change, unless we suppose that very extraordinary means had been adopted to organise this *mobocracy*.

CHAPTER LI.

The Arts of Insurgency.

LORD CLARENDON, in a curious narrative concerning that extraordinary genius, Lord Digby, would insinuate that his Lordship abandoned the party of Pym not only for "their desperate designs," as Clarendon stigmatises them, but from his indignation at the artifices of faction which they practised. On these his Lordship has taken this general view: "The uningenuity of their proceedings, and the foul arts they could give themselves leave to use, to compass any thing they proposed to do; their method was first to consider what was necessary to be done for some public end which might reasonably enough be wished for that public end, and then to make no scruple of doing any thing which might probably bring it to pass, let it be of what nature it would." (2 This charge is heavy, and Clarendon is an adversary; but justly has Dr. Lingard observed that "his assertion seems to be fully supported by the facts." The description of Clarendon may be considered as the secret principle of those arts of insurgency which we must ever regret were so ignobly practised by the lofty advocates of freedom. It is this which has sometimes clouded over with suspicion their integrity, and polluted their patriotism with artifices which we only afterwards discovered among the criminals of France. The political doctrine that the end sanctifies the means, is the casuistry of the worst part of mankind, and is a principle which, while it allows of every base and dishonourable act, will also include the barbarous crime of assassination.

The arts of insurgency practised by the popular party under Pym were very various, and, by the skill of their practice, seem to have been refined into a system. Their Scottish masters had taught more than one successful lesson to their imitative pupils. One of the most dexterous of these arts is that of marshalling a troubled multitude, and inflaming the passions of the people whom yet they control. Whenever the heats of the House seemed to abate, and patriotism loitered in the ardent course it had to run, to strike a new terror in the Government, and spread dismay among the members who had not embraced the designs of the prevalent party, the mob which had triumphed at Edinburgh seemed to have been transferred to the English metropolis. The system was adapted to a larger scale, suitable to the magnitude of the theatre where the political drama was now to be acted.

The PRESS no longer being under restraint, a people unaccustomed to its freedom would naturally riot in its licentiousness, and it swarmed with portentous pamphlets. Pamphlets and tracts are the production of political freedom and of an agitated people. They never are more abundant than in disturbed times, when men think what they list, and write what they think, and all seem ready to govern, and none to obey. Of the nations of Europe, our country long stood unrivalled for the rapid succession of these busy records of men's thoughts—these suggestions of their opposite interests and their eternal differences. Of these leaves of the hour and volumes of the week, the labours of the passions, the wisdom or the folly of our countrymen, during the Revolution of Charles the First, in that single period of twenty years, from 1640 to 1660, about thirty thousand

him to pieces." This is positively denied by Rushworth. "In this report, as in all others of this nature, more is thrust upon the vulgar than they did justly deserve at *this time*." (viii. 42.)

(1) Very many, were it necessary to produce them. I shall however quote the words of Baxter, a contemporary; they take a comprehensive view of an important topic. "Those that connived at these tumults were glad to see the people of their mind in the main, and thought it would do much to facilitate their work and hold the lower members to their cause; for though the House was unanimous enough in condemning ship-money and the Bishop's innovations, etc., *yet it was long doubtful which side would have the major vote in the matter of the Earl of Strafford's death.*"—Baxter's Narrative, fol. 49

(2) Clarendon's State Papers, lii., Suppt. liii.

appear to have started up. We have been a nation of pamphleteers. The French, in their Revolution, which so often resembled our own in its principles and its devices, could not avoid the same impulse of instructing or corrupting their fellow-citizens; but the practice seemed to them so novel that a recent French biographer designates an early period in the French Revolution as that one when "the art of pamphlets had not yet reached perfection." (1) The collection of the French revolutionary pamphlets now stands by the side of the English tracts of the age of Charles the First; as abundant in number and as fierce in passion; rival monuments which exist together, for the astonishment and the instruction of posterity, for whom they reveal so many suppressed secrets in the history of man. (2)

The pamphlets of this time were usually directed to prepare men's minds to the impending changes in the Church and State. Charles the First, by his constant notice of these ensnaring pamphlets, appears to have been most sensitive to these "poisoners of the minds of his weak subjects;—amazed by what eyes these things are seen, and by what ears they are heard." He answered the mightier pamphlets published by the Parliament itself. "We are contented to let ourself fall to any office that may undeceive our people, and to take more pains this way by our pen than ever king hath done." Charles was such an attentive observer of these pamphlets, that he once paid ten pounds only for the perusal of one, which could not otherwise be procured. The custom now began of printing the speeches of the leading members in the Commons, and sometimes by the order of the House. Some of the speakers avowedly printed their own speeches. (3) These fugitive leaves were every where dispersed and every where eagerly read. Baxter, in the curious folio of his autobiography, tells us they were "greedily bought up throughout the land, which greatly increased the people's apprehension of their danger." (4) I have seen some which doubtless recommended themselves by bearing the authentic stamp of the well-cut portrait in wood of the portly Pym, who, then reigning with absolute power, bore the nick-name of "King Pym." But it seems that more were written than were published. Many Royalist tracts remain in their manuscript state, no one caring to print books out of fashion, or having the courage to brave the authority of the men in power; and Nalson complains that the speeches in favour of Episcopacy were so completely suppressed or discouraged, that when he made his collection, but a few years after, they were utterly lost, while those on the other side, by passing into so many hands, were easily procured.

The Pulpit was a State-engine of not inferior magnitude to the Press. The Presbyter and the Puritan had not always complained unjustly of what they styled "Court-Divinity," inculcating, in the indissoluble alliance of devotion and politics, the strictest conformity and the most passive obedience. In truth, however, they themselves did not find these servile principles irreconcileable with their own. Our Non-conformists only aspired to change their direction; for they insisted on as strict conformity and as passive an obedience to themselves, in remodelling the mighty fabric of the Hierarchy and the Kingdom, by the petty Calvinistical republic of their own Presbytery.

In London a new scene opened. Here the Scotch divines, with rigid sanctified looks, talking in Scriptural phrases of every-day occurrences, and with gestures, as of men in ecstacy, disordered, but impressive, thundered their novel doctrines in St. Antholine's church, the first which was assigned in England for the Covenanters. The Puritans, who had long held themselves as their cousins in insurrection, but had lived in secrecy and seclusion, now acknowledged a closer affinity, and in their fraternal embrace gave precedence to their more active and triumphant elder. The patriotic party had often denounced the clergy for meddling in temporal affairs; but their own clergy, for such now the Presbyterian may be called, were in fact their chief agents in acting on the people. They sermonized like the venal "leading articles" of the present day, trumpeting forth the most desperate alarms, and vomiting the most violent menaces. These persons, like the retainers of our party-papers, we are told in one of the royal declarations, "were all the week attending the doors of both Houses

(1) Mirabeau, Biog. Universelle, xxiv., 96.

(2) Most of the thirty thousand English tracts were collected by the order of Charles the First, and became the gift of George the Third to our national library. The French collection has been a recent acquisition.

(3) "Five speeches by Sir Ben. Rudyard, printed according to his own true copies, the former being absurdly false"

(4) Baxter's Narrative of his Life, fol. 18—1696.

to be employed in their errands;" and in their "lectures." or seven-hours' sermons, all the news of the week was divinely commented on from their pulpits. These their personal invectives, and their heated imagination, made palatable, bewitching "the corner creepers"—the secret malcontent—the straying lounger—and all that disaffected populace which hang loosely on society, and among whom the seditious will always obtain a majority. Their religion inflamed their politics. The convulsed bosoms of the crowd were electrified by the new saints; then was seen the mob without, clinging to the doors and windows, when excluded by the mob within, catching the barbarous accents of a provincial messenger of heaven. "We pray, preach, and print against them what we are able most freely. Many a sore thrust got both men and women thronging into our sermons"—says Baillie. The voice of the Covenant no longer cried in the wilderness. "We hope a harvest of fruits are coming," exclaims our covenanting zealot. The extirpation, "root and branch," of the bishops, and the ominous spectacle of a headless Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, were to anticipate the planting of that "Rose of Sharon," and those "lilies of the valley," the sour intolerant Scotch Presbytery.

Arts of more subtle nature even than this combination of pamphlets, speeches, and preachings, were practised in those fugitive chimeras—rumours and reports. These shook with their hot and cold fits an aguish populace. The calumny which was either too vague to grapple with, or which took long to remove, always left something sticking behind it, which, repeated till believed, has, I fear, sometimes become history for all parties. Assuredly there are historical calumnies! The lie which prospered through its morning was forgotten at eve only to be supplied by another. In distempered times, that which is not intelligible every one interprets for himself; and such bruited news by their very extravagance are rendered the more effective, for the ignorance of the people often exceeding their credulity, every one in imaginary dangers is prone to think the very worst that is possible. It was news that the Papists, with cavalry, burrowed under ground in Surrey, but wore more openly gathering together in Lancashire; it was news that there was a plot to blow up the river with gunpowder in order to drown the City; (1) it was news that the French and even the Danes were preparing for a descent, though the Covenanters had reason to be certain that the Cabinet of the Louvre were in no mood to lend their aid to that of Whitehall. A sanctified tailor sitting under a hedge, "mending the notes he had taken of some sermon," informs the Commons that he had listened to two soldier-like men, who were acquainting one another with a settled employment of some of their comrades, to dispatch several members of both Houses; the Commoners at the rate of forty shillings, and the Lords at ten pounds! This worthy's name has even been chronicled; and his notable discovery enters into English history, for on this occasion the Commons emitted several orders for the security of the Houses, as well as the Members. It was still worse when a midnight alarm shook the city that the King was coming down with horse and foot, and all the citizens started up in their warm night caps and rushed to arms.

The people were cast into political delusions, and self-tormented by imaginary horrors. A ludicrous, but authentic, incident of the times is scarcely credible. So susceptible was this diseased state of the public mind, that Sir Walter Earle, one of the zealous but weakest adversaries of Strafford, and a creature of Pym's—rose to make a report of a design to blow up the House of Commons! The news acted as if the explosion had taken effect. In the pressure some alarmed listeners suddenly leaning forward, part of the

(1) Mr. Brodie, almost ashamed of these artful rumours spread abroad by a party, says "they were cunningly exaggerated," and particularly censures Clarendon, as relating "stories which appear to be pure fiction;" undoubtedly he would consider the present ludicrous one as such. I find it, however, confirmed by Fuller. He assures us that one of the most prevailing dangers among the Londoners was "a design laid for a mine of powder under the Thames to cause the river to drown the City." The people had a public thanksgiving on its discovery. The plot, in truth, was not so much at the bottom of the Thames, as at the bottom of their purses, which the Scots long drained. The tricks of this nature which were practised were more numerous than we care to trouble the reader with. Could it be imagined that the House of Commons, I would rather say a party in it, sent forth an order to the Justices of Peace at Dorchester, "to make diligent search for a barrel of gunpowder which had been sent down for a barrel of soap," and "to send an account of the matter to the House." Even Mrs. Macaulay has confessed, that the Commons affected many panics which they did not experience,—she will not, however, confess that the mobs of five and six thousand citizens in arms was anything more than the "Vox Populi."

flooring in the gallery gave way—at the cracking many hurried out—Sir John Wray, an honest Lincolnshire patriot, exclaiming that "he smelt gunpowder," and another leaving the House, saying "There was hot work, and a great fire within"—the simple words of the panic-struck knight, and the metaphorical orator, were too literally caught up by the persons in the lobby, who sent them to the people on the river. Before carriages were in general use, the river was a great thoroughfare; boats were used ere hackney-coaches were projected; a considerable portion of the busy populace were always on the Thames—these re-echoed the report to the City—the drums beat, the train-bands marched, "a world of people in arms" flew to Westminster, and this ridiculous incident (1) satisfactorily confirmed to the Commons their own absolute power over the people.

These rumours, indeed, as Clarendon describes them, "upon examination always vanished; but for the time, and they were always applied as useful articles of time, served to transport common minds with fears and apprehensions, and so induced them to comply in sense with those who ever like soonest to find remedies for those diseases which none but themselves could discover."

The source of these rumours must be traced to that *surveillance*, to use a French term for a French practice, under which the town seems to have been placed, and the patriot Pym must now figure in the degraded form of a *lieutenant de police*. Spies and informers were daily conveying to Pym the table-talk of taverns, and even of private society; by such secret intelligence, perpetually renewed, his sleepless vigilance preserved his ascendancy in the House of Commons. There he ruled so despotically, that the royalists at length nicknamed the man they most dreaded "King Pym." The art of raising these popular commotions, and the greater art of regulating them, depended on a double contrivance. The people were to terrify the Government, but they were themselves to be thrown into an occasional panic, for the affrighted are the most docile to be led.

But pamphlets, speeches, preachings, and rumours had not exhausted the invention of these agitators of the people; they were to be taught something more hideous, in the cry for blood! One more deadly arrow lay in their quiver—it was their petitions!

The most humble petitions had always preceded the most decisive acts of the insubordination of the Covenanters. Here again we discover how closely Pym's party copied their model. The first striking evidence of the manœuvres of the Scottish party in the House of Commons, as far as appears publicly—for what passed in private has been only partially detected—was a petition of the citizens to both Houses for justice to be executed on the Earl of Strafford. This petition was presented on the 23rd of April, immediately after Lord Digby had offended them by the reasons he alleged for his desertion of their cause. The Aldermen and Common-council, who afterwards were so alert on these occasions, here only make their chief lament on the decay of trade, and the difficulty with which country tradesmen pay their debts in London,—in consequence of the delay in sending Strafford to the block. This petition is said to have been subscribed by twenty thousand of good rank and quality.

Improving on the art of petitioning, in time we come to petitions of "the Apprentices," and "those whose apprenticeship had lately expired." In that day, when there existed no police in the City, and no regular military environed the Court, not the least formidable part of his Majesty's liege subjects were those "Operatives," as they have since styled themselves,—the apprentices of London. An insurrection of "the London boys," as the Spanish Ambassador called them, frequently alarmed Whitehall; nor were their number, at least, contemptible, for when they once offered to attend on the Parliament, they were said to amount "to ten thousand who offered

(1) I hesitated for some time to record this incredible incident, though I found it in Nalson, very exactly dated, with the names of persons. The particulars I afterwards discovered amply confirmed by a contemporary and a Covenanter present in London.—Baillie, i. 296. It is equal to any of those retailed by Clarendon, which Mr. Brodie must have known, as well as myself, were NOT "cunningly exaggerated" and "pure fictions." In two or three months these "treasons" amounted to thirty-nine, according to the account of a venerable member of the House of Commons.—History of the English and Scotch Presbytery, Villa Franca, 1659.

Since writing this note, to examining "the Diurnal Occurrences," I find, so far from this gunpowder-plot being considered as too extravagant for the popular credulity, that five days afterwards "the Commons appointed a committee to search about the Parliament-house lest any plot should be in agitation against them." Either they had really frightened themselves, or they forgot to stow in the cellar some barrels of powder.

their services with warlike weapons." (1) It was a militia for insurgency, ready at all seasons, and might be depended on for any work of destruction, at the cheapest rate. (2)

The number of the present subscribers from the City is so considerable, and as these shortly after sallied forth with daggers and bludgeons, the inference is obvious, that this train of explosion must have been long laid, else the combustible line could not have ignited at a touch.

Clarendon has related an extraordinary artifice in getting up these addresses. A petition was first prepared, modest in its form, and not unreasonable in its matter. Such a petition was certain of being well received at a public meeting, and a few hands instantly filled the paper. As numbers multiplied, many sheets were required to be tacked to the petition. The original petition was then cut off and supplied by a new one, framed more suitable to the design in hand, and the long list of names was annexed to the amended address. Persons saw their names appended to petitions they had never heard of, and, when they complained, were engaged by threats or promises to sit still, and trust to those who, they were told, knew better than they which petition should have been preferred.

Such invidious practices sometimes betrayed themselves. A petition was presented to the House from Herefordshire, which referred to certain matters which had been debated on the preceding night, signed by many thousand hands. It is evident that this petition must have been one of those which were substituted for the original; and was presented in their hurry some days before it was intended that it should make its appearance. (3) These petitions thus were often the single work of a faction, in the name of the county, whose real subscriptions were put to that which they had never subscribed. Scenes of petitioners more ludicrous occurred when the porters, said to be many thousands in number, with great eloquence protested against "a malignant, blood-seeking, rebellions party, insulting the privileges of Parliament, which, if not punished, they should be forced to make good the saying, that necessity has no law." The climax of petitioning was, however, all the beggars, who declared that by means of the Bishops and Popish Lords they knew not where to get bread—their religion and their lives were in danger; "but as they never doubted the House of Commons, and understood that all stuck in the Lords' House, they wished to learn the names of those Peers who opposed the Commons." A deputation of tradesmen's wives, headed by Mrs. Stagg, a brewer's wife, was as courteously received; Pym came to the door of the Commons, and at last with great political gallantry, told the "good women" that it had come "at a seasonable time," requesting them now "to turn their petition into prayers, for the members of the House, who were ready to relieve their husbands and children." A people are sometimes excited into follies, which, when they are once forgotten by themselves, their historian incurs the risk of being suspected of gross credulity. When the day arrived that the ruling faction of the Independents found the petitions of the people troublesome, although they allowed of all which suited their measures, according to Lord Hollis, they fined and committed the petitioners of whom they disapproved; and on a petition for peace, some horse were sent out to run over the people, and the Trained Bands fired among the petitioners. (4)

Minuter artifices were the usual practices of Pym, for to his adroit management the more subtle manœuvres must be traced. One was the impeachment of persons whose evidence, it was suspected, might favour Strafford, not one of whom were afterwards prosecuted. This remarkably appeared in the case of Sir George Radcliffe; no charge was afterwards brought forward; it was sufficient that the Earl lost the benefit of the aid of his confidential friend. On the same principle, the Irish Chancellor, the Chief Justice, the Bishop of Derry, and others were alike impeached, which disqualified them as witnesses

(1) Nalson, ii. 831.

(2) We have the deposition and an information of some of these apprentices. When one of these had boastingly returned from Whitehall, and was asked the reason of his joining with the mob, he said that "They were sent for by some Parliament men,"—that "his master was a constable, who gave him a sword and bid him go," and that other apprentices had received the same directions from their masters. One Captain Ven, of the City, appears to have been their Maréchal-de-Camp, for one evening he issued his orders to apprentices to repair to Westminster with arms, for there was an uproar in the Parliament-house. "Mr. Lavender's man," who was at that moment "taking tobacco with a party," instantly threw his pipe away, to the surprise of the honest citizens, who had not been aware of the military genius of "Mr. Lavender's man."

(3) Husband's Collections, 537.

(4) Hollis's Memoirs, 179.

at Strafford's trial, but the impeachments themselves were all dropped. When we re collect that on one occasion, when an Irish witness was so mean a personage that Pym. ashamed to bring him forward before the Committee, had him dressed up for the occasion in a satin suit, we may at least regret that such cunning was resorted to by him who, advocating the high cause of civil freedom, stamped on its face the ugly features of a conspiracy, and degraded acts, which should spring from a nobler source, to vulgar trickery. On these Irish impeachments Hume has truly observed. that "this step, which was an exact counterpart to the proceedings in England, served also the same purposes." We trace the same management in the Scottish affairs.

The ministers of Charles at Edinburgh were held out to public odium as "incendiaries;" this new art of calumny seems to have afforded a hint to the English party to apply political nicknames. An early invention of this kind, about this very time, was the term "Delinquents." The Commons, who were then usurping a power far more extensive than a Star-chamber tyranny, spread a general terror by this expedient. They declared any persons to be delinquents on the slightest petition, and as such they were to be prosecuted. Many were so stigmatised, of whom afterwards nothing more was heard. but the dreadful sentence was always suspended over their heads. They who would have opposed their more violent measures were silenced, and they who were thus branded knew that their fate depended on their acquiescence. In this novel tyranny no one could be brought forward as a witness in any case the Commons disliked to hear. On one occasion we find Sir Walter Earle, the creature of Pym, giving information of some dangerous words spoken by persons whom he did not name; on which the Speaker was directed to issue a warrant to apprehend such persons as Sir Walter shall nominate. The whole kingdom seemed at the mercy of Sir Walter Earle, or any other whisperer in the Speaker's ear. The Catholic Lords were so appalled, that Clarendon tells us they early withdrew themselves from the House of Peers, which was the drift of the powerful party. The reign of Pym was a reign of terror. Judges in open court were dragged from their bench, and hurried to prison, and a troop of horse struck a panic through the learned brotherhood of Westminster-Hall. "The barbarous curiosity of opening letters" was also revived. We hardly can forgive these rapid demolishers of Star-chambers and High Commission Courts for reviving them in a more fearful shape, and advocating the cause of civil freedom by the very means which annihilated it. To whom but to one great organising head can we ascribe such a systematic conduct, and such an unity of design? The purity of the patriotism of Pym, however plausible its pretexts, and however able his talents, it must at least be confessed, was directed against Strafford with every appearance of personal malignity.

When the King addressed the Houses from the throne, supplicating for the life of Strafford, and pleading for his own conscience, the party, enraged at discovering that they had not yet. as they had imagined, sufficiently intimidated the Sovereign, now took the more certain means. The King's address was on Saturday. On Sunday the pulpiteers in the City were thundering with "the necessity of justice upon some great delinquents;" and on Monday morning a rabble of six thousand streamed forth from the City, armed and accoutred with all the hasty weapons they could snatch up; (1) these, thronging down to the Palace-yard, hideously clamoured for "justice and execution!" The King spoke to them from a balcony, and desired they would go home and mind their business. The life of the Sovereign was menaced under his own windows, and Charles the First was more degraded as a monarch at that moment than when on the same spot a few years after he ascended the scaffold.

Whose hand behind the curtain played the strings which gave such regulated motions to these wooden actors of insurgency? This rabble of themselves might, as they did, find some sign-painter to hang by the heels certain rude figures to represent members who had voted against the bill of Attainder, but it re-

(1) There is a curious instance of party-paragraphs in "the Diurnal Occurrences," May 3d. We are there told of this very mob that they were "a great number of citizens, five thousand or thereabouts, being for the most part men of good fashion," who having stopped the Lords, etc., complained that "they were undone for the want of execution on Strafford; trading was so decayed thereby." The writer, in his notice that these citizens "for the most part were men of good fashion," and no doubt they wore their holiday array, which they had not put off since the preceding "Sabbath" Lectures, has entirely omitted the more material information, that they were all armed with rapiers, dags, and clubs.

quired more intelligence and a deeper malignity to post up a correct list of fifty-nine Commoners, branding them with the odious title of "Straffordians, or betrayers of their country." This was indeed a violation of the privileges of the House, greater than any they complained of, and to a vindictive populace it was writing their names in characters of blood. We shortly after find a petition of Sir John Strangeways, in behalf of himself and the fifty-nine members, declaring that though he had been absent at his house in Dorsetshire during the voting of the bill of Attainder, yet by having his name inserted in that black list his person had been rendered odious, and his life was in danger.(1)

All the while these commotions were going on, the Commons were proceeding uninterruptedly with their own designs. The King sent down a message for the prevention of these tumults, but the Commons could only see "the City petitioning." The King complained that no Court of Judicature had been left the power to punish tumults, for they suddenly seemed to have lost the skill to define "what tumults are!" (2) The Lords affrighted—we are told they were "fearful of having their brains knocked out"—were no longer free to act; the Commons, however, were—and were silent—for they required tumults. Several members of the House of Commons resorted to clubs of apprentices, who being distributed into fraternities, vast bodies of all the crafts, shoemakers, tailors, porters, watermen, and others, were ever at hand "to petition," or do any other job, by the order of some unknown master. This exhibits a parallel scene to revolutionary France, when the hired mobs were ruling the city of Paris—afterwards the parallel may extend, when the meanest classes were legislators and executioners! The petitions were now echoing the resolutions of "Master Pym," and the organised rabble were put over to the care of an approved ringleader, the Puritan divine, Cornelius Burgess, who called them out at his beck, or dispersed them by the motion of his hand. Exultingly pointing at his rabble-patriots, he would exclaim, "These be my band-dogs! I can set them on, and take them off again as I please." (3) When the Lords were slow and reluctant in passing the bill of Attainder, the mobs were let loose, and the terrified Peers immediately declared that they were drawing to a conclusion, and, to manifest their passive obedience, subscribed the famous "Protestation" of the Commons, which at first they had declined. At the same time they declared that they were so encompassed with multitudes of people, that it was the only hindrance to the dispatch of the bill. (4) The Commons ordered Dr. Burgess to read this "Protestation" to the people, and tell them they might return home. At the voice of this political Neptune, the waves of this rabble of rebellion rolled away.

When the cry against the bishops was to be given, we find Dr. Burgess still more active; a tumultuous mob even broke into Westminster Abbey, threatening to return in greater numbers to pull down not only Prelacy, but the Abbey itself. They clamoured to deface the monuments of the kings; the dilapidations of St. Denis had nearly occurred among our own sepulchres of royalty; those venerable and glorious remains of antiquity escaped, but by a moment, from becoming a heap of ruins. The Abbey endured a sort of siege for some hours. The Dean beat the populace off with stones thrown from the leads. We know what these Puritanic barbarians afterwards did with all the cathedrals through the kingdom. At this moment the mob met by day, and even at night, summoned by the sound of a bell, or other signal, in the fields, or some other spot of assignation, in order to concert their measures, and to be directed by their conductors. At this Parisian scene of revolutionary terror, Pym said, "God forbid that the people should be disheartened from obtaining their just desires!" This violent scene was concerted at the alarm of Pym's party on the King's return from Scotland, when the warm loyalty of Sir Robert Gournay, the Lord Mayor, had received the King in great splendour at the Guildhall.

How timidly Truth shows herself to him who first ventures to lift her veil! In the days of honest Rapin it was little short of treason to breathe a suspicion on the cruel arts practised by the popular party. Our historian apologises for having discovered the truth! "I am very sensible some will take

(1) Rushworth, iv., 279.

(2) A jury in Southwark, impanelled to examine one of these tumults, were superseded, and the Sheriff enjoined not to proceed, by an order of the House of Commons.—Husband's Collections, 251.

(3) This anecdote is well known, though I cannot recover the original authority. It is mentioned by Echard.

(4) Rushworth, viii., 743.

it ill that I positively affirm the tumults I am going to speak of were the effect of the practices of the party against the King, and that several pretend it was all owing to accident and the discontents of the people." (1) The same defence is still reiterated, but Truth is now not only bold but strong.

By such artifices as these the industrious party of Pym and his colleagues not only struck a panic in the Court and among the Lords, but, what they did not consider of inferior consequence, they impressed on the public mind a strong sense of their own power. It was from this time that the people began to be more regardful of Parliament; and as Baxter, an impartial contemporary, tells us, in the curious folio of his life, "sided with them not only for their cause and their own interest, but also supposing them the stronger side, which the vulgar are still apt to follow."

CHAPTER LII.

The Death of Strafford.

At this crisis two important events hastened the catastrophe of Strafford's story—the army-plot and the sudden death of the Earl of Bedford.

The discovery of a plot in the army, who were, however, distant in the north, to march direct to Westminster to overawe the Parliament, whatever the plot was, now was opportunely revealed by Pym. Instantly he struck through all parties the terror he delighted in, and probably he was himself alarmed. The petitions of an army are a mutiny, and too well resembled his own—they were the commands of those who knew how to be obeyed. Were the army to form the mob, instead of the mob the army, even Pym had found a master.

The secret history of the army-plot, as it was called, is obscure in many parts, but sufficiently clear in others. Its detail, and its important results, shall be the subject of our following chapter. By the adroit management of Pym, whose vigorous conceptions could create mighty consequences from slight events, and on whose bold designs now revolved the fate of an empire, the army-plot gave rise to that famous "Protestation" of the Commons, which was ordered by themselves to be subscribed by the whole nation.

(1) Rapin, xi., 293.

The tumults still paraded Westminster, crying out for "justice" in the blood of Strafford.

At this critical moment, too, the unlooked-for death of the Earl of Bedford had broken off that new administration of the leaders of the Opposition which had nearly been formed. Lord Say had already dislodged Lord Cottington from the Mastership of the Wards; Bishop Juxon had resigned the Treasurer's staff; St. John was made Solicitor-General, the sullen enemy of his master; and Pym was prepared to be the Chancellor of the Exchequer, where formerly he had been one of the clerks. In full view of the places before them, the patriots, now the place-hunters, had bribed the King with a pledge to spare the life of Strafford, and to settle the royal revenues as amply as any which his predecessors had enjoyed. So compliant, so meek is Faction, when, in changing its position, it would wish to lose its name.

These halcyon politics were now removed for ever from the hapless monarch by the death of the Earl of Bedford, who, though he had been the opposer of Strafford, lamented the passions of his party, and, looking into futurity, predicted on his death-bed that their violence would bring greater mischief on the kingdom than it had ever sustained by the long intermissions of the Parliaments. The Earl of Bedford, though a wise and moderate man, would not, however, desert his party, as Strafford had done, and devote himself to the Court; it is therefore uncertain, as Warburton acutely observes, whether this proceeded from a point of honour to his party, or a point of duty to his country. Unhappy times! when the wise and the moderate are constrained to act with those whose principles they would willingly disavow!

The death of the Minister of Charles had been irrevocably decided on by the prevalent party in the Commons. Whitelocke was certainly well informed of the state of the politics of his day; he ascribes the more than violent proceedings of some of "the great men" to a most humiliating cause. As the change of ministers, which had been accepted by the King, had only partially occurred, being interrupted by the death of the Earl of Bedford, and as Charles afterwards felt no inclination to receive Hampden, Pym, and others, though he had received full as evil counsellors in Lord Say and St. John his Solicitor-General, those who were left out were "baffled, and became the more incensed and violent against the Earl, joining with

the Scotch Commissioners, who were implacable against him." (1) Could we have imagined that our patriots had been thus actuated by personal malignity, and that their ruthless ambition could only be appeased by the blood of a great man? It is too sad an apology for the rancour of their persecution to allege that supreme of human motives—self-preservation—conscious, as they were that Strafford must fall, or that they must perish. Were the Minister suffered to live, there could be no safety for them; for it was known, at least to themselves, that Strafford could attach acts of treason to some of their leaders, less dubious than any of those "constructive or accumulative treasons" by which they had now succeeded in attainting him; nor could they trust the life of their victim in the hands of the King, who from his throne had so humbly supplicated for it. And, however Charles the First had pledged the dismission of his ill-fated servant, no degradation of the man could lessen the wisdom of the statesman; and, perhaps, they dreaded more than ever the influence of councils, whose sagacity had been schooled by recent experience, and whose haughty impetuosity had been tempered by adversity. All that can be alleged to palliate the guilt of Strafford's execution by this party is, that he perished from expediency and not by justice. This at once separates politics from morality, a violation too often practised by the Achitophels of all parties.

The bill of Attainder even in the Commons did not pass without the opposition of nearly a fourth part of the House; and with the Lords, Strafford was condemned only by the majority of seven votes. Of eighty Peers who had constantly attended, only forty-five had the courage to assemble when the bill passed, so intimidated was the noble Aristocracy amidst the yellings of a menacing Mobocracy. The Bishops had been deprived of their votes, the old canon being urged, which prohibited them from deciding *in causâ sanguinis*; a piece of ecclesiastical mockery which never spared the life of a victim from the grasp of the ecclesiastical talons. (2) It is evident that a full and free House would have saved the head of Strafford at that moment; but what excesses of the party the rejection of their bill would have led to, in that terrifying hour of commotion, was a question they dared not ask themselves.

The bill of Attainder passed the Lords on a Saturday, the 8th of May, with its memorable accompaniment of a bill for not dissolving the Parliament without their own consent; hence called "the perpetual Parliament." Both Houses immediately waited on the King to move his assent. Monday was fixed on to receive his Majesty's resolution.

That hour was more than painful when the Peers retiring from their audience abandoned the sovereign to himself! The agony of Charles was more poignant than perhaps he ever experienced on any other occasion. His conscience—his policy—his affections—were opposed to the tyrannical necessity of dragging a great minister to the scaffold which the hands of his enemies had prepared. Through this awful Sunday the King struggled with himself; he might still listen to the cries of the populace scattered under the windows at Whitehall, in the Palace-yard, and in Westminster Hall. And five days only had elapsed since his barge was waiting at the Privy stairs to carry him to the House of Lords, when the tumult raged, and it was considered that his life was insecure had he left the palace. At times his natural magnanimity, the promise "on the word of a king," which he had within the last fortnight renewed to Strafford, that "he should not suffer in life, honour, or fortune," (3) seemed to prevail over his great facility of yielding up his own judgment to that of others. His Privy Council, sitting in the midst of a general commotion, urged an entire submission to the will of the Parliament to preserve himself and his posterity; it was a principle of State that the safety of the kingdom was to be preferred before the life of an innocent man. They laid some stress on the generous letter of Strafford himself, which had absolved the King from all his scruples, and released him from the inviolability of his promise. This trivial counsel, which showed that their argument did not exceed their courage, would have satisfied a colder heart and a meaner understand-

(1) Whitelocke's Memorials, 40.

(2) The Inquisition condemned their living victims to the flames—on the plea that by this means they shed no blood! Bishop Williams prepared a speech to assert the rights of the Bishops to vote on cases of life and death, replete with the most curious erudition. It has been preserved by his faithful biographer Hacket. (ii., 152.)

(3) The letter Charles the First addressed to Scotland, by its peculiar orthography, evidently by his own hand, is in Strafford's Letters, ii., 416.

ing than those of Charles, and eagerly would it have been embraced by the terror of a trembling despot, or the selfishness of the weak prince who flies from all the cares of royalty—but it could not enter into the restless emotions of Charles the First. When the King consulted the Bishops, they referred him to the Judges to satisfy him of the legality; but in this extremity the solemn bench was deserted by the lofty magistracy of Justice. They had already withdrawn their first opinions, and had given way to the popular cry; terror had laid down a new commentary fitted to the novel doctrines of constructive or accumulative treasons, where no one particular act being treasonable, yet collectively the whole amounted to treason. They delivered their opinions with a vague unanimity; and the King complained that such dubious answers and critical distinctions served to confuse his thoughts without allaying his scruples. The Judges finally advised the King to confer with the Bishops, to tranquillise that compunction and remorse, where no law cases could afford even the authority of a poor precedent; and which a juggle of words, the offuscating jargon of sophistical lawyers, could never appease.

On this occasion again appears in the scene that subtle politician Bishop Williams. This eminent man had been recently liberated by his peers from the petty persecutions of Laud, after having been more than three years immured in the Tower. Williams had slided once more into the royal favour, and not long after was inaugurated into the See of York. It is said that his political foresight had predicted his own restoration to the royal councils; but Williams, in this second sight, hardly contemplated among its phantoms the shade of his rival, Laud, fixed in the prison-chamber where he himself had been barred.

The capacity of this learned man was equal to his time serving spirit. He had prodigally wasted a genius of the first order in political life, in complicate intrigues, and expedients of the day, with a versatility of principles betraying that subtle wisdom of the serpent, which is scarcely compatible with the harmlessness of the dove. This politic and refining statesman, with a Machiavelian casuistry, now distinguished betwixt a private and a public conscience. He told Charles that the public conscience of a king must dispense with his private conscience as a man. The conscience of a king to preserve his kingdom was greater than that of a master or a friend for the preservation of a servant or a friend. The question was not whether he should serve Strafford, but whether he should perish with him—and therefore the corollary of this logic of politics being deduced, the astute Archbishop, between his greater and his lesser consciences, counselled even for conscience'-sake to act against conscience. (1)

The conduct of the prelates in this torturing hour has been sharply arraigned by those who are inveterately hostile to the order of Episcopacy, and it has even been lamented by Lord Clarendon. The misery of these learned men must have equalled the conviction of their impotence. A remedy was asked for the remediless. They sadly knew their weakness. Already they were degraded in the eyes of their country—they were about to be rejected from the rights of free men, to give an equal vote with their fellow-citizens; nor could they be insensible, while their chief lay in the dungeons of the Tower, and the screams of a maddened populace were echoing "No Bishops!" that heads

(1) Clarendon indignantly brands the argument as "unpretatical and ignominious. Such was this Bishop's prodigious boldness and impiety!" The argument is odious to our moral sense. As Clarendon appears to have had a rooted dislike to Bishop Williams, and as the great adversary of Laud is rather a favourite with the Republican party, pains have been taken to palliate what offends in its morality, and to explain what is enlightened in its policy. Mrs. Macaulay at once calls it "a sensible state of the question,"—she resolves the condemnation to death of Strafford by Charles into "a point of honour with the King, and not of conscience. A king of England is never to interpose his private opinion against the Legislature. Laws of honour are only laudable among a licentious banditti." We may perceive that Mrs. Macaulay wrote at the era of that new morality of which we afterwards witnessed such marvellous results. I will abandon to her all "the Laws of Honour," for what they are worth; but not the King's *veto*. How far the King of England is bound to submit his private opinion to that of the Legislature, on a point on which the oracles of law differ among themselves, is a nice and delicate question.

Mr. Brodie insists that Clarendon, while he so strongly condemns Williams here, has done it unjustly, since the other Bishops acquiesced. But it does not appear that they acquiesced in the principles of the casuistical Bishop, as the reader will shortly find in a note or two farther. The argument is so perfectly characteristic of the subtilising manner of this extraordinary personage, that Clarendon cannot be accused of purposely rendering the sophistry more odious than it is—he has certainly stated it with a malicious perspicacity.

more able to contrive mischief than their own, and hands more skilful in the arts of destruction, were fast undermining the foundations of their own Hierarchy. In that day of dereliction and terror, could the Bishops be more exempt from the common infirmities of our nature than were all the Right Honourable Privy Councillors? These already had bowed with "hat in hand giving them good words" to the insolent citizens, as these Lords going to their House tremblingly passed through their sullen lines, promising, provided they would be quiet, the blood of Strafford! Or were the Bishops to be less terrified than those oracles of the law, who in the sanctuary of justice, sitting at the tribunal of life and death, had revoked their decrees, and vacillated, till they echoed the cry of the populace around them?

Two Prelates, at least, of the five consulted by Charles, should not participate in the odium, if it be an odium, cast on their brothers. The learned Usher, indeed, as all the bishops did, referred the King to the opinions of the Judges, who by their office and their oath were to expound the law; but Usher still referred to the monarch himself the more delicate and more difficult conclusion, whether, after all that had passed during the trial, he considered that Strafford was a guilty man. Archbishop Usher was not less perplexed than he who in his perplexity had consulted the resolver of his doubts—but there are sufficient testimonies to show that Usher never persuaded Charles, as has been said, to consent to the execution of the state victim. (1) Juxon, the good Bishop of London, exhorted the King to do nothing against his conscience, but more particularly reprobated the extraordinary piece of political casuistry of Bishop Williams. On the second meeting in the evening, Juxon seems to have stood in silence; a silence not unintelligible to the feelings of the desponding monarch. (2)

Thus the day was wearing away in debates and council, and the King still remained irresolute and miserable. In the evening Charles called for a second meeting of the Bishops. His councillors had offered no council to which his heart could assent. Every one seemed to suppress his own thoughts by appealing to others for that fatal decision which, by being made together in a body, seemed to save the individual from its responsibility or its injustice. (3)

Charles stood as it were alone in the universe, about to do an act which the universe itself would wonder at, or would condemn. It was a tale which his elevated spirit felt was to be reserved for posterity, and which posterity alone could decide on. At this moment, it would seem, the Queen came in dismay, supplicating for her children in tears and grief, and with her sad voice importuning the King to avert the momentous danger, urged on as she was by the councils of all around them. (4) Clarendon has feelingly observed, that "the part which the King had to act was not only harder than any Prince, but than any private gentleman had been

(1) The circumstance of Usher's attendance on the Earl, in his last minutes, is a strong confirmation of the nature of his advice to the King; but the authorities which are stated in the Biog. Brit., p. 4075, are conclusive.

(2) I have spared no pains to combine my researches relative to Juxon, because his conduct has been strangely misrepresented. Oldmixon reproaches Juxon for "having acted cunningly and said nothing at all;" and ridicules Echard for telling us what I have written above. Saunderson is referred to for the authority that "on the last meeting" (for there were two on that Sunday, a circumstance not noticed by our writer) "the Bishop of London spoke not a syllable." Mr. Brodie quotes Nalson, who says that Juxon dissuaded his master from passing the Bill, "but other authorities," adds Mr. Brodie, "do not support the statement."(iii., 181.)

We may accord these opposite accounts of his speech and of his silence; and it is rather a curious instance of what sometimes happens in historical researches, that contradictory facts may both at the same time be equally true.

That Juxon spoke what I have said is amply confirmed by Sir Edward Walker, who had it direct from the King. At the evening meeting he was silent, having already spoken and having nothing more to say.

The passage from Sir Edward Walker the reader may like to see. Having ascribed the opinion that the King had a double capacity, of a public and a private man, etc., to Usher, who he understood had made that distinction, "the King replied, 'No, I assure you it was not he!' whence I infer it was either York or Durham, for at the same time the King fully justified the Bishop of London for his stout opinion against it."(360.) This, with the recollection that there were two meetings in one day, prove that all the accounts, however they differ, are correct.

(3) Whether from a loyalist, or a parliamentary partisan, as a warning or a derision, a paper was this night fixed on the gates at Whitehall, announcing that on the morrow there would be acted in the House of Peers a famous Tragi-Comedy, called "A King and no King."—Observations on L'Estrange, 244.

(4) It is probably true that the Queen might, late in the day, have joined in the intreaty of so many others for the death of Strafford, as a means of appeasing the popular cry. Many writers have repeated the fact; but how greatly they have erred in assigning to her certain motives, is shown in our

exposed to." It is said that no man doubted that the King, without any scruple of conscience, might have granted the Earl his pardon, had not other reasons of state hindered him. (1) In truth, Charles was no longer himself free.

Importunity and necessity were the two evil geniuses which stood by the side of Charles, till he could no longer wrestle with them. After the second interview in the evening with the bishops, still wavering, the King seems to have delayed the last act till the morning. (2) With one pen full of ink, we are told, he hastily signed the Commission granted to three noblemen for passing the two fateful Bills which had been extorted from him. It was imagined that they offered some miserable comfort to the desponding monarch when they told him, that as his will had not consented to the deed, so neither by the medium of this Commission had his own hand signed the warrant for death. But even this heartless subterfuge was denied for his consolation when Archbishop Usher, after the Commission was signed, bursting into tears, lamented the fatal signature, praying that the King might not suffer from a wounded conscience!

Charles, who had more than once left the trial of Strafford, which he had constantly attended, with tears in his eyes, in signing the Commission bitterly wept, exclaiming that "Lord Strafford was more happy than he!" The various and contending feelings in his breast Charles himself showed when he charged Archbishop Usher, on the next morning, to assure Strafford, that "If the King's own life only were hazarded by saving his, he would never have consented to his death." (3)

But the disturbed state of his mind, and the utter recklessness of his own existence, Charles surely betrayed when he allowed that bill to pass, which had been violently carried in the course of a single day through the two Houses, and by which the Parliament deprived the King of that last remaining authority of the Sovereign—the power of dissolving them. This Bill was of far greater importance to himself than the Earl of Strafford's life; it was virtually signing his own dethronement, as in conclusion it proved to be his own execution. So completely overpowered was Charles the First by the fate of Strafford, that he cared no longer for his own.

To the last moment it was doubtful whether Charles would consent to issue the Commission. Whitelocke gives us a report that the King was at length brought to it by a promise before he had signed, that the life of Strafford should be spared. If the King had been practised on by some such artifice, we are not furnished with the knowledge. In the manuscript letter to the Queen, which I have quoted, written at a distant day, Charles says himself, that "He was surprised with it, instantly after he made that base sinful concession." Did the mystifying casuistry of the double royal consciences of Bishop Williams prove so unanswerable at the moment, as to have silenced the compunctions which Charles never ceased to feel all the rest of his days? "That he should ever have been brought to it," observes Whitelocke, "was admired by most of his subjects as well as by foreigners." The world indeed wondered, and none more than the great master of plots and counter-plots, Pym himself. After all his industrious ingenuity, his fertility of invention, the arduous conduct of that awful trial; after all the terror he had spread through the country, all the artifices he had practised in an insurrectionary metropolis; all the breathless labours his Epicurean habits had endured (4)—still the demagogue doubted of his own success, and to the last dreaded to be foiled by the magnanimity of Charles. When

inquiry into Henrietta's influence over Charles the First.

(1) This is said in Abp. Usher's Life, by Parr.

(2) Hamond L'Estrange, 238. On this contemporary authority I have fixed on the morning of Tuesday, but it may have been late in the preceding night, as Echard gives it.

(3) From the notes of Archbishop Usher, found in his almanack, containing the heads or memorandums of what the King desired him to communicate to Strafford.—Strafford's Letters, ii., 418.

(4) We know so little of the private characters and habits of our early patriots, that we despair ever of forming a more intimate acquaintance with these great and able men. Hacket has characterised Pym, in his curious though often pedantic manner, *Homo ex argillâ, et luto factus Epicureo*, as Tully said of Piso, that is in Christian English "a painted sepulchre, a *belly-god*." (ii., 149.) His translation is a comment. It is evident that the last image does not refer to merely philosophical doctrines, but to the more vulgar Epicurean habits. The wooden cut, which authenticates his speeches, to which I have before alluded, conveys to us the appearance of a votary to Bacchus and Ceres. Since the publication of these volumes, the portrait of Pym has been presented to us in Lord Nugent's "Memorials." All accounts agree that his anxious labours exhausted him and produced his death.

Pym first learned that the Commission had been signed, he lifted his hands in ecstasy, exclaiming, "Has he given us the head of Strafford! then he will refuse us nothing!"

On Monday, Maxwell, the Gentleman Usher to the Lords, hurried to acquaint the Commons with the good news of the royal assent by commission to the two bills, bearing also a message from the Lords that they were waiting for the Speaker and the House of Commons to join them. So transported was this officer by the amazing intelligence, that he precipitated himself at once into the House, without the usual form of first demanding entrance, and he appeared without that insignia of office, his black rod. Exceptions were made at this unofficial and abrupt violation of the dignity of the House, but, as most of the members soon shared in the wild joy of the informal and hasty Usher, he was favoured by escaping from a committal.

But the struggle in the royal breast had not passed away with the agony of the horrible concession. Still Charles ruminated in the solitude of his own conscience, and still he seemed to be hanging on some frail hope that yet one more attempt remained, at least, to save shedding the blood of the condemned victim.

On the following morning, Tuesday, the King addressed a letter, written with his own hand, to the Lords, and which was delivered with unusual solemnity by the hand of the Prince of Wales. As solemnly and as mournfully was it received. Twice it was read amidst the deepest silence. "After serious and SAD consideration," says Rushworth, twelve Peers were deputed as messengers to the King, humbly to signify that his intentions could not be advised by them, without danger to himself, his Queen, and his children. So dreaded was the alarm at that moment of the popular fury, by the Lords as well as the King, that even Charles had only proposed to spare the blood of Strafford, as the King himself now observed to the Lords, by an If—"If it may be done without discontenting my people"—mere he cared not to say, and was retiring, when the Lords observed that they were suitors for his royal favour to the innocent children of Strafford. This last mark of attention bestowed on the unhappy man touched the sorrowful monarch, who seemed grateful. The Lords then offered to return into his own hands the letter which he himself had written; this Charles waived, observing, "My Lords, what I have written to you, I shall be content if it be registered by you in your House. In it you may see my mind; I hope you will use it to my honour."

The pathetic letter of Charles the First, written on this trying occasion, betrays his deep emotions with the simplicity of nature. It implores, as the humblest suitor might implore, to have the liberty of extending the royal prerogative of mercy; mercy which the King as much required for himself, from the hands of Parliament, as the victim on whom he wished to bestow it. In the history of his life it deserves to be perpetuated for posterity. Charles evidently designed it to stand on the Records of the House of Lords, if not in the form of a protest, at least as a perpetual testimony that, however they had obtained a forced acquiescence, he had not otherwise consented to the execution of Strafford:—

"My Lords,—I did yesterday satisfy the justice of the kingdom by passing the Bill of Attainder against the Earl of Strafford. But mercy being as inherent and inseparable to a king as justice, I desire in some measure to show that likewise, by suffering that unfortunate man to fulfil the natural course of his life in close imprisonment; yet so, that if ever he make the least offer to escape, or offer directly or indirectly to meddle in any sort of public business, especially with me, either by message or letter, it shall cost him his life, without farther process. This, if it may be done without the discontentment of my people, will be an unspeakable contentment to me.

"To which end, as, in the first place, I by this letter do earnestly desire your approbation, and, to endear it the more, have chosen him to carry it, who is of all your House most dear unto me, so I desire that, by conference, you will endeavour to give the House of Commone contentment likewise, assuring you that the exercise of mercy is no more pleasing to me than to see both Houses of Parliament consent, for my sake, that I should moderate the severity of the law in so important a case.

"I will not say that your complying with me in this my intended mercy shall make me more willing, but certainly it will make me more cheerful, in granting your just grievances. But if no less than his life will satisfy my people, I must say *Fiat Justitia*.

Thus, again recommending the consideration of my intentions to you, I rest,

"Your unalterable and affectionate friend,

"CHARLES R."

"If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday."

At this day, removed from the prejudices and the passions of the contemporaries of Charles the First, will the unadorned simplicity of this letter be passed over without emotion? Not a sentence but is impressed with the deep feeling which dictated it. The unusual form of the letter, as well as the infant messenger who presented it, gave it the air of a domestic rather than a royal communication, and betrayed all the tenderness of a sorrowing friend seeking for an equal affection.

Yet at the time this letter was censured with severity by the ultra royalists. In their eyes royalty was degraded by becoming a suppliant to the people by the mediation of the Peers. For what purpose should the King write to annul or to alter that sentence which he had himself just passed, and which they had gained with so much danger and many artifices? Could he rationally expect that they would undo what he himself had failed in the courage not to have done? Could the King expect aught but a second repulse? And to have sent on this forlorn hope the young Prince, was it to accustom the heir of the Crown from his very childhood to the denials of his subjects? And to desire the respite of two or three days for the condemned prisoner, was begging for a power and authority with which he had not parted by conceding the act of attainder. Even the form of the letter was objected to; it was not kingly. A court-missive to the Peers bears the King's signature at its head, and is never subscribed with the equality of private friendship. Such were some of the discourses of the day. Unhappy monarchs! who so often, when they act in conformity to State interests, are condemned as heartless men; and when they descend from the throne are scorned at for the strong sympathies inspired by the devotion and despondency of friendship.

The pitiable postscript of this letter, "*cette froide prière*," as the vivacious M. Guizot exclaims, is remarkable, as it has been said that this graceless addition was the suggestion of the Queen, for a very sinister design. Burnet relates an anecdote which he had from Lord Hollis himself, whose sister Strafford had married. The King sent for Hollis to consult on means to save his relative's life. Hollis observed that the King might legally reprieve this condemned prisoner, but this he would not advise. Hollis drew up a petition for Strafford for a short respite to settle his affairs, and a speech for the King, who was to come down to the House holding the petition in his hand. Hollis had persuaded many, by a sort of political logic, of the expediency of saving Strafford's life, who, as he assured them, in that case, reverting to his former principles, would become wholly theirs. His preservation thus would be more serviceable than if made an example on such new and doubtful points. In the mean while it had been intimated to the Queen that Hollis had engaged Strafford to accuse her; of what we are not told. On this the Queen not only hindered the King from going to the House, changing the speech into a message writ with the King's own hand and carried by the Prince of Wales, which Hollis observed would "perhaps have done as well, the King being apt to spoil things by an unacceptable manner." "But to the wonder of the whole world," continues Burnet, "the Queen prevailed with him to add that mean postscript, 'If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday,' which was a very unhandsome giving up of the whole message. When it was communicated to both Houses, the whole Court-party was plainly against it; and so he fell truly by the Queen's means."

This was one of those anecdotes which are sometimes cited as historical; and even Mr. Hallam has recently repeated it. Burnet, long after he had heard it in the looseness of conversation, records the reminiscence in his lively manner. Let us take the story as we find it. The secret anecdote concerning the postscript Hollis could hardly have known but from another. Had the Queen dreaded every hour an accuser in this state-prisoner, and for what crime we are never told, she would not have been urgent to impede the course of law, even for a day. She would not have exerted her fascinating influence to add the postscript, but rather to have suppressed the letter. What Hollis related of himself may be deemed correct; what he told after another can only be suppositious. The mystery in which some have involved this humble postscript, and Burnet's malicious intention, were designed to cast a fresh odium on an unpopular Queen. Henrietta, after all, never suggested this postscript, which has attracted

so much criticism. The King, in his audience with the Lords, assigned the simple and natural motive. Charles said, "my other intention proceeding out of charity for a few days' respite was upon *certain information*, that his estate was so distracted that it necessarily required some few days for settlement."(1) And this fact is even confirmed by Hollis hims lf, who, in his proposed petition, which had been submitted to the King, urged this very motive as its plea; the real suggester of this humble entreaty was Strafford himself, merely for a domestic purpose, as we find in Laud's Diary.(2)

The extraordinary letter which Strafford addressed to the King to free him from his promise of saving his life, and to relieve the agony of his conscience in consenting to his death, ac ords not with that surprise and disappointment which he showed on learning his fate. It is said that the Earl on hearing of his fate, suddenly rising from his seat, and looking up to Heaven, exclaimed, "Put not your trust in Princes nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation." There is a mystery in this conduct now perhaps too late to clear away; and more than one reason has been assigned. Carte has even questioned the authenticity of the printed letter. To have reproached Charles with the sentence of death which Strafford knew was inevitable, is so utterly inconsistent with the magnanimity which had dictated the noble letter, that we must believe we know the story too imperfectly to comprehend it.

I do not like to leave the reader without preserving some particulars which exhibit the magnanimity of this great minister.

The death of Strafford was as dignified as his life. Unsubdued by the stroke of fortune, he was yet overcome by the tenderness of domestic life—his friends and his family occupied his last thoughts.

On the night before the execution, the Earl sent for the Lieutenant of the Tower, to ask whether it were possible for him to speak with the Archbishop now in the Tower. "Master Lieutenant," said Strafford, "you shall hear what passes betwixt us; it is not a time either for him to plot heresy, or me to plot treason." This seems to have been said with playful irony. The Lieutenant desired his Lordship would petition Parliament for that favour. "No," replied Strafford, "I have gotten my dispatch from them, and will trouble them no more; I am now petitioning a higher court, where neither partiality can be expected, nor error feared." A sharp and indignant reprimand of them – he deigned not to be querulous. Strafford then requested Archbishop Usher to desire Laud "to be at his window, when I shall go abroad to-morrow, for a last farewell."

Not seeing Laud, he begged to approach nearer to his apartment, but the old man was now hastening to the window of his cell. Thus met the two great ministers of Charles, and the scene was ominous of the fate of their master! The aged Laud lifted up his feeble hands to bestow the blessing he could not speak, fainting in the arms of his attendant. Laud, who could not suffer the sight of his great friend led to the scaffold, yet himself soon mounted that scaffold with no disturbance of mind. When Laud was reproached by the Puritans for that womanly softness, he said that when he should come to his own execution they would see that he was more sensible of the death of the great Earl than of his own.

The Lieutenant desired Strafford to take coach, for fear the people should rush in upon him and tear him to pieces. The Scotch Balfour imagined that he was at Edinburgh. Strafford firmly replied, "No! Master Lieutenant, I dare look death in the face and the people too." He pleasantly added, "Have you a care that I do not escape—I care not how I die, whether by the stroke of the executioner, or the madness of the people, if that may give them better content; it is all one to me!" Not less than a hundred thousand persons, for many had arrived from all parts, were viewed in a long perspective on Tower-hill. They witnessed his death in silence, offering neither insults nor reproaches. Whether many sympathized with the fate of the great statesman may be doubtful, certainly many rejoiced at it. It was not the criminality of the man, which the populace might have misconceived, but could never have comprehended, which probably touched them, but it was a Minister of State submitted to a criminal's fate; it was the first public execution of the kind which the populace had ever beheld. At first their awe chastened their joy—but the secret satisfaction betrayed itself when the head of Strafford fell from the block. Most who returned home, waving their hats, shouted through the towns they passed, "His head is off! His head is off!" and bonfires blazed, or windows were

(1) Rushworth, iv., 266.
(2) Laud's History of his Troubles, 177.

broken, for all did not join in the popular acclamations. Some departed in silence and musing, and, as Monsieur Guizot has happily expressed it, full of doubts and uneasiness as to the justice of that wish which they came from witnessing accomplished.

Strafford, in walking from the Tower, took off his hat frequently, saluting the people. His firm step and lofty air are described by a contemporary account to have been like that of a general marching in a triumph, rather than to a scaffold. (1) This self-possession in the grace of his motions, and the ease of his language to the last moment of life on the scaffold, evinced the undaunted spirit of the man. The pang of bidding a last farewell to some friends on the scaffold softened his accustomed severity; but when Strafford beheld his brother, Sir George Wentworth, weeping excessively, "Brother," said the Earl, with a vivacious cheerfulness, "what do you see in me to cause these tears? Does any indecent fear betray in me guilt,—or my innocent boldness Atheism? Think that you are now accompanying me the third time to my marriage-bed. That block must be my pillow,—and here shall I rest from all my labours. No thoughts of envy, no dreams of treason, nor jealousies nor cares for the King, the State, or myself, shall interrupt this easy sleep." (2) While undressing himself and winding his hair under the cap, looking on the block, he said, "I do as cheerfully put off my doublet at this time as ever I did when I went to bed." This sentiment may to some appear unnatural; but if we reflect what of late he had undergone, and what, had he lived, he could not escape from, Death offered a relief to such a man which life could no longer afford.

There are some remarkable passages in his speech. Strafford doubtless had meditated in his imprisonment on the fate of other illustrious men—and some, too, Ministers of State, who like him had been cast forth as a sacrifice to the people, and not always more criminal than himself. To these he seems to have alluded. "Although it be my ill-hap to be misconstrued, I am not the first man that hath suffered in this kind; it is a common portion that befalls men in this life. Righteous judgments shall be hereafter. Here we are subject to error, and misjudging one another. I was so far from being against Parliaments, that I did always think Parliaments in England to be the happy constitution of the kingdom, and the best means to make the King and his people happy." Strafford, kneeling down, made a solemn protestation—"I am now in the very door, going out, and my next step must be from time to eternity, either of peace or pain—I solemnly call God to witness I am not guilty, so far as I can understand, of the great crime laid to my charge, nor ever had the least inclination to injure the King, the State, the Laws, or the Religion of this kingdom." This solemn acknowledgment, this address to the God whom he feared, at the moment of death, seems intolerable to some; yet there may be much more truth in the confession than they choose to allow, or with their prejudices are capable to conceive. Strafford, in the legacy of his words to the people, paid a tribute to the Constitution; (3)—that "he was ignorant of the nature of that Constitution," as Mrs. Macaulay asserts, was no ignorance peculiar to Strafford.

With the prescience of a statesman, Strafford professed his apprehension of future evils, recommending to every man to lay his hand on his heart, and seriously consider whether the beginning of the people's happiness should be written in letters of blood?

(1) Echard repeated this simile, as he did some others in his compilation, on which Oldmixon, not at all aware that they are not the property of the laborious compiler, attacks them with ferocious criticism. "Mr. Echard's similes are extremely natural; nothing in the world is so like a triumph as to have one's head cut off." The Archdeacon had stolen another on Laud's fainting in taking leave of Strafford, "as if his soul would have forced its way to have joined the Earl's in its passage to eternity." Oldmixon exclaims, "He plays with eternity as flies do with the flame."

(2) Nalson, ii., 195.

(3) Mr. Brodie informs us that certain draughts of speeches of the Earl are not genuine. Certainly those are not which are full of contrition for his past conduct. Mr. Brodie perceived that they were at variance with that which Rushworth took from his lips on the scaffold,—"though charily," continues Mr. Brodie, "would induce all who are acquainted with his correspondence, etc., to wish that it had been otherwise, or at all events that that portion at least of the speech actually delivered on the scaffold, in which he declares himself to have been always a friend to Parliaments, were not authentic, for it is deplorable to believe that his last moments were polluted with an untruth." Brodie, Brit. Empire, iii., 124.

Who is polluted with an untruth? Those passages which Mr. Brodie might point out as inimical to Parliaments, the Earl would probably have defended as being only hostile, not to Parliaments, for which he was an advocate, but to Eliot, to Pym, to Prynne, to Hampden, to Vane and their friends, whom he marked out as a faction.

"I fear," he added, "they are in a wrong way!" Strafford foresaw the approaching ruin of the Church, and solemnly forbade his son, from a religious motive, ever to purchase Church-lands. It was Strafford's notion that the revenues of the Church would be seized on by the nobility and the gentry. He was not far from the truth in the result; but he could not yet have imagined that a baser class of adventurers were to become lords over lords, and masters over gentlemen.

He passed half an hour at prayers. In rising to approach the block he gave his last reminiscences to his family—naming them endearingly to his brother. He concluded, "Now I have nigh done; one stroke will make my wife husbandless, my dear children fatherless, my poor servants masterless, and separate me from my dear brother, and all my friends; but let God be to you and them all in all." He took his solemn leave of the noblemen and others about him, offering his hand.

There was a copy of the heads of notes for his speech written by his own hand, and found on the scaffold; among them were these—"Submit to what is voted justice, but my intentions innocent from subverting, etc., acquit the King constrained—strange way to write the beginning of Reformation and settlement of a Kingdom in blood."

When Archbishop Usher gave an account to the King of the calm majesty of Strafford's death, adding that he had seen many die, but never so white a soul return to its Maker, Charles, turning aside, could not forbear those emotions of tenderness, of grief, and of remorse, which his tears could not efface, and which haunted his memory, and embittered his last hour.

In the whole compass of English history, no incident offers more critical difficulties in its narrative than the trial of Strafford, and no character seems more tender to touch on than that of this able minister. Even among his own contemporaries the opinions of men were strongly opposed, and more particularly on the mortal sentence. The passions of those days, being involved in the principles of a free constitution, have been transferred to our own, and Strafford remains still a name which kindles the vindictive spirit of those who view nothing but undeviating despotism on one side, and nothing but the holiest devotion of patriotism on the other. One of the most acute investigators of legal evidence, in his elaborate review of the present subject, after the keenest scrutiny, to bring Strafford within the letter of the law, has ingenuously confessed that these legal points may be still open to every sort of legal objection. In truth, those writers who have denounced this minister hardly pretend that he was amenable to any existing law; it was for this reason that the baffled Commons desisted from the trial of a man, whose presumed and undefinable crime of an intention to subvert the fundamental laws of the realm had yet never entered into the code of our jurisprudence. Yet the philosophical historian to whom we have referred has not hesitated to pronounce that "he died justly before God and man;" but Mr. Hallam adds—so strong is his love of truth, and so firm is his attachment to party—"In condemning the bill of attainder we cannot look upon it as a crime." Such was the hard fate of Strafford! He was tried for a supposititious crime, and stands condemned by a paradox! This is in the nature of things where party is prevalent and justice is violated.

Were it possible to discover a philosopher so ignorant and so innocent of traditional prejudices and vulgar opinions as first to have learnt the tale of Strafford only by his trial, he would hardly hesitate to acquit the illustrious prisoner; but surely he would be confirmed in his sentiments or his suspicions when he had further meditated on the voluminous discussions of those who advocate the justice of the bill of attainder. He might wonder at that anxiety and that perplexity which they betray by their legal subtleties; he would find himself involved in the most abstruse arguments, as if the crimes of Strafford were rather of a metaphysical nature than overt acts of treason which even some dormant law might be imagined to reach; he might smile at the preliminary questions they have sometimes been compelled to resort to before they venture to deduce their inferences; he might be startled at the monstrous ingenuity of the incomprehensible charges of constructive or accumulative treason, and at the solution of that enigma which explains that, however there was no established law for Strafford's condemnation to death, yet was he justly condemned by the Legislature, though he would have been unjustly condemned by an ordinary Court of Law. (1) And, finally, after all the tedious sophistry of

(1) Brodie, iii., 99.

lawyers, he might be surprised that these writers have usually wound up their vindication of the anomalous proceedings and the violation of public justice, by pleas of necessity, and apologies to palliate what they had found to be so troublesome to explain. (1) Yet, let us not forget the illustrious names at the bar who opposed the heartless St. John, and the inveterate advocates, Glynn and Maynard—the bar at least was honourably divided.

We escape from the intricate and tenebrous labyrinth of the lawyers, emerging from their cloudy arguments to the open day-light of human nature. We will consider Strafford as the minister of Charles the First. We may not flatter ourselves that we can penetrate into the secret recesses of his comprehensive mind, but it is the privilege of the passionless historian, with a wider scope of information than contemporaries possess, to form juster views of the man. We have to offer neither invectives nor apologies.

The poet May, who still retained some courtly reminiscences, even in his character as the historian and the Secretary of the Parliament, struck by the genius of the great Minister, compared Strafford with the Roman Curio of his own Lucan :—

Haud alium tanta civem tulit indole Roma,
Aut cui plus leges deberent recta sequenti.
Perdita tunc Urbi nocuerunt secula, postquam
Ambitus, et luxus, et opum metuenda facultas,
Transverso mentem dubiam torrente traxerunt,
Momentumque fuit mutatus Curio rerum.

In all our pregnant mother's tribes before,
A son of nobler hope she never bore;
A soul more bright, more great, she never knew,
While to thy country's interest thou wert true.
But thy bad fate o'erruled thy native worth,
And in an age abandon'd brought thee forth;
When Vice in triumph through the city pass'd,
And dreadful wrath and power laid all things waste,
The sweeping stream thy better purpose cross'd,
And in the headlong torrent wert thou lost.
Much to the ruin of the State was done
When Curio by "Ambition's bribe" was won;
Curio, the hope of Rome, and her most worthy Son.
Rowe.

A modern historian, to whom every respect is due for his discernment and impartiality on the general subjects of our history, has pronounced of Strafford that "he was the most active and formidable enemy to the liberties of the people. He laboured—his own letters prove it—to exalt the power of the throne on the ruin of those rights of which he once had been the most strenuous advocate." (2) Such a popular opinion well merits that closer scrutiny which gratifies the love of truth.

Was it then ambition, reckless of its means, which so wholly contaminated this great spirit, as basely to work in enslaving his fellow-countrymen to the tyranny of a despot? Was an earldom weighed against a baronetcy? Few statesmen, it is suspected, reject the seduction of political ambition, even in the private station occupied by independent Strafford; but it may yet be a question whether Strafford ever considered that his Sovereign was this absolute tyrant? Even May confesses that "he understood the right way, and the liberty of his country as well as any man; for which in former Parliaments he stood up stiffly, and seemed an excellent patriot." At his trial, Strafford declared that his opinions had suffered no change, whatever they might deem or misconceive of his conduct. Alluding to the Commons, he said, "I am the same man in opinion that I was when I was one of them." And some days after, with deeper emotions, "I confess I am charged with treason by the honourable House of Commons, and that it is my greatest grief; for if it were not an arrow sent out of that quiver, it would not be so heavy as it is; but, as it comes from them, it pierces my heart, though not with guilt, yet with grief, that in my grey hairs I should be misunderstood by the companions of my youth with whom I have formerly spent so much time."

Let us take Strafford at a moment less guarded than when he stood at the bar of his peers, an impeached minister—let us seek him in the secret confession of his privacy, and in the day of his glory. Strafford flattered himself that he had triumphed over his great adversary Pym, and that party :—

"Now I can say the King is as absolute

(1) Brodie, iii., 404. Here is a notable instance. After having occupied several pages in controverting the enlightened opinion of a great statesman himself, Charles Fox, on the Commons' "departure in the case of Strafford from the sacred principles of justice," Mr. Brodie closes thus: "There seemed every reason to conclude that the fate of the Empire depended in a great measure upon his; a view which even brings the matter within Mr. Fox's idea in regard to self defence." The ingenuity, if not the ingenuousness, is here admirable; as if not quite confident of all his previous legal distinctions, this historical controversialist, in his last distress of argument, offers to rest his cause by accepting the very opinion which he had been all along contending with!

(2) Dr. Lingard, x., 136.

here (Ireland) as any prince in the whole world can be; and may be still, if it be not spoiled on that side (the Commons). For so long as his Majesty shall have here a deputy of faith and understanding, and that he be preserved in credit, and independent upon aay but the King himself, let it be laid as a ground, it is the deputy's fault if the King be denied any reasonable claim."

We may assume this as the secret principle of Strafford's political conduct. He considered that the King was to be invested with "absolnte power," but he explains the ambignous phrase, and he restricts this mighty power by any "reasonable claims." Arbitrary power, therefore, when unreasonable, would be illegal. Strafford had a peculiar expression to describe the right of the Kiag, amidst his difficulties to raise supplies. It was to be done "candide et caste" —this appears by the evidence of Lord Cottington and others on the trial. In a curious paper addressed to the King on the subject of "war with Austria," he employs the same expression; he impresses on the King to exercise "the power only for public and necessary uses; to spare the people as much and often as it is possible; this being the only means to preserve, as may be said, *the chastity* of these levies." (1) In another place, alluding to the ship-money, he says, "I am satisfied that moneys raised for setting forth a floet was *chastely* bestowed that way." It is evident that, by the *chastity* of levies of money, ho meant an entire application to the necessary purposes for which they were proposed. Had Strafford had none but arbitrary notions in his head, he had never troubled himself with such nice distinctions. But the obnoxions phrase of "absolute power" would be construed by a Commonwealth man odiously, passing over the fact that Strafford in his style, however high, seems always to have subdued its worst construction. Had Charles been the Nero, which has been so artfully impressed on us, would Strafford have laboured to render the tyrant, as he did the Kiag, absolute?

Strafford, like most men of that day, could not have entertained those correct notions of a popular constitution which required such a length of time after his own age for their establishment. The principles of our political freedom were in his day fluctuating, depending on precedents, and always involved in controversy. He himself has more than once lamented this cruel uncertainty, and earnestly prayed for the time when "the prerogative and the liberty of the subject should be determined." So doubtful and obscure were then the conflicting sentiments even in the capacious mind of this great statesman! Candour requires that we should credit what his intimate friend Sir George Radcliffe assures us; we have no reason to suppose that he has ascribed supposititious sentiments to his great friend. He asserts that Strafford "disliked the abuse of regal authority, but it appeared to him most hard and difficult to keep the interests of the King and the people from encroaching one upon another," that "Experience had taught him that there was less danger to increase the regal power than that the people should gain advantage over the King; the one may turn to the prejudice of some particular sufferer, the other draws on the ruin of the whole."

This opinion betrays more tho dread of a democracy than an assent to the passive obedience of arbitrary power. On the scaffold Strafford himself declared that "he had the ill hap to be misconstrued, for that he had ever considered that the Parliament of England were the happiest constitution that any kingdom lived under." Strafford, so late as in 1639, advised Charles to call a Parliament, and Whitelocke observes, that "Strafford had the honour of the people's good opinion for promoting this resolution." In the style of his correspondence with the King, we observe the most complete personal devotion; but we must recollect that he had to engage the affections of a distant master, and that confident of his own ability as a minister, which the result of his Irish administration had shown, in the improvement of the revenue, and the quieting of that unhappy kingdom, he was desirous to inspire the King by the confidence he himself possessed. However ambitious of office, with his noble spirit and his statesman-like views, and his independence of fortune, he would not tamely stand by as the obsequious deputy of a capricious tyrant. The phrase "The King of absolute power," however odious in the popular sense, would not be so in constitutional usage; it may imply only the obedience due to the sovereign; a King of England, the English lawyers have said, is the most absolute Prince in Europe, for the executive branch of the Constitution is itself absolute power.

(1) Strafford's Letters, ii., 62.

Abstract propositions in the science of politics mislead, because opposite parties in adopting identical terms affix different associations of ideas. It is the timely, shall we say the fortunate, application of such propositions, either in favour of the liberty of the subject, or the maintenance of the sovereign's power, which alone preserves the variable unity of our Constitution. The sovereign sometimes requires protection from the people, as well as the people from the King. Even Pym in his speech against Strafford observed, "If the prerogative of the King overwhelm the liberty of the people. it will be turned into tyranny; if liberty undermine the prerogative, it will grow into anarchy."(1) To such an abstract proposition we may believe that Strafford would have willingly subscribed—yet the conduct of the patriot Pym and the minister Strafford was in diametrical opposition—the one in agreeing with the identical proposition would have had "the prerogative of the King" more strongly impressed on his mind as being "undermined;" the other "the liberty of the subject" as being "overwhelmed." And should we further allow, for the sake of argument, that neither were stimulated by personal hostility, or acted from party motives, tho one would have been alarmed at anarchy, while the other would have abhorred tyranny. Each, perhaps, by false ideas was governing the public mind—and the unhappy nation, in that critical period of the Constitution, was doomed to feel the successive evils of that tyranny, and that anarchy, of which their leaders had formed such unsettled notions.

Mr. Brodie has said, that "it cannot be disputed that the generous tear which has been shed for Strafford might well have been spared." And as Mr. Brodie provokingly found in the sage and temperate Whitelocke a glowing eulogy on the magnanimous Strafford, he at once hastily suspects that the text has been interpolated. This noble character of Strafford, which Hume has transcribed into his text, however, is genuine. (2)

(1) Rushworth, viii., 662.

(2) Brodie, iii., 94. This writer refers to the *first* edition of Whitelocke's Memorials, (1722,) edited by the Earl of Anglesey, who took great liberties with the text and made important castrations. The *second* edition of 1732, published by subscription, was printed entire from the original manuscript. This valuable edition appears without a new preface, or the name of an Editor, which, after frequent inquiries, I could never learn. The entire passage which raised Mr. Brodie's suspicions so unjustly appears *ad verbum* in the genuine edition.

At this day, when the sentence of Strafford becomes but "a problem in political ethics," and as an Æsopian fable with its instructive moral, truth should be dearer to us than the memories of Strafford and of Pym —or the orgasm of a female demagogue in Mrs. Macaulay, the cavils of a Scotch advocate in Mr. Brodie, or even the liberal views of a philosophic historian in Mr. Hallam. It is good to be jealous in the maintenance of freedom, but in the silence of seclusion, not less dear to the good and the wise, is the sanctity of truth!

Strafford suffered execution by the decision of the Judges, whose judicial opinion may still raise a blush in their successors on the bench; it was a huddled opinion extorted from their personal fears, where, particularising no act, they condemned a man on the generality. (3) A philosophical lawyer of our own times, who himself would have voted for the death of Strafford, is compelled to offer an apology for this judicial opinion, observing that the two articles—one of which was quartering troops on the people of Ireland, which, however, "had been enforced so seldom that it could not be brought within the act of treason," and another article in which the Peers had voted him guilty, but "not on the whole matter"—may be said, to use the words of this able writer, "at least to approach very nearly to a substantive treason, within the statute of Edward the Third." (4) So difficult it was to determine the character of the crime—and so unconsciously might it have been committed, at a period when, as Mr. Hallam observes, "the rules of evidence were very imperfectly recognised, or continually transgressed."

Mr. Hallam rejoices at the condemnation of Strafford, but he acknowledges that "He should rather found his conviction of Strafford's systematic hostility to our fundamental laws, on his correspondence since brought to light, as well as his general conduct in administration, than on any overt acts proved on his impeachment."(5) What now becomes

(3) Sir George Radcliffe has stated the fact concerning the Judges with remarkable simplicity. "The Judges were asked upon what grounds they had delivered their opinion to the Lords; to which they would give no answer, but that as the case was put to them it was treason." One of the articles voted was for having quartered a serjeant and four soldiers on a person, for refusing to obey his orders as Deputy of Ireland, and this was deemed "levying war against the King!"—*Strafford's Letters*, ii., 432.

(4) Hallam, i., 568. (5) Ibid., 567.

of the justice of the Peers and the Judges? since to have rendered justifiable the death-condemnation of this minister, on clear and positive evidence, we are told that it required that his Judges, to save their consciences, ought to have lived one hundred and fifty years later than they did; that is, to the time of the publication of Strafford's private correspondence.

In regard to this private correspondence, and some unconstitutional language held in Council, no one has yet thought necessary to ascertain what might be the true meaning this minister attached to these ambiguous expressions; no one yet has placed himself in the situation of the minister to comprehend his motives, or to penetrate into his design.

What meant Strafford by recurring to "extraordinary ways" should the Parliament refuse supplies? What when he told the King that "having tried the affections of his people, and being refused, he was absolved from all rule of government?" Why did he exult that he had conferred on the King in Ireland "absolute power?"

This high style may on its face admit of the most odious construction. But it is harmless, if "the extraordinary ways" was no grievance, but the suggestion of some "chaste" system of finance. "An absolved King" is a phrase which seems, in separating the executive power from the legislative, to make the monarch independent of the laws; the phrase was thrown out in the heat and collision of opinions amidst a Privy Council, and with a view of the peculiar circumstances into which the King was then cast. It might mean as much as his enemies could wish, or as little as his advocate might choose. "Absolute power" does not necessarily include "arbitrary power;" absolute power may be only an efficient power for a defined object, and on this principle every English monarch becomes a most absolute sovereign in his executive capacity; arbitrary power, depending only on the caprice of the individual, is indefinite and unlimited. Who can ascertain the extent of Strafford's devotion to the King? Would he have crouched as the vile creature of a brutal despot? Would he, whatever might be his ambition, have sacrificed the nation to the arbitrary rule of a capricious sovereign? Would he have stood by the side of Charles the First had he believed the King that tyrant which is still the hollow echo of partisans? This is the question which should be resolved.

The style of the minister, indeed, is often an evidence of his resolution to support the King against that superior force under which Charles the First had of late succumbed. Strafford, confident in his own powers, could fearlessly have grappled with what he fatally deemed a chimerical faction.

If we look into some parts of Strafford's conduct, we may be convinced that at least he was sensible of the value of the Constitution; he solemnly swore this, as he laid his head on the block. He had felt as a Briton, and had been ranked among our Patriots. But at times to Strafford the power of the Commons seemed more evident than their authority. We know that Charles the First in his early manhood, after the ungenerous treatment he had received from his first Parliament, and repeated trials to gain their favour, abhorred or perhaps dreaded the very name; and since that long-passed day he had gained nothing by concessions but a sense of his own weakness. But his minister was not hostile to Parliaments; it was by his persuasion that they were assembled; and he iterated his prayers that the King and his Parliament should meet in mutual confidence. (1) This fact of itself would be sufficient to discover the limits the minister seems in his mind to have set to his devotion to the King; this is not denied by his enemies, but they have neutralised its merit; one, by maliciously assuring us he only meant dependent Parliaments, (2) another by maintaining that he merely prudentially referred to Parliaments at times, in order to save himself from the very fate he met with. (3) Strafford was perhaps a superior minister who anticipated a happier era when the monarch might find in his Parliament a source of strength, and the Parliament in the Sovereign a source of honour.

(1) I shall transcribe a passage on the Irish Parliament, which will at least convey some notion of Strafford's opinion of all the Parliaments in Charles's reign.

"The Parliament is ended here; the King, I trust, well satisfied in the service done him, and, if I be not much mis'aken, his subjects infinitely satisfied in particular regards towards them, which indeed is the happy effects of Parliaments. And yet *this is the only ripe Parliament that hath been gathered in my time, all the rest have been a green fruit broken from the bough*, which, as you know, are never so kindly or pleasant. Happy it were if we might see the like in England; every thing in its season—this time it becomes us to pray for, and, when God sends it, to make the right use of it."—Strafford's Letters, i., 420.

(2) Macaulay, ii., 461. (3) Brodie, iii., 82.

It was at one of those awful and opposite crises which approximate to revolution, that the minister Strafford stood forth, the champion of his sovereign. Strafford had ruled that land of Ire—as Fuller quaintly but expressively calls that unhappy country, long conquered by its neighbour, and ever in war with its own children — with firmness and wisdom. The acts for which he was impeached chiefly relate to his Irish administration; but we know that that government has always been irregular from obvious causes, and too often compelled to resort to martial law. Mrs. Macaulay, replying to those who asserted that the sentence by which Strafford fell was not according to statute law, plausibly insisted that "circumstances may arise of so peculiar and urgent a nature as to render it necessary for the legislative power to exceed the strict letter of the law." (1) Abstract positions like these are equally strong on either side; Strafford might have defended his own troubled administration in Ireland by adopting the very argument which was pointed for his destruction. Strafford himself was so unconscious of criminality, in the government of Ireland, that he appealed to it as the evidence of his able administration; nor was this entirely denied by his adversaries. Never was this minister taken more by surprise than when Pym, having opened his introduction to the trial, a sealed paper was produced which appeared to be sent from the Irish Parliament, purporting that the Commons there had voted the Earl guilty of high-treason. Strafford was startled; at once he saw through the long scene which was opening on him—exclaiming that "There was a conspiracy against him to take his life!" (2) Pym and his Committee remonstrated with the Lords that he who stood impeached of treason had dared to accuse the Parliament of a conspiracy against him. The Earl was compelled on his knees to retract his words. Strafford, however, here betrayed no deficient sagacity. It was indeed one of the preliminaries of a conspiracy, by getting up an impeachment among the Commons at Dublin to prepare the minds and prejudice the passions of the Parliament at London.

The situation of the minister was surrounded by the most thorny difficulties; he felt them, and he pleaded for them. "Do not, my Lords," cried the oppressed statesman when before the tribunal of the nation —"do not put greater difficulties upon the Ministers of State than that with cheerfulness they may serve the King and the State, for, if you will examine them by every grain, or every little weight, it will be so heavy that the public affairs of the kingdom will be left waste, and no man will meddle with them that hath wisdom and honour and fortune to lose."

A strong administration is not a popular one, and it has never been difficult to render the commanding genius of a great minister odious to the people. In the case of Strafford, unparalleled artifices were directed to this single purpose. "The brutish multitude," as Sir Philip Warwick indignantly calls them, at the decapitation of Strafford, exulted that "his head was off!" They had been persuaded that that was the cure for all their grievances; but the great statesman of France, when he heard of the event, which in some measure he had himself promoted, sarcastically remarked that "the English nation were so foolish that they would not let the wisest head among them stand on its own shoulders." The people and the minister seem to be placed in an opposite position to each other, whenever the safety of the State demands a severe administration; such a hapless minister is converting into enemies at least one portion of that kingdom whose stability costs him so many vigils, and whose very prosperity may gather strength to rise up against him. Some of the greatest ministers, who have guided the fortunes of Europe, would not have proved to be less criminal than Strafford, had they encountered judges and enemies as terrible—as Richelieu in France, Pombal in Portugal, and Pitt in England. Nothing is less difficult than to make a minister, who has been long in office, a criminal, if his enemies are his accusers. But in comparing Strafford with other great ministers, his situation had this peculiarity; the party opposed to the minister had an army in their pay; the reverse has been more usual.

If ever a great minister could have saved a sinking State, the mind of Strafford was competent to that awful labour; but his lofty spirit was to be mortified by his own personal defects, and to succumb beneath the rising genius of the age, which was developing its mighty limbs in the darkness of intrigue and revolution. His imperturbable courage

(1) Macaulay, ii., 463.

(2) Whitelocke's Memorials, 40.

would have wrestled with the daring aspirations and tumultuous force of popular ambition; but the crisis of a kingdom had come, and he could not give stability to what was passing away, nor have dispersed what was soon to overwhelm; nor could he repair the incapacity, the supineness, and the treachery of so many others. Imperious, vindictive, confident in his own energy, and, above all, devoted to the sovereign—yet could his implacable enemies only triumph by counting up the infirmities of fourteen years!

Whatever has been alleged in diminution of the odium which the leaders of the Patriotic party incur for the condemnation of death passed on this minister, it must remain a perpetual example of the passions of Parliament. If we consult the journals of the House of Commons, we may find how even a noble cause may terminate in an ignoble effect, whenever the end is made to sanctify the means, and the wisdom to disguise the error. At those moments and at such a crisis, justice may be forced down by the ardour of numbers, and truth may vanish amidst the illusions of the passions. It was quite evident that the party of Pym had meditated on a Government of terror, and to cement the popular cause by the blood of their governors. Laud was immured, and this greater victim lay in their hands—they had triumphed, and the public cause which they had adopted had consecrated that triumph. Had the Parliamentary leaders, with ordinary humanity and higher wisdom, shown themselves to have been honourable in their means, and dignified in their end, they would have been the great moral masters of the nation—and of Europe. They could have degraded the unhappy minister, despoiled him of his power and his honours, reduced him, as Charles offered, "to be not fit to serve even the office of a constable," and exiled him from his fatherland; but they practised the meanest artifices, and closed by that astonishing act of injustice, when, to condemn the minister, his prosecutors submitted to become themselves criminal. He whom they despaired to make guilty, they at once convicted.

But it is the result of evil measures which ought to teach us to dread them. Evil measures, when they are suffered to become popular, create a taste for evil; then it is that the wicked rejoice, and the iniquitous are never satiated with triumphs. The undisguised dereliction of legal justice in the case of Strafford was but a prelude to the many which were to follow. An English Marat of that day, as an apology for the present and for future "legal murders," tells us their secret. "There is," says this barbarous politician, "a *necessitated policy* that my Lord of Strafford and some others should be given up, as a just sacrifice to appease the people." (1) The French Revolution is abundant in facts which confirm "the necessitated policy" of the demagogues.

The most illustrious of foreigners, on these odious proscriptions of individuals, which open such a wide field for intrigues and personal hatreds, has noticed our bill of Attainder. He classes it with those laws of Athens and of Rome, by which an individual was condemned by the suffrages of thousands of the people. The various ostracisms which have been practised by some States seem more akin to it; but the people, who could not tolerate eminent virtue or eminent genius, only betrayed their own weakness, yet were not the less unjust and cruel—but these ostracisms were bloodless! Cicero would have such laws abolished, for this admirable reason, because the force of law consists in being made for the whole community. When Montesquieu delivered his own opinion, he was awed by the great reputation of the English nation; he conceived our Constitution perfect, and us as men without passions. The foreigner has done us more honour than in the example of Strafford we have merited. He concludes his chapter thus: "I must own, notwithstanding, that the practice of the freest nation that ever existed induces me to think that there are cases in which we must cast a veil over liberty, as formerly they concealed the statues of the gods." The brilliant Montesquieu, as if he were composing his *Temple de Gnide* instead of *L'Esprit des Loix*, gives the fancies of a poet for the severe truths of a legislator. Beccaria is not of the opinion of Montesquieu.

The tragical history of the Earl of Strafford is among those crimes in our history which are only chastised by the philosophical historian. The passions of contemporaries and the prejudices of posterity are marshalled against the magnanimous minister, immolated to the mysterious purposes of a powerful party, who remorselessly pleaded, to cover their shame, in the style of Caiaphas, "It is expedient for us, that one man should die for

(1) A pamphlet of the day, entitled "The Earl of Strafford characterised." 1641.

the people." Strafford perished for a crime which no law recognised, and which Pym himself, when confounded by the indignant glance of the noblo prisoner at the bar, rendered inexplicable, by calling it "Treason far beyond the power of words!" Strafford might have left the bar of his peers as a guilty man—as it was, he left it only as a persecuted one. The ferocious triumph could only be satiated by an inglorious homicide!

CHAPTER LIII.

Army Plot.—History of Colonel Goring.—Pym's Management of the Plot.—Defence of Lord Clarendon and Hume.

The Army plot, as it is called, spread a consternation through the kingdom, and is still more remarkable for its immense consequences, not only as it hastened the catastrophe of Strafford's execution, but as, at no distant day, it instigated Parliament, from their jealous fears of the military, to demand the militia; a usurpation which fell little short of dethroning the King, and which terminated in the civil war. So important an incident has given rise to opposite opinions and statements between the great parties who now divide our English history; the aim of one is to substantiate the reality of the plot, and criminate the King; the other deny it altogether, and insist that it was a mere artifice of faction.

The history of this plot is involved in great obscurity; it changed its face more than once—and a contradictory tale has been shaped by opposite parties, suiting it to their own purpose. To unravel the perplexed skein of these intrigues—to analyse the contending elements of this confused compound—has been the labour of some of our contemporaries, and still remains to exercise our curiosity and our candour.

All parties have agreed that the origin of this Army-plot was a rising jealousy of the Scottish army. The arrears of the English army had remained undischarged, and in other respects they had of late suffered a studied neglect. (1) An English military force, in truth, was no longer required by Englishmen who had adopted a foreign policy, had invited invaders, and, for the benefits already conferred, chorused that cheering burthen to their street-ballads, which the honest Covenanter Baillie exultingly gives—"the binding word ever," as he calls it, was,

"Gramercy, good Scot!"

The English officers had witnessed convoys of moneys pass by their quarters to their northern brethren. Officers unpaid would mutually communicate their dissatisfaction, and there was no difficulty in agreeing that the Parliament, and not the King, neglected them. Many of these officers were members of the House and young men; Wilmot, then commissary, had boldly told the Speaker, when passing a vote of money, on the urgent demands of the Scots, that if the Scots could get money by sending up a piece of paper, he did not see why the English should not use the same easy messenger. Hence seems to have originated, in those petitioning days, the first idea of a military petition. It is evident that the strong partialities of the ruling party in tho Commons were wholly bent towards the "dear brethren," whom they would consider as an army far deeper engaged in their interets than their own English, among whom doubtless were many friends of the King. A petition was drawn up by Percy, the brother of the Earl of Northumberland, subscribed by Wilmot, Ashburnham, O'Neal, and a few others—the professed object was to settle the King's revenue, which would include their own; without infringing on the liberties of the subject, or on the sacredness of the laws. This paper was shown in a secret conference with some of the confidential servants of the royal party. The present subscribers were desirous of procuring the King's approval by some testimony which might serve to engage others. More than one draught of the petition was made, ere Charles put his initials C. R., to one, as a mark that he had perused and approved of it.

Percy addressed a letter to his brother, which some have thought was concocted to exculpate himself and the King towards the Parliament, (2) by criminating some of his

(1) Mrs. Macaulay, the perpetual advocate for the Parliament, pleads for her party: "The English army, without attending to circumstances, or comprehending the difficulties the Commons lay under, showed symptoms of great displeasure." (ii., 446.) It is lamentable, for the cause of truth, that these political advocates, whenever reduced to frame apologies, never for once look to "the difficulties" which the unfortunate monarch "lay under." But what were "these difficulties of the Commons?" They had involved themselves in a dark labyrinth of intrigues, and they were compelled to sacrifice even themselves to the idol which their own hands had made.

(2) The Parliamentarians, not satisfied with Percy's letter, insinuate that he suppressed much

associates. Percy tells us that on his first interview with the King he discovered that others had been treating before him; and, as he asserts, on principles contrary to those originally proposed, "inclining a way more high and sharp, not having limits either of honour or law." Already the Army-plot was assuming an altered countenance.

Colonel Goring, afterwards Lord Goring, who became distinguished during the Civil War by his active intrigues, was now by the King's earnest desire admitted of the party, as also was Jermyn, the favourite of the Queen. Goring proposed the most daring designs, which Percy declares were positively rejected by all present, and in his interviews with the King more than once forbidden by the King himself. Goring was anxious to learn who was to be the Commander-in-chief, while he himself refused any subordinate place. Several noblemen were mentioned by different persons, but no one proposed the Colonel himself. After a great debate nothing was concluded. The conspirators, if these petitioners can be so called, now discovered that they consisted at least of two opposed parties; the one restricting themselves to moderate measures, while the other seemed intent on nothing less than maintaining the King's absolute power.

According to Percy's narrative, in consequence of the disagreement of the parties, the whole project was laid aside—it had vanished! Goring seems to confirm this account of their inconclusive debates, in his pretended confession to the Parliament. "Certainly, if they had stayed where I left them, there was no conclusion at all. It appears there were two several intentions digested by others (he avoids to say by whom), before they were communicated to me; and I know not whether my hearkening to them was a fault, but I am sure it was no misfortune."(1) According to Percy, Goring was the spokesman of the party who proposed "the violent courses"—the rescue of Strafford, and the march of the army to London. Goring on this point contrived an artful evasion. He told the Parliament, "I endeavoured to show them that as the design would be impious if the most desperate counsels had been followed, so it would be the weakest that ever was undertaken if they were omitted." By this ingenious turn Goring would screen himself by concealing the fact of himself having proposed "these desperate counsels." Probably not one of the party could have recollected the Colonel's mention of the warm condemning epithet, "impious."

Some time after—the precise interval which would be material to fix on has not, however, been ascertained—Goring reveals the Army-plot, which no longer existed, and whose object appears never to have been determined, to his friend the Earl of Newport, the Governor of the Tower, who having conducted him to the Earl of Bedford and Lord Mandeville, they, to relieve themselves from the weight of this dangerous communication, hastened to inform the other leaders of the Parliamentary party. Percy, Jermyn, and others of the Army-cabal, received private notice that they were betrayed, though it was not known by whom; for Goring required that his name at present should beconcealed. They instantly took flight; so suddenly, that Jermyn had not time to change his dress, and went off "in his black satin suit, and white boots," which circumstance was adduced as evidence by the Parliament that the courtly bean had not intended to leave England on that day which the King's warrant he carried with him pretended. The flight of nearly all the party tended to confirm the deposition of Goring, and their guilt, and struck a universal panic, which greatly served the purposes of the anti-Straffordians.

The moment which Goring chose to divulge this Army-plot was most favourable to the views of that party, who were in great want of some fresh collateral aid to lay the head of Strafford on the block; and Goring was quite certain of thus recommending himself to their high favour. He seems to have watched for the lucky hour.

Lord Mandeville, afterwards Lord Kimbolton, and finally Earl of Manchester, who was so perfectly acquainted with the history of his times, and a chief actor in them, is an authority as unquestionable as impartial. His Lordship has in explicit terms declared the motives of Goring's treachery, and the dexterity and artifice with which he chose this particular moment for his discovery. "Col. Goring, whose ambition was not answered in being promised the place of Lieutenant-General of the army, and finding others em-

which he knew, while Echard, a writer on the opposite side, asserts that Percy was induced by Pym to send this letter that his companions might be criminated, and thus furnish "a double evidence" preparatory to "a complete discovery."

(1) Nalson, ii., 275.

ployed whose persons he disliked, he having a full information from Mr. Percy and Mr. Jermyn of all the design, thought it would tend most to his security and advantage to reveal the conspiracy, and, being versed in all the methods of falsehood, he chose the time and means which he thought would be most acceptable to the Parliament." (1)

The canses which Lord Mandeville has assigned for the conduct of Goring, we can confirm from other sources. We have the remark which Jermyn privately made to Goring, on Goring's objecting, as Goring pretends in his deposition, to marching the army to London. "You do not," said Jermyn, "dislike the design; for you are as ready for any wild mad undertaking as any man I know; but you dislike the temper of those persons who are engaged in the business." (2)

But we have another authority which Lord Mandeville could not have seen, which confirms the motive assigned for Goring's abandonment of the party which he had evidently joined—it is that of the Queen herself, who informed Madame de Motteville that Goring was enraged at the disappointment of not having been chosen General-in-chief. However strenuously Goring denied before Parliament that he had ever contemplated on the desperate designs so dexterously ascribed by him to others, the Queen's story proves quite the contrary, and confirms the narrative of Percy. (3) Goring had proposed to rescue Strafford; but Wilmot had entertained a similar project; each unknown to the other. The ambition, if not the zeal, of both these military adventurers was equal. The King and the Queen, to whom these officers had separately, in confidence, communicated their design, dared not give a preference to either, certain by their choice of converting into a dangerous enemy the other, and dreading at that critical moment a discovery of this secret intercourse with the army. The perplexed monarch inclined to give the command to Goring, and to satisfy Wilmot by the equivalent of another splendid appointment. The courtly Jermyn, Master of the Horse to the Queen, the suavity of whose manners was imagined could not fail to reconcile these contending interests, and who valued himself on the impossible faculty of pleasing all and displeasing none, was dispatched to persuade either of these officers to relinquish the chief command to the other; but Jermyn found that his flatteries and cajoleries were quite inefficient with these sturdy and secret rivals.

It may, perhaps, be deemed a most uncertain thing to assign the motives of a person of the character of Goring. Bold in enterprise, dexterous at any sudden emergency, and scornful of danger, with considerable abilities, he was, however, dissipated in his habits, and utterly profligate in his principles. If this volatile man were impatient at the vacillating and timid conduct of the King and the Queen, if he did not much like some of his associates, and perhaps suspected the fidelity of others, if he were too proud to play a subordinate part, all this might account for his desertion of that party, but will hardly for his avowed perjury, and his reckless treachery. The truth is that Goring, versatile in his conduct, was apparently of no party, but dexterously and cunningly profiting by both. His whole life was a series of such acts. He would have been willing to have obliged both parties, would both have been satisfied to have been betrayed. He gave a remarkable instance of this duplicity on the present occasion. Jermyn, on his flight, ran off to Portsmouth to his friend Goring, who was the Governor, and who at that moment he knew not was his betrayer. Jermyn had a royal warrant to procure a frigate; Goring had just received an order from Parliament to arrest Jermyn. He hurried his friend aboard, and pocketed the order from the Parliament, pretending afterwards that it had reached him an hour too late. When Governor of Portsmouth, he took large supplies of money from the Parliament for fortifying the place, and at the same time from the King to admit the Royalists on some favourable opportunity. He declared that he held the place faithful to the King and Parliament for their use, and not to be delivered up but by both their consents; and, finally, having first decided for himself,

(1) Nalson, ii., 273, from the MS. Memoirs of the Earl of Manchester.

(2) Rushworth, iv., 284.

(3) Percy charges Gering with proposing "the violent courses," while Goring asserts that he knew nothing of the plot till it was communicated to him by Percy. Here is a palpable contradiction by the parties themselves; but the veracity of Percy may be trusted. Goring swore to Sir Philip Warwick, which oath, observes Warwick, "was no great assurance," that he never revealed the plot till he knew that the chief members of both Houses were before acquainted with it. The Earl of Manchester's and the Queen's account agree with Percy's narrative.

passed over into France with the money he had received on both sides, without breaking his promise to either. It was his pride to cozen, and then laugh in the best humour at him whom he had cozened.

Goring seems always to have relied on the ingenuity of his own duplicity, on the gracefulness of his person, and his consummate address; these resources he could command at all times; to be deceived by him was sometimes to love him, for he showed himself to be an excellent actor on the most critical exigencies. Accused, he had always the art of persuading others of his integrity. Lord Digby, having listened to his tale of the Army-plot, where Goring, on his own unavoidable confession, was guilty of a wilful perjury in consorting with persons under the most solemn oath of secrecy, with a reserved intention to betray them, his Lordship indignantly exclaimed, that "He was a perjured man!" Goring, pathetically appealing to the Commons for having broken all former ties of amity for his present duty as a subject, cunningly professed that the military were to submit themselves to Parliament in passive obedience, which he did not weakly express thus, "It belongs to an army to maintain, not to contrive, the acts of State." The Commons, gratified by this profession of unlimited obedience, not only voted that Colonel Goring had done nothing contrary to justice or honour, but also voted the expulsion of Lord Digby from the House, as unworthy to continue any longer a member!

Dissimulation was the habit of the man who could be at once a favourite with the Parliament, and at all times could ingratiate himself with the King. Clarendon has given one of his finest touches to the portrait: "He would appear with a bashfulness so like innocence, when in truth it was a formed impudence to deceive; and, with a disorder so like reverence, when he had the highest contempt of them." Goring was a man whom no oath of secrecy could bind, and whose oath on any occasion, even by his friends, was not deemed as any proof of evidence. (1) Of such a man it is as vain to conjecture the motives, as it is difficult to comprehend the views, when we examine his mutable actions. When he first met the Army-confederacy, proposed the most desperate schemes, and aspired to the command, his ardent ambition might vouch for his sincerity; but when he disliked to act with some of his new associates, he cared not how soon he broke with them, and, courting the Parliament by a very timely service, in divulging a plot which seems to have no longer existed, he secured his own safety, and his own good fortune—reckless of a soldier's honour, with a dispensation granted by the House of Commons from all moral obligation.

In this little comedy of a confused plot, there was an under one. Mrs. Macaulay tells us that "The Queen, who without the requisite talents had more than a female propensity to intrigue, entered with greater violence than judgment into the extreme of the King's proposition of bringing the army up to London, to surprise the Tower and overawe the Parliament." In this great conspiracy Henrietta's confidential agents were Davenant and Suckling, and she adds "a Mr. Jermyn." Why "a Mr.?" Our historian must have been as familiar with that name as any other in Clarendon's History; she here betrays that feminine disposition which she has herself so singularly confessed. Our lady democrat, indulging not only her sexual but her political "propensity," delighted thus to spurn at the silken favourite of the Queen; the future Earl of St. Alban's, and afterwards the secret consort of Henrietta. In love affairs can a female historian grow malicions in imagination, and tinge with the gall of jealousy or envy the page of obsolete amours?

Tho agents assigned to the Queen were certainly the sort of counsellors quite suitable to Henrietta's profound politics of which she has been so gravely accused. It may be easily imagined that the plots of these gentlemen were romantic, well adapted for one of the Queen's pastorals; they were more expert in such dénouements than they ever showed themselves in political ones.

Pym wound up the public to the highest pitch of dismay and curiosity, by rumours, and afterwards by gradual disclosures, for partial revelations produced more effect than would the whole, had it been at once revealed. He first broke the alarming though yet obscure intelligence to the House, of "desperate designs both at home and abroad." They were in a mood to imagine more than was told. They sate from seven in the morning to eight at night. Indignant as much as terrified, the Commons resolved instantly on "a Protestation," not only to be signed by all the members, but shortly after ordered by themselves, for the Lords first threw out the

(1) Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs.

Bill, though they afterwards subscribed it—"that the Protestation should be subscribed by the whole nation!" (1)

This was in fact the Scottish Covenant—so closely they copied in all their proceedings that model, which, so long admired, was now delightful to imitate. It had rested in their thoughts, and, as we shall find, it now crept into their Parliamentary style. A short time previous, that honest Covenanter Baillie had hinted to the Presbytery of Irvine, that "the lower House is more united than ever, and they say *not far from a Covenant.*" He was no fallible prophet, for he was in all their secrets, and a short time after writing on this fierce debate he exclaims, "Blessed be the name of the Lord! They all swore and subscribed the Writ. I hope in substance our Scottish Covenant." And the politic Covenanter remarks, "We see now that it hath been in a happy time that so much time hath been lost about Strafford's head." This humane man, maddened by his Presbyterial notions, loses even in his language any decent sympathy, and notices "the head of Strafford" as the slayer would his stalled ox. But the zealot was right enough in his notion of the Scottish Covenant of the English Parliament! Sir John Wray in his anti-papistical, anti-episcopal, and choicely puritanic speech, this day took care to remind them of that Israelitish term, and he seems to have had the merit of introducing that biblical oratory which so long after illumined this new style of the British Senate. "Let us endeavour to become holy pilgrims (not papists) and endeavour to be loyal covenanters with God and the King; first binding ourselves by a Parliamentary or national oath (not Straffordian nor a Prelatical one) to preserve our religion entire and pure without the least compound of superstition and idolatry, Mr. Speaker! making Jerusalem our chiefest joy, we shall be a blessed nation. But if we shall let go our Christian hold and lose our Parliament-proof, and old English well-tempered mettle, let us take heed that our buckler break not, our Parliament melt not, and our golden candlestick be not removed." Matters must have advanced very far when such a speech in the English Parliament was not only listened to, but seemed worthy of being recorded. (2)

Hume has said of this famous "Protestation," that "in itself it was very inoffensive, even insignificant, containing nothing but general declarations." The passionless historian, in the calm of his study, saw little more in this extraordinary act of the Commons but an incident to be recorded. The Covenanter of that day, however, grimly rejoiced, and Father Philips, the Queen's confessor, with tremulous nerves, wrote, "The Protestation is much like, but much worse than, the Scottish Covenant."

If we now look at this State-document, we may consider it as conveying to us a singular mixture of the two distinct parties in the House, who were then acting for different ends, though acting in unity—the Puritanic and the political. Hence we find the party who had chiefly in view "the true reformed religion," inveighing against "Papistry," while the Politicians—they had hardly yet earned the distinction of Republicans—whose theme was "tyrannical Government," did not fail to lay great stress on "Illegal taxes." This famous Protestation was drawn up in heat and haste, and, by an expression which none complained of at the moment, offended their friends out of the House, and flurried the Covenanters. The Commons had declared in their Protestation that they were "to protect and defend the true reformed Protestant religion expressed in the doctrine of the Church of England." This phrase, doubtless, had long been Parliamentary, and they had been so accustomed to it, that it naturally occurred in their eagerness to draw up their national "Covenant." But the doctrine of the Church of England included Episcopal government, which they were fast overturning, and rites and ceremonies which they had formally denounced as Romish. Many pretended they could not subscribe to maintain an establishment they had resolved to destroy, and doctrines which they were perpetually disavowing. The Commons were reduced to the humiliating necessity of sending after their Protestation an explanation of

(1) Two Lords refused their signatures, alleging that they knew of no law that enjoined it, and that the consequence of such voluntary engagements might produce effects that were not intended.

(2) In the true spirit of party-writing, the wretched Oldmixon calls this "a true English speech—how piquant and pleasing is the blunt honesty of this Lincolnshire knight!" and contrasts it with "the long sentences, the sophistry and affectation, in Lord Clarendon's florid discourses." All that we can add of this "honest Lincolnshire knight" is, that his sagacity lay as much in his nose as in his brains, when he smelt gunpowder in the House, and spread a panic by land and water, as we have already noticed. See p. 329.

their meaning, which was that, by the doctrines of the Church of England, they meant nothing more than whatever it held contrary to Popery, and Popish innovations, without extending to its government and ceremonies. In a word they meant nothing more by the Church of England but what the Kirk of Scotland, in its spiritual illumination, allowed to all Christians—viz., all they enjoined and nothing they disliked. This is a striking instance of the passions of Parliament! When Charles the First found himself compelled to publish an explanation of the famous "Petition of Right," to prevent the country from misconceiving its purport and his assent, the King heard only the scream of insurgency, but in the present case, where the Commons were fixed in the same dilemma, their time-serving and factious Explanation was embraced by their Covenanting friends with Hallelujahs!

Clarendon's account of the Army-plot, Mr. Brodie, with more than the severity of a partisan, has charged as "exceedingly disingenuous, and even inconsistent," and convicts Clarendon of having, on this particular occasion as well as on another, in both of which he (Clarendon) is mistaken, (1) fabricated a spurious document. With a freedom which exceeds even that of historical inquiry, Mr. Brodie, in more than one place, repeats his condemnation of the noble writer as "a dexterous forger of speeches and letters," from an ingenuous story told of himself in his own life of his adroitness in adopting the peculiarities of the style of others. Clarendon once displayed this facolty in two political *jeux d'esprit*, in the shape of the speeches of the eccentric Earl of Pembroke, for an accommodation with the King, and the Puritan Lord Brooke, for utterly rooting ont all courtiers. The contrast was amusing, and the speeches were inserted in some of the Diurnals. The sullen gravity of our contemporary heavily criminates these pleasantries of the day. Charles the First, who had flattered himself that he could never fail in discovering Clarendon by his impressive style, and who backed his critical discernment by wagering an angel with Lord Falkland, had only the merit of being deceived and charmed by the adroitness of the mimetic genius of the immortal writer. (2)

But Lord Clarendon must be judged by our candour, as well as by the passions of party. We must adjust our views to that point of sight whence he contemplated the scene.

Clarendon, as far as the King stood implicated in marching the army to London, which he says "was the chief matter alleged," calls the plot "an imposture," and he was even warranted to infer by the letter of Percy to his brother, the Earl of Northumberland, that "it is evident there was no plot at all!"

But to turn the Army-plot into a *ruse* of the party, and to show the little danger which they had attached to it, Clarendon charges Pym and others with agitating the public mind and raising terrifying tumults, while they never divulged the plot till three months after the presumed discovery. Here the noble writer supposes that the discovery was made nearly as early as the plot was concerted; the confederacy occurring in March, while the plot was only publicly denounced in May. Mr. Brodie detects, as he concludes, the inaccuracy of Clarendon. But he should have acknowledged that the incident was obscure; its correctness depended on the precise date of Goring's first communication to the party. This has not been satisfactorily ascertained. If the Queen's account be correct, Clarendon may not have widely erred, for the Queen said, that on the very night of the interview with Jermyn, when Goring found that he was disappointed of the chief command, stung with anger, he hurried to discover the whole design. Mr. Brodie acknowledges that the plot was imperfectly known to Pym about twelve days before the public disclosure. It was let out by parcels—which answered the purpose better than had the whole been

(1) See Brodie, iii., 306, where in a note alluding to "the Porters' Petition," which Clarendon has given, and which Mr. Brodie, ashamed even of his ridiculous "Radicals," has "no hesitation in pronouncing a forgery by that author." Mr. Hallam has chastised this precipitate and passionate historian, by referring to the Journals where this very petition is fully noticed.

(2) Political fictions are dangerous; for we historians, who are always grave, are not always sagacious. Such extemporary pleasantries, and sometimes lampoons, as these of Clarendon, were practised by others—it was a fashion with the wits, who were chiefly Loyalists. Butler forged, as Mr. Brodie, a sound advocate, could prove. Sir John Birkenhead was a clever fellow at these spurious speeches and letters. President Bradshaw, on his death-bed, was made to recant what he never recanted; Henderson, the polemic, was thrown into the same state. This was practised as well on the other side. Two speeches are printed of Strafford's full of contrition for his past conduct, which he never could have spoken; we have the authentic speech taken by Rushworth himself when on the scaffold.

known at once. Mr. Brodie concedes something still more, when he does not deny that during this very period, while the nature of the plot remained vague and unknown, it was, however, carefully noised about the city, and had stirred up the tumults. The party, therefore, in conformity with their new system of policy, had been providently spreading the infection of a panic, though they were yet ignorant whether the causes of their terror were at all adequate to the immense consequences they were producing.

Clarendon has given "the Petition of the Officers," which has not elsewhere been preserved; and it has excited surprise how the noble writer obtained the copy of a petition, which is acknowledged to have been destroyed. This "petition," Mr. Brodie shows, "carries on its face the most unequivocal marks of fabrication"—indeed it alludes to events which did not happen till after the time assigned to it. This strange discordance Rapin had already detected, and justly inferred that the petition inserted in Clarendon's history could not be the real one, which Mr. Brodie amply confirms.

Yet must not the more recent historian be indulged in the gratuitous triumph of his self-complacency, when he exclaims, that "he has set Lord Clarendon's veracity at rest." Clarendon, after all, was not a forger, as Mr. Brodie from too warm prepossessions hastily imagines. The fact is, that the petition is what it professes to be, but it has been erroneously assigned to a period to which it does not belong. To such a mistake the collectors of historical documents, undated, are liable. Had his Lordship attentively examined it at the moment of its insertion into his history, he too might have discovered the error; but such papers were probably collected at distant periods, and, further, it appears that an Amanuensis usually transcribed these state-papers into the manuscript of the noble writer. This petition of the officers was drawn up several months after the time assigned to it in Clarendon's history, by Captain O'Neale, and other of the army royalists. (1) This is a curious instance where an historian has been condemned during half a century for an imposture on apparently the most obvious evidence, till the sagacity of the later historian has detected the accidental inadvertence, and vindicated the honour of the elder.

Mr. Brodie's observation on Hume is a specimen of unphilosophical taste. He scolds that illustrious philosopher for ridiculing the idea of marching the army to London; but "ridicule," adds the graver Scotsman, "which is a species of argument that he always uses, will never rebut the most decisive proofs that the thing was contemplated;" and Hume overlooks the circumstance of military assistance being expected from France —assistance from Catholics, etc., while the metropolis would be in the power of the army. (2)

The argument of Hume, however, is perfectly serious and to me conclusive. "The King rejected the idea as foolish, because the Scots who were in arms, and lying in their neighbourhood, must be at London as soon as the English army. This reason is so solid and convincing that it leaves no room to doubt of the veracity of Percy's evidence, and consequently acquits the King of this terrible plot of bringing up the army, which made such a noise at the time, and was a pretence for so many violences." "This terrible plot" seemed to Mr. Brodie the most exquisite ridicule! (3)

(1) We owe this detection to the acuteness of Mr. Hallam, who, by the very document which Mr. Brodie has printed, was enabled to discover the fact which Mr. Brodie had overlooked, at the very moment he was so bitterly criminating Clarendon for having fallen into a similar mischance.

(2) Brodie, iii., 115.

(3) The judicious Malcolm Laing indulges an odd fancy which Mr. Brodie has no difficulty in adopting. He says that "a part of the army would have sufficed to march against the Parliament, while the main body remained to oppose the Scots." This might have happened had the Scots been less shrewd than they showed themselves to be at all times during this reign. But supposing that the English army had marched to London from York, and taken the whole Parliament prisoners, and this is supposing an impossibility, they would still have to fight with an enemy of undiminished strength, and flushed even by a triumphant invasion. But a circumstance more important has been overlooked by these writers. The communications between the Scots and their paymasters, the Parliament, were so closely kept up, and each so entirely depended on the other, that had any part of the English army moved towards the Metropolis, it would inevitably have produced a battle, or a pursuit. When Malcolm Laing refers to the petition in Clarendon, "where the officers say," to secure the King and Parliament from such future insolencies, etc., they would wait upon him, "that is, to march directly to London," Mr. Brodie eagerly repeats this confirmation of Malcolm Laing's idea. But neither of these writers was aware that the petition they were referring to had been drawn up at a subsequent period, and by another party. Their premises, therefore, being false, their conclusions can be no otherwise.

What "military assistance was to be expected from France?" Pym indeed declared "that the French were drawing down their army in all 'haste to the sea side.'" This must have been one of his chimeras to alarm the mob. We discover no such movements in French history. Richelieu still was in the vigour of his administration, and we are acquainted with the vindictive policy which the great Cardinal had successfully adopted to depress the English Monarch; Richelieu was at that moment the secret ally of the Scots, and, had circumstances admitted, would not have scrupled being the ally of the English Parliament. Charles had already sternly refused to submit to his aid. The idea of a French invasion, particularly that Portsmouth was to be given up to them, could only have originated in the false rumours which were perpetually renewed by the encourager of political panics, and which are gravely recorded by their historian as secrets of state.

The Army-plot seems to be a jumble of incidents and cross-purposes. The first malcontents, consisting of young officers of distinction, had confined their attempts to the prevalent mode of redress, so freely exercised at that moment—a petition to Parliament. Unquestionably when those eminent officers, who were all Royalists, consulted the King on the form of their proposed petition, it renewed the hope of Charles of recovering his regal influence over the military. The King, however, proceeded so cautiously in the style of the petition, that more than one was destroyed before he confidentially ventured to affix his initials.

A distinguished military adventurer, Colonel Goring, who seems to have contemplated making his fortune in one day, proposed the daring measure of the march of the army to the Metropolis. We are told by Percy, that this mad project was instantly rejected by the first petitioners, and twice by the King himself, for its folly and impracticability. It was indeed a scheme suitable to the romantic notions of the Queen and the heated fancies of her pair of poets, and her courtly Master of the Horse, who, however, ridiculed it in private. The parties who formed the confederacy could no longer agree—the whole project was given up—the petition was destroyed, and the confederacy was dissolved. Thus the Army-plot, as it is called, ceased to exist, if indeed it can be said that it ever commenced.

This was, however, a crisis, and the fate of Strafford was in suspense. Charles may have willingly listened to many a scheme for the abstraction of this victim of state. To what last effort would not Charles have submitted in order to hold himself guiltless of the murder of a great minister, and a faithful servant? The King had bowed down to his personal enemies, as he conceived some of them to be, in the new administration of the Earl of Bedford,—who pledged the life of Strafford for their admission into power. In his despair he probably listened to those adventurous spirits, who were projecting the rescue of the noble prisoner from the Tower. A passage in Strafford's farewell letter to his secretary, Sir Henry Slingsby, bears a dark indication of some uncertain project. (1) Sir John Suckling had procured a resolute captain, with a hundred picked men, to be admitted into the Tower, but Sir William Balfour, the Governor, was Scottish in heart, and afterwards showed himself a hero in the Parliament's service. Balfour refused the bribe of twenty-two thousand pounds, and the marriage of the daughter of Strafford with his son—the condition of his connivance at the meditated escape.

Pym, on the earliest communications of the army-plot, was unquestionably frightened—but not out of his wits—for from the first intimations, however they may have reached him, to the deposition of Goring, and the subsequent ones which gradually came out, this industrious master of intrigues never turned a plot to his own advantage with more dexterity, or ever invented one more successfully for its important results. The conspiracy of Catiline did not shake Rome with a more general panic, than that which now disturbed the metropolis, and rapidly spread through the kingdom. The terror that the King had still the military at command dismayed the hearts of the Commons, who seem to have felt themselves in the condition of Belshazzar when he beheld the hand-

(1) After the bill of Attainder had passed, Strafford in his farewell letter mysteriously writes—"God may yet, if it please him, deliver me—the person you were last withal at Court sent to move that business we resolved upon, which, if rightly handled, might perchance do something; but you know my opinion in all, and what my belief is in all these things—I advise you to absent yourself till you see what becomes of me. *If I live* there will be no danger for you to stay, but otherwise keep out of the way till I be forgotten."—Rushworth, viii., 774. It is quite evident that in his cup of adversity even its dregs were tinctured with some faint hopes.

writing on the wall—"the joints of my loins wore loosed, and my knees smote one against the other." And they manifested their terror by soon dispatching to the English army "four cart-loads of money, and more was ordered suddenly to follow." (1) So that the first petitioners who had concerted a petition, which was never presented, and who now were all in flight, are proved by the subsequent conduct of the Commons themselves not to have been quite so unreasonable in raising a mutiny—for their defrauded arrears!

As the evidence is in the King's favour, that he was not privy to "the wild mad undertaking," it has been insinuated by those who think it makes for their cause to implicate Charles the First, that the evidence was given by all parties in a manner not to lose the royal favour. It is remarkable that the greater number of those implicated in the Army-plot were Royalists, for they afterwards showed their personal attachment to the King. There had been nothing very strange, had Charles, considering the miserable condition to which he was now reduced, attempted to conciliate the favour of the army—the Commons themselves in their fright lost no time in doing it.

Such is the history of a plot which never occurred, but which was contrived by the arts of faction, and the skill of Pym, to produce the same results as if it had. It is the history of a confederacy, or a conspiracy where people were not all of one mind, and where oaths were probably taken with different intentions. The evidence is contradictory; for every one in criminating another was very cautious to spare himself. An oath of secrecy, said to have been taken, is denied by others on their oath; and a petition bearing the royal initials no one could produce. He who publicly perjured himself, furnished most of the details; others probably as carefully suppressed what has never reached us. And to make the end as obscure as the beginning, the Commons, having issued proclamations for apprehending the conspirators, and having taken them, never proceeded against one of these persons; every one seemed ready to vindicate himself and to criminate others.

But Pym was astute; he saw enough and imagined more; the plot which had been given up by the plotters to such a politic partisan was as serviceable as the plot which was going on. Clarendon might conscientiously affirm that "it was no plot at all," and believe too little of what had passed away; Brodie and Macaulay may maintain, with Pym, that it was a most desperate plot, and describe that which yet never existed. Had the army received their pay, we should have had no plot. And had Goring not perjured himself at the moment Pym eagerly grasped at all the benefits he knew how to derive from a Royalist plot, in the pending trial of Strafford, this affair would never have entered into our history—nor led to those mighty results which were soon to occur.

(1) Rushworth, iv., 292.

CHAPTER LIV.

The Marquis of Hamilton.

Mixed characters, when portrayed through all the shades of truth, are not drawn without difficulty; but the motives of subdolous and artificial men, belonging, as it were, to two opposite parties, yet governed by no other principle than their own preservation, may be as mutable as the events of their lives. Such persons at times may be as zealous in the cause they adopt as occasionally they may be equally prompt to betray it. To both parties the integrity of these characters becomes alike problematical. Of the Duke of Hamilton, and his brother the Earl of Lanerick, Warburton has not hesitated to declare that they were "both knaves," notwithstanding the apologies and the eulogies of Burnet; while Hume, as if his penetrating acuteness were at fault, could only decide that "the numerous accusations against Hamilton have neither been proved nor refuted."

The history of the Marquis of Hamilton affords a striking illustration of the true character of Charles the First—of its better and its infirm qualities; of that warmth in his personal attachments to which this monarch was so frequently a victim, having adopted for a principle of conduct "never to suspect nor desert his friends," and of that deficient discernment in human character which seems to have operated such a disastrous influence over his affairs.

What, indeed, is more endearing to a feeling heart than an inherited friendship? The constitutional temper of Charles was susceptible of this profound impression; and when the day came that Charles required a partner of his regal cares, he could only view in the son of the friend of his father that devoted

being who is not to be found among the casualties of life.

The father of the present Marquis had distinguished himself in the service of the late King, by his skilful conduct in the Scottish affairs, which had required great prudence and management. James the First had conferred on him a title which had never before been borne but by the royal blood—that of the Earl of Cambridge. Hamilton, indeed, was the nearest kinsman to the royal house of Scotland. Both the fathers had encouraged the mutual affections of the sons; and they had grown together in their prime. When Charles was Prince, young Hamilton was his frequent companion in "the hard chases of the stag and in the toilsome pleasures of a racket;" (1) and Hamilton was one of the young noblemen who hastened to wait on the Prince in Spain. Charles placed Hamilton on the same equality as Buckingham; the Prince called him by the endearing familiarity of his baptismal name, and "James" was as usual with the Prince, and afterwards the King, as "George." On the death of Buckingham, the Marquis enjoyed more of the royal favour than was even shared by his other kinsman, the Duke of Lennox, whose devotion to the King was shown, not only during the life, but after the death of Charles.

On the decease of his father, who died early, the Marquis of Hamilton withdrew into privacy; a remarkable step for a young nobleman; and those who have attempted to inquire into the cause of this secession have only clouded it over with mystery. Burnet has always ready a favourable motive for the conduct of the Hamiltons. The munificence of the father had so heavily encumbered the family estates, that the son could not maintain the same eminence at Court, and the pensive youth delighted in the retired life he led in the isle of Arran.

We may infer that the personal affection of Hamilton for the King was not of that nature which rendered his voluntary exile very painful. Charles, however, never forgot the companion of his youth, but often solicited his hermit-friend to return to Court, and accept the favours and the honours which he designed for him; even Buckingham offered his prodigal friendship. On the unexpected death of the favourite, the high office of Master of the Horse was pressed on him; Hamilton could no longer refuse; and from this day the Marquis possessed the boundless confidence of his royal master.

A beautiful instance of that generous if not that wise principle which Charles had adopted in the intercourse of friendship was shown to Hamilton. The Marquis, in his absence in Sweden, as General of the Scottish troops, which, by the secret orders of Charles, had joined Gustavus Adolphus, was accused of treasonable designs; it was hinted that even the life of the King was not safe in his hands. The Lord Treasurer, Weston, gave weight to the accusation, cautioning the King not to admit Hamilton to his bedchamber. Charles rejected the calumnious insinuation, and, on the return of the Marquis, privately communicated the infamous charge. The confusion of Hamilton was remarkable—Charles relieved him from the surprise by not suffering him to speak in his own vindication, but to put an end to the vile calumny, the King commanded the Marquis that very night to sleep in his bed-chamber! Hamilton often declared that he looked on this noble confidence, and the remembrance of that night, as having obliged him more than all the honours and bounties which he had received. (2)

When the troubles in Scotland broke out, it was a natural choice in Charles the First, among the numerous Scotchmen who formed so strong a party in his Court, to fix on the Marquis of Hamilton for the confidential office of his High Commissioner in Scotland. Not only was the King led to this by the strong affection which he bore the Marquis from his early days, but because, in some respect, Hamilton might be said to have an hereditary claim to be the representative of Majesty. The late Marquis had served as high Commissioner in Scotland, and had prudently contrived a settlement, not however without violent opposition; this difficult adjustment of affairs had endeared him to the monarch, but it had provoked the sullen Presbyters and democratic Knoxites. When Charles had decided to carry matters further than his father had ventured, he consulted Hamilton, and when the universal explosion burst forth, as it were at a single moment, over mitred heads, and Episcopacy was about to be abolished, at that disastrous moment did Charles

(1) Sir Philip Warwick sarcastically adds, "by which last he often filled his own and emptied his master's purse," 105. So early then did the Marquis's cool conduct betray his love of self-preservation.

(2) Burnet's Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton, 13.

appeal to tho friendship and confide to the fidelity of the Marquis of Hamilton, to be his sole adviser in the affairs of Scotland, and to allay, or to chastise, the perturbed spirits of his countrymen.

It must be confessed that this appeal of his Royal master to the zeal of his friend was as painful as it was critical. The Marquis was conscious that his name was nnpopular among his Scottish compatriots; nor was he more esteemed in England.

Tbe liberal bounties of his Sovereign and his friend had raised up to him enemies both in the Court and the country; the Marquis possessed certain monopolies of wine and iron, by which he had pressed harder on the people than any other man durst; all which profits revertod to Hamilton and to his pensioners. Tbis accusation, which had cast some odium on his name, we receive from Clarendon, who could not have known what Burnet informs ns, that these monopolies, according to the custom of the times, were only assignments of the revenue derived from certaiu taxations for repayment of debts which Hamilton had contracted by the King's secret command, when he joined Gustavus Adolphus with six thonsand Scots, in the thirty years' war. Hamilton, too, was as little a favourite at Court as with the people. The contrivances by which he eluded intermeddling further in any business than suited his ease or his interest were considered as a perpetual evidence of his dexterity in self-preservation. There was an imperturbable calmness about Hamilton which no zeal could kindle, and which gave the appearance that he was never in earnest. The truth is, that the Marquis was a person of great reflection and foresight, one of a melancholy turn, who raised objections more easily tban he could frame resolutions, and foresaw danger much more clearly than he conld predict success. He was ever in that comfortless state of reserve, though not perhaps of indifference, to which the crooked politician is doomed who dares not entirely trust himself to any one, knowing that his friend may become his enemy, and his enemy his friend. Ilis eulogist, Burnet, acknowledges that "Had not his mind been of a great and undaunted stayedness and calmness, the shocks he met with had dashed him to pieces." And what was still more fatal to the great affairs in which Hamilton was to be so eminently engaged was the melancholy cast in his character. This was frequently observable even in his countenance. It induced him to think that he was destined to be unfortunate in all his enterprises. At times he believed that he was acting under the blasting influence of some inauspicious star, which was tbwarting all his attempts. This sad feeling appears by his frequent requests and determination to retire from public affairs. This singular state might have been the result of the extraordinary exigencies in which this politic Marquis was so often placed. There was a painful and secret conflict in his mind, when sometimes pursning a conduct quito opposite to his principles, be wavered between his allegiance to his Royal friend—his attachment to his country and his countrymen—and his regard to self-preservation. Hamilton had therefore to manage with perpetual anxiety tbe oppositionists he found in both countries; but his views of the future were of so melancholy a cast, that when he advised Strafford and Laud to retire, he also seems to have anticipated both their fall and his own.

In the rising troubles of Scotland the unceasing torment in the heart of Hamilton was to decide whether, to employ his own language, "the madness of the people was to be indulged," or "the kingly way was to be enforced?" He had the melancholy sagacity to foresee from the first the future scenes which wore preparing. It was the sad and solemn second sight of his countrymen, contemplating on the phantoms of his despair amid the clouds and storms.

When the King communicated his determination to invest the Marquis with the character of High Commissioner for Scotland, it was nnfeignedly protested against by the Marquis, who declared it to be an employment full of danger, and the success always doubtful. Afterwards, when it became necessary to renew a second time tbe Commission, the same repugnance was even more forcibly testified. He dwelt on the hatred which the chief Covenanters bore him—on the rago and malice of the common people against him, so that his life was in hourly peril, which indeed he valued not for his Majesty's service, but that his violent deatb, knowing his Majesty's keen sense of such an act, would hinder the business from ending quietly. "The work, too, is of a natnre," he added, "which must certainly make me lose your Royal favour, for it is so odious, that the actor of it must be disliked by your Majesty; for though I should do all things by your Royal command, yet your Royal honour

would oblige your Majesty not to seem to care for me. I am now perfectly hated by all your subjects who have withstood your Majesty, I shall hereafter be by all who wish prosperity to your affairs in both kingdoms."

After this enigmatical style, the Marquis suggested a very extraordinary mode for his own self-preservation. "Where, or how, I may be called to an account for this undertaking I know not; it is a business of that nature that a pardon ought humbly to be begged before it he meddled in, since it is an act so derogatory to kingly authority.

"Is it fit for an honest man and a gentleman to be made the instrumeat of doing that which he hath so often in public and private coademned in so high a degree, and withstood to the certain loss of most of my country, and many of your Majesty's court and kingdom of England? Nor can I ever hope to live without perpetual accusations of such who will find themselves grieved by that which will he done, for not dissuading your Majesty from this course, or at least for accepting that employment and proving your instrument therein."

These were the confused and hesitating emotions, the melancholy prescience, and the uncertain results, which perplexed the mind and tormented the heart of the Marquis of Hamilton, on his acceptance of the critical office of the High Commissioner for Scotland. It was distressful to his feelings—disastrous to his quiet. But amidst these conflicting sentiments we discover that extraordinary caution for self-preservation which constitutes the marking feature of his character. Hamilton had much fear, through all the doublings of his winding ways, that he should be forced into many an equivocal position, and while his ambiguous character should raise suspicions in all men, "he could not hope to live without perpetual accusations." The Marquis suggests a mode of self-preservation as extraordinary as the exigence itself—that a pardon as he calls it, or rather a private warrant from the King, should be granted to him before he opens his dark negotiations. This was the Royal amulet to preserve him from the noxious influence of his own witchcraft.

And this singular warrant, extorted from the entire confidence and personal affection of Charles, was actually granted. Burnet, in his Memoirs of the Hamiltons, alludes to it; he found it among the Hamilton papers, but, as he probably did not consider it as very honourable to his hero, he dropped it, among other important suppressions which that partial though entertaining biographer acknowledged, at an after-day, when, from a servile Tory, Burnet turned into a furious Whig. This private warrant has, however, been recovered by the zealous industry of Lord Hardwicke; it is granted to the Marquis "to converse with the Covenanters," and runs thus, "for which end you will he necessitated to speak that language which if you were called to an account for by us, you might suffer for it. These are, therefore, to assure you, and if need be hereafter to testify to others, that whatsoever you shall say to them, to discover their intentions, you shall neither he called in question for the same, nor yet it prove any way prejudicial to you; nay, though you should he accused by any thereupon."

We must now notice a very curious anecdote of a private interview of Charles the First with the Marquis of Hamilton, told by Clarendon with all the charm and warmth of his narrative genius. It is no gracious task to tell a story after Clarendon, but I will not content myself with a cold reference.

His Lordship describes the Marquis's conduct on this occasion. "It was as great a piece of art, if it were art, as I believe will he found amongst the modern politicians." "The Marquis came to the King, and with some cloudiness, which was not unnatural, and trouble in his countenance, (1) desired his Majesty to give him leave to travel." The King was surprised and troubled. The Marquis declared he foresaw a storm—and by his own unskilfulness he might be more obnoxious than other men. The King assured him of his protection, and bade him be confi-

(1) It is delightful to compare contemporary writers, who could have no knowledge of each other's writings, which only posterity can possess—at distant intervals, and when their authors are no more. Confronting these writers together, who never before had met, often furnishes an indisputable confirmation of that truth in history which it has been too much the fashion to depreciate. The cloudiness in the countenance of Hamilton, so expressive of his character, is also noticed by one who well knew him—Sir Philip Warwick. "I wondered much"—when Hamilton was a young man and an early favourite at Court under James—"that all present, who usually at a Court put the best characters upon a rising man, generally agreed in this, that the air of his countenance had such a cloud on it, that Nature seems to have impressed *aliquid insigne*, which I often reflected on when his future actions led him first to be suspected, then to be disclaimed against." p. 103.

dent. The Marquis with some quickness replied, "I know your Majesty's goodness would interpose for me to your own prejudice —and I will rather run any fortune from whence I may again return to serve you." He had communicated with the Archbishop and with the Earl of Strafford, at whom the same fatal arrows were aimed, but he added, "the Earl was too great-hearted to fear, and the Archbishop was too bold to fly."

Charles at that critical moment was disturbed by his own fears—and was silent. The Marquis resumed. "There is one way by which I might secure myself without leaving the kingdom, and by which your Majesty, as these times are like to go, might receive some advantage; but it is so contrary to my nature, and will be so scandalous to my honour, in the opinion of men, that for my own part I had rather run any fortune." The King impatiently asked what that way was? The Marquis replied, "that he might endear himself to the other party by promising his service to them, and concurring with them in opinions and designs,—that his supposed interest in his Majesty's favour might induce the principal persons to hope he might have the influence they desired. But he knew this would be looked on with so much jealousy by other men, and shortly with that reproach, that he might by degrees be lessened even in his Majesty's own trust; and therefore it was a province he had no mind to undertake," and concluded by renewing his suit for leave to travel.

The King saw nothing in this political expedient but what might tend to procure him important information. With boundless confidence in the integrity of the friend and the companion of his youth, Charles was delighted to retain Hamilton in his active service, and again assured the Marquis that "it should not be in anybody's power to infuse the least jealousy of him into his royal breast."

Clarendon, commenting on this secret anecdote, observes that Charles was so constant in this resolution, that Hamilton enjoyed the liberty of doing whatever he found necessary for his own purposes; with wonderful craft and low condescensions and seasonable insinuations to several leading men, advancing their distinct and contrary interests; so that he grew in no less credit with the English Parliament than with the Scotch Commissioners, and with great dexterity was preserved from any public reproach which would have ruined any other man, nor for a long time did he incur the jealousy of the King, to whom he continued to give the most important information, which, adds Clarendon, if there had been persons enough who would have concurred in prevention, might have proved of great use. This confession of Clarendon, whose prejudices strongly lie against Hamilton, we shall find essential, as we advance in the investigation of this extraordinary character.

The piece of secret history which we have from Clarendon requires a critical examination. The drift of the conversation, as given by the noble writer, accords with the ideas of Hamilton, as we find in the Hamilton papers published by Burnet; and that extraordinary scheme of communicating with the Covenanters is authentic. Yet to invest this remarkable conversation with authenticity is not easy. Lord Clarendon prefaces the conversation by assuring us that he received it "from a very good hand." Was it from the King himself? We know it was not from the Marquis, for at no time would he plead this justification, even at the urgent moment of his trial, so tender in this Machiavelian intrigue was he of the credit both of the King and himself. A sceptic might reasonably object to the full details of a conversation between two great personages at which no one was present. He might admire the description even of their gestures.

Clarendon, though indistinctly, has fixed the time of its occurrence. It was "after the calling of the Council of the Peers at York was resolved upon, and a little before the time of their appearance." Now the Peers, after a summons of twenty days' notice, met on the 24th of September, 1640; so that the conversation as given by Clarendon must have taken place in July or August of that year.

We can ascertain that on the 5th and 8th of July, 1639, Hamilton delivered to the King his two papers of Advices and of Reasons which we have noticed; (1) and that Hamilton, having succeeded in obtaining a licence to protect himself in the subdolous part he was about to act, this extraordinary private warrant is dated at Berwick nine days after, the 17th July, 1639.

The conversation, reported by Clarendon as having occurred in 1640, could never have taken place, since its object had already

(1) Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, p. 144—who furnishes the respective dates of these papers.

been long obtained. Hamilton at that period is represented as breaking his scheme for the first time to the King, and as suggesting with a mixturo of diffidence and aversion that ample and singular licence which he already possessed.

Here then is a conversation which could not have taken place at the time assigned, and yet one that on the whole exhibits a true account of a strange and secret incident between the parties. The wholo tenor of the conversation indeed accords with the sentiments of Hamilton as they appear in the papers of advice he laid before the King, and the important political secret of his double-dealing, as given by Clarendon, is indisputably ascertained.

How are wo to resolve this paradoxical case? Were the papers of Hamilton, among other papers of the King, inspected by or reported to Clarendon? It is evident he knew nothing of the warrant, for he would not have passed over in silence this political curiosity. The great historian was right in his conclusions of the unlimited confidence of the King, and the exemption of his minister from all responsibility in his ambiguous course.

The delicacy of Lord Clarendon's situation may have been this; he could not publish these arcana of state, as he would any public document; but, in the dramatic form of a conversation, which could never have occurred at the period assigned, he followed up the train of ideas which we actually discover in Hamilton's papers; and, to impress on the reader the authenticity of the secret history, his lordship assures him that he received it "from a good hand." But with all the felicity of his ingenuity Clarendon could not conceal tbe impossibility of giving a secret conversation between the King and the Marquis. Whose was "the good hand" which could furnish those fine individualising touches of the two great personages, in secrecy and privacy? Who heard his lordship's wish to be permitted to travel? Who marked "the cloudiness on his lordship's countenance?" Who observed when "the Marquis with some quickness replied"—or when "the King was much disturbed," or when "much delighted with the expedient?" These are the creative yet veracious touches of a great master, who, from his familiarity with the temper, the habits, the langnages of the personages themselves, could speak their very thoughts, and paint thoir very gestures—and thus endow the men he well knew with the immortality of his own genius.

And thus I think we may infer that should the conversation of Clarendon prove to be in some respects an invention, it cannot be denied that it revealed to the world an important truth.

Hamilton, once possessed of this secret warrant, proceeded to act with extraordinary zeal; and, when it happened, as it frequently did, that his conduct and his language afforded sufficient reason to alarm the friends of the King, and to set on watchful informers who were thus enabled to convey certain evidence of the prejudice to the King's service done by Hamilton, to the amazement and incomprehensibility of the best friends of Charles, whenever Hamilton was admitted to the King's presence, all the charges against him, however positive, were thrown aside in silence. A private interview—a whisper in the King's ear—the plea of the secret warrant—reinstated the Marquis in the royal confidence, which we shall show, however startling his conduct, he never lost. We should not therefore be surprised at the strong conviction of many who have denounced Hamilton as a traitor, since even his perpetual eulogist Burnet does acknowledge that "he (Burnet) often stumbled," as he phrases it, "at some of his speeches, which were hard to be understood," but, when he discovered the secret warrant, "it reconciled the truth of these (unfavourable) reports with the innocence of the Marquis." (1)

There seems to be no reason to suspect the sincerity of Hamilton on his first entrance into the office of High Commissioner in the Scottish affairs. He warned the King of the real intentions of the Covenanters. "It is more than probable that these people have somewhat else in their thoughts than religion. But that must serve for a cloak to rebellion, wherein for a time they may prevail; but, to bring them again to a dutiful obedience, I am confident your Majesty will not find it a work of long time, nor of great difficulty, as they have foolishly fancied to themselves." He put the King on his guard, that his agents abroad might prevent any arms being bought up by Scotchmen. He counselled Charles to hasten with his fleet and his army, or he must yield to all the demands of the Covenanters; but he leaves the

(1) Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 148.

King to decide how far in his justice he should punish the folly of the people, or how far he should connive at their madness. Hamilton ever viewed the two opposite sides of a question, dubious of both.

Something of vacillation appears in the Marquis's closing hint. Hamilton, on his entrance into Edinburgh, was certainly awed by having been met by the greatest number of the people which had assembled together for many years; sixty thousand persons in the small city of Edinburgh formed an army unarmed. This concourse was headed by five hundred ministers. When the Royal Commissioner attempted to elude their oratory in public, they pursued their victim of State to his privacy; there, with tears in their eyes, they came to inform him of the danger in which their religion stood.

When the King first received the encouraging news that the reduction of the Covenanters would not be a work of difficulty, he wrote to Hamilton a letter, of which I shall transcribe the important passages—they conduce greatly to let us into the character of this active however unfortunate sovereign.

"Hamilton,—Though I answered not yours of the 4th, yet I assure you that I have not been idle, so that I hope by the next week I shall send you some good assurance of the advancing of our preparations. This I say, not to make you precipitate any thing, for I like of all you have hitherto done, and even of that which I find you mind to do—but to show you that I mean to stick to my grounds, and that I expect not any thing can reduce that people to their obedience, but only force. In the meantime your care must be how to dissolve the multitude, and to this end I give you leave to flatter them with what hopes you please, so you engage not me against my grounds consenting to the calling of Parliament, until the Covenant be disavowed and given up.

"Your chief end being now to win time, that they may not commit public follies until I be ready to suppress them; and since it is, as you well observe, my own people, which by this means will be for a time ruined, so that the loss must be inevitably mine, and this if I could eschew, were it not with a greater, were well. But when I consider, that not only now my crown, but my reputation for ever, lies at stake, I must rather suffer the first, that time will help, than this last, which is irreparable.

"This I have written to no other end than to show you I will rather die than yield to those impertinent and damnable demands, as you rightly call them, for it is all one as to yield to be no King in a very short time. So wishing you better success than I can expect, I rest, Your assured constant friend,

"CHARLES R."

The first instructions of Hamilton were to proclaim the Covenanters traitors—he ventured to transgress his instructions, as he then observed, at the hazard of his head. At that moment the Marquis had not yet obtained the private warrant of the King, which was subsequently granted. His sole care now was to disperse this enormous multitude; to soothe and to wheedle, not to menace and condemn. Now he writes to the King not to hasten his warlike preparations.

Charles on these opposite counsels was entirely compliant; with unabated confidence in his Minister, the King replies with great sense and patience—

"Hamilton,—The dealing with multitudes makes diversity of advertisement no way strange, and certainly the alteration from worse to less ill cannot be displeasing; wherefore you may be confident I cannot but approve your proceedings hitherto, for certainly you have gained a very considerable point in making the heavy multitude begin to disperse, without having engaged me in any unfitting thing. I shall take your advice in staying the public preparations for force; but in a silent way (by your leave) I will not leave to prepare, that I may be ready upon the least advertisement.

"Your assured constant friend,

"CHARLES R."

Now Hamilton discovers that the Covenant is not illegal, and the bond of mutual defence which they had subscribed, and which Charles insisted should be given up to him, would admit of explanations. The King's Advocate in Scotland, Sir Thomas Hope, was himself a warm Covenanter, who appears to have silently directed their movements. The Marquis now alarms the King with the state of his affairs, both in England and in Scotland, where a close alliance was formed between the two parties, both equally adverse to him. On the first rupture the Covenanters would march into England, confident as they were of having many good friends there; nor had

France ever forgotten the Isle of Rhé, for her secret hand was cherishing the malcontents of Scotland. In spite of these critical difficulties, Hamilton craves his Majesty's pleasure, to whose service he would willingly sacrifice his life.

At this conflicting state of affairs, Charles expresses no wonder, no alarm; he only regrets the spirit of the dispatch, while he informs Hamilton of the strength of his army, the goodness of his artillery, the arms which he had procured from Holland, his fleet ready. The King adds, "and last of all, which is indeed most of all, the Chancellor of the Exchequer assures me of 200,000*l.* for this expedition. Thus you may see that I intend not to yield to the demands of those traitors the Covenanters."

Tho Marquis continues disheartening the King—many of the Council in Scotland were secret Covenanters—and certainly he did not communicate any false intelligence when he feared that his Majesty would be faintly followed hy the English. Charles wrote—

"Hamilton,—I must needs thank you that you stand so close and constantly to my grounds, and you deserve the more, since your fellow counsellors do rather dishearten than help you in this business, for which I swear I pity you much. As long as this damnable Covenant (1) is in force, whether it be with or without explanation, I have no more power in Scotland than as a Duke of Venice, which I will rather die than suffer. If they call a Parliament without me, it would the more loudly call them traitors, and the more justify my actions. My resolution is to come myself in person, accompanied like myself; sea-forces, nor Ireland shall be forgotten."

The Marquis now attempted to menace the Covenanters, who, not being yet ready for an open rupture, affected to talk only of "their innocent inteutions." The Marquis now asks leave to return to Court, that he may personally explain the emergent difficulties to the King. There were at least three of these "speedy journeys." At every return of the Marquis from Court, he found affairs more embroiled, and the "Tahles," or Committees of tho four classes of the nation, more frequently snmmoned. Whenever the Marquis published a royal declaration at the Market-cross, right opposite, on the same day, was suspended their Protest.

The King is more perplexed—in one letter Charles tells the Marquis, "I confess this last dispatch does more put one to seek how to judge of the affairs of that kingdom than any that I have yet received." In another, Charles sensihly observes, "Why I should go further, I see no reason; for certainly those who will not he contented with what I have done already will he less contented if I should do more." The style of Charles is evidently changed; the regal tone is lowered, and, as was usual with him, those lofty pretensions of Royalty which resulted from the theoretical politics of ancient days are laid asleep. Even that more than tender point, Episcopacy, is surrendered! Charles yields all! "The Buke," as the Liturgy was called, and the Church discipline of the five articles of Perth. The King only changes an amhiguous expression in the paper which Hamilton was to offer the Assembly at Glasgow, hy which instrument the humiliated Monarch had given way to all their demands.

The Assembly at Glasgow met, their Presbyters with their Lay-elders, and, as Hamilton describes it, "not a gown among them, hut many had swords and daggers." In this curious dispatch the Marquis delineates the Scottish Counsellors,—personalities which Burnet could not venture to puhlish; (2) but it was a gallery of portraits and full-lengths of contemporaries, which struck Charles with great admiration of the skill of the artist.

Our baffled statesman desponds—"So unfortunate have I been in this unlucky country, that though I did prefer your service before all worldly considerations, *nay even strained my conscience in some points*, yet all hath been to small purpose; for I have missed my end in not being ahle to make your Majesty so considerahle a party as will he able to curb the insolency of this rebellious nation, without assistance from England, and greater charge to your Majesty than this miserable country is worth. As I shall an-

(1) This term "damnable Covenant" doubtless appeared to Rushworth, who copied part of the King's letter from Burnet, excessively offensive, and strongly indicative of the tyrannical character of Charles; for Rushworth has distinguished the words in the printing. The expression, however, had been first used by Hamilton, as we learn from Charles himself, who, however, would not have hesitated to have employed the term had it occurred to him. Doubtless, however, this style inflamed the prejudices against the King with the many, who looked on this "Covenant" as sacred as the one in holy writ.

(2) It is in Lord Hardwicke's State-papers, ii., 443.

swer to God at the last day, I have done my best, though the success has proven so bad as I think myself of all men living most miserable. And seeing this may perhaps be the last letter that ever I shall have the happiness to write to your Majesty, I shall, therefore, in it discharge my duty so far as freely to express my thoughts in such things as I do conceive concerneth your service. I have sent this by a faithful servant of your Majesty's, whom I have found to be so trusty, as he may be employed by you, even to go against his nearest friends and dearest kindred."

If this "faithful servant" were a Scotchman, he did not find his like among the closest intimates of Charles. The warmth of the style, we must infer, denotes the earnestness of Hamilton. "If I keep my life (though next hell I hate this place), if you think me worthy of my employment, I shall not weary till the Government be again set right, and then I will forswear this country." And he closes this most desponding dispatch by a solemn request to the King—

"I have only this one suit to your Majesty, that if my sons live they may be bred in England—I wish my daughters be never married in Scotland—I humbly recommend my brother to your favour. May all your intentions be crowned with a wished success, which I hope to live to see, notwithstanding of all the threats that is used to

"Your Majesty's, etc.

"HAMILTON."

The King must have been affected by the pathos; perhaps never before had a disappointed minister composed a cabinet dispatch so much in the style of a last will and testament.

But while the Marquis desponds from his own personal disappointments, he plans the future operations of the King; advises what places should be secured, where the fleet was to lie in the Frith, where the royal army was to enter Scotland. He has not omitted noticing that the ambition of the Bishops had been great, and their folly greater. It is evident that Hamilton, though ministerially he protected the Bishops, and even supported them in their personal distresses, was no better friend to the Episcopalians than other Scotchmen.

Charles was struck by the important communication of this elaborate dispatch, and returned an answer by the same trusty messenger—

"Hamilton,—I have sent back this honest bearer, both for safety of my letters and to ease me from length of writing; therefore in a word I thank you for your full and clear dispatch, totally agreeing with you in every point, as well in the characters of men, as in the way you have set down to reduce them to obedience; only the time when to begin to act is considerable; to this end I have fully instructed the bearer with the state of my preparations, that you may govern my business accordingly. You have given me such good satisfaction, that I mean not to put any other in the chief trust in these affairs but yourself."

It was now the close of the year 1638. The King now allowed of the Convention, or Assembly, as it was called, of Glasgow, but it was carried on in such a disorderly way that the Marquis resolved to dissolve it. The Bishops had been insolently cited to appear; their lay elders and their ruling elders were in fact a cover for these democratic conventions, exacting unlimited freedom. Hamilton, in dissolving the Assembly of Glasgow, betrayed such visible marks of grief as affected its members. The Assembly, though declared traitorous, if they continued their sittings, would not disperse, but proceeded with increased rapidity and violence. Having deposed the Bishops and excommunicated eight, the Assembly closed by addressing a letter to the King, justifying their proceedings, and complaining of the usage they had endured from the Royal Commissioner. The Marquis flew back to Court, leaving the country in confusion and revolt.

Charles, incensed at his affronted authority, resolved, though reluctantly, for he could hardly depend on an army which had more of the parade than the force of one, to reduce the Covenanters to obedience. The saddened spirit of Hamilton we may conceive to have been in torture; for now his duty to his Sovereign and his friend was to compete with his love for his country—his affections for his relatives—and his intercourse with his most intimate connections. One of the charges afterwards raised against Hamilton is, that many of his friends and followers passed over to the Covenanters.

We may infer, in justice to Hamilton, that having evidently reluctantly accepted the of-

fice of High Commissioner, he had flattered himself that he should have restored tranquillity to his unhappy country, without coming to the last extremities. In his heart he was Scottish, and could have little sympathised with the fatal predilection of Charles for Episcopacy in an unepiscopal land, and to this perhaps he alludes when he declared that "his duty or his love to the King had made him digest some things which otherwise he had not borne so well." On the other hand he percoived the rebellious spirits of some of his countrymen, kindling through the people whom they had lured on and inflamed by the cry of religion. Hamilton might have rejoiced to chastise the insolence of some of the leaders of the Covenanters, but when ho turned to them, could he strike at his dearest connections, the followers who were to fortify his influence, tho fellow-citizens who looked up for their protector in a Hamilton? Doubtless the patriot confessed the real sentiment of his heart, when he owned that "the thing in the world at which he had the greatest horror was the engaging in a civil war with his countrymen."

There was still at that day an irascible national jealousy; the Scottish man at times seemed to imagine that Scotia had sunk into a province of Britain, and there had been artful rumours, and even accusations, that Hamilton aimed at the sovereignty and independence of his father-land. This ambition, however, no action of his life had betrayed, and those who had so confidently rested their surmises on the little army Hamilton had led to Germany, and on the intention of the Marquis, as they conceived by his mysterious conduct, to plunge the nation into universal confusion that he might fish in such troubled waters, these persons knew not, what is now known, that the army of Hamilton had been raised by the secret command of Charles, for the possible recovery of the Palatinate.

Hamilton, however the affection for his native land might prevail, could still conscientiously have acted against Scotland; for when accused as "an incendiary" he distinguished between the conquest of a kingdom and the suppression of a rebellion. He declared that "he had never advised his Majesty to conquer that kingdom, for he takes the suppressing of a party in arms against the King, or who were rejecting his authority, to be very different from conquering the kingdom."(1)

The Marquis was now to command an army and a fleet against his countrymen. When he received orders to open hostilities, he again urged that the issue of a battle, always dubious, was much more so when the one side was desperate and the other but half cordial. (2) Tho event justified the prediction.

The Marquis, General by land and sea, and always in his military capacity remarkably inefficient, anchored his fleet in the Frith. He had promised by frequent incursions to harass the coasts, and by perpetual alarms to create diversions and scatter their collected forces. The only exploit ho performed was possessing himself of an island which had been left unprotected, and landing five thousand soldiers to air and exercise themselves, from the close confinement of the ships. The Marquis himself appears to have been more actively employed than his army. The lady his mother, (3) a zealous Presbyterian and a flaming Covenanter, and whose two daughters were the wives of Covenanters, came down to visit her dutiful son, and her hurtless enemy; the Scots on shore laughed, observing that "they knew the son of so gude a mither could ne'er harm them." Hamilton never attempted to interrupt the fortifications of Leith, where all hands were at work, and even all ranks. It appears that Hamilton was in communication with several of the chiefs of the Covenant; one interview is attested in the presence of witnesses; but others were under more suspicious circumstances; we are told of a conference at night with Lord Loudon on the birks of Barnbougal.

Yet the Marquis could defend his own conduct in having never betrayed the King's service, avowing that such secret conferences were designed for the best purposes, and it has farther been alleged in his favour, that his troops were raw and undisciplined, incompetent to act against Leith.

It is certain, however, that the total inactivity of the Marquis in his military operations, and the rumours of his apparent confederacy, had raised strong suspicions among the King's party; Charles himself had none,

(1) Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 255.

(2) Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 132 and 139. Confront the opinion of the Marquis with Clarendon, i., 214. They are similar. Burnet's work was published many years preceding Clarendon's.

(3) Lady Anne Cunningham, daughter to the Earl of Glencairn.

and the royal correspondence continued almost daily with Hamilton.

Again the King's resolution was to be shaken by the account the Marquis gave of the numerous force of the Scots, and a treaty was suggested in preference to a battle. Thus affairs languished, till Charles acknowledged the mortifying truth of which the Marquis had formerly apprised him. We gather this from a letter of Secretary Vane :

" His Majesty now doth clearly see and is fully satisfied in his own judgment that what passed in the gallery betwixt his Majesty and your Lordship and myself hath been but too much verified on this occasion. And therefore his Majesty would not have you begin with them, but settle things in a safe and good posture." Such doubts on the royal side of its own strength, and such resolution on that of the insurgents, terminated in the hasty pacification of Berwick.

After that event, when the Earl of Loudon, then at London as a deputy of the Scottish Covenanters, was committed to the Tower for having subscribed a letter to the French king, soliciting his aid against England, the dexterous management of Hamilton on that occasion is remarkably displayed. The alarming situation of Loudon, imprisoned on no doubtful act of treason, embarrassed his Scottish friends, who, it is certain, dreaded the result. The King had designed to bring Loudon to his trial, but a rumour seems to have spread among the Scots, that Charles had given orders for beheading him without a trial; that story, such as it is, we shall shortly more critically examine. Hamilton had frequent interviews with Loudon in the Tower; he obtained his enlargement in that spacious state-prison, and found no difficulty in convincing the King that Loudon was not formed of that hard Scotch temper which no art could render malleable; he would spread out and soften at the stroke of court-favour. The man, whom some have told us the King had commanded to lose his head, was now seen at the King's levee—and

" Kiss'd the hand just raised to shed his blood."

Loudon, in fact, was gained over by the King, and made Chancellor; and we are told that Hamilton, in a private conference at Whitehall, was locked up with Loudon from two in the morning till four in the afternoon. (1) Such was the influence and the mysterious conduct of the Marquis of Hamilton; the present was a great *coup d'état;* the crafty politician not only appeared to have abstracted a friend for the King from his enemies, but he had secured his own reputation with the Covenanters, by saving the Earl of Loudon, whose head they well knew was in jeopardy.

It is evident that Hamilton remarkably studied the interests of the opposing parties, but this being serviceable to both, whatever good was effected by him, was always neutralised. If ever there were a politician who had sagacity to dive into the secrets of the man with whom he came in contact, we surely may fix on Bishop Williams. When this statesman had resolved to be serviceable to Charles the First at that critical moment when the Scottish intrigues and the Scottish army were equally advancing in England, Williams, who had always declined the acquaintance of the Marquis, now sought his intimacy. This shrewd observer of human nature acknowledged that he was at a loss to decide whether Hamilton were a good or an evil genius. " I have found him to be very opposite to the vulgar opinion formed of him, which considers him cunning and false. I believe him not to be false to the King, nor do I find any great cunning in him, but rather that he wants a head-piece." (2) It is possible that the mystery which involves the character of Hamilton may have originated in the single circumstance that he had designed great matters, without the capacity of conducting them.

Knowing, as we now do, that Hamilton carried about him the secret warrant which held him irresponsible for his double-dealings, it is hard for us to decide at once on his guilt or his innocence, on his sincerity or his duplicity. Was he with the King, or with the Covenanter? The Searcher of all human hearts alone can detect the silent motives of man. The intelligence Hamilton gave the King was always true; his warnings were predictions, and his counsels, as Lord Clarendon himself acknowledges, were always useful.

But he is accused at the same time of having revealed the King's plans; of having told

(1) Nalson's Collection, i., 376. Nalson, in preserving the information delivered to the Secretary of State, by a physician "who suspected the Marquis to be an arch-traitor," leaves the reader to exercise his own judgment. Nalson did not know what we know. The information given to the Secretary is, without doubt, genuine and correct.

(2) Hacket's Life of Williams, pt. ii., 143.

the Covenanting Lords that he had no commission to fight, which intimation rendered them more hardy; and it is even said, that he advised the Covenanters not to trust the King. At York, such was his dexterous conduct with the Scotch Commissioners in his promises of future service, that he secured his own indemnity with them; and, on a later occasion, he equally secured the favour of the English Parliamentarians, from the recommendation of their allies tho Scotch, who declared that Hamilton had always been true to them. Once, after an elaborate address from his chair as High Commissioner, when he had earnestly impressed on his auditors the severity of his duty in delivering the royal commands, he descended from that chair of State, and familiarly mingling with some of the noble leaders of the Covenant, he took them into another apartment; there he observed, "Before the Lords of the Council I spoke to you as the King's Commissioner, but now I am come among you like a kindly Scotchman." And it is added, that he advised them to persevere, by which they would carry every thing before them, but if they fainted, or gave way, they were undone. (1)

It was therefore not only with many suspicious actions, but with many loose speeches caught by listeners, and with privato conferences with the leaders of the Scottish and of the Parliamentary parties, observed by watchful eyes, that Hamilton was repeatedly charged by the Court-party. The unfavourable result of all his negotiations seemed to confirm the whole tenor of his conduct in the minds of those who did not hesitate to condemn Hamilton as an arch-traitor. The royal confidence was hardly ever shaken — yet once it seems to have been startled, for even Charles could not avoid remarking that "Hamilton had been very active in his own preservation."

The Earl of Lanerick, the brother of Hamilton, the King had commended for the frankness of his speech, and the openness of his nature, and even Clarendon distinguishes him both for his ability and his honour; yet by others the Earl is considered to have adopted the same line of conduct as the Marquis. Lanerick was selected to supply the place of his "unfortunate brother;" and mattors were now reduced to this point, that one brother was to be answerable for the other! We learn this from a communication of the Earl to some confidential friend to whom he sent a dark account of that mysterious affair which in the Scottish history took the name of "The Incident," — an extraordinary story, of an "Incident" which never occurred, and which shall form the subject of the following chapter.

The mysterious conduct of the brothers still continued. Two years after the affair of "The Incident," when in 1643 the Scots had resolved to raise an army to maintain their "cause," the Marquis sate among them, and seemed only a looker-on; while his brother Lanerick, who had the custody of the King's signet, put it to a proclamation to raise this very Scottish army. This extraordinary act done, the ambiguous brothers hastened to Charles, at Oxford, to justify their proceedings, and to explain that inevitable crisis which affairs had taken. They had however been anticipated by the zealous friends of the Monarch, and the ever-watchful and vindictive Montrose had again denounced the Hamiltons for their infidelity. Yet even in the present alarming event, Charles seems to have seen no treachery, but only misfortune in the brothers. Had they been criminal, would they have returned to Court—they who could have framed apologies for their absence? The charges against Hamilton were, however, of so high a nature, and took so wide a view of all his proceedings, and were so positively asserted by the Marquis of Montrose, that, to satisfy the friends about him, the King was compelled to put both brothers under arrest. The Marquis had of late been created Duke of Hamilton, and he who had so long deprived Charles of the zealous services of Montrose, and whose rankling jealousies of that aspiring genius had induced him to pursue the meanest artifices to accomplish Montrose's ruin, now drank himself from the poisoned chalice, returned to his own lips.

The imprisonment of the Hamiltons was, however, not commanded without reluctance. The Duke received the assurances of his Majesty's favour, from the first moment of his confinement, by Secretary Nicholas; and

(1) This remarkable conversation is given by Bishop Guthry, who at the same time furnishes his authorities. The same story had reached Montrose in the same words. It must have staggered those who considered the Marquis of Hamilton as the King's Commissioner. The language is so strong that one may doubt its correctness—it was instigating the insurrectionary spirit, and can hardly be excused on the plea that Hamilton was covertly attempting to wind himself into their secrets.

William Murray, of the bed-chamber, the confidential agent of the King, brought repeated messages of the King's unchangeable amity. The charges never came to a trial; but the imprisonment of the Duke lasted two years. His brother Lanerick escaped from his confinement to London, and finally returned to Scotland. When some advised the King to hang Lord Lanerick's page at the window of the apartment, for aiding his master's flight, Charles declared that "no servant should suffer for his fidelity to his master."

Lanerick, pursuing the same principle of conduct, whatever was that principle, appeared in Scotland loyal to the King in raising a party against the proud and fierce Argyle, and at the same time friendly to the Covenanters; for even his eulogist Burnet acknowledges that he was forced to comply in many things with the public counsels.

The few at Court who pretended a semblance of friendship for the Duke of Hamilton suggested to him that, to clear himself from the heavy imputations attached to his name, it would be necessary to concur vigorously in his Majesty's service in Scotland; but Hamilton declared that, till he was legally exonerated by a public trial, it was not fitting for him to act; nor had he any longer any hopes to recover Scotland, where his presence had so often failed. When he was lying under the imputation of having betrayed the King's service, he was at the same time receiving letters from Scotland upbraiding him for his services to the King, and in the style of the Covenant, assuring him that "had he been as faithful in serving the King of Kings, he would have been rewarded, but that now he was well served for preferring the one to the other." Such is the catastrophe of a worn-out politician,—such as Frederick the Great once sarcastically likened to "squeezed oranges," which once used are thrown away.

The Duke of Hamilton at length was relieved from his imprisonment in the castle of St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall, when it surrendered to the Parliamentary forces. This mysterious man had long kept up an interest with some of the leaders of the Parliament. At the time of Strafford's trial and Laud's fall, when a dark cloud was hanging over his head, he found a shelter in the favour of the Scottish Covenanters, for many personal obligations he had conferred on some of that party. At that critical moment he prossed the Scots to intercede for him with their English allies, which they not only did, but bound themselves for his future good behaviour to the English Parliament. We are told from good authority, that Hamilton became a confidant in all their private designs against one another, and at times obtained many concessions from the King.

The last great act of his life closes this involved scene of human passions, and it will leave the enigma of his life unsolved. Hapless and hopeless, as his fortune had been, at the sight of the imminent danger of the imprisoned Monarch, Hamilton seemed to rouse within him a mightier spirit. He raised a Scottish army to restore his unfortunate Sovereign. But even in this last expedition to England, at the head of a considerable army, his melancholy weighed down the heart that now beat with more generous emotions. The night before he marched, in taking leave of a friend, Hamilton not only expressed his sense of the danger, but the conviction of its destruction to himself. He had, however, determined to stake his life on this last cast. The conduct of this army betrayed a fatal secret, that the Duke of Hamilton was the most inefficient of Generals. He had formerly shown this in Germany, where a fine army had mouldered away under his hands—in the Frith, where in spiritless inactivity he had not risked a single military movement. And now his persecuting genius rose before him in that very army whose precipitated march had entered England, greater in number than in strength. The Duke, as if conscious of his own deficiency, had been persuaded to submit the conduct to the Earl of Calander as Lieutenant-General; yet neither were cordial to each other, and the friends of the General divided from the friends of the Lieutenant. Some veteran Irish troops disdained to serve under the Scotch commander, who was a punctilious old soldier trained up in the German wars. The army marched without unison, and often in separate divisions. The Scots did not combat so resolutely for the King as they had fought earnestly against him. The Kirk had not blessed Duke Hamilton's army. Their greatest disaster was, that they had to encounter Cromwell. Five weeks the Scots had been suffered to advance, though perpetually harassed, till at length they were defeated. Scorning to retreat homewards with ignominy, a mutiny broke out, when the Earl of Calander escaped to Holland, and the Duke of Hamilton was carried prisoner to Derby. Hamilton was now so sincere, that

he cared not to preserve himself, if he could not preserve his army.

The Duke of Hamilton now had no enemy to deceive, and no friend to confide in. He entered his prison and he maintained his honour, which now no promises could seduce, and no persecution could menace. In the second evening of his imprisonment, when a stern serjeant peremptorily commanded him to leave the court-yard whoro he was sauntering, the Duke was struck by this first mark of that great change in the condition of him who not a few days bofore had commanded so many thousands; but he knew that his master in solitude had long borne, as a monarch should bear, the indignities of his ill-fortune. Never more did Hamilton imagine that he should view that countenance of Majesty and of friendship. Yet this happened! At the close of the following year the Duke was removed to Windsor Castle, where also was the King. When Charles was leaving Windsor to hasten to his trial or execution, Hamilton prevailed on his keepers to be allowed to speak to the King, as he passed by, but for a minute! The interview was hardly suffered to last that single minute which had been so hardly begged. As Charles was passing, the Duke hurried to meet him, and, kneeling down, had only time to say, with that powerful emotion which is beyond all feigning—"My dear Master!"—Charles embraced the old companion of his youth—the minister whose counsels had occupied him so many years—the confident of his secret thoughts, and now the sharer of his adversities—shortly too to be the participator of his fate. The King embraced Hamilton, and had only time to reply—"I have been so indeed to you!"

The confidence of Charles in the Duke of Hamilton remained to the last unintorrupted, though the enemies of Hamilton were ever instilling into the King's mind the darkest suspicions, and what to a monarch, and more particularly to Charles, was most likely to excite his jealousy, insinuating against Hamilton the most treasonable aspirations. When the King was confined in the Isle of Wight, and the governor informed him of the defeat of the Scotch army under tho Duke of Hamilton, Charles observed that "It was the worst news that ever camo to England." The governor thought that "His Majesty had no reason to be of that opinion, for had Hamilton beaten the English, he would certainly have possessed himself of the thrones of England and Scotland." It had long been a popular notion that such was the concealed ambition of the Duke of Hamilton.

The King, however, was not of the opinion of the governor; for, after a short pause, his noble confidence in Hamilton was such, that Charles replied "You are mistaken; I could have commanded him back with the motion of my hand." (1)

CHAPTER LV.

The Incident.

"THE Incident," as it was called, is a presumed event in the history of the Hamiltons, which occurred on the second visit of Charles to Scotland, and which no one could comprehend at the timo. It baffled the inquisitive Clarendon, though the King gave him all the benefit of his knowledgo.

In the mysterious intrigues at this period, the more we labour the darker grows our work. These plotting and counter-plotting politicians, like the silk-worm, cloud th mselves over with their own opaque web, till at length they perish by their own ingenuity. Some recently acquired information will throw a partial light on these dark passages.

Montrose, who had long been in the secrets of the Covenanters, and had watched the ambiguous conduct of the Hamiltons with some of that party, and was convinced in his own mind that the brothers were both traitors—Montrose was himself engaged with the Covenanters, much against his will, in consequence of the King's first ungracious reception of him, which had been contrived by the artifice of Hamilton.

When the King was at Edinburgh in 1641, William Murray of the bed-chamber, at that moment an avowed enemy of the Marquis of Hamilton, and attached to the Earl of Montrose, became the medium of communication between Charles and his future hero. Montrose, since his personal interview with the King at the pacification of Berwick, was supposed, though unconquered in arms, to have been vanquished by words; a paper had been attached to the door of his apartment even at that time, inscribed—

Invictus armis, verbis vincitur.

He was now under restraint in the castle by order of the Covenanters. Montrose assured

(1) Ludlow.

Murray that the proofs of treason were ample, and sufficient to bring them home to the Hamiltons, who had confederated with Argyle to betray the King through the whole of the Scottish transactions. Montrose offered to maintain his proofs in Parliament; the offer was nearly tantamount to a proof—as Clarendon in a suppressed passage informs us, that by the law of Scotland the delator who wrongfully accused of high-treason was himself condemned to the same punishment the convicted traitor would have suffered. We are informed of another fact by Clarendon. The offer of impeaching the three noblemen to break their factions was accompanied by a more extraordinary one—that of getting rid of them altogether by assassination! which, says Clarendon, Montrose frankly undertook to do. Events of this nature the still barbarous customs of the age had not rendered so singular and repulsive as they appear to our more subdued manners; the Court of France, where Montrose had sometime resided, offers several remarkable instances, even under the eyes of Louis the Thirteenth, called "the Just."

At this moment the King seemed embarrassed and fluctuating in his own opinion of the fidelity of the brothers; other obscure suspicions of a confederacy, which we shall have shortly to show, also developed themselves. Forbidding with abhorrence the horrid expedient of the military adventurer, Charles, however, consented that the proofs of treason should be laid before Parliament.

So far we have proceeded with Clarendon's account, who, knowing nothing more, describes on a Sunday morning the sudden flight of the Hamiltons and Argyle—the city of Edinburgh under arms—and the reports tho three lords gave out of dreadful conspiracies against them. The Hamiltons sent letters to the King and the Parliament, "not without some reflections on his Majesty." (1)

This remarkable passage, which long implicated Charles in the rumour of the assassination, has been cleared up by the letters of Secretary Nicholas, to which we shall shortly refer.

Lord Lanerick had addressed to some confidential friend "A relation of the Incident." It is an episode in the history of the Hamiltons; it betrays their distracted feelings. Such was the peculiar situation of the brothers, that both had acted in a manner to become equally snspected even by their partial master.

"You shonld blush when you remember to have owned so much friendship for one branded with the black name of a traitor; or to have loved a person that was capable of ingratitude to a deserving master, for though I should have forgot his Majesty as a subject, I could never have forgot his Majesty's particular favours to me, who from nothing hath heaped both fortune and honours on me. I must beg of you the trouble of reading this paper, and shall not desire a more favourable construction of my actions than you would of his you never saw.

"It is true *the opinion I found his Majesty had of my brother* I conceive made him in some measure *jealous of me*, which upon divers occasions I strove to clear myself, and professed to him that my affection to his service was such *as, if I believed my brother were not so dutiful to him as he ought to be, no man should more willingly contribute to bring him to his deserved punishment than myself.* His Majesty then, and upon divers occasions, was pleased to say, he believed me to be an honest man, and that he had never heard any thing to the contrary; but that he thought my brother *had been very active in his own preservation.*

"This expression of his Majesty's made me look more strictly unto my brother's actions, to see if I could find that in any particular whereby he strove to preserve himself, he had prejudiced the King's just designs. Possibly my blood might claim such an interest in his as to procure a partial construction of his actions from me; but truly, the nearer I looked into his thoughts, tho greater affection and fidelity I found in him to his master; and if in this judgment I have erred, it was the brain's fault, not the blood's, for all interest I laid aside.

"I must confess his Majesty found great opposition in this country, yet (as I hope for mercy, though I found myself suspected by him,) I strove to do him the best service I could; and when all differences were coming to some accommodation, and I in hopes his Majesty might have returned with satisfaction to England, all those hopes were destroyed by this unfortunate accident which which now forceth this distance betwixt his Majesty and us."

After an account of this presumed plot, Lord Lanerick declares, and the confession ma be true, of the miserable days of these

(1) Clarendon, i., 376.

plotting intriguers, "*I was not so much troubled with the hazard of losing a life, wherein God knows these many years I have not taken great pleasure*, as with the great prejudice I saw this would bring to his Majesty's affairs and the peace and quiet of this poor kingdom."

His lordship concludes in this extraordinary style: "I was informed his Majesty had let fall some expressions to my disadvantage in the Parliament House; whereupon I again sent to him begging him to believe that I had not a heart capable of a disloyal thought to him; and that *if I believed my brother had any, he should not be troubled with thinking how to punish him, for I had both a heart and a hand able to do it.*"

Here is an offer of assassinating his own brother, should that brother prove to be a traitor! What extremes of passion agitate politicians in their crooked course! Lanerick offers to return to court at the risk of his own life in the midst of his enemies, "confident that his Majesty knows not of the base design, though the King protects those who are accused."(1) This alludes to Montrose and his party.

The narrative by Lord Lanerick of the presumed immolation of the three lords at the feet of his Majesty betrays such incoherence, that the whole pretended conspiracy was long considered as having no foundation in reality, and by many was treated as a subject of ridicule. The three noblemen were to be called into the King's drawing-room on parliamentary business—two lords were then to enter at a garden-door, followed by two or three hundred men, when, proceeds the Earl, "they should either have killed us, or carried us aboard a ship of his Majesty's which then lay in the road." After all, the assassination might have subsided into a deportation. It is quite certain that in this novel political scene, Charles would never have endured to have been even a spectator; the assassination of the three lords could never have taken place in his presence. Charles has never yet been accused, among the calumnies heaped on his head, of this sanguinary disposition. The stretch of his arbitrary command was an imprisonment.

Charles, indignant at the suspicions of the Hamiltons, insisted on a public trial of the presumed conspirators. We learn from that faithful recorder and actor in the passing scenes, Principal Baillie, that all parties considered it as most prudent to leave this dark and involved affair to a private committee; and in England it was consigned to the Privy Council. The Scotch Committee appear to have been strangely perplexed by the contrary depositions; the truth of some things could not be denied, and the falsity and absurdity of others seem to have been as evident. It was considered prudent that the original depositions should be suppressed; some notes of them, however, have been preserved.(2) In England it was resolved that all the documents relative to "the Incident" should remain under the Secretary's care, to be inspected by any of the Peers, but not to be published without the King's command.(3) The chief point with Charles was, the vindication of his own honour, so cruelly implicated by the terrified Hamiltons. That remarkable passage in Clarendon that the Hamiltons addressed the Scottish Parliament "not without some reflections upon his Majesty," receives a fresh light from one of Secretary Nicholas's letters to the King, which has recently appeared in the Evelyn papers. The Secretary writes from London to the King at Edinburgh, "The Marquis of Hamilton's second and third letters to your Majesty, whereby he begs your Majesty's pardon, which argues he is not so faultless and innocent as we (the Privy Council) would here render him." This can only allude to the Marquis having implicated the "King in the base design," as Lord Lanerick calls it. And therefore the Secretary congratulates the King on the result of the examination of the Privy Council, that "there was nothing which in any sort reflected on the King's honour." Nor has Charles been accused of any criminal act by the party. The Secretary designates "the Incident" as "that unhappy business"—and requests the royal command

(1) Lord Hardwicke's State-papers, ii., 299.

(2) These notes or contents of the depositions are preserved by Baifour in his Journal of Parliament; and are in Malcolm Laing's Appendix to his History of Scotland, iii., 515.

(3) On inquiry, I do not learn that these papers are in the State-paper Office—they remained probably with secretary Nicholas, and, if not lost, must be among his MSS. My friend Mr. Amyott, to whom, if his modesty would allow it, I would apply the happy designation of Sir David Dalrymple of Lord Hardwicke, as "learned in British History," did me the favour to examine the book of the Privy Council, but not a single entry has been made of this singular transaction, so careful were they, for the honour of the King, to bury it in impenetrable obscurity.

respecting the publication. The King simply notes on the letter, "There needs no more." (1)

What is more certain than "the Incident" is, that Lord Clarendon heard from Montrose himself that Murray, after having been the warmest encourager to the proposed impeachment of the Hamiltons, and offered himself to prove many notable things against the suspected nobleman, was the only man who discovered the whole "Counsel"—that is, the intended impeachment—to the Hamiltons; and what is as mysterious as "the Incident" itself, Murray, the avowed enemy of the Marquis of Hamilton, suddenly deserted Montrose, whom he had courted, and whose intermediate agent he had been with the King, and as suddenly became the intimate friend of Hamilton. The alarm of the Hamiltons, occasioned by the dread of assassination, I would ascribe to the same manœuvres of Mr. William Murray of the bed-chamber. In betraying the projects of Montrose, he probably mixed up an exaggerated account of that "frank" offer of assassination, which the daring and vindictive Montrose would not have hesitated to have had performed by his creatures, for he was himself then confined in the Castle by the Covenanters. The Marquis of Hamilton, practised on by the artful insinuations of the faithless Murray, evidently suspected that the King had consented to this inexpiable crime. Hence his regrets and requests of pardon, noticed in the letters of Secretary Nicholas. That Hamilton had entertained this suspicion, though he certainly ought better to have understood the character of Charles, is confirmed by an affecting circumstance. Shortly after the mysterious "Incident," and at the moment the Marquis was created a Duke, Charles tenderly reproached him for having suffered so foul a suspicion to enter his mind, reminding Hamilton that on a former occasion, when a like charge had been laid against Hamilton himself, he had instantly rejected it with scorn, and, as a proof of his unchangeable confidence, had commanded Hamilton that very night to sleep in his chamber.

In a conspiracy of which we hardly know the conspirators, and in an "Incident" which never occurred, some reasonable conjectures may be allowed. Malcolm Laing, after an able review of this mysterious tale, concludes that "the Incident" was not altogether a fictitious plot, and that the proposed arrest of the Hamiltons was probably assented to by Charles, under the influence of the extraordinary communications of Montrose; these, in fact, opened a scene of confederacy which extended to London as well as Edinburgh. At this moment Charles saw himself surrounded by conspiracies. One of his motives in hastening to Scotland had been to obtain possession of an engagement bearing the signatures of several English Peers, and, as he was told, of some Commoners with the Covenanters, and which we shall find he but "narrowly missed." If the arrest of the three Lords had the King's concurrence, what need was there of the three hundred men? That the King might have designed to arrest them is not improbable, but the rumour of the assassination, or the deportation, probably originated in the artful insinuations of Murray, and in the confused accounts of the contradictory evidence of some officers, who seem to have been let into a plot, which they did not themselves understand. The plot, whatever it was, may have been the contrivance of the daring Montrose, who consigned the management to the Earl of Crawford; but even this point is difficult to conceive, for Montrose, who was then soliciting the royal favour, would hardly have ventured to lose it, by an assassination which had been solemnly interdicted by the King.

There was another circumstance which had risen out of the mysterious "Incident" not the least observable. When the news of the flight of the three Lords from Edinburgh reached London, it created the same consternation as in the Scotch city; it was magnified by Pym in Parliament(2) into one of those popular delusions which they began to practise; it was said to be a Papistical conspiracy against both the Kingdoms; and the Lord Mayor is directed to double guards and watches in the city and suburbs! A simple observer might suspect the existence of some secret cause proportioned to this strange effect. Why were the leading members of Parliament thus panic-struck? The revelations of Montrose evidently had affected them—that concealed intercourse which was shortly to be made apparent to the world, and which was yet imperfectly known to Charles, had cast the parties into confusion and dismay.

(1) Secretary Nicholas's correspondence in Evelyn. Pym's report of the Committee in the tenth volume of the Parliamentary History.

(2) See Pym's Speech in Cobbett's Parl. Hist., ii., col. 915.

About the time of "the Incident," Scotland was a focus of political intrigues, intrigues which have not entered into history, although they have left some obscure traces. The Scottish parties were so embroiled together, that Charles insisted, as each was ready to vent their mutual recriminations, on an act of oblivion on all sides. The King threatened that if the Covenanters accused the Earl of Traquaire and others, he would reserve three or four of their own party. The violence of their machinations we discover in the desperate style of the two great leaders of both the parties. When the Covenanters were insisting on having Traquaire tried by their Parliament, as "an incendiary," which was the reigning party-name for any of the royal ministers, more than once he swore that "before he perished he would mix heaven and earth and hell together!" In this chaos of his emotions, we may conjecture that the wild elements combined the secret intrigues of some Englishmen with the Scots, and of Argyle and other Covenanters with the Cabinet of the Louvre. The desperate language of Traquaire was replied to by the bold challenge of the Covenanter, Mr. Archibald Johnston, who figures in Scottish history as Lord Wariston. Wariston fiercely offered the King, as he himself expressed it, "to be yoked in one chain with the Earl of Traquaire, and let him accuse me, and me accuse him, then let the judgment go free, and the nocent suffer." Treason hung on the lips of every one; and Wariston tells that "these recriminations deserve justice rather than mercy." The Covenanter asks not for blood, but surely he desires it. What scenes were these for the unhappy monarch! And what a man was this Wariston, the head of the Covenanters! This fierce Covenanter was one who, as he describes himself, "did not weaken his hands in the work of God." He was a terrible being—the Talus with his flail of iron, whom we have already noticed in the history of the Puritans. He often discovers the simplicity of his system of politics; it consisted of the strength of the Scottish army, and his own unalterable intrepidity. He wrote, with concise energy, from London to his brothers in Scotland, "Commend us to be stout, prepare your armies. The Lower House grow in strength. They have *Strafford's life*—are thinking on *monies for us*—Lord encourage and direct them!" There is more dignity in his patriotism when he declares that his only end is that "the honour of the kingdom be preferred to the King's point of honour." (1) However, be it not forgotten, that this warm patriot and inspired Covenanter closed his life with the weakness which he said he himself feared; he could not resist the seduction of office. In Cromwell's time he begged not to be sent up to London, dreading "the snares." Encumbered by a numerous family, and having large sums not likely to be repaid for public services, the Usurper, for so the Presbyterians called the Protector, prevailed on Wariston to have his accounts settled, and to serve him. The offer was accepted, but deep was the interior conflict of conscience and poverty. We are told that it cast the fierce yet honest Wariston into a state of melancholy; with a dejected spirit nothing went well with him; and, finally, it cost him his life at the Restoration.

The close of "the Incident" was as curious, though not as mysterious, as any part of it. The projected tragedy terminated in a perfect comedy. The Lords who should have been assassinated were elevated into higher dignities. The Marquis of Hamilton was created a duke; the Earl of Argyle had a marquisate bestowed on him. Lesley, the Scotch general, was overcome by an earldom; a Scotch laird was metamorphosed into a viscount. Even the Covenanter, Mr. Archibald Johnston, was knighted, pensioned, and commissioned as a Lord of the Sessions, and well known as Lord Wariston. Lanerick and Montrose alike lost not a shade of the royal favour. The very Presbyters, who were triumphing over the distribution of the Bishops' lands, which, however, were chiefly thrown to the devouring rapacity of the aristocracy, (2) and who

(1) Dalrymple's Memoirs of Charles the First, 122 and 136.

(2) I refer the reader to a curious passage in the Diary-letters of honest Baillie, (i., 334,) for an amusing specimen of the manner in which the vultures hovered over the great dead bodies of Episcopacy, till they were glutted by the carnage. It seems that when they came to the grand pillage, the Presbyters were not allowed all the portion they had calculated on. "Glasgow was pitifully crossed by the Duke, who must needs have the temporality of that Bishoprick; the spirituality fell to the town-minister, which is but a small thing. But to content Glasgow, the bishoprick of Galloway was given to the College. Aberdeen University got its bishoprick—Ross, Murray, and Caithness are divided to North-land gentlemen of any small deserving; Argyle Isles, I suspect, to Argyle. The Bishopricks

so often had tried the gravity of Charles by their volume of a sermon, when, like a true Scot, the King even attended the Kirk, had their Henderson and Gillespie pensioned and preferrod. Charles must have considered himself fortunate to have been permitted "to pardon" his own friends, with an understanding, however, that he was to neglect them; "the incendiaries," as the ministers of Charles were called, had been threatened with the recent fate of Strafford, and they were now rewarded for their zeal by a royal pardon! Some of the adherents to the King sarcastically observed that should any of them be desirous of preferment, they had only to join the new rebellion which had just broken out in Ireland. Charles, indeed, was now only exercising the weakness of sovereignty, for his real power was limited to granting concessions and conferring titles. Yet what availed this state-policy? In Scotland, Charles was only disappointing his friends without conciliating his enemies, so transient is the feeble gratitude for extorted favours! It must be acknowledged that monarchs incur misfortunes which are peculiarly their own.

The King, indeed, had of late been so accustomed to grant concessions, without any return of thanks, that the lip-service of the vehement gratitude of some cunning Scots looked much like that loyalty from which he had been so long estranged. Charles mistook quiet for peace. Whatever was his design in his present political journey, the policy proved fatal; in going in person to Scotland, as Clarendon forcibly expresses it, he had only "made a more perfect deed of gift of that kingdom," and, what was not less fatal, the management of the Scots indicated to their English friends, who had watched their motions, and rejoiced with their rejoicings, that the King must yield all to them. It would indeed have reproached the incapacity and the enterprise of the party, if Charles had not shown himself as weak and as weakened a sovereign at London as he had done at Edinburgh. So contagious is the example of a successful insurrection, that even the Irish nation in their atrocious rebellion now pretended that they wore only following the example of the Scots, and pleaded for their liberties and their religion as well as the sons of Calvin; but these Papalists proved to be more barbarous even than the Covenanters!

CHAPTER LVI.

The Letter of the Scots to the French King.—A Design of their Separation from England.—Burnet's Anecdote of Lord Loudon examined.

The Earl of Traquaire, who succeeded the Marquis of Hamilton in the difficult and dangerous office of High Commissioner for Scotland, was a person of considerable abilities, who from a private gentleman, by name Stewart, had been raised to distinction; an adventurous intriguer unquestionably, and one whose fate resembles that of many of this class, for according to the calamitous list of "Scot of Scotstarvet's Staggering State of Scots Statesmen," this versatile politician, after all his shiftings, closed his career in indigence and obscurity. Traquaire was now fixed in a dilemma, from which by no artifice could he extricate himself—he was secretly the great enemy to Episcopacy, and it was now his office to protect the very order which he sought to abolish.

The Earl of Traquaire was a favourite with Lord Clarendon, who in a suppressed passage declares, that "He was one of the wisest men that he had known of that nation," and in his text, as formerly published, seems reluctantly to record the suspicions of others, that Traquaire was privy to the conspiracy against the Church. This his lordship at first doubted. But in the suppressed passage the doubt seems to have disappeared, for we find a fuller detail of his ambiguous conduct. (1) Traquaire was openly accused by the Scottish Bishops before the King for his treachorous deportment in the Scotch business, and Bishop Guthry, with his strong feelings for Episcopacy, has ranked him among the rogues and traitors.

The duplicity or the versatility of this political character is strongly marked. Secretly hostile to Episcopacy, he had himself joined in ejecting the order of Bishops from the three estates of Parliament. But when he found the King still so tender on the point of Episcopacy, Traquaire, to help the King out of this difficulty, cunningly suggested that "Let the Parliament do what it would, there

were so quickly dilapidated, that we were near to have made a protestation in Parliament in the Church's name"—that is the Presbyters!

(1) Compare, in the last edition of the first volume, p. 192, with the Appendix, p. 512. The contrast is very striking, and the confession of Clarendon, that the Earl designed, by an alteration in the ecclesiastical, to make more reasonable a reformation in the temporal state, seems to settle the question.

were still grounds for the restoration of Episcopacy whenever the King could carry the point; for Bishops, by the laws of Scotland, forming one of the estates in Parliament, no Act whatever that passed without them could have force in law, and much less the Act that had abolished them, since they never appeared there, and had protested against it." (1) This was what a modern French statesman has called an "*arrière pensée*."

Traquaire's concealed feelings towards the Bishops, and his Cabinet opinion as Privy Councillor, exhibit him in those very opposite positions into which the man of intrigue is sometimes so painfully thrust. The worldly wisdom of these Achitophels is to live on expedients—their only art is a trick of the moment; but expedients will fail, and the deceiver is liable to be himself deceived.

The Scottish Commissioners, to quiet the people, published their own constructions of the articles of the late hurried treaty of Berwick. As much had passed in loose conferences, where any harshness in the wording was softened by the royal exposition, but not altered, that the honour of the King might suffer no degradation, and as these conferences were written down every night when the Commissioners returned to their camp, different persons would assign different results; what was set down as positive by one, to another would be dubious. The concessions which the Scots gave out were utterly disclaimed by the English, and "The Scots' false paper," as it was called, (2) was burnt by the hand of the common hangman as a slanderous libel, "Everybody disavowing the contents, but nobody taking upon him to publish a copy that they owned to be true." A curious instance of the absurdity of a treaty where the parties refer to what is not contained in it!

The Scots made an appearance of disbanding their army, by burning the tents which formed their camp, but they detained their officers, and Scotland presented the same unchanged scene. The Tables of democracy continued their sittings. The new Assembly, to spare the King's prejudices, avoided every allusion to the Assembly of Glasgow, which he had condemned as illegal, but they were careful to reproduce all its former resolutions.

Charles, though slowly, withdrew from that last hold of his sovereignty—the contested Episcopacy. The act of the Assembly declared that "Episcopacy was *unlawful* in the Kirk;" that term, on any explanation, Charles firmly rejected. The King was willing to allow that Episcopacy might be declared to be "contrary to the constitution of the Kirk," but he never would acknowledge that "Episcopacy was unlawful." "There may be," he observed, "many several constitutions, but whatever is absolutely unlawful in one Church cannot be lawful in another of the same profession of religion."

Such was the argument of Charles, which has incurred the censure of two able historians. Malcolm Laing considers it as "an immaterial difference, unworthy to form an obstacle to a national settlement;" and Dr. Lingard condemns it as "a mere quibble."

The historians of Charles the First rarely place themselves in the perplexed situation of this unfortunate monarch. History requires its abstractions as well as poetry; the historian, like the poet, should personate the character he represents, placing himself in the condition of the human being whose actions he records. With the same fixed views before him, and with the sympathy of the same feelings, he should penetrate, like Tacitus or Clarendon, if blessed with their art, into the secret recesses of the mind. The instance before us is an illustration of this critical maxim.

When we discover the royal Episcopalian compelled to hang his wrath on this slight thread, it serves at least to indicate the wounded sensibility, which could not endure that the obnoxious term *unlawful* and *Episcopacy* should lie in such close connexion. But in the mind of Charles there was a deeper dread of this sweeping conclusion, for, *cæteris paribus*, had Charles acknowledged Episcopacy to be unlawful in one Church, it would, or it ought to, extend to the other. The King was not raising a cavil, but opposing a principle,—a principle which was striking at the Church of England; and it proved to be an awful anticipation, (3) nor was it un-

(1) Burnet's Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 119.

(2) This paper is preserved in Frankland's Annals, 791. Malcolm Laing does not think "the Scots' Paper" to have been as false as the hangman proclaimed it.

(3) The argument here used I had written before I discovered the same in Malcolm Laing himself, iii., 472. This historian has even assigned another motive for Charles's "Quibble," as Dr. Lingard calls it. It is one not less forcible: "If Episcopacy was condemned as unlawful in the constitution of a church, it could never be restored." Thus while

perceived by Charles himself. He indeed was so fully aware of the perilous state into which his Anglican Church was thrown by the establishment of his Scottish Kirk, that he had drawn a solemn oath from the Chancellor of Scotland (Lord Loudon), the Earl of Argyle, and Lesley, that they would never interfere with the religious worship of England, and never on this subject aid the Puritans by their arms. This circumstance, which appears in the manuscript of the French Resident, was communicated by the King himself to that person when, in 1644, Charles expressed his indignation at the conduct of the Scotch party at London. (1)

The sons of Calvin expelled the Prelates, who constituted the third state in their Parliament, and excommunicated eight. They even procured three or four apostate Bishops to abjure Episcopacy as "an Order as hath had sensibly many fearful and evil consequences in many parts of Christendom." (2) And doubtless they inferred that Presbytery is "an Order" guiltless of all crimes, and too wise to have troubled the world with any follies of its own.

For this time, however, the obnoxious term was softened—Charles had wholly succumbed—even his favoured Episcopacy was surrendered to "the madness of the people." But the Scots had yet much to labour for. Turning from their Presbytery, they looked towards a revolution in their Government. This was an advantage to Charles, for it convinced those of the English nation who were free from faction, that it was no longer "the Bishops' war," as it was termed, but a destruction of regal authority, at which some refractory spirits aimed. (3)

The Assembly decreed to ratify the Covenant. Traquaire had suffered every point to be carried, and, strange as it seemed to Charles, the Earl himself had subscribed the Revolutionary Bond. The name of Traquaire become popular, and resounded from the pulpits; Scotland blazed with bonfires! The half-timid and half-daring Lord Commissioner hastened to Whitehall to plead his justification, averring that he could not prevail with the people, but by force, or by compliance. The Covenanting Earl was coldly received by the King, and again, as Baillie expresses it, "his credit was cracking."

Traquaire now in disgrace at Court, though popular in Scotland, either to redeem the royal favour which he had lost, or not unwilling to check that political anarchy with which the nation was threatened by the ambition of a few, contrived a new shift by which he strengthened the King's cause, and more clearly exposed the secret designs of the Covenanters. Traquaire had intercepted a letter addressed by some of the Scottish nobility "Au Roy," where the subscribers offered themselves to be subjects of France; to renew that ancient alliance, that sympathy of common interests, which had formerly reduced the Realm of Scotland to a dependent province of France.

Charles now discovered sufficient cause for alarm, and Lord Leicester, our ambassador at Paris, in a private audience with Louis the Thirteenth, sounded his Majesty's intentions. His lordship attempted to take the King by surprise, by artfully assuming that his Majesty had received a letter from the heads of the Covenanters. The King declared he knew of no such letter. His lordship then offered to read the copy of an intercepted letter, of which the King of England retained the original. Louis, observing that the letter was written in French, read it himself, and then solemnly declared that he had never had any thing to do with them, and never would. "Le Roy, mon frère, peut être assuré que je n'aime les rebelles et séditieux"—Charles had desired the ambas-

this acute historian censures Charles for his hesitation at "an immaterial difference," when he comes to explain the King's views, he offers the most satisfactory apology for the King's conduct. It has been the peculiar fate of Charles, placed as he was frequently in the most trying positions, to be condemned in the same page which bears its refutation, whenever the historian has taken enlarged views. I have remarked this circumstance so often that I am provided with a copious chapter of instances, where several of our most eminent modern writers of the history of this period, while they condemn this hapless monarch, have in the very same page contradicted themselves, correcting the popular notions they adopt, by a more intimate knowledge of their subject.

(1) I give the original passage. "Le Roi de la Grande Bretagne est très malcontent des Écossois. Il m'a juré que lorsque par la nécessité de ses affaires il fut contraint de consentir à ce que les Écossois avoient fait contre la Religion, prévoyant que les Anglois se serviroient d'eux pour la révolte, il avoit tiré serment sur leur foi et sur leur honneur, du Chancelier d'Écosse, du Comte d'Orgneil (Argyle) et Lesley, que jamais ils ne se mêleroient de la religion d'Angleterre, et ne l'assisteroient jamais de leurs armes en ce sujet."—*Sabran's manuscript Negociations en Angleterre*, vol. ii., fol. 146.

(2) The abjuration or renouncement of one of these apostate Bishops is preserved in Rushworth, ii., 957.

(3) Malcolm Laing, iii., 175.

sador to say that the ground of their rebellion was not conscience nor religion—"Non! Je le croy, car c'est seulement un prétexte que tous les rebelles cherchent pour couvrir leur mauvais desseins."—"The true ground," continued the Earl, "is their hatred to royalty and monarchical government, wherein your Majesty and every King have a common interest."—"Je le sçais bien, cela ne peut arriver aussi bien qu'à un autre, et, comme vous dites, les Rois y ont grand intérêt, et quant à moi je ne favoriseray jamais les mutins et les rebelles." (1)

When I read, many years ago, the French monarch's replies, I was porsuaded, by the *naïveté* of such blunt sincerity, that it was clear of all political artifice. I considered that the witchery of the daring genius of the minister had withered the faculties of Louis, and that the French King knew nothing of the dispatch of the Scotch Abbé Chambre to Edinburgh, nor the continual intercourse with the Scottish party; in a word, that Louis had yet no idea that he was in reality the ally and confederate of the insurgents of Scotland. Moreover, the existence of this French letter, addressed "Au Roy" by the Scottish lords, has always been denied by our historians, from Hume to Brodie. They have all asserted that no such letter was sent, relying on the testimony of Lord Loudon, one of the lords who was implicated in the treason, and sent to the Tower. He asserted that this intercepted letter was merely a rough copy, which, had it ever been intended, was never actually sent.

I became more intimately acquainted with the character and habits of Louis the Thirteenth in the judicious history of Père Griffet. I discovered that never was there a monarch who carried the royal vice of dissimulation farther than this King; incompetent himself to govern, yet jealous even of his favourites on small matters, the sole political artifice he was capable of practising was that of never betraying his own thoughts. The man whom he had condemned to imprisonment, or to death, in a last interview he would even dismiss with marks of particular regard. Louis the Thirteenth was tutored by Richelieu, and never failed in the humble part of a pupil. That he deceived the Earl of Leicester by his apparent simplicity is probable, but modern researches often throw a new light over the dark passages of history, and communicate to posterity a knowledge of the times which no contemporary possessed. All the writers of English history have confided on the evidence of Lord Loudon, himself one of the conspirators. The letter in French by the Scottish lords, addressed "Au Roy," we now know was sent and was received. Monsieur Mazure recently discovered it in the State-paper office of France. (2)

It is precisely the same as the letter which Charles had read to the Parliament. Calculating on the effect he imagined it would have produced by exposing the designs of the Scotch party, he was mortified to discover that the Parliament either passed it over as a state trick, or little cared whether the French assisted their "dear (3) brethren" of Scotland, to which they probably had no objection.

In these Scottish transactions an important circumstance does not appear in our history. A party among the Scottish nobility seems to have designed a separation from England, and to have resumed their rank in Europe as an independent nation. This object was suit-

(1) Sydney Papers, ii. Père d'Orléans, Révolutions de l'Angleterre, iii., 19.

(2) Histoire de la Révolution de 1688, par Mazure, iii., 405.

(3) The letter Traquaire had intercepted was a duplicate. Modern research has also brought to light both a brouillon and a corrected copy, different from the one dispatched to France. Dalrymple, Memorials of Charles I., 57—60. It is printed in Frankland, 810. The Scots found the French idiom difficult. One of the Scottish Lords refused to sign, objecting to their use of "Raye de soleil." not because it was treason, but because it was nonsense; for *Raye* is a Tharnback, and it went to say, that "the glory of the French monarch shone like that fish." However, it went *une Raye de soleil*, meaning *rayon*.

It may amuse the reader to see how party-histories have been written. Oldmixon, in his "History of the Stuarts," frequently referred to as authority by a party, describes in his peculiar style the scene which occurred when Charles from the throne acquainted Parliament of his having intercepted the letter to the French monarch, which the Lord-Keeper read. "The Lord-Keeper, holding the letter folded, read the superscription *Au Roy*, raising his voice so very theatrically, showing that whoever writes so acknowledges the King they address to be their Sovereign. Here's logic as well as rhetoric! This acting is not yet over. Then the Lord-Keeper read the letter, expatiating on it to prove the treason of the Lords who subscribed it. The artifice of the letter stared both Houses in the face. I can't write this incident no more than I could have seen it without laughing, to see the Lord-Keeper gravely folding up the letter, then turning *Au Roy* to the Lords and Commons; then the King speaking to it; then the Keeper speaking again to it; when all the while it was a farce in the opinion of that august assembly."—146.

able to the policy of Richelieu. We may trace all the French Ambassadors who resided in England, even under the administration of that Cardinal's successor, holding secret intelligence with Scotchmen. In the manuscript papers of Sabran I find many such confidential interviews. A political intriguer of this nation, whose name does not appear, but whose eminence is indicated by his having received a gold chain from the King of France, and evidently some Scotchman intimately connected with the Cabinet of the Louvre—the object of his interview with Sabran was to point out the future danger to France of a union of both the Parliaments of England and Scotland in the design of establishing one form of religion. He warned Sabran that the Parliament had already their secret deputies in Sweden, and among all the Protestant Princes, as also with the States of Holland. A league was ready to be formed against the Catholic Princes. He complained that Scotchmen were not so well received at Court under the administration of Mazarin as of Richelieu. He designed, however, to revisit France before he returned to his country. As Sabran entertained suspicions of this mysterious personage, he encouraged him to open himself more freely; and it appeared that this Scotchman wanted to establish the independence of Scotland by the aid of France. He closed by a prediction. "We shall have our Covenant and independence too at London, so that the Scots would no longer be a province of England."

The information given by this mysterious personage was shortly after confirmed. The French Cabinet was thrown into a panic at the Parliament's secret intercourse with Sweden by a concealed agent, whose lodgings they had not even been able to discover. This was not wonderful; for he proved to be a Scotchman in the service of Sweden. Brienne, the Secretary of State, who carried on the correspondence with Sabran, and whose views on English affairs discover the most enlightened sagacity, having been formerly acquainted with all the parties in England, impresses on Sabran to flatter and to gain over the Scotch, for more than one purpose, either to be useful to the King of England, or to oppose the Parliament in the case of their erecting a Republic, which might trouble France. Sabran was to lay great stress on the ancient alliance which had never been interrupted between France and Scotland. If by money or by any other recompense he could gain over the Chancellor of Scotland to the French, there was every disposition to gratify him. "Si vous venez à lui tâter, mesurez vos parolles comme n'ayant nulle charge de rien offrir, mais seulement de pressentir quelle seroit sa disposition. Deux raisons font qu'il ne s'en offensera pas; la première qu'il est Écossois, qui vaut autant à dire qu'intéressé; l'autre que c'est la France qui le recherche, dont ils sont en possession de recevoir des bienfaits." This Secretary of State was so greatly alarmed at the projected league against the Catholic powers, and at a combination with all the Protestants, that, as he writes to Sabran, a long dispatch was sent to the Plenipotentiaries then assembled at Munster, to sound the designs of the Chancellor of Swedon (the famous Oxenstiern), who doubtless is the prime mover of this proposition which threatens the oppression and ruin of the Catholic Religion.

All these political terrors of the French Cabinet produced a ludicrous incident. Sabran proved it as difficult as it was delicate to communicate with the Scottish Chancellor, as he could only converse with him by means of an interpreter; and such was the watchful jealousies of the parties, that he was hindered from seeing him as often as he wished. Sabran contrived an expedient. He sent an invitation for Twelfth Night to draw for King, to the Chancellor and his intimate associates, as a pretext for their meeting. "This was a difficult affair to manage," continues Sabran, "for reasons which he could not mention, but which you may easily imagine." He probably alludes to that feast-day, which was already condemned as "a Popish superstition." The Chancellor accepted the invitation; but the day after he suddenly fell ill, as he said, so that the feast really intended for the Scotch, Sabran found necessary to keep, without obtaining its object, by making up quite a different party, inviting the three Dutch Ambassadors and the Resident of Portugal to assist him in celebrating a feast which had never been intended for them, and which had balked the deep designs of the statesman who was regulating the affairs of France and Scotland. (1)

From the letter which was addressed "Au Roy," and from the particulars we gather from Sabran's negotiations, we infer that there was a party among the Scottish nobles, who had contemplated, by an alliance with

(1) Sabran's Manuscript Negotiations, ii., 17.

France, to separate themselves from England and to establish their own national independence.

On this occasion a strango story has been told, famous among those who would blacken Charles the First as the most arbitrary of tyrants. The Earl of Loudon, as we have noticed, was committed to the Tower, being the only Scottish Peer then at London who had subscribed the treasonable letter to the French King, and on this circumstance we have a surprising tale.

When Burnet was once accused of having suppressed several things in his Memoirs of Hamilton relating to Charles the First, from fear of offending the Court, he pleaded that "some things could not bear telling." As an instance, he mentioned that when the Earl of Loudon lay prisoner in the Tower, Charles, in his passionate resentment, sent a warrant to Sir William Balfour, Lieutenant of the Tower, to execute the prisoner for high treason the next morning! The Lieutenant immediately went to the Earl, and desired his opinion how to avoid the execution. The Earl desired Balfour to hasten to the Marquis of Hamilton, whom, however, he could not meet with till the King had retired to rest. The Marquis and the Lieutenant are then represented as waiting in the outer apartment in despair, till one told Balfour that as Lieutenant of the Tower he had a privilego to knock at the King's chamber-door at any hour of the night. The Groom of the Bedchamber announced to the King that the Lieutenant of the Tower had come upon business. He was admitted, when, falling on his knees, he prayed to know whether the warrant for the execution of Loudon was legally obtained from his Majesty, and whether he could legally proceed to the execution of it? The King replied, that the warrant was his, and must be obeyed. The Marquis of Hamilton, who had stood at the door, then entering, on his knees begged the King would not insist on such an extraordinary resolution. The King seemed peremptory. The Marquis in despair, taking leave, said that "He would now ride post to Scotland, for I am sure before night the whole city will be in an uproar, and they will pull your Majesty out of your palace. I will get as far as I can, and declare to my countrymen, that I had no hand in it." The King was struck at this, and bade the Marquis recall the Lieutenant, when the King, taking the warrant, tore it to pieces.

This story appeared in the shape of a memorandum made by Bishop Kennet in a blank leaf of Burnet's Memoirs, as told to Kennet by a Mr. Frazier, who had heard it from the vivacious gossip of Burnet; Frazier further added, that having once mentioned it to that Duke of Hamilton who was killed in a duel, his Grace said that he had often run over the papers in his collection, whence Burnet had drawn his materials, and he recollected such a relation. When Birch first printed the story, (1) it produced a great sensation with the Whig party of that day, as a complete evidence of the arbitrary conduct of their English Nero.

The correctness of this narrative must, however, be questioned. An extraordinary story against Charles the First from Burnet, at that day, was safe to tell and grateful to hear. The historical integrity of this warm and vivacious memoir-writer, on the subject of Charles the First, is impeachable, when we confront his adulative style on the unfortunate monarch in the Memoirs of the Hamiltons, written early in life, and the depreciated character which appears in the subsequent History of his Own Time. Had the tale run that Charles had commanded the assassination of Loudon, it would have borne more probability than one of a private execution, which, at least, must have taken place before witnesses.

Lord Loudon was at that moment one of the Deputies of Scotland, confined to the Tower, where he had been examined by the Attorney-General and Secretary Windebank, and the House of Lords thought fit to remand him till further evidence was produced. (2) It is against all reason to conceive that Charles, while Loudon was thus placed in security, and pending an examination before the Lords, could have ventured to inform his Peers, whenever they chose to call for their prisoner, that he had been executed!

It is certain that the head of the Earl of London was in imminent peril; for the act of treason, according to the laws of Scotland, could not be more evident, and the King was certain that an open trial would have done that which he is represented to have sought by the most frantic impolicy ever recorded.

Dr. Birch and other writers seem not to have known that the story itself had been

(1) In an Appendix to the *second* edition of an Inquiry into the Share which King Charles the First had in the Transactions of the Earl of Glamorgan, 372.

(2) Whitelocke's Memorials, 33.

already more largely told by Oldmixon, who refers for his authority to a "MS. MF.," as "an authority too noble to be called in question, and known to all the people of the first quality in North Britain." But Oldmixon, as I have frequently detected, is such an infamous interpolater, that his history is faithless as any of the French Varillas, who referred to manuscripts which were at length found to be the chimeras of his own brain. He is much fuller in his story than the one said to have descended from Burnet, and, indeed, he is remarkable for always improving a tale by new accessories. Among his *dramatis personæ*, he has introduced the Queen in bed, complaining of Hamilton's intrusion at two or three in the morning; "but the Marquis, taking her up short, let her know she was a subject as well as himself." (1) Secret history wonderfully improves under tho pens of certain writers.

Dr. Birch, a warm Whig, is very tender on the political tergiversation of his favourite historian, Burnet. To Bishop Burnet we are unquestionably indebted for a mass of very curious secret history, sometimes tinged by his prejudices, but much of which is veracious. Birch says, "It was not to be expected that the historian writing (the Memoirs of Hamilton) in such times and circumstances (under Charles the Second), should venture to relate at length the remarkable story to which he evidently alludes in a passage of those Memoirs." The passage of Burnet is, "There were some ill instruments about the King, who advised him *to proceed capitally against Loudon, which is believed went very far*. But the Marquis of Hamilton opposed this vigorously, assuring the King that if it were done, Scotland was for ever lost." If Burnet, in his loose and inaccurate style, alluded to the story which he told twenty years afterwards, he has certainly not afforded any indication that he had such a statement lying before him. What he says is true, as we find confirmed by Whitelocke, that "the King was *advised* to proceed capitally against Loudon."

Another circumstance, in my mind, seems fatal to the authenticity of the story. When Lord Hardwicke carefully examined this very Hamilton collection, and published the important papers which Burnet had only alluded to, or had passed over unnoticed, I find none of this strange history. Would Lord Hardwicke, the zealous patron of Dr. Birch, have neglected such a curious piece of secret history, which also would have authenticated the fugitive and suspicious tale of this execution before a trial?

Would the present noble owner of this collection once more open his archives, and inspect those family documents which have entered into the history of the nation, it is probable that he may have it yet in his power to inform us about Oldmixon's manuscript MF., and Bishop Burnet's tale which "could not bear the telling." (2)

The true close of this history of the Earl of Loudon we have already given in the chapter on the Marquis of Hamilton.

CHAPTER LVII.

The Secret Motive of Charles the First's Second Journey to Scotland.—The Forged Letter of Lord Saville.

The motive of the second journey of Charles to his "ancient and native kingdom" so late as in August, 1641, after the many extraordinary events of that and the preceding year, has been variously conjectured by historians. Among the most important of those events, the King had witnessed the imprisonment of Laud, the execution of Strafford, and the abolition of Episcopacy in that very kingdom to which it seemed as if the King were flying as to a last refuge. Since the death of Strafford, the regal power of Charles was reduced to a shadow of sovereignty; his personal distresses and the con-

(1) History of the Stuarts, 140. It is amusing to observe this writer delivering his opinion on historical composition. "One great advantage the Ancients had over the Moderns in writing history was the liberty of their genius; and they had another, which was the credit they were in with their readers; we do not find the margeanls of Thucydides and Livy crowded with authorities. The historian's own word was taken." Yet so blind is party, that Micaiah Towgood, in his "Essay towards attaining a true idea of the Character and Reign of King Charles the First," accepts this party-history "as a good collection of *facts;* though his zeal, perhaps, breaks forth into too frequent and warm sallies." When I shall give the history of this writer, my readers will learn on what principle he acted and wrote.

(2) Since this chapter has been written, I observe with pleasure that Dr. Lingard, whose unbiassed judgment is always to be highly valued, "gives no credit to Burnet's hearsay story." He does not seem to be aware that Oldmixon had told it so long before. I have sometimes thought that Oldmixon's mysterious manuscript MF., of which he does not assign the place where it may be found, was some collection by the Mr. Frazier who told Burnet's tale. Oldmixon also notices in his preface a Dr. Fraser, who had lent him pamphlets and papers; and the

fusion in his conncils were such at this moment that the King could not endnre to be near Westminster, where one of the Bedchamber said that nothing made the King more anxious to remove from his Court and his Council, than that variety of intelligence which at every minute was hrought to him, and on which every one gave the most contrary opinions and the most alarming comments. (1) Charles was evidently too sensible of the decline of his power, for he did not conceal it from himself. In his frank confession to honest Secretary Nicholas, who at this time, alarmed for their common safety, was earnestly requesting the King "to protect his faithful servants," there is a melancholy and pathetic feeling, "I shall not fail to protect you according to my powor, and (according to the old English compliment) I would it were better for your sake." (2)

A secret motive instigated Charles to hasten to Scotland, and his determination would suffer no impediment from friend or foe. The rapidity with which the King performed his journey, and the small retinue with which he entered Edinburgh, betrayed his impatience. This was no longer a royal progress. Charles rode from London to York in less than four days.

It is a curious fact that this royal journey to Scotland was equally dreaded both by the friends and the enemies of Charles; the one imploring him not to leave England, where his presence was deemed most necessary, and tho other alarmed at this closer intercourse with Scotland. When the Scotch Commissioners at London were consulted by both parties on the propriety or the necessity of the King's journey to Edinburgh, they delivored an oracular response. "It was desirable," they said, "but tho time might be made convenient:"—too subtle to press that which their English friends did not wish, and too prudent to refrain from the chance of partaking of those royal favours which they were sensible were ready to be showered on them.

At length when the King was at Edinburgh both parties were equally anxious to urge his return home. That such similar results should have proceeded from such opposite principles and such contending interests, has perplexed our historians.

It was thought by those who were in tho King's interest, that he could not reasonahly expect any great reverence to his person from the triumphant democracy of Scotland, and that the affairs of that kingdom could be more advantageously transacted at a distance. (3) The Patriotic or County Members, and the Presbyterian and Puritanio party in the House, at first protested against the King's journey to Scotland, and for this purpose even sate on a Sunday, excusing this profanation of the Sabbath by issuing a declaration of the urgency of the occasion. And when they found that no arts which they tried could change the royal decision, they appointed a Committee of their own party to attend on the King, on the plea of these gentlemen being present at the act of pacification, to cherish the kindly intercourse between the two nations. It is quite evident that a Committee of Three, consisting of Lord Howard of Escrick, a malcontent Lord who "had delivered himself soul and body" to the party, and Sir Philip Stapelton, a young political adventurer, both under the guidance of the wary Hampden, were only spies on the King, who in truth was thus placed *en surveillance*; and as Clarendon sarcastically observes on this Committee, and on their new office, that "It was their first employment, and the first that ever Parliament had of that kind." (4) The English Parliamentarians were morhidly jealous of their "dear brethren," and they entertained some reasonable suspicions that the leaders of the Scottish faction had betrayed, or might betray, their new friends in their copartnership of Revolution. A stricter intimacy of the King with the Scots might reverse the state of affairs, and the more dangerous and doubtful issues seemed to them to threaten to be the result of this political journey.

Unquestionably, among other expectations, the King looked forwards for a halancing power against his English Parliament among the Scots; while the Parliament itself had calculated on their support as the only means to carry on their own measures. Scotia was now the northern Mistress courted, alike tremblingly, by the King and the Parliament. She who was the abject creature of their favours held their destinies in her hand.

name of a Dr. Frazer occurs in the negotiations with the Hamiltons, and that he was one of the secret correspondents of the King, appears by the Appendix to Barwick's Life, where he is thrice mentioned.

(1) Hackett's Life of Williams, ii., 163.
(2) Correspondence of Secretary Nicholas in Evelyn, ii., 60.
(3) Clarendon, i., 490. (4) Ibid., ii.

When the last hope had vanished that Charles could manage his inexorable Parliament by yielding to them, humbled and degraded as the monarch felt by the fall of Strafford, there is no doubt that Charles would have leaned on the affections of his native kingdom, and, by conciliating a whole people, have resumed that monarchical independence which he had lost. The King had already succeeded in gaining over some of the heads of the Covenanters—the Earls of Rothes, of Montrose, and others; and Charles was now hastening to his Scottish throne, thence to touch with his sceptre every act of concession to the Scottish people, and from the fountain of honour to shower his royal graces on their chiefs. At this moment we discover that even the Queen "began to speak honourably and affectionately of the Scottish nation," and Henrietta, desolate in her own palace, and trembling amidst the menaces of the Parliamentarians, appears to have had a serious intention of accompanying the King. The motive assigned for this change of feeling is, that "this hearty agreeance would be a sovereign help to the continual harsh rencounters of the English Parliament." (1)

But, besides the present, there was also a more secret motive concealed in the breast of the King. From the communications of Hamilton, and the disclosures of Montrose, Charles had gathered many intimations, many surmises, and no dubious conviction of a treasonable correspondence carrying on by the popular leaders of the Parliament with those of the Scottish party. To invite, as well as to aid, foreign forces to invade England is treason by law; and a great object in this political journey was to detect this secret confederacy, and to procure irrefragable evidence of this treasonable correspondence, of which Charles had formerly received intimations from his late unfortunate minister.

Charles, in the preceding year, had already heard of a written engagement to the Scots, subscribed by several English Peers, and, as he was told, by several leading members of the House of Commons. On the first proposal of the treaty of Rippon, in September, 1640, Sir Henry Vane, the Secretary, notices the curious fact that on the morning of the 24th of that month, when the King at York took his chair, the Lords desired justice upon Sir William Bartley for having said that the rebels had thirty-seven of the heads of the nobility who had invited them to come into England. Lord Hardwicke observes, that this was the first getting out of the story of the letter and subscription said to be forged by the Lord Saville.

Charles had eagerly sought to possess himself of so undisguised a document of treason. The King appears to have tracked it to its secret covert—it was deposited with Archibald Johnston, afterwards the well-known Wariston; as we learn from Burnet, who was the nephew of Wariston, that the King earnestly pressed his uncle to have it delivered up into his own hands. Charles did not succeed in obtaining it, but in a remarkable passage in the Icon Basilike the King evidently alludes to this circumstance, and which could only have been known to himself. "I had discovered, as I thought, the unlawful correspondence they had used (alluding to the incident of the seizing the six members), and the *engagements* they had entered into, etc., of all which *I missed but little to have produced writings under some men's own hands* who were the chief contrivers, etc." (2) During the treaty of Rippon, Charles in vain renewed his efforts to obtain these "written engagements." The stern Covenanter, Wariston, does not appear to have denied that such a writing existed, but he pleaded the sacredness of his oath as an apology for his refusal to betray the trust.

"The forged letter of Lord Saville," as it is called in our history—a document of treachery and treason, for it was compounded of both—no historian, save one of no authority, pretends to have seen, and the particulars concerning it vary, as usual, in relations of obscure incidents. We have to pursue this fictitious and invisible fugitive through an obscure labyrinth of circumstances; but by what is known, among much which remains unknown, we may show its reality, and even detect its purpose. We cannot ascertain the moment when the King discovered the existence of the "written engagement," but we have evidence that he did discover it; we cannot appeal to the document itself, for we may suspect the authenticity of that which has been given as the original. We cannot harmonise some discordant accounts from authentic writers, as Clarendon and Burnet, yet we shall show that it would be absurd to question its existence, or even to

(1) Baillie, i., 827, who informs us of the Queen's resolution.

(2) Laing's History of Scotland, iii., 520.

doubt the forger. We are surprised when Dr. Lingard tells us, that "he does not mention the letter said to have been forged by Lord Saville and sent to the Scots; the assertion rests on very questionablo authority;" an historian, in his researches, must conquer difficulties, if he loves the labour of truth.

The Scots, after their first invasion, were doubtful of their reception in England on a second; woll might they have faltered, for it was a fearful step. Uncertain how the English people would countenance their own English friends, the Covenanters had some dread of provoking the national jealousy, which, once roused, might have sided with the King; and the invaders, who themselves were but ill-prepared, might have been involved in the endless conflicts of a civil war. They required something more palpable than advice and encouragement from their English allies. During this indecision, while hovering on the borders, they received an engagement subscribed by several Lords, whose names and principles were well known to them. These Lords dispatched an invitation to the Scottish army to enter England; they offered unlimited promises of support, and they expressed their confidence that the Scots were their best friends to remove their own grievances. It is said that this written engagement decided the doubts and quickened the march of the Scots. A rumour spread through the Scottish camp that "they were sure of a very great and unexpected assistance, which, though it was to be kept secret, would appear in due time."

These English Lords, however, did not come forward to aid their new confederates; the Scots, who had been lured to pass the borders, found that they had only to depend on their own arms, and to make their own way, by fair words and meek pretences.

When the English and Scotch Commissioners met together to open the Treaty of Rippon, Lord Loudon and Sir Archibald Johnston, afterwards the famous Wariston, requested a private interview with Lord Mandeville, better known as Lord Kimbolton, and finally as Earl of Manchester. The Scots opened with severe expostulations, charging Lord Mandeville and other Lords with a shameless breach of their promise and the violation of their solemn engagement, declaring that never would they have invaded England, had they not entirely confided in the faith of those English Lords, according to the articles which they had signed.

Lord Mandeville seemed lost in astonishment; he solemnly declared his perfect ignorance of any such articles. Lord Loudon again urged it as an act of great ingratitude towards them who had hazarded all that was dear to them, on the faith of this solemn engagement. Loudon observed that when he was a prisoner in the Tower, Lord Saville had treated with him in the names of several of the nobility and gentry, and, on his return to Scotland, Saville had sent him this very agreement, subscribed by these Lords, by the hands of Mr. Henry Darley. (1) And this the Lord Saville, they doubted not, would avouch to be true. A meeting with this Lord was agreed on. Without any knowledge of what had just occurred, Saville was taken by surprise, and in his confusion acknowledged that he had never acquainted those Lords with the business, whose signatures appeared to this deceptious engagement; he openly confessed that he had counterfeited their hands! The apology the guilty Saville offered was, that, observing a backwardness in the Covenanters to hazard an invasion, he considered those names would have most weight with them; that since this expedient, he added, had answered its design, and that a Scotch army in England would serve their best purposes, he desired their silence, that all discoveries might be prevented, exhorting them to improve the occasion which this fictitious instrument had the merit of having presented to them.

The honour of the noblemen implicated in this extraordinary transaction was thus cleared, all but that of the faithless Lord to whom it cost no blush to own the infamous

(1) In a narrative of obscure and secret transactions, differences appear, even in telling the same circumstance. We may instance this in Burnet's account. Lord Saville is there made to show Lord Loudon and another Scotch Lord, about the period mentioned, an engagement under the hands of these Lords, to join with them on their entrance into England, provided they refused any treaty but what should be confirmed by an English Parliament. The Scotch Lords desired leave to send this paper into Scotland, to which, after much difficulty Saville consented. It was inclosed in a hollow cane, and one Frost, afterwards Secretary to the Committee of both Kingdoms, was sent down with it in the disguise of a poor traveller. It was to be communicated only to three persons, the Earls of Rothes, of Argyle, and Wariston.—Burnet's Own Times, i., 47. This is a detail which we cannot discover in the authentic narrative of Lord Mandeville, yet the secret mode of the conveyance of the engagement is evidently alluded to.

forgery. Yet at this conjuncture it was not deemed prudent, on either side, to express their indignation by rejecting Saville from their party. Lord Mandeville, however, requested that he might be allowed to acquaint those Lords whose names had thus been used without their privity, and that the Declaration, or Engagement, under their counterfeited names might be delivered up to them. A few days after, the deceptive instrument was sent for from Newcastle, where lay the Scottish camp; and in the presence of Lord Mandeville and the other Lords, who declared that their signatures had been so skilfully imitated that they could not distinguish them from their own writing, (1) the names were separately cut out and burnt, but the Engagement itself the Scottish Lords insisted should be preserved. Afterwards when the Scots laboured under difficulties and danger by the failure of supplies for their army, and seemed to lose confidence in their new confederates, they were once on the point of retreating and petitioning for the King's grace, and proposed to allege for their excuse that invitation from the Lords which they still retained. (2)

Such is the narrative of the singular political forgery by Lord Saville, drawn from the authentic Memoirs of the Earl of Manchester, the only one of the party who has left any memorials of their more secret transactions. It establishes the existence of the forged document, and even authenticates the forger. But the very precaution which was taken to bury it in secrecy, and to secure the supposititious subscribers from the danger they incurred, cast into great uncertainty the very existence of the document itself; and it even enabled the subdolous Saville, afterwards, as it appears, when he had ingratiated himself into the favour of Charles, to insinuate that the signatures which the King had heard of were the real ones of those Lords whose names he had counterfeited.

It is said not only that Charles had nearly obtained possession of this paper, as the King expresses himself, "of which I missed but little," but that it was the foundation of the impeachment which Strafford was preparing to bring against the popular leaders in Parliament when he was himself impeached. (3) This is one of the obscure points in this history of deception. If none but certain Peers were the subscribers, Strafford could not hope by this instrument to discover those Commoners who were so deeply engaged in the Scottish intrigues; nor could he have brought forward as evidence a document so cautiously concealed, seen by none but those whom it concerned to hide it, and which, in fact, by the preventive care of Wariston, had ceased to exist as soon as it was seen. The rumour which Sir William Bartley spread at the opening of the treaty of Rippon in 1640, and the pressing desire of Charles at that time to have the unknown document delivered up to him, are evident proofs that this secret instrument of treason was not unknown, but in a manner too indistinct and uncertain to be acted on. Strafford was not unprepared to impeach Lord Say and some of the patriots on more certain information and correspondence, such as the King afterwards himself obtained when in Scotland, probably through Montrose.

It is, however, curious to observe that had we not had the fullest account of this fictitious document from Lord Mandeville, its existence might still have been questioned, as well as the person who forged it. A later historian, indeed, furnishes not only much information respecting the forgery, but drags into open light the invisible document itself, which had hitherto resisted all the researches of preceding historians. Oldmixon has given it entire—but he is an author so utterly disingenuous and depraved, so guilty himself of historical forgeries and interpolations, that we know not how to trust the man whose honour has suffered the brand of infamy.

The extraordinary style in which he gives this historical document raises our suspicion of its genuineness. "This," he exclaims, "is the important letter which most authors make mention of, but none ever saw, and all are mistaken in." Nor less extraordinary is his mode of authenticating it; instead of simply assigning the place where it was deposited, he has thrown out a cartel of defiance. "These original papers relating to the affairs of Scotland carry with them sufficient

(1) It is said by Oldmixon, whose authority has no other weight than the probability of the fact, that Lord Saville wrote letters to all the supposed subscribers on purpose to get answers to them, and by their names to those answers he so well counterfeited them, that when they saw their pretended hand-writing, every one of them declared that they could not swear they did not write their names, though they could swear they had signed no such letter.

(2) Nalson, ii., 427.

(3) Laing, iii., 520, who refers to Acherly and Oldmixon.

evidence of their truth. But if that should ever be called in question, they will be so well vouched as will leave no room for suspicion, and be much to the confusion of those who suspected it." Never, in the sobriety of history, was ever a grave authority thus thrust on us, by the bluster of a literary bravo. We may, however, question the quality of his vaunted document. He tells us, "Welwood says twelve noblemen signed it; Mr. Acherley puts the Earl of Mulgrave, the Earl of Clare, and Earl of Bolingbroke's hands to it, as also the hands of several leading Commoners; whereas, in fact, there were no hands but those of the seven Lords," whose names he has subscribed to the letter. Oldmixon is now fixed in this dilemma. If he transcribed the original, which Wariston appears to have detained, after having cut out the names of the pretended subscribers, on what authority does Oldmixon affix the names of the seven Lords? If he transcribed from a presumed copy of the original, he well knew that such a paper was no certain authority. The truth seems, that this treacherous historian was desirous of disguising the real nature of his communications, which probably would not bear too close an inspection, as happens to some other anecdotes of his Scottish papers. (1)

The intention of Lord Saville in encouraging the Scots to march into England, and in sending, besides the present forged engagement, letters of his own invention full of illusory statements, was at first to get his great rival Strafford prosecuted by that party as an Incendiary. The implacable hatred and rankling jealousies long felt by the Savilles against Strafford in their rival dominion in the North were the inherited and unextinguishable animosities of two great family feuds; when Saville was made a Lord, Wentworth placed himself in the opposition, and when Wentworth was created a Viscount, Saville changed sides, and left the Court to act against it.

The pre-eminent fortune of Strafford for a time had prevailed over his baffled and indignant enemy, who had now no other arts to practise than that of the most desperate malice. Saville was, therefore, at first in earnest in his advice and projects with the Scots, but when these had all the success he desired, and the Scots entered England, and Strafford fell, Saville found himself slighted and despised among the party whom he had flattered himself he should have led. It was then he determined that the Scots and their friends in their turn were to be immolated to his ambition. The reckless double-dealer looked round for the advantages which he might derive from betraying secrets of state of his own contrivance, and implicating those lords in an act of treason which he had himself forged. The utter worthlessness of this ignoble Peer would render even this nefarious scheme not improbable—it is, however, quite certain. After the fall of Strafford, Saville made ample discoveries to Charles. He hesitated not to avow the faithless part which he had acted, but he presumed that his returning loyalty and contrition had survived the early days of his conspiracy. This is explicitly told us by Lord Clarendon—"when all the mischief was brought to pass that he desired, he very frankly discovered the whole to the King, and who were guilty of the same treason, when there was no way to call them in question for it." (2) Saville then appears to have insinuated to Charles, as we may judge by the King's allusion to "the written engagement" which he said "he missed but little to have procured," that the signatures which he had himself forged were real ones. Charles, who appears to have rarely exercised any critical judgment on the characters of those about him, not only invested this servile traitor with the white staff, but at length created him Earl of Sussex. But the faithless never cease their treacheries. The day at last arrived when this despised lord, with whom most men refused to associate, was refused by the King himself ever to be admitted into his presence.

Such is the history of the forged letter of Lord Saville. Can we now doubt the real existence of the forged instrument, or the person who contrived it? Neither Clarendon nor Burnet had seen it, but their accounts in the main are confirmed by the Earl of Manchester, an undeniable witness of the transaction. Dr. Lingard must allow us to conclude

(1) In the recent edition of Burnet's History of his Own Times, is a remarkable, though it be only a private reference by the Speaker Onslow to "a note in his copy of Oldmixon's History of the Stuarts, p. 445." Burnet, i., 48. We regret that this note remains unpublished; it may hereafter be consulted, should the volume be in the library of his noble descendant. I suspect that the Speaker entertained doubts of the authenticity of Oldmixon's communication.

(2) Clarendon, ii., 600.

that no incident in history, so purposely obscured, and so secretly conducted, could rest on more substantial evidence.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Irish Rebellion.

Public men have been often placed in a position quite at variance with their real circumstances; thus he who has been looked on as the favourite of fortune at that moment was its victim. Charles the First, apparently, had even become popular in Scotland. The King had yielded to the Presbyterial nation, and had showered his regal favours on their great ones; he was, as the Scots described Charles the First, "the contented King of a contented people." Yet, amidst this festival of state, the King would rather have entered into the house of mourning. His thoughts were occupied by two events equally painful —the Irish Rebellion, and the menaced Remonstrance of the Commons. Charles beheld himself the monarch of three kingdoms alike engaged in revolution, or in rebellion, from very opposite motives, and not always from his own misgovernment.

Before the King left Scotland, he had received the first intelligence of the memorable Irish revolt; at the very moment he had conciliated the jarring interests of that divided land, on the same principle of his present proceedings with Scotland—by conceding to the full, the requests of the Irish deputation. These persons were hastening home in peaceful triumph, only to be mortified by the artifice or the incapacity of their governors; and to witness the greatest of national calamities, in a land of blood.

The King had granted two bills, one for the security of lands to their possessors, and the other for renouncing all claims on the part of the Crown. This happy settlement, which would have "attached the whole population of Ireland to the Royal interest," was prevented by the extraordinary conduct of the two Presbyterian Lords Justices of Ireland; the Lord-Lieutenant, the Earl of Leicester, not having yet left London. These Lords Justices are accused of being wholly devoted to the party in the English House of Commons, and it is alleged, that being aware that the passing of these bills would have secured the King's popularity, desperately disappointed the successful deputies and the whole body of Catholics by proroguing the Parliament, a few days before their return from the King at Edinburgh. (1)

Terror and amazement ran through the nation. The history of the Irish massacre, as this rebellion is emphatically called, has been officially drawn up by Sir John Temple, a Privy Councillor; its pathetic picture may be viewed in Hume; its frightful details in Mrs. Macaulay. So shocking is the representation to a delicate mind, that the female historian warns her readers that, should they dwell on it, their imagination would be impressed by images of the most horrid kind. At present more than one terrific cause was at work; their faith had combined with their vengeance. A religion which has shown itself too often sanguinary opened heaven for them, in covering themselves with the blood of their companions; and the eternal hatred which the conquered had vowed to their conquerors took no note of the unnumbered slaughters of the helpless and the innocent. The very animals in the field were deemed heretical, and lay in heaps, untouched even by robbers! Some fugitives, famished and crazed, having witnessed so many inventive cruelties, declared on their oaths that the ghosts of the murdered had flitted before their eyes! They deposed to scenes and listened to cries which could only have been the apparitions of their own terrified reveries. An involuntary shudder even now disturbs us in the repulsive minuteness of such detestable scenes. What seems most incredible in the history of these

(1) Lingard, x., 161. Mr. Hallam inclines to think the conduct of these Lords Justices is rather to be ascribed to the weakness of their character. They may have been weak, and yet criminal. They had been warned by Charles as early as in March, 1640-1, that there was a design of raising commotions in Ireland; many Irish officers in foreign service, and others, were passing over to Ireland, by intelligence which he had received from Spain; this appears by a letter many years after discovered among the papers of Sir William Parsons, one of these Lords Justices; yet the intimation led to no active measures on their part.—Nalson, ii., 566. It is said that this Irish Rebellion was at first but a spark which might have been put out. They appear to have zealously persecuted the Romanists; Parsons, it is said, had declared, that "within a twelvemonth no Catholic should be seen in Ireland."—Nalson, ii., 567. Strange is the history of religious parties! Scotland had risen, and the English Parliament adopted their cause against Charles's attempt to force Episcopacy on a Presbyterian land; and yet this very Parliament were intent on changing a land of Romanists to a land of Protestants. The King, who was called a tyrant, yielded; the Parliament, who were advocating the cause of freedom, would not even allow a toleration!

Sicilian vespers, repeated in Ireland, is its authenticity. The Eastern tale of the slaughter of the Innocents is less strange; the dragonnades of the French Huguenots were more humane; and the massacre of St. Bartholomew seems but a single scene of this direful tragedy.

To us who only read the history of this massacre with the indignant emotions of outraged humanity, it is curious to observe how coolly the politicians of both parties contemplated this national calamity. The Royalist, Sir Philip Warwick, tells us that "the Parliament, it was observed, were not displeased;" and the Commonwealth-man, General Ludlow, assures us that "the news of the Rebellion, as I have heard from persons of undoubted credit, was not displeasing to the King." They both use identical words, though they could not have had any knowledge of each other. Hardened politicians! who thus could coldly calculate the political consequences of such revolting barbarities, and cast aside the sympathy they owed to a whole people of sufferers, for the malignant delight of a party-reproach!

A successful rebellion is contagious. The revolt in Scotland had been servilely copied by their English allies. Now Popery claimed her freedom as well as Presbyterianism. But if the sons of Knox had offered the Romanist the bewitching form of triumphant revolution, the rude democracy of the Kirk seemed contemptible to the passive obedience of the Mass Priest. Unhappily for Charles, the Irish, in arming against a Puritanical Parliament, offered him their loyalty in the shape of rebellion. They pretended to hold a commission from the King, and proclaimed themselves to be the Queen's army. The situation of Charles was as critical as it was perplexing. He could neither countenance the loyalty nor punish the rebellion of the Irish. Should he temporise with those who had risen in his name, it would be a confirmation of the malicious insinuation of the Commons, that the King himself had encouraged the revolters; and when he offered himself and his life, as he did, to suppress this unnatural rebellion, he excited the perturbed jealousies of the prevalent party in the Commons; for of all events which they most dreaded was that of seeing the King at the head of an army.

Deprived of the power of government, amidst this conflict of feelings and of interests, Charles wrote to the Parliament that to them "He committed the care of Ireland." Charles little suspected that in such few words he was delivering a deed of gift of his last remaining realm.

The deeper heads of the party in the Commons grasped at their prey with avidity—but the prey was not Ireland—it was the King himself! Affecting to interpret a casual expression in an unlimited sense, they at once assumed the entire management of the war, independently of the King. "In this manner," writes Mrs. Macaulay, with an air of triumph, "they at once disarmed the Crown of that part of the executive power, which on this occasion had been universally apprehended." The cunning and the quibble are at least equal to the wisdom and the candour. It is mortifying to detect legislators and patriots congratulating themselves on a flaw in the indictment, and catching at subterfuges which might delight a senate of petty lawyers. Even the panegyrical historian of their deeds was not insensible to this artful interpretation, and this act of violated justice; for she apologises for their conduct, assuring us that they were only enabled to adopt this false interpretation by the "affections and opinion of the public." (1) But "the Public" is a peculiar phrase in our political history, where we shall usually find that there are at least two Publics.

The conduct of the Commons is very remarkable. They took on themselves the management of a war, but studiously neglected it.

It seemed unaccountable how they, who to the world seemed shaken by so many panics at Popish plots, now that a whole land had proclaimed their Papistry, and a people of Protestants were cast into their last extremity, should remain unmoved, and delay any efficient measures, while they were protracting the daily miseries of devoted Ireland. The King reproached the Parliament for their dilatory conduct, and offered to hasten in person to quell this sanguinary rebellion. "It was a business," observed the King, "which one man might conclude better than four hundred." But they would not trust the King even with an army of Covenanters, for at Edinburgh their Committee, who served as the Parliamentary spies over the King, had advised, that is, we presume, the only head among the party, Hampden had advised, that "if the Parlia-

(1) Macaulay, iii., 93.

ment agreed to this, the King would insist on the command." Ten thousand Scots would have marched at a day's notice, but the Commons in London refrained from voting to send a Scottish army till Charles was secured at Whitehall.

Meanwhile every day brought more dismal intelligence, and miserable men who authenticated the worst. In vain the Lords and gentlemen of Ireland, despoiled of their lands, petitioned—in vain the ruined merchants supplicated—in vain the last of an extirpated race invoked their vengeance. In vain they urged that a three hours' sail would relieve the nation, for no longer was required for a Scottish army to land in Ireland.

The patriotism of the stoical Commons lay not towards a land of misery; all their sympathies were absorbed in their deep councils, to confirm their past and to secure their future labours. Secretary Nicholas, writing to the King, observed that "the preparations for Ireland go on but slowly, and may come too late to prevent great mischief, notwithstanding the care of our Parliament." (1) The Secretary was judging by the exterior appearance of the language of the members and the votes of the House; he discovered no deficient indignation in the one, nor resolutions in the other, nor any languor in their preparations, but he probably wondered at the result—for Ireland was not relieved!

Hume acutely observes of the Commons on this occasion, that "their votes breathed nothing but death and destruction to the Irish rebels; but no forces were sent, and little money was remitted."

The truth is, that the Commons did not consider that the Irish rebellion was quite inopportune, at a moment when the King seemed to have become popular; his concessions in Scotland had satisfied that nation, and all those he had made in England had satisfied the moderate among the English, and the Commons now discovered that their friends were falling off. At this critical moment this new rebellion served as a pretext to aggrandise their own influence by throwing into their hands a universal patronage; forces were raised which furnished them with an army of their own; the royal depots were emptied of their arms, which at once strengthened their hands, and weakened the King's. Moneys were levied, which were disposed of for their own particular purposes. In all this bustle there was no haste to relieve Ireland!

Some among the Commons felt a secret pleasure in viewing the King entangled in new and more intricate difficulties. Had this insurrection not broken out, Charles would have returned in peace from Scotland. Some painful jealousies, too, the party in the English Commons had experienced in the prodigal caresses which had mutually passed between Charles and his Scottish subjects. Their Committee of espionage must have been startled at the overflowings of the old soldier Lesley, now the Earl of Leven, on his knees consecrating his oath—with so many others of the Covenant, who in their holiday of honours had sung such courtly hosannas. They were somewhat fearful that even their "dear brethren" were no longer to be rebels.

The Irish rebellion by the appearance it assumed, and by the imposture of a Royal commission, which the rebels asserted that they held, (2) was not unfavourable to re-excite the populace, or "the Public," against the unfortunate monarch. The Commons, appealing to the declaration of the Irish, boldly ascribed the rebellion to the evil councils of the King, and even to a less pardonable cause, for they insinuated that Charles himself was the concealed instigator of this unnatural rebellion. They insolently menaced that if he chose not Ministers in whom they could confide—and where those Ministers were to be found was obvious—the Parliament would hold themselves absolved from granting any aid to avert the destruction of Ireland. (3)

Charles was returning from Scotland with

(1) Evelyn, ii. Correspondence.

(2) Sir Phelim O'Neale, the head of these Insurgents, it was afterwards discovered, had torn off the great seal from some deed, and affixed it to a pretended Commission.

(3) This undisguised avowal, at the time it was made, was checked by the more prudent or the more moderate members. It does not appear in the Parliamentary history, but it was conveyed to the King by his faithful Secretary. Evelyn, ii., 62. Correspondence. It was evidently thrown out at a moment when even politicians, in their hearts, expose nakedly some of their *arrière-pensées*, by one who was familiar with the design of the party, which was to make the King wholly dependent on themselves. And this is amply confirmed by their subsequent conduct in this affair of Ireland. It was about this time that a member talked of deposing princes, but that was premature, by some years, so this prophetic seer was sent to the Tower.—Nalson, ii., 714.

melancholy forebodings; perhaps these were somewhat diverted by the assurance of a loyal reception by several bodies of gentlemen in the country, who were earnest to meet the King on his way. It is certain that many independent men sympathised with the difficulties by which the King was surrounded, after he had concurred in so many popular measures. At no period during his reign, was public opinion among honourable men so strongly disposed to protect the Royal honour. Among these now were also the citizens of London; a circumstance to which Charles had been little accustomed.

It would seem that the loyalty of the City depends on that of the Lord Mayor. Gournay, the present Chief Magistrate, in his zeal had resolved on a public reception of the King on his return, and to entertain the Sovereign at Guildhall. The Lord Mayor consulted Secretary Nicholas to learn the day of his Majesty's arrival. The Secretary pressed on the King its policy, and as Charles too much avoided these popular representations, and was not over-gracious in his manners, the honest Secretary found it advisable to insinuate some pretty forcible hints. "I humbly conceive it would not be amiss to your Majesty, in these times, to accept graciously the affections of your subjects in that kind, and to speak a few good words to them, which will gain their affections, especially of the vulgar, more than any thing that hath been doue for them this Parliament." The King was docile to the sage council. But the zeal of the Lord Mayor exasperated the party in the Commons. Was their elaborate Remonstrance which would render the King quite odious to the people, and which had been so long hatching, and was now quite ready, to be preceded by the most popular testimony of the loyalty of their City of London? They would have intimidated the Chief Magistrate, but Gournay was equally indignant and intrepid; a character which his subsequent conduct to the last maintained. He was indeed never forgiven. They afterwards discharged him from his Mayoralty and lodged him in the Tower, putting the gold chain round the neck of their faithful creature, Isaac Pennington.

In this reign of stormy politics, so trivial an incident as the banquet of a Lord Mayor has become a subject which requires even a critical investigation.

I will not detain the reader among the pomps and solemnities of the morning procession. On the King's entrance at Moorgate he stopped his carriage by the side of a splendid tent, where he was received by the Lord Mayor, and addressed by the Recorder, to which having graciously replied, the King left his coach, and mounted his horse. As he passed, everywhere the streets resounded with the cries of "Long live King Charles!" He viewed every house adorned with tapestries. He was accompanied by a cavalcade of five hundred citizens, vying in the richness of their dresses. Not a voice murmured, not a hand was lifted in scorn. Monarchs may well be excused if they deceive themselves, when a whole people create the illusion. The King was feasted with unusual civic magnificence. (1) Charles had graciously delivered "a few good words," and it was remarked that he took his hat off more frequently than he was accustomed to do. It was late in November, and "the days being short," the royal carriages drew up at four o'clock, and the whole *cortége* returned from the city dinner; the King, however, mounted his horse. All the attendants carried torches, and "the night seemed to be turned into day." "The noise of trumpets, which at their different stations in the morning had announced the approach of the King, was now changed for softer sackbuts, and dispersed bands of musicians were playing their voluntaries. On passing St. Paul's, the choir, standing in their surplices in the porch, chanted an anthem, which extremely delighted the musical Charles, who stopped till its close. In taking leave of the Lord Mayor, whom, with his son-in-law, Charles had knighted, and who had reconducted the King to his palace, warm was the royal gratitude, when, breaking from the accustomed reserve of his manners, Charles embraced the Lord Mayor, charging him in his name to return the royal thanks to the whole City. The populace, excepting some, perhaps, whose steps had been detained at the great conduits of Cornhill, Cheapside, and Fleet Street, which were "running with claret wine," had gone on in their attendance on the King to Whitehall; that scene of their recent tumults, and now of their hailing acclamations!

The King, in addressing Parliament, laid

(1) Nalson has devoted six folio pages to a minute description of this great city feast and grand ceremonial. Some of the details might amuse those who are more experienced than myself in Lord Mayors' dinners on such Royal visits.—Nalson, ii., 677.

great stress on this public testimony of loyalty; and though some may lowly rate a king's speech in Parliament, yet it is probable that its sincerity was the consequence of those grateful emotions which had been so long estranged from his breast. "I cannot but remember, to my great comfort," said Charles, "the joyful reception I had now at my entry into London. I bring as perfect and true affection to my people as ever Prince did, or as good subjects can possibly desire—I will yet grant what else can be justly desired, for satisfaction in point of liberty."

"And yet within a month, a little month,"

shall the King, in personal dangor, become a fugitive from his palace, to escape from those hailing citizens, in a state of insurrection. There are events incalculable by any moral arithmetic; and it is not strango that the most sagacious have not always foreseen approximating events, which, at the distance we view them, appear more closely connected together than they were to a contemporary observer.

The public reception of the King was but an evanescent scene of popularity, and the adversaries of Charles have represented it as a mere state-trick. The sudden contrast which soon followed makes the suggestion plausible, but yet it was not so! The great subsequent change in the conduct of the citizens was the consequence of that hazarded act of Charles, when he went down to arrest the five Members in their House.

On tho present occasion there required no Court influence, since the loyalty of a courageous Lord Mayor, with his friends, and the state of public feeling at that moment, were abundantly sufficient to account for this public reception. But as this notorious testimony of civic loyalty has always mortified a certain party, and seems to call in question their general representation of affairs, Mrs. Macaulay observes that "The Queen had taken a great deal of pains that the King should be received with a more than ordinary magnificence on purpose to mortify the Parliament." (1) "The great deal of pains taken," however, seems to have been entirely with those who would have put aside the reception altogether. It is curious to observe on this ticklish affair of the public loyal reception of Charles the First, how it sharpens the anger of our Republican lady. She who on certain occasions appeals to "the disposition of the public," and has said, alluding to the tumults, that "the popular leaders had recourse to the spirit without doors to get the better of the opposition they found within," (2) now irreverently scolds at "the majesty of the people." She concludes, and not untruly, that "the sottish multitude are influenced by a variety of state-tricks." As Gournay, in the language of Mrs. Macaulay, was "a bigoted Royalist," and as his loyalty at least was courageous, there required no Court influence, nor the intrigues of Henrietta with this Lord Mayor, to account for his conduct. In fact, this piece of diplomacy, ascribed to the Queen, she was in no condition at that moment to have ventured on. Abandoned in her palace, watched by a hundred eyes, and often terrified by the artful menaces of Parliament, the Queen could hardly have had either influence or intercourse with the Lord Mayor. And, indeed, in respect to the Queen's interference with that functionary, the recent publication of Secretary Nicholas's Correspondence with the King will set that tale at rest. Here we discover Gournay's application, backed by the recommendations of the honest Secretary. (3)

The King had been well informed of the activity of the party in the Commons during his absence; of their secret juntos, as well as their more open courses. His concessions, and his promptness to redress all grievances, had served them but for triumphs, which they counted up only to multiply. Their diligent proceedings when the Houses were but thinly attended, on some of the most important resolutions concerning both Church and State, were not the only causes of his uneasiness—there was something more latent,

(1) It is fair to observe that Madame de Motteville says, "The Queen endeavoured to make the King all the friends she could. She brought over the Mayor of the city of London," i., 212. I have only the English translation of her Memoirs, and we cannot lay much stress on this vague style. We have other and better evidence on this head.

(2) Macaulay, iii., 118.

(3) I give the passage to show how facts, however unauthorised, pass current in party histories, where one liar makes many. "If your Majesty please to give leave to my Lord Mayor and the citizens here, to wait on you into this town, I beseech your Majesty to command that timely notice may be given of the day, that they may provide for it; for the best of the citizens express a great desire to show their affection, which I humbly conceive will not be convenient to decline."—Evelyn, ii., 60. Correspondence.

and because it was not yet brought into shape and light, but had long been mysteriously hatching in all the darkness of secrecy and intrigue, hung like a nightmare in the Royal slumbers.

During Charles's stay in Scotland, his faithful Secretary was furnishing the most alarming intelligence of "a Declaration," which afterwards appeared as the famous "Remonstrance." He was troubled to think what would be the issue of it, for he saw at once through the whole mischievous design, sagaciously observing, that "if there had been in this nothing but an intention to have justified the proceedings of Parliament, they would not have begun so high as the third year of your Majesty's reign to the present." The Secretary then did not know that they began much earlier, from the day Charles ascended the throne. These communications, however alarming, were not, however, so novel to the King as the Secretary imagined. Ere Charles's departure from England he had received an intimation from a quarter whose intelligence in secret affairs was well known to him.

Before Charles went into Scotland he had been warned by his old and active intriguer, Bishop Williams, of the pending grievance; for it must be confessed that the King had his grievances, as well as the people. Williams had been diving into the secrets of these masters of revolution. He had turned short on them, and they who had been the occasion of liberating him from the Tower, naturally counting on the vindictive spirit of an aggrieved man, to join with them, now repented evoking a spirit of darkness who startled them, and whom they knew not how to lay. "I wish we were well rid of him!" exclaimed one of the party. The future Archbishop, on his side, was himself in terror, and had anticipated the pending stroke of late repeatedly aimed at Episcopacy itself. The policy of Williams had ever been the most emollient, and he had concluded, whether judging from himself, or from some in the ranks of public spirits, that every patriot had his price, and that a place, provided it did not disappoint the expectant, was a bed of roses for the most restless. He had all along been desirous of postponing the King's journey to Scotland for another season. I give his conversation with Charles as characteristic of this political character.

"The Scots," said Williams, "are sear boughs, not to be bent. Keep near to the Parliament, all the work is within these walls; win them man by man, inch by inch. Sir! I wish it were not true what I shall tell you. Some of the Commons are preparing a Declaration to make the actions of your Government odious. If you gallop to Scotland, they will post as fast, to draw up this biting Remonstrance. Stir not till you have instigated the grand contrivers with some preferments."

"But is this credible?" said the King.

"Judge you of that, Sir," replied Williams, "when a servant of Pym's, in whose master's house all this is moulded, came to me, to know in what terms I was contented to have mine own case in Star Chamber exhibited among other irregularities. And I had much ado to keep my name, and what concerns me, out of these articles; but I obtained that of the fellow, and a promise to do me more service, to know all they have in contrivance, with a few sweetbreads that I gave him out of my purse." (1)

Such was the clear warning which Williams had given Charles. In this curious conversation, we detect not only the place where this memorable Edict of the party was hatched, but we are also let into the grand mystery of its incubation.

But we must now take a view of the proceedings of the Commons, before we arrive at the history of the famous Remonstrance; it is the symphony before the opera.

CHAPTER LIX.

The Commons persist in not relieving Ireland.

At this critical moment, when Ireland was threatened by universal desolation, the Commons opened an interminable discussion with the Lords; interminable were it to have depended on arguments. The Upper House had of late became refractory; it became necessary to hold up a sharper rod, and the Commons now assumed a dictatorial tone, which must have shaken the falling aristocracy.

In bringing in a bill for pressing, they prefixed a preamble which declared this Royal

(1) We learn from a manuscript note of Sir Ralph Varney's, to which Mr. Hallam refers, that "the Remonstrance" was projected in August before the King's journey, but was then considered as unnecessary, for the King was rapidly conceding their demands. However, it remained a favourite object with the Remonstrants, who were only waiting for an opportunity to revive it.

prerogative to be illegal. This was at least a debateable point. The King asserted "his ancient and undoubted privilege," as practised by his Royal predecessors. It was, indeed, a grievance to the subject, and liable to great abuse. When the Crown was desirous of relieving itself of any obnoxious member in the House, or any other person in any rank of life, the King had the power of pressing—that is, of appointing them to do some public service at their charge, and in some cases, as in a time of war, they might be sent out of the kingdom to the army. (1) The Commons were secure of the popularity of their protest, and the King was as tenacious of his ancient rights. It was one of the great misfortunes of Charles the First, that while the Commons were pursuing the most popular objects, they appeared to Charles only intent, by their encroachments, on reducing the Monarchy to the state of a Venetian Doge. To the Lords it seemed that, under the cloak of the urgent necessities of the state, the Commons were carrying a great party-measure. The Lords already had been thrown into some alarm for their own privileges. The style of the Commons was authoritative, and soon became menacing. It was to be a struggle between the two Houses.

The Lords objected to the preamble, which, to say the least, was ill-timed, and the bill could not pass with it, without a deliberation and a discussion, which would impede the momentous interests at stake. They offered to pass the bill, laying aside for the present the preamble. The Commons adhered to the preamble. Neither House would yield—and Ireland was not relieved!

Pym, at the head of a Committee, told the Lords, that the Commons, being the representative body of the whole kingdom, and their Lordships being but as particular persons, and coming to Parliament in a particular capacity, that if they shall not be pleased to consent to the passing of those acts and others, that this House, together with such of the Lords that are more sensible of the safety of the kingdom, may join together. (2)

When we combine this menace with what we shall find Hampden afterwards declared on passing the Remonstrance, we discover that at this period the project of annihilating the House of Lords was now matured. The Hierarchy was to be rooted up; but the Peers were in the branches. All this was proceeding, day after day, and Ireland was not relieved!

Charles, as he had formerly done in the business of Strafford, imagined that he should reconcile the parties by his fatal interposition, and thus dispatch the more urgent business of Ireland. The King came down to the House and offered to pass the bill with a *salvo jure* for King and people, (3) leaving the discussion to a fitter time.

This interference of the King on a bill which was still in debate with the two Houses, and particularly an unhappy allusion, that the King was "little beholding to him whoever at this time began this dispute," was declared to have broken into the fundamental privileges of Parliament. Both Houses alike caught fire. Those Peers who were the friends of the Commons did not fail to aggravate this violation of the Constitution. The Commons desired that an humble petition should be delivered to the King, that "he should take notice that the privilege of Parliament was broken, and to desire him (the King) that it may not be done so any more hereafter." The Lords agreed to this stern "humbleness." And the King made an ample apology, simply assuring both Houses that "he had not the least thoughts of breaking the privilege of Parliament, which he would protect and support."

What must the Commons have now conceived of their own prevalent power, when, at the same time, they witnessed the King—the Bishops—and the Peers, all apologising and all equally submissive!

While both Houses were occupied in the common cause of their privileges, they had proceeded with unanimity; but when the Commons pressed for their preamble, the struggle was renewed, till the Lords refused to join in some petitions of the Commons. All this while Ireland remained unrelieved!

The mobs again were called out. "No Bishops!" was the watchword, and they were nearly anticipating another cry, "No King!" for, in passing Whitehall, they said "They

(1) I have shown some cases in Curiosities of Literature.

(2) Nalson, ii., 712.

(3) Mr. Brodie seems to limit the *salvo jure* Charles proposed, as if merely for the preservation of his own right—but this necessarily included that of the people's claim for exemption. He says "this usurped power had already been pronounced illegal." By whom? As yet only by the Commons themselves. It was a subject for future discussion.—Brodie, iii., 243.

would have no porter's lodge, but would speak to the King themselves without control, and at their discretion." The Commons would have three fast-days appointed, and one monthly—for Ireland. No other relief was yet held out, to use the expression in one of their own "Petitions," for "a land weltering in blood."

The Lords, still eluding the preamble, proposed that ten thousand English should join the same number of Scots; and the King offered to raise the men if the House undertook to pay them. The Commons now resented the proposal of the Lords as an improper interference of the Upper House. One of the answers of the Commons to the Lords is remarkable for its terse insolence.

"They were not used to be capitulated withal. Their actions are free as well without conditions as capitulations, and the House of Commons desire it may be so no more. Further they desire that their Lordships would pass the Bill for pressing, in regard they conceive that the ten thousand English cannot go unless that is done." (1)

In vain the King, again and again, urged them to put an end to the miseries of Ireland, while the rebels were encouraged in their barbarities by the slowness of the succours which they had voted, but never sent. The Commons, on their side, again and again, pressed the Lords to pass the Bill, with the preamble—without which Ireland would not be saved. They noticed the King's offer to furnish the ten thousand men, in the most extraordinary way imaginable—for a rumour spread that the King was coming down with his Papists to cut the throats of the good citizens of London, and fire the City!

Thus the Commons persevered in imputing the loss of Ireland to the obstinacy of the Lords. At length they sullenly ordered their Committee on Irish affairs to meet no more!

Such was the conduct of the Commons on this occasion, which requires to be explained. Even by the confession of their ardent eulogist, Mrs. Macaulay, this endless discussion occasioned a fatal pause in the military preparations. (2) With all the artifice of a partisan, that lady lays the whole weight of her censure on the heads of the Lords; them only she accuses of the guilt of this unpardonable remissness in the suppression of this unnatural rebellion. But, in truth, all its criminality originated with the Commons.

For an Englishman nothing is more instructive in his national history than a calm scrutiny into the shiftings of partisans when they are fixed in the torture of an inextricable dilemma. Mr. Brodie affords me a remarkable instance. The Scottish Advocate will not allow his clients, the Commons, should yield a point. He declares, "Had the Commons halted now, they must have been held to recognise it"—the privilege of pressing—"they had, therefore, no alternative now." This representation is incorrect, since the *salvo jure* left the discussion open at any future day. Mr. Brodie says, the King insisted not to pass the Bill without "a salvo jure, or preservation of *his right*." This seems to me unfairly given; it seems to restrict the benefit of the *salvo jure* merely to the King; but in the King's speech it is positively declared thus, "To avoid farther debate at this time, I offer that the Bill may pass with a *salvo jure both for King and People*." (3) Probably aware of the futility of this argument, Mr. Brodie suddenly mystifies the simple reader by a disclosure of certain secret motives in these transactions, on both sides. "Considering what had occurred on former occasions," continues Mr. Brodie, "it is scarcely to be imagined that this Prince had profited so little by experience, as not to anticipate the result of this illegal interference with a Bill depending before both Houses." Mr. Brodie has justly expressed his surprise that Charles gained little from experience—but his wide inference is quite his own. "And *therefore we may conclude* that he was actuated by deeper motives than a mere desire to have his assumed right preserved." He reveals "the deeper motives,"—"When the King proposed, as a compromise, to raise ten thousand volunteers, provided the House would support them, and as that would have evaded what the Commons," as Mr. Brodie assures us, "had *resolved* upon," namely, the appointment of the officers—"*it is likely* to have been one view which influenced him and his secret advisers from the beginning." Thus it appears by Mr. Brodie that the real contest was "the appointment of the officers," and farther, that the Commons had resolved on this, without communicating with the King or the Lords!

The object is changed; it was not for "the

(1) The "Smart answer of the Commons" to two propositions of the Lords is given in Nalson's Collections, ii., 771.

(2) Macaulay, iii., 141.

(3) Rushworth, iv., 457.

preamble," but "the officers," which the Commons were disputing; they were clamouring for one thing but intended another. Had the King and Lords been as much in the secret as Mr. Brodie, it would have fully warranted their firm resistance. But it is clear that had the Commons first succeeded in passing their "Preamble" against Pressing —it could have had no connexion with "the appointment of the officers," and "therefore," to adopt Mr. Brodie's hypothetical style, "it is likely," that they had no such intention in the origin of their discussion. (1)

The country was thrown into jeopardy by this party-question raised by the leaders in the Commons. One of the most vituperative calumniators of the King, in a rare moment of his dispassionate politics, has acknowledged that on this occasion "The Parliament *connived* at the Irish rebellion, in order to charge King Charles with fomenting it." (2)

Can we now refuse to agree in one opinion, that true patriotism, undegraded by criminal intrigue, would have instantly relieved Ireland, and left "the Preamble" as a grievance to be resumed, as the King had said, "at a fitter time?" The ruling party in the Commons, on so many occasions, were alert at similar contrivances, and, by practising more artifices than accord with the dignity of patriotism, have stamped their character, too often with the subtlety and cunning of Faction.

CHAPTER LX.

The Grand Remonstrance.

There is great obscurity among our historians respecting the origin of this memorable and elaborate party-production. It is evident that it could not have been drawn up in haste, for a temporary purpose; for in fact it is an historical memoir of all the infelicities of the King's reign, with a very cautious omission that all the capital grievances there commemorated had no longer any existence.

The secret history of this anti-monarchical attack, for such it is, and such were now a rising party in the House; the persons who framed it; the Councils which must have been held on it, the mode of their inquiries after some of "the grievances;" and the time occupied in its composition, for we find that it was long in preparation, and even laid aside in suspense, would all be matter of deep interest in the history of the artifices of a subtle party. We are at present (3) deprived of any memoirs of these persons; they appear not to have chronicled their acts of patriotism. We can only get glimpses of them as in a dark chamber, without light enough to see their faces, but not without evidence which yields us more than suspicions of the persons themselves. The reader has already heard some important intelligence from that great revealer of political events, Bishop Williams, and from the watchfulness of the vigilant Secretary Nicholas.

The Remonstrance at length was brought into the House. The party was sanguine. They had numbered their votes, and moreover had practised a trick on those Members who disliked their violence, and deemed this act to be uncalled for at a moment when the Sovereign had shown by so many acts of his own, and by a recent change of councils, that, wearied by opposition, he now was only seeking for public tranquillity. The trick practised was this. They assured these moderate men that the intention of this Remonstrance was purely prudential; it was to mortify the Court, and nothing more! The Remonstrance, after having been read, would remain in the hands of the clerk and never afterwards be called for. When it was brought forward, to give it the appearance of a matter of little moment, the morning was suffered to elapse on ordinary business, and the Remonstrance was produced late. They overshot their mark; the very lateness of the hour was alleged as a reason to postpone entering on the debate, for to the surprise of one who afterwards rose to be the most eminent person in the nation, and also of some of the authors, it now appeared that the Remonstrance was to be submitted to a very strong opposition.

At nine the next morning the debate opened, and several hours past midnight it fiercely raged, with every dread of personal violence among the members. (4) It was a full House, and was only carried by the feeble majority of eleven; Clarendon says only by nine. We find some notice of the calmness

(1) Brodie, iii., 244.

(2) Lord Orford, Memoirs, i., 150. 4to.

(3) I say "at present," for Lord Nugent has long announced a Life of the Patriot Hampden.

(4) As a curious instance how difficult it is sometimes to ascertain the plainest matter of fact, from even those who were present, Rushworth says, the Debate lasted from three in the afternoon till three in the morning; Sir Philip Warwick says it was three in the morning when the Remonstrance pas-

and adroitness of Hampden during this disorderly debate. When the Remonstrance had been carried, he moved for the printing, that it might be dispersed among the people. According to constitutional usage, it should first have been communicated to the Lords, and afterwards presented to the King. But this appeal to the people against the Sovereign, as it avowedly was, he observed run in the sole name of the Commons—an all-sufficient authority! Already this great man was meditating that separation from the Lords, which in due time occurred. This had been indicated by several signal unparliamentary courses, for the house of Lords had of late been refractory. (1) Even Hampden failed in the division for printing, on the first night; but it was a favourite measure, and his cool and determined diligence renewed the motion three weeks after, when the printing was carried by a considerable majority. So outwearied or so supine were the Royalists, though the King was excessively anxious that this cruel record of his disturbed reign, reflecting such an aggravated picture of tyranny and himself the tyrant, should not be sent forth among the people, unaccompanied by his defence, or his apology. Thus it happened that when the King desired that they would not print the Remonstrance till they had his answer, Charles discovered that it had already been dispersed.

This edict of Revolution had been nearly rejected, and unquestionably it would have been thrown out, had it not been for an accident to which it would seem our Parliaments are liable. The length of the debate, as much as its vehemence, exhausted the physical condition of the elder members; many through utter faintness had been compelled to retire, and honest Sir Benjamin Rudyard not unaptly compared the passing of the Remonstrance to the verdict of a starved jury. Clarendon complains on the present occasion, that while the party themselves had secured the presence of all their friends, the hour of the night had driven home the aged and the infirm, who could no longer await the division. Mr. Hallam has shrewdly remarked on Clarendon's complaint of the friends of established authority, that "sluggish, lukewarm, and thoughtless tempers must always exist, and that such will always belong to their side." A simple but important truth! And since the wisdom, or the virtue, of a free people, must often depend on the subtraction or the multiplication of voices, it is a curious fact in the history of an English Parliament, that some of the most eventful changes in our Constitution have been carried by majorities which wear all the appearance of minorities; and that the majority and minority on the same question, at different periods, have changed sides. (2) Thus it happens that the age and the health of the members become a material circumstance in the highest concerns of the nation, and nothing seems more desirable than that even an absent member should not be deprived of his vote, provided he had been present at the debate. An artful party in that case could not steal a majority from a thin House; and the robust, the diligent, or the juvenile, would possess no fractional advantage over the infirm or the supine, in that great sum of human wisdom which is to appear in the numerical force of a division of the House.

After the numerous concessions of the King, and the humiliated state to which the party had reduced the Sovereign, certain as they were that they could scarcely demand any thing short of the throne itself, which Charles would now have denied, what motive induced this ungenerous remonstrance of grievances redressed, of painful reminiscences, of errors chastened, and of passions subdued? Mrs. Macaulay tells us that "this Remon-

ed. Whitelocke differs from both, prolonging it from three in the afternoon till ten the next morning. It is certain that the House was debating hard at midnight, but began earlier than Rushworth mentions; for Secretary Nicholas, writing to the King, says, "The Commons have been in debate about their Declaration since twelve at noon, and are at it still, it being now near twelve at midnight."

(1) Macaulay, iii., 99.

(2) The great points of the National Religion, under Elizabeth, were carried by six, and some say by a single vote; the Hanover succession was voted in by a single vote!—Calamy, ii., 2. It is certainly difficult to get at "the sense of the Nation." On a question whether the Protestant religion was in danger under Queen Anne's government, 256 saw no danger, and only 208 remained in a state of alarm.—Calamy's Life, ii., 279. But it often happens that Parliaments correct their own errors; for we find questions, which had been frequently lost by the weakest minorities, afterwards carried with little or no opposition. The *nemine contradicente* is always rare. How can we hope to reconcile so many opposed interests, to conceive such different sizes of understandings, and conciliate tempers which no art of man can ever accord? In this imperfect state of human existence, we can only trust to the *Ayes* and the *Noes*!

strance was looked on by the opposers of the Court as absolutely necessary to their farthor curtailing the power of the Crown, which was essential to the preservation of those privileges the public had already obtained." Such is the diplomacy of revolutionary democracy, and with the present party it was an irrefragable argument; we will not add with Hampden and Pym, though there is sufficient reason to suspect their designs; but the result proved that this party had decided on overturning the English Constitution by setting aside the Crown altogether.

But, in truth, this was not the first motive of the present personal persecution of the monarch. "The Remonstrance" was an act of despair. Those who have written since the day of the female historian, with less passion and closer research, though not with more ability, nor even with any undue sympathy for this unfortunate prince, have agreed that a far different motive than the one alleged in favour of the Commons was the real inducement of this ungenerous attack.

That motive was a conviction that their own supporters had visibly diminished; some of the most eminent names in our history had abandoned them; and their violent courses, contrasted with the sacrifices both of personal feelings and royal authority, of which Charles, of late, had given so many striking evidences, had affected the moderate, and alarmed the honest. Nor was it unknown to themselves, that their clandestine practices in their intercourse with the Scots, of which Strafford had made some discoveries, and Montrose had revealed more, were rankling in the mind of Charles. The King had lately accepted for his advisers some from themselves—and, under more prudent councils than Charles had been accustomed to, the heads of the party felt themselves in personal danger, for the throne might appeal to the people, and patriots might be impeached, as well as ministers attainted. They dreaded nothing more than a popular king. An able judge of these times has observed, that "Their Remonstrance was put forward to stem the returning tide of loyalty which threatened to obstruct the farther progress of their endeavours." (1)

The Remonstrance was made such a point to be carried with the Commonwealth-men, who, though not yet in their strength, were so sanguine, that Cromwell, as yet a new name in our history, expected that it would pass with little or no opposition; and after it was carried with the greatest difficulty, and by means in which the parties were not fairly balanced, Cromwell swore, for at that time he was not half "the Precisian" he turned out to be, that, had it not passed, "some other honest men would the next day have sold their estates, and abandoned Old for New England." It is quite clear that the anti-monarchists considered this desperate act of theirs to be the test and ratification of their triumph; and some of those "other honest men" might probably have been found among the contrivers of this piece of political machinery.

(1) The same true statement occurs in Dr. Lingard, x., 157, and Mr. Hallam, i., 584. Let me add my feeble testimony.

CHAPTER LXI.

The History of Lord Digby.

The King's new private advisers were eminent for their patriotism and their ability; the virtuous Lord Falkland, the active Sir John Colepepper, and the sagacious Mr. Hyde. Their names were even popular; they had gradually retreated from the Opposition, and now stood by the side of the King, without extinguishing their honourable principles. Another person, whose councils, on more than one remarkable occasion, Charles adopted, and who appears not to have closely connected himself with the other ministers, was the fascinating Lord Digby. The restless imagination and the reckless audacity of this extraordinary man made him the most dangerous adviser of a monarch, who himself was liable to do precipitate acts, repented often as soon as done, and whose temperament was the most sanguine that a prince so unfortunate has ever shown.

George Digby, the second Earl of Bristol, should rather be the hero of romance than of history. He was himself so much a creature of imagination, that an imaginative writer would seem more happily to record the versatility of his fine genius, and the mutability of his condition. By adding only a termination to the adventures of Lord Digby which he himself never could, the Romancer, in the simple narrative of his life, could place before us an extraordinary being—and the truths he would have to tell would at least equal the fictions he might invent.

Among other peculiarities in the fate of this nobleman was the place of his nativity. Born during his father's prolonged embassy

at Madrid, he did not leave that Court before his thirteenth year; he spoke the Spanish language with native elegance, and stole some of the fancies of its literature. This circumstance, scarcely noticeable in another person, in this Lord's romantic history becomes an incident, as we shall see, in which the fortunes of Spain might have revolved. He acquired the French idiom with the same vernacular felicity, to the admiration of the Parisians, and this too might have changed the face of the administration of Mazarin! But in the language of the land of his fathers he was neither Spaniard nor Frenchman, but a Briton. Thus Lord Digby was master of the languages of all the countries, in every one of which he was to become so variable and so conspicuous an actor. His eloquence, elevated and forcible, has the elegance which we imagine to be the acquisition of our own days; his indignant spirit, bold in expression as in thought, sharpens his sarcasm, or stings with scorn, often sliding into graceful pleasantry. It is not a Canning we are listening to, it is Demosthenes! His patriotism seems vital; for no man in Parliament, at that troubled and critical period, marked his way so distinctly between the conflicting interests; just to the Sovereign, he asserted the rights of the nation. He maintained the necessity of frequent Parliaments without calumniating the monarch, or flattering the people; he could condemn Strafford without becoming an accessory in that judicial murder; and we shall see that he spoke in favour of the Test Act, though he was himself a Roman Catholic.

Several years of studious residence at his father's retreat, when the Earl, on his return home, was banished to his seat, was a fortunate circumstance in the life of the son. Surrounded by the learned and the ingenious, who resorted to Sherborne Castle, Lord Digby became equally learned and skilful in the prevalent theology and philosophy of that day, and accomplished in elegant literature. One of the fruits of these early studies was his letters to his relation, Sir Kenelm Digby, against the Roman Catholic religion. When he himself chose to be converted, it is said that he never would take upon himself to answer himself, except by a subtle apology, or rather a fanciful distinction, which he made between the Church of Rome and the Court of Rome.

Lord Digby's first step into life was strongly indicative of its subsequent events. His impetuous passions brought him into notice. On a casual visit to the metropolis, from the quiet shades of Sherborne, he engaged in an amour and a duel; both of which were none of his inferior delights through life. He chastised an insolent rival, who was a favourite at Court, and it was done in the purlieus of Whitehall. His Lordship was committed to prison. The severity of this treatment, with the remembrance of his father's, now qualified him, by his discontent, to become an able coadjutor in the patriotic band of Opposition.

A lovely countenance, and an innate graciousness of person, which instantaneously fascinated the beholder; a voice, whose tones thrilled some obdurate beauty when on his knees he would creep, with prodigal sensibility bewailing his own want of merit; or which could throw an irresistible charm over his elocution, insinuating his own confidence to the listener; these were the favours of Nature; and hers, too, that temperament which courts danger, and the fearlessness which scorns death. There was something chivalric in his courage, quick to assert his honour by that sword which had often signalised his glory in the field. But the utmost refinement of art had accomplished a perfection beyond the reach of nature. With the emotions and the imagination of a poet, he often opened views of things as if they had a present existence, when, in truth, they were only events which had not yet occurred; events in which he was himself so often disappointed, and had so often disappointed the unreasonable hopes of others. Lord Digby was never wise by experience and misfortune; for his working genius was only invigorated by the failure of one event to hasten on another; nothing seemed lost, when so much remained to be acquired; and, in his eager restlessness, the chase after the new soon left the old out of sight. By the peculiarity of his situation, Europe was opened for his career, and when he had wrestled with his fate at home, he met her as a new man, in France or in Spain.

But those who had prematurely blessed their good fortune, for having met with a wonder of human kind, and clung to him as their pride and their hope, were left desperate at a single mischance; these persons had set all their venture on his single card; they could not repair their ruined fortunes by new resources; and thus it happened, that those who had been his greatest ad-

mirers were apt to become his greatest enemies. None so easily won admiration and esteem, none more rapidly lost their friends. It was remarkable, as Clarendon observes, that Lord Digby's keenest enemies had been connected with him by the closest friendships. Digby accepted their esteem as a tribute to his own virtues and transcendent genius, and, as he deemed it, as an evidence of his own skill in the management of men; but their enmity he ascribed to their own inconstancy and their jealousy of his superiority. Lord Digby on all occasions was easily reconciled to himself.

Deliberation and resolution with him were hardly separable; and the boldness of his conceptions was only equalled by the promptness of their execution. Digby had that hardiness of mind which is called decision, and that hardihood of heart which is courage; qualities not always found in the same individual. It was his constitutional disposition to embrace the most hazardous exploits, not only from an impatience of repose, but from a notion that the audacity of the peril would cast a greater lustre on his genius and his actions. Cardinal de Retz has finely observed on this feeling, that "the greatest dangers have their charms if we perceive glory, though in the prospect of ill-fortune; but middling dangers have only horrors when the loss of reputation is attached to the want of success." Digby's designs were sometimes so hazardous that he would reserve some important point to himself, and not confide it to those whom he appeared to be consulting; and this, as Clarendon observes, not so much out of distrust that they would protest against it, for he was very indulgent to himself in believing that what appeared reasonable to him would appear so to every one else, but from a persuasion that, by this concealment, he was keeping up his own reputation, by doing that which had been unthought of by others. It was this unlucky temper in his nature which produced so many inconveniences to the King and to himself—for Charles the First was himself too prone to sudden enterprizes, and a counsellor so daring and so fanciful as Lord Digby was the unfittest minister for a monarch who, though easily induced to adopt such rash attempts, as quickly was startled at their difficulties. (1)

No man dared more than Lord Digby, and few had greater abilities to support that daring nature; but no man's life, who had entered into such a variety of fortunes, was more unprosperous, nor were ever such great designs left unaccomplished by the genius which had conceived them. If Lord Digby possessed some extraordinary qualities, he had also others which were not so, and which worked themselves into his character only to weaken it; like those roots and branches which grow out of the fractures of battlements and turrets, and come at last to loosen, or undermine, even such solid strength. It was his fatal infirmity, says Clarendon, that he too often thought difficult things very easy, and considered not possible consequences, when the proposition administered somewhat that was delightful to his fancy, by pursuing whereof he imagined he should reap more considerable glory to himself, of which he was immoderately ambitious. (2)

How did it happen that this extraordinary man so frequently acted in contradiction with himself? The character of Lord Digby has furnished some sparkling antitheses to the polished cynicism of the heartless Horace Walpole. Insensible to the great passions of a mind of restless energies, but petulantly alive to the ridiculous, Lord Orford could easily detect the wanderings of too fanciful a genius, but he wanted the sympathy or the philosophy to penetrate to their causes. This man, who in so many respects may be deemed great, had some fatal infirmities. He would carry his dissimulation, perhaps, beyond the point of honour. On the trial of Strafford he appears to have left his party from his indignation at their measures; his eloquence on that occasion has reached posterity. But when with deep imprecations he protested that he knew not of the abstraction of an important document, which was long after discovered copied in his hand-writing among the King's papers, whatever might be the policy of his solemn oaths, and however desperate the predicament in which he stood, it has involved his honour. In the proposed arrest of the six members, when his lordship discovered how ill that measure was resented by the House, he immediately rose, and vehemently spoke against it, declaring that it was absolutely necessary that the King should disclose the name of the proposer of that pernicious counsel; and whisper-

(1) Clarendon, ii., 102.

(2) Clarendon, ii., 104.

ing to Lord Kimbolton, who was intended to have been one of those State victims, that "He now clearly saw that the King was hastening to his own ruin." Yet we are told by Clarendon that it was he only who had advised the measure, without any communication with the Ministers. Even on this occasion his own character rose paramount. For a moment he had been "the creeping thing" which has left in the dust the trail of his political cunning, but his dauntless spirit soared as high as it had sunk, for Digby could not dissimulate when his courage and intrepidity were in question. He who had reprobated the dangerous and unsuccessful design on the next day offered the King to hasten with a few gentlemen and seize on those very Members who had flown to the City, and bring them, dead or alive. Charles was startled at this greater peril than the memorable one of which he had already repented. In so chivalric a genius, one could hardly have suspected a selfish being, as we shall see his repeated deeds have stamped him to be; his feelings were concentrated within himself. Clarendon tells us that he was never known to have done a single generous action, even to those who had claims for their disappointments in their unwary dependence on him. He sacrificed his Protestant daughter to a Flemish baron for his own convenience. He was habitually addicted to gaming and to his amours, and lived, even at a time when in the receipt of a considerable revenue, a mean life, unworthy of his rank and name. In his last days, after the Restoration, he seems to have been so maddened by personal distresses, that his violent behaviour to Charles the Second had nearly incurred an act of treason, and it banished him from the Court.

Such is the anatomy of the mind and genius of this accomplished statesman and warrior; his actions only exhibit him in the motion of life.

The Commons excepted Lord Digby from pardon, in a negotiation for a treaty of peace. They pursued Digby with the same violence they had hunted down Strafford, designing that another minister should bleed on the scaffold. Digby flew to Holland. But he was not a man to repose in security at a moment of great agitation. We soon find him at York, where in a midnight interview with the King he arranged his return to Holland to procure arms. Taken, and brought into Hull, an adventure occurred which perfectly displays his versatile and dauntless character.

When Lord Digby found himself in the hands of the Parliamentarians, he appeared as a sea-sick Frenchman, and retiring into the hold of the vessel, he there concealed his papers; their detection would have been fatal. The Governor of Hull was Sir John Hotham, a man of a rough unfeeling nature, sordid, and influenced entirely by his meanest interests; moreover, he was an enemy. Digby, in his usual way, deliberated, and resolved. The sea-sick Frenchman opened his part, by addressing one of the sentinels in broken English, till, by his vivacious gesticulations, the man at last was suffered to comprehend that the foreigner had secrets of the King and Queen, which he would communicate to the Governor. Introduced to Sir John, the disguised Digby took him aside, asking in good English, "Whether he knew him?" Surprised, Hotham sternly answered "No!" "Then," resumed Lord Digby, "I shall try whether I know Sir John Hotham, and whether he be in truth the same man of honour I have always taken him to be." Digby revealed himself, and in his persuasive manner left to Sir John the alternative of an ignoble deliverance of him to his implacable enemies. Hotham was mastered by the greatness of mind of Lord Digby, and so touched by the high compliment to his own honour, that the stern and covetous man, who had now in his hand whatever his interest or ambition could desire for their ends, spontaneously declared that such a noble confidence should not be deceived. The only difficulty now was to concert the means of escape; it was considered to be the safest that the Frenchman should be openly sent to York, with a promise that he should return to Hull. Such hair-breadth escapes were the delight and the infirmity of this romantic hero.

In the civil wars, from the first battle of Edge Hill, we trace Lord Digby's gallant achievements, and on one signal occasion his desperate bravery. He seemed as careless of death, as if he had been invulnerable to bullets, which, however, he was not, for he received many wounds very little short of life. As active in the cabinet as in the field, he was concerting very ingenious schemes to obtain a city by an intrigue, or to project a visionary treaty, but he did not command success. Whatever might be the skill of the sculptor, his marble was of too rough a grain to take his polish. His good fortune was always of short duration. He suffered a

great defeat—quarrelled with his officers—and was sent by Charles to Ireland. There his busied brain planned to fix the Prince on an Irish throne; but the Queen insisting that her son should hasten to Paris, Digby followed; a circumstance which first brought him in contact with the French minister.

On the death of Charles the First, Lord Digby at St. Germain addressed Charles the Second, offering his devoted services in a style which could only have been dictated by a nobleman, the intimate companion of monarchs, and by a genius even more distinguished than his rank. (1)

Lord Digby was now the servant of fortune. France opened a scene favourable to the genius of the man. The commotions of the Fronde had broken out. The insurrectionary state of England seemed to have been reduced to a French *petite pièce*, as the comedians of the *Théâtre Italien* were performing one of their own ludicrous parodies. The French in revolutions were then but childish mimics.

Lord Digby, not without difficulty, having procured a horse, entered as a volunteer in the Royalist army. One of those extraordinary occasions which can only happen to extraordinary men, for others are incompetent to seize on them, made his fortune in one day.

The two armies were drawn up against each other, at no great distance. One of the insurgents advanced out of the ranks, and in a bravado offered to exchange a shot with any single man who would encounter him. Lord Digby, without speaking to any one, leisurely moved his horse towards this vaunting champion, who stood still, apparently awaiting his antagonist. It was a dishonourable feint; for the bravo dexterously receding towards his own party as Digby approached, the whole front of the squadron fired. His lordship was shot in the thigh, and, though he still kept his seat, it was not without difficulty he got back to his own side. Such intrepid gallantry, performed in the presence of the French Monarch, Cardinal Mazarin, and others of the Court, raised a universal inquiry. At that moment few knew more of the remarkable gentleman, than that he was an Englishman. All pressed forward to admire the chivalrous lord, and on his recovery the King and the Cardinal instantly gave him a regiment of horse, with the most liberal appointments.

Every thing about Lord Digby was in unison with his imaginative character. The impress on his standard was noticed for the ingenuity and acuteness of its device. An Ostrich, his own crest, was represented with a piece of iron in its mouth, and the motto, *Ferro vivendum est tibi, quid præstantia plumæ?* "Thou who must live on iron, what avails the lustre of thy feathers?" But the motto includes a play upon words; the iron alluded to his sword, the feathers to his pen, to whose excellence he himself was by no means insensible.

Lord Digby's troop of cavalry was chiefly composed of English emigrants, who flocked to the standard of their idolised commander. He charmed them by the seduction of his imagination, the shadows of his fancy; they flattered themselves in flattering him. But neither the commander nor his followers had patience and industry. Victories and promotions were equally rare in the puny warfare; and the adventurers gradually fell off in murmurs, abandoning the hero who, they were induced to conclude, if he had the power, would never have performed his prodigal promises.

But Lord Digby, at the French Court, was in the element in which he was born, and had been trained; and there he was more idolised than by his military dependents. The beauty of his person, the delightfulness of his conversation, the softness of his manners, his elegant literature and his political sagacity, and, above all, his alacrity and bravery in action, put him in full possession of all hearts and eyes. His lordship was even admitted into the councils of the King and the Cardinal. He was invested with a high command in the French army, which gave him the full privileges of tolls and passes and licences over the river to Paris, so that his profits were considerable as his honours. Such a prosperous state might have terminated the career of other men. Digby was more gratified at having attracted the eyes of both sexes on him, than by the honours which had no novelty for him, and the fortune, which, however abundant, could never supply his invisible necessities. His revenues were so large that it was imagined that his lordship designed to accumulate a vast fortune, for he maintained no establishment, was without an equipage, lived meanly, was never bountiful or even charitable, yet ever money-

(1) It would be irrelevant to our subject to insert this admirable letter, which is the most striking evidence that the style of the present day has degenerated in its changes. It exists in the Clarendon Papers.

less. Deeply involved in amorons intrigues and romantic exploits, more adapted for some folio romance than for the page of grave history, he was, however, not less intent on political ones, of the boldest nature his iaexhaustible invention had ever conceived. Whea Cardinal Mazarin was compelled to quit France and retire to Cologne, while the popnlar clamour was at its height, that sage statesman recommended Lord Digby to the Queen, as an able and confidential adviser. In one of the flights of his erratic genius his lordship projected supplanting Mazarin, and himself becoming the Premier of France. He countenanced the popular cry against Mazarin, and suggested to the Queen, Anne of Austria, that her personal safety was concerned in keeping the Cardinal in exile. But though this fascinating nobleman had deceived an old statesman, he could not make a woman his dupe; for the Queen, accepting his zealous councils with complacency, was equally cautious in informing Mazarin of his accomplished friend's conduct. When the Cardinal returned in triumph, it was contrived to send his lordship on a very hazarddous expedition to Italy, where success seemed next to an impossibility. Digby surmounted the difficult task, and returning to Paris was highly complimented by the Cardinal, and rewarded—at the same time that he was cashiered and ordered to depart from the territories of France.

Here was a kingdom lost! Digby now repaired to the obscure Court which Charles the Second held at Bruges, and whore some of the courtiers wanted half-a-crown for a dinner. Digby announced that he brought money which would last him a twelvemonth, but at the end of six weeks he had drained his treasury. As neither tho monarch nor the peer could be of any use to the other, it was not found inconvenient to part. Digby had now to create a new scene of action, and he designed to enter into the Spanish service. He asked for no recommendation from Charles, but depended on his own resources—half Spaniard as he was; for the gaiety of his disposition prevented him from being wholly Spanish. But here he found obstacles; his person was far from being agreeable in the Spanish army in Flanders, where about two years before, in a predatory incursion, rapine and conflagration had marked the progress of his troops through many villages and towns, and he listened to his odious name in lampoons and ballads. The poverty of the Spanish Court in Flanders offered no premise to a military adventurer.

But Digby knew the character and taste of Don Juan, the Governor of tho Low Countries, who, unlike other grandees of Spain, was addicted to universal literature, and had a passion for judicial astrology; and Digby was an arbiter in literature, and an adept in the mystical and the occult.

The Spanish ministers and officers gave but a cold and reserved reception, but they soon marvelled at the delectablo Spanish idiom from the lips of an Englishman! He, who had been, as it were, a native in all the Courts of Europe, was many men in one man; one who interested all in their various stations, according to their tempers and their pursuits. The confidential minister of the governor, Don Alonzo di Cardinas, had personally known our mercurial genius at London, and was the most obdurate, from "his own parched stupidity," till Digby, as Clarendon says, "commending his great abilities in State affairs, in which he was invincibly ignorant, the Don suspected that he had not known Lord Digby well enough before." Whoever listened was lost, and none more than Don Juan himself. No one indeed was so capablo of appreciating the luxuriant genius of this accomplished man. At every leisure hour Don Juan sought the company of Lord Digby; frequently at his meals, and in the evenings, the Princo indulged in literary coaversations, and, more retiredly, in whispering the secrets of tho skies.

Nothing was now wanting to convince Don Juan that he had by his side the greatest genius in Europe, but some signal service, which might fix with the Spanish army the worth of thoir new compatriot. The Spaniards had long been annoyed by a fort, five miles from Brussels, which Marshal Schomburgh had rendered impregnable. The Spanish Prince had suffered repeated repulses in his attempts to reduce this fort. Many Irish regiments, who had followed the fortnnes of their Soveroign, were in the service of France, and tho garrison of this fort was chiefly composed of this soldiery. Charles the Second had lately been abandoned by Mazarin, in his terror of Cromwell, and the King was now a fugitive in the Spanish Netherlands. Digby one day surprised Don Juan by an assurance that the Spaniards should possess the fort. He had been privately negotiating with the Irish officers, and having convinced them that as their Sovereign was no longer pro-

tected hy France, it could not hut be agreeable to him that they should unite with Spain, who had afforded him an asylum, to the Irish it was perfectly indifferent in whose service they engaged, and they found no difficulty in resolving to pass over to the other side. The great Marshal Schomhurgh, who was convinced that he was secure from all attacks, suddenly discovered that his orders were disobeyed, and himself in the midst of unaccountable mutinies. The Marshal was constrained to march out of his impreguable fort, and had the mortification to witness most of his garrison wheel about to the Spanish camp. The dexterity and secrecy which Lord Digby had displayed in this transaction to the Spanish Prince, looked as if he had magically changed the scene; and Don Juan declared that there was no reward equal to that service. From this moment Lord Digby, who no longer viewed any prospect of the Restoration, devoted himself to the Spanish Court.

Dighy now anticipated some active part in the state; and to he an entire Spaniard, ho deemed it necessary to become, what they call at Madrid, "a Christian." There was never wanting a favourable opportunity to execute what he had resolved on. Falling ill at a monastery where he visited his daughter, Father Courtnay, the Provincial of the English Jesuits, converted the able assailant of the Romish faith. This rapid conversion was not considered miraculous, even hy the Spaniards,—and yet it seems so, for Father Courtnay was a person of no talents, and the learned Digby must have known the arguments of the Jesuit hefore he listened to them.

This step irretrievably lost him with the English. Charles laughed at the ascendancy of Father Courtnay over the understanding of the great philosopher, but, with his countrymen, Dighy was not to be quit for their ridicule, and the King found it necessary to conceal his own sentiments, in pursuance of the advice of Clarendon, in commanding Digby's absence at all future councils; and moreover, ordered him to resign the signet as Secretary of State, which, though now hut a titular office, was important, for it conferred on him a political character at the Court of Madrid. Even Don Juan, who had not read this portentous conversion when they had conned the stars together, cast a cold glance on the wonderful young proselyte. The Prince, indeed, had incurred a reprimand from the Spanish Cabinet for suffering himself to be so powerfully influenced hy Lord Dighy; the jealousy of the Ministers was at work. No place, no pension came from Madrid; no compliment from Rome, hut an exhortation, which relished of irony, that "since his Lordship had been converted, it behoved him now to convert his brothers."

When Charles the Second was invited to be present at the treaty between France and Spain at Fontarabia, Don Louis de Haro, the Spanish Minister, pointedly excepted against the King being accompanied hy Lord Digby. Yet such was the spell of Digby's genius, that Charles, though his crown might havo been at stake, could not part with his delightful companion, who, leaving the negotiators with the fate of Europe in their hands, as matters not very pressing, proposed to the King to take a circuitous route in their way, from city to city. Ilis Lordship had been a curious traveller, who knew when to post, and where to loiter; thus delighting and delaying, a rumour reached them that the treaty had been concluded, and the Plenipotentiaries had taken their departure. The sauntering monarch then discovered how far he had been carried away hy the fancies of his erratic conductor, to the detriment of very urgent affairs. The report, however, proved premature; hut the adventure was auspicious to Lord Dighy, for no sooner had he come in contact with Don Louis de Haro and the Spanish grandees, than that statesman was as deeply captivated hy this admirable man as had been Don Juan. On Charles's return to Brussels, Lord Dighy was invited to Madrid, where he was well received by the King, his wants were amply provided for, and he remained at that Court till the Restoration.

The Earl of Bristol, such Dighy had now become, returned home Spanish in heart, hnt he had lost an old friend in the Chancellor ever since his adventure with Father Courtnay. He retained, however, the personal affection of the King, who on the Restoration had been more munificent to the Earl of Bristol than the Royal forgetfulness had allowed with so many others. As Digby could not be of the Privy Council, or hold any ostensible post in the administration, hut had free access at all hours to the King, he amhitioned to be the head of the English Roman Catholics, but he found that the Jesuits would not divulge their secrets. That he could not be the Prime Minister of England, possessing as he did the King's ear, I suspect rankled in his spirit.

A curious incident now occurred, which shows that the genius of the Earl of Bristol, unmitigated by age, still retained the restless invention of his most fanciful days. The treaty of the Portuguese match, already advanced, was confidentially revealed by the King to the Earl, who, provoked that he had not a greater share in foreign affairs than his old friend the Chancellor admitted him to, determined to exert his rare faculty of puzzling, and obstructing any project which was not of his own contrivance. He startled the King by an assurance that this proposed political marriage must be followed by a war with Spain; he described the critical situation of Portugal, and of that miserable family who would shortly be compelled to ship themselves off to their Brazils, as Spain in one year would overrun the whole country. He caricatured the Infanta, as repulsive in person, and known to be incapable of having any progeny, an objection which was fully verified by the event. There were, however, two accomplished ladies of the House of Medici, whom he luxuriously painted forth to the voluptuous Monarch, and whom Spain would consider as a Spanish match. He suggested that the King should send him incognito to Italy to make his election for a Queen of the most favoured of these two ideal ladies. He prevailed over the weakness of the Monarch; kissed hands, and took his departure; and though a letter was dispatched after him to stay any farther proceedings, he pretended that he had received the communication too late, and would have closed his secret negotiation with one of the ladies, but, as Clarendon sarcastically observes, "he had not the good fortune to be believed."

The same improvidence in his domestic affairs which had marked the wanderings of his emigrant life ruined his happiness. Jealous of Clarendon's influence, he thought that the Chancellor had lessened his favour with the King. One day, in a closet interview, in a state of great agitation, he upbraided the King in unmeasured terms for "passing his life only in pleasure and debauchery, while he left the government to the Chancellor—but he would do that which should awaken him!" The King was equally surprised and confused; otherwise, as he declared, having been personally menaced in his private closet, he had called the guard, and sent his old companion to lodge in the Tower.

This extravagant conduct was the prelude of the Earl of Bristol exhibiting charges of high treason against his estranged friend the Chancellor. When these were brought into the House of Lords it was resolved, that by the statutes of the realm no Peer can exhibit a charge of high treason against another Peer in their own House; and further, that in the matters alleged there was no treason. What is extraordinary, the Earl himself fully concurred in these resolutions, but, what is still more so, he preferred the same charges a second time. "Follies of the wise!" The King was so greatly offended, that warrants were issued for his arrest, and during two years this baffled and eccentric statesman was forced to live *au secret*. But this singular man was familiar with the mutability of fortune, for, on the Chancellor's final disgrace, we find that the Earl of Bristol came to Court and Parliament in triumph!

In the enmity of an ancient friendship, like the unnatural feuds of civil war, the hatred is proportioned to the former affection. In the persecution of Clarendon the Earl of Bristol was his own victim. His vindictive passion, perhaps, on this single occasion, blinded his luminous intellect and subdued the natural generosity of his temper, for that was such that, though he loved and hated violently, the softness of his disposition would easily reconcile him even to those who had injured him. Digby had more imagination than sensibility; his love, or his hatred, appeared by the most vivacious expressions; but it was his temper, more than his heart, which was engaged. His friend, or his enemy, in his own mind, was but a man, with whom he considered that a single conference would be sufficient to win over to his own will.

His glory was now setting, when Digby was yet to show himself to all the world as the most elevated of human beings.

Lord Orford, among the contradictions in his character of Lord Digby, has sneered at his conduct on a remarkable occasion. "He spoke for the Test Act, though a Roman Catholic." Thus an antithesis, or an epigram, can cloud over the most glorious action of a whole life. This statesman, in the policy of that day, and at that critical hour, above all other considerations, held, that the vital independence of this country was in the firm and jealous maintenance of the Protestant interest. On this occasion he delivered his sentiments with his accustomed eloquence, but above the eloquence was the patriotism.

The present work will not admit of a development of the fine and original genius of

this remarkable statesman. From his speech on the Test Act and his "Apology" addressed to the Commons (1) might be selected passages, as important for their deep sense as for their splendid novelty. The noble speaker avoided to decide, whether the boon of greater freedom to be granted to the Romanists would be dangerous; or whether the unreasonable ambition of any Roman Catholics had afforded any just grounds for the alarm which had so violently seized on and distempered the major part of his Majesty's Protestant subjects. It is these fancies which he would now allay, and he thus illustrates the nature of popular fancies.

"My Lords, in popular fears and apprehensions, those usually prove most dangerous that are raised upon grounds not well understood, and may rightly be resembled to the fatal effects of panic fears in armies, where I have seldom seen great disorders arise from intelligence brought in by parties and scouts, or by advertisements to Generals, but from alarms on groundless and capricious fears of danger, taken up we know not either how or why. This no man of moderate experience in military affairs but hath found the dangerous effects of, one time or other; in giving a stop to which mischiefs the skill of great commanders is best seen." He closes the speech with these words:

"My Lords, however the sentiments of a Catholic of the Church of Rome (I still say not of the Court of Rome) may oblige me, upon scruple of conscience, in some particulars of this Bill, to give my negative to it, when it comes to passing, yet as a member of the Protestant Parliament, my advice prudentially cannot but go along with the main scope of it, the present circumstances of time and affairs considered, and the necessity of composing the disturbed minds of the people."

However we may be disposed to censure the eccentricity of this singular personage, his public character was always decided, and at the most critical moments of his political life his path was clearly traced before him. Lord Digby, from his first eloquent speech on the trial of Strafford to his last on the Test Act, poured forth the feelings of a patriot with the calm sagacity of the statesman. Had he lived in our times, it is probable that Lord Digby would have spoken against this very Test Act, and afforded Horace Walpole one more ungenerous sneer.

(1) It is preserved in Nalson's Collections, vol. ii.

Little did Lord Digby imagine that he would only be known to posterity by the pen of his immortal adversary, the Chancellor, who in his solitude, though feeling himself personally aggrieved, had suffered no vindictive passion to cross the seas—a sad exile from his country and his glory; yet, in his leisure hours at Montpellier, his great mind found a delightful task in commemorating the splendid accomplishments and the daring virtues of his great enemy, which he felicitously distinguishes as "the beautiful part of his life." "It is pity," continues the noble writer, "that his whole life should not be exactly and carefully written, and it would be as much pity that anybody else should do it but himself, who could only do it to the life, and make the truest description of all his faculties, and passions, and appetites, and the full operation of them, and he would do it with as much ingenuity and integrity as any man could do." And his Lordship finely concludes—"If a satiety in wrestling and struggling in the world, or a despair of prospering by those strugglings shall prevail with him to abandon those contests, and retire at a good distance from the Court, to his books and a contemplative life, he may live to a great and long age, and will be able to leave such information of all kinds to posterity, that he will be looked upon as a great mirror by which well-disposed men may learn to dress themselves in the best ornaments, and to spend their lives to the best advantage of their country."

This had been a fortunate suggestion, had it ever reached Lord Digby; but this Earl of Bristol lived eight years after this noble effusion, and, though no man was more partial to his own genius, he has left his adventurous life unwritten. We have lost a tale of the passions, warm with all the genius which prompted his actions. The confessions of Lord Digby might have afforded a triumph over his vanities; Statesmen would have been lessoned, and men of the world, through his versatile conditions, and in his reckless life, would have contemplated a noble and enlarged image of themselves.

CHAPTER LXII.

The Flight from the Capital.

The menaced Remonstrance had been the secret terror of Charles the First; even in Scotland, at its first intimation, the King had earnestly impressed on his faithful Secretary

that his friends should put a stop to it by any means. Heart-stricken at its presentation, the King desired that this Remonstrance should not be published, unaccompanied by his answer; he learnt that it was already dispersed!

The style of the Monarch, in alluding to this Remonstrance and to the seditious libels of the pulpits, betrays his dread. "We are many times amazed to consider by what eyes these things are seen, and by what ears they are heard." With this envenomed satire on himself and his government, the very populace were now to sit in judgment over their rulers, and to comment with all their passions and their incompetence on evils often aggravated, and evils which, though they had ceased to exist, by their cruel recollections seemed to increase in number.

Rushworth has printed this memorable State paper in the extraordinary manner of a chapter in the Bible, consisting of 206 verses; every verse a grievance which had been redressed, or a grievance which Charles was now willing should no longer exist. (1) He appealed to them in his replies "whether he had not granted more than ever King had granted? whether of late he had refused to pass any Bill presented by Parliament, for redress of those grievances mentioned in the Remonstrance?" This Remonstrance was an elaborate volume, which might serve as the text-book of every Revolutionist in the three realms, and it laid open his infirm government to the eyes of Europe; or, as it was described in one of the King's Declarations, "rendered us odious to our subjects and contemptible to all foreign Princes."

This anomalous Remonstrance was the first formidable engine of that great Paper-war which preceded the civil, sad and wrathful image of the fast-approaching conflicts! This Remonstrance may also be distinguished as the first of those decisive acts by which the Commons usurped the whole Sovereignty of Government. It was an appeal to the people against the Sovereign, by the Commons themselves, and an actual announcement of the separation of the Lower from the Higher House, since it had not been deemed necessary any longer to require the concurrence of the Lords. "Our presumption may be very strong and vehement, that though they have no mind to be slaves, they are not unwilling to be tyrants; for what is tyranny but to admit no rule to govern by but their own wills? And we know the misery of Athens was at the highest when it suffered under the thirty tyrants." (2)

The Remonstrance received an able answer, the secret production of Hyde, which Mr. Brodie candidly acknowledges "was calculated to make a great impression," but which Mrs. Macaulay could only perceive "was vague, and totally deficient in justifying the King's actions." As if the King's actions were to be justified, any more than the proceedings of the Commons! It is, however, remarkable for the positive statement of that important circumstance in the reign of the calumniated Monarch, which, had it been fictitious, could hardly have been ventured on, in such an unreserved appeal to the whole nation—namely, the present prosperity of the people, and the national happiness during a period of sixteen years; "not only comparatively in respect of their neighbours, but even of those times which were justly accounted fortunate."

The style of Charles had become more popular; the moderate councils of Falkland, Colepepper, and Hyde would have tended to tranquillize the disturbed state of the public mind, and Charles himself had evinced his own disposition for conciliatory measures, by all which he had himself done in Scotland.

The violence of the Commons now strikingly contrasts with the subdued conduct of the King. They seemed to have acquired a renovated vigour; their agitation was more intense; their hostility more open. The sovereignty of England now depended on the single vote of the Commons. The more the King was driven to yield, seemed only to inflame their consciousness of power. Secret motives were instigating this fiercer activity.

One motive was their dread of a change in public opinion; the stream which had hitherto carried them on was ebbing, or turning from its course. Charles, left to discreeter counsels, might win the affections of the honest and the honourable, who were not enlisted into a party. When Hampden reproached Lord Falkland for having changed his opinion, his Lordship replied to the patriot, that he had been persuaded at that time to believe many things which he had since found to be untrue, and therefore he had changed his

(1) Rushworth, iv., 438.

(2) His Majesty's Answer, Husband's Collect. 288 should be 288.

opinion in many particulars, as well as to things as persons. This, at least, was an unbiassed opinion, for the virtuous Falkland had accepted office on the repeated entreaties of his Sovereign, but with the greatest repugnance. The Commons were now despotic. They ridiculed even Parliamentary customs when these thwarted their immediate purposes; when on one occasion Pym declared that the established orders were not to be considered like the laws of the Medes and Persians. When the shadow of the House of Lords was yet suffered to show itself, an extraordinary motion was made by Pym, that "the *major* part of the House of Commons, and the *minor* of the Lords, should be an authentic concurrence of both Houses. (1) Mr. Godolphin, objecting to this novel Parliamentary reform, observed, that, if the *greater* part of the Lords went to the King with the *lesser* part of the Commons, it would be exactly the same thing. Pym was too resolute to be embarrassed by a dilemma. Godolphin was instantly commanded to withdraw, and an order entered in the Journals, that "the House should take into consideration the words spoken by Mr. Godolphin." It ended, as usual, with the threat, and Godolphin escaped without the treason! It would be difficult to determine whether the King had made, or the patriots were making, the greatest encroachments on the Constitution.

Another secret motive was at work which instigated the violence of the Commons. It was known to some in the House, that the King possessed from Strafford, Saville, and Montrose many discoveries concerning themselves. The patriotic leaders had betrayed their sensitive state on various occasions. They had clamoured against the King's journey to Scotland, and sent their Commissioners at his back; they had felt even a jealousy in the King's personal communication with his Scottish subjects; when the mysterious "Incident" occurred at Edinburgh, the parties at London were struck by the sympathetic terror. Charles possessed evidence for their impeachment, they imagined for their destruction. To maintain the power they had usurped, it was necessary to push on to every extremity; it was also a desperate effort for their own self-preservation. They decided to annihilate the House of Lords, beginning by the Bishops, and to degrade, to calumniate, and to terrify the Sovereign; dreading nothing so much as that reconciliation which seemed fast approaching between the King and the nation.

It is important to observe, that the inevitable results of these persevering persecutions of the Commons led to the fatally imprudent acts of the various parties who, on their side alike urged by their despair, fell the victims of the Commons.

The Lords now perceived their own danger in resisting the Commons; the mobocracy again triumphed! Many peers absented themselves, from disgust or from terror; and thin houses supplied a majority for the Commons. The cry of "No bishops" had been for some time bellowed by the mobs, who more explicitly threatened "to pull the bishops in pieces." One evening, at torchlight, the Marquis of Hertford hurried to the Bishops' bench, and, greatly agitated, prayed them to remain all that night in the House. The terrified bishops earnestly desired their Lordships that some care might be taken of their persons; messages to the Commons were totally disregarded; some Lords only bestowed a smile. The Earl of Manchester at length undertook to protect Williams, the Archbishop of York, and some bishops his friends. Some escaped by secret passages, others by staying great part of the night in the House.

The final ruin of the bishops was hastened by the rashness of one, who on so many critical occasions had never been deficient in self-possession, nor in dexterous manœuvres. The Archbishop of York, the wily Williams, in this extremity, maddened by despair, committed an act of greater imprudence than were even some of the King's precipitate measures.

(1) Sir Philip Warwick, 187. Abstract propositions little influenced the conduct of the demagogue who publicly promulgated them. He who thus violated the laws has himself delivered for posterity one of the noblest descriptions of law which the whole compass of our language can produce, in a passage which rivals the splendour of one of the commonplaces of Cicero, and the logical force of Lord Bacon's profound meditations. "The law is that which puts a difference betwixt good and evil, betwixt just and unjust. If you take away the law, all things will fall into a confusion; every man will become a law unto himself, which in the depraved condition of human nature must needs produce many great enormities; lust will become a law, and envy will become a law; covetousness and ambition will become laws; and what dictates, what decisions, such laws would produce, may easily be discerned."

Archbishop Williams hastily drew up a protest, and by his artful representations, assuring them of the legality of the act, obtained the signatures of twelve bishops, wherein they declared that "All laws, orders, and votes were void, and of none effect in their absence." This protest was not to be used till it had received the royal consent. The Lord-Keeper, Littleton, however, to ingratiate himself with the Commons, as more than one testimony confirms, read it openly in the House, aggravating its offence. When this protest reached the Commons, it was instantly voted "high treason." "We, poor souls, who little thought that we had done any thing that might deserve a chiding, are now called to our knees at the bar—astonished at the suddenness of this crimination compared with the perfect innocency of our own intentions." Such is the language of Bishop Hall in his "Hard Measure." At night, and in a hard frost in January, the bishops are dragged to the Tower. The news of their committal is announced by the ringing of bells and the blaze of bonfires, so prevalent was now the novel passion for Presbytery! The infamy of the bishops was blazoned in scurrilous pamphlets both at home and abroad, and their "treasonable practices" were reiterated, till some discussed what sort of death could expiate such unheard-of crimes. After a tedious prosecution of these victims of state, huddling them together, "standing the whole afternoon in no small torture, struggling with a merciless multitude," and in that dark night sending them all in a barge to shoot London Bridge, where the chance of escape was doubtful—the Commons did not make out their pretended treason. One of the party, to prevent involving them in any greater crime, desired that they should only be voted "stark mad, and sent to Bedlam." Another of their oracles, being asked for his opinion, declared that they might with as good reason accuse these bishops of adultery as of treason. They remanded them for another day, which day never came. The truth is, many in the nation did not conceal their abhorrence of their barbarous conduct in hurrying to their dungeons these dignified and learned personages. It is observable that in more than one instance the party evinced the sagacity of retreating when they discovered that they were in danger of losing ground in popular opinion. But though the bold design of the Commons was frustrated in condemning the bishops as traitors, they persisted in renewing the bill for taking away their votes at the same time with the bill for pressing, both which, as Clarendon states, had lain so long desperate while the Lords came and sat with freedom in the House. Both afterwards easily passed in a very thin House. (1)

Thus had the Commons signalized their triumph over the Lords; nor had they ceased to harass the hapless monarch; and the injuries and indignities offered to his person were "scorns put upon the kingly office," degrading it in the eyes of the very populace. The King was reduced to a state nearly of destitution. "Beggar as I am!" he exclaimed, when once he pathetically reminded them of his personal deprivations; "we have and do patiently suffer those extreme personal wants, as our predecessors have been seldom put to, rather than we would press on the great burdens our people have undergone, which we hope in time will be considered on your parts." There was a bitter mockery in their pretended elevation of the character of majesty; they sometimes promised "to make him a great and glorious king," but they also told the Sovereign, that they had done him no wrong, for he was not capable of receiving any; and that they had taken nothing from him, because he had never any thing of his own to lose. About this time the Commonwealth men raised their voices; Harry Martin, in a novel strain, had asserted, unreproved, that "the office of Sovereignty was forfeitable," and that "the happiness of the kingdom did not depend upon the King nor any of that stock." Sir Henry Ludlow, the father of the celebrated General who has left us his memoirs, had openly declared that "Charles was unworthy to be King of England." The King had long witnessed the petitioning mobs; he daily heard how their pulpits sermonised sedition; and gay ballads were chorusing the fall of the Bishops, and menacing his own, under the palace windows. All seemed a merciless triumph over the feebler Sovereign.

Charles seemed abandoned amidst his new council; his old ministers had been forced to flight, or had been compelled to resign their offices to his new and suspected friends. The Sovereign afterwards had been placed amidst a council whom he could not consult on his most immediate concerns, and whose advice, it has been conjectured, on more

(1) Bishop Hall's "Hard Measure."

than one occasion, had proved treacherous. His new Solicitor-General, the dark-browed St. John, was meditating his ruin; Lord Say and Sele had led him into perilous measures. With his new ministers, Falkland, Colepepper, and Hyde, however honourable, his personal intercourse had been but recent, and there was yet wanting on both sides that confidential intercourse which time only matures. Meanwhile, Charles was betrayed in his most retired hours; the apartments of the palace were surrounded by watchful spies, by corner listeners, and by mean creatures, who, on the denial of any favour, would fly to the Parliament, where they were certain of being enlisted among the recruits of patriotism. Pym unreservedly told the Earl of Dover, that "if he looked for any preferments he must comply with them in their ways, and not hope to have it by serving the King." Hence it happened that the most secret councils and the future designs of Charles were anticipated by his great enemies. These confederacies explain many extraordinary occurrences which could not have happened in the ordinary course of affairs, and which must have often surprised Charles himself as much as they have done the readers of his history.

The artifices practised on the infirm faculties of the Queen, who lived in continual panics during the King's absence, were not, surely, with Charles one of their least offences; he felt them as personal injuries. Threatened with impeachment, she was reminded that several Queens of England had perished on the scaffold. The tremendous secret had been revealed to Henrietta, by those who were acting by connivance with some of the party in the Commons. When the party petitioned to be informed who were the "Malignants" who had done that malicious office, they well knew who it was; and could they have been compelled to confess to whom they stood indebted for their information concerning the Queen, the juggle would have been manifest. The same person who had so confidentially acquainted the Queen with the design must have conveyed to them the alarm, and the language which broke forth from this terrified Princess. (1) But they well knew that the Queen could not betray those whom she held as her friends, and she was, in consequence, compelled to assure the very persons who she believed would willingly have required her life, that "although she had heard such a discourse, she had never considered it credible."

The King was often driven to similar compulsions. At length, when the Commons desired the execution of seven priests, in which the Lords were made to join, the King would only consent to their banishment. Among such numerous claims, which the Commons were daily urging, this sanguinary measure was the only one to which the King would not yield. Amidst the humiliating state of contumely which Charles was enduring, it was not among the least hopes of some who entertained deeper designs than the rest, that this Monarch, of a temper hasty and indignant, would be provoked into some fatal indiscretion, and so it happened!

It was on the 3rd of January, 1642-3, without any conference with his ministers, that Charles commanded the Attorney-General to impeach the five members, and the Lord Kimbolton. A Serjeant-at-arms demanded that the House should deliver them into his custody, and returned with a message, but not an answer. That very night a printed order from the Commons was issued that no member can be arrested without the consent of the House, and every person might lawfully aid any member in his resistance, "according to the Protestation taken to defend the privileges of Parliament." This was an open defiance of the Royal authority! In strictness, however, there was an irregularity in the form of Charles's arresting the members; they alleged that their consent must be had before any proceedings were instituted against a member of their House—a subject, however, which admitted of many opposite arguments when the privileges of Parliament were afterwards discussed, and which might lead to some ridiculous results. "The Protestation," on which the irregularity is grounded, had been a recent act of the Commons. The King afterwards complained, that when he resolved on the arrest of the members, having no design to invade their privileges, "he had expected an answer as might inform us if we were out of the way; but we received none at all. This was the first time that we heard 'the Protestation' might be wrested to such a sense. We confess we were somewhat amazed, having never seen nor heard of the like, though we had known members of either House

(1) Clarendon, ii., 232. The recent edition furnishes a material verbal correction from the manuscript. The passage, as given by the former editors, to me is unintelligible.

committed without so much formality as we had used, and upon crimes of a far inferior nature to those we had suggested. Having no course proposed to us for our proceeding, we were upon the matter only told that against those persons we were not to proceed at all; that they wore above our reach, or the reach of the law, so that it was not easy for us to resolve what to do." (1) Amidst this unhappy conflict of prorogative and privilege, new and hurried ordinances were often recurring; and most of the dissensions between the King and the Commons seem to have sprung from the latitude, and even opposite sense, in which both parties received them. As formerly, in the "Petition of Right," Charles discovered, in the exercise of his authority, that he had been deprived of it by some unexpected explanation of a recent Act of the Commons.

On the following day, the 4th of January, Charles, to the astonishment of all men, went down in person to the House of Commons, to repeat his injunctions, if not to arrest the members in their own House. He came, too, attended by a formidable company. This memorable incident in the history of Charles the First cast his affairs into irretrievable ruin, at a moment when Pym is said to have acknowledged that "If that extraordinary accident had not happened to give them new credit, they were sinking under the weight of the expectation of those whom they had deluded, and the envy of those whom they oppressed." (2)

Clarendon positively assures us that the King's adviser on this occasion was Lord Digby. Mr. Brodie observes that the proceedings against the six members had been resolved on before the King left Scotland, and the utmost that can with propriety be imputed to that nobleman is, that he recommended what he saw had been determined upon. (3) Had this impeachment been solely the consequence of a long settled determination, it is remarkable that on so important a state-measure the King should never once have discussed it with those three ministers who possessed his entire confidence. (4) Whatever we may deem the policy of this bold act of impeachment, we must not condemn it as any exercise of arbitrary power, since the King professed to put the members on their legal and fair trial. What the treasonable practices precisely were we can only conjecture, for the patriots were never brought to the bar. The articles exhibited by the Attorney-General seem to have been common between the impeached members and the Parliament. Did Charles imagine that he could compel the Parliament to condemn themselves or accomplices with their own leaders? Hume has profoundly observed, that "the punishment of leaders is ever the last triumph over a broken and routed party; but surely was never before attempted in opposition to a faction during the full tide of its power and success." Had the King in reserve some of their later intrigues, some yet unrevealed occurrences which had passed in their divan, for Whitelocke informs us that they had of late held frequent private meetings? The King was fully convinced that he possessed particular proofs of "a solemn combination for altering the government of the Church and State; of their designing offices to themselves and other men, etc." (5) Charles even considered that "the people would thank him for disclosing some of his discoveries."

It was the subsequent act of going down to the House in person, and with a considerable force, which was, as the King afterwards called it, "a casual mistake." The King went

(1) Husband's Collections, 245.

(2) Clarendon, ii., 183. The noble writer, in delivering the Patriot's confession, has evidently interpolated it with his own feelings.

(3) Brodie, ii., 451 and 280. Mr. Brodie refers generally to the correspondence between the King and Nicholas in Appendix to Evelyn's Mem. This would be an authority recently published, which could confirm that of preceding writers, who were not contemporary with the events. But I cannot discover any passage which specifically shows any such decision. Oldmixon, however, asserts, that the articles of High Treason were prepared by the King when in Scotland, and that the impeachment of the members was the consequence.—*History of the Stuarts*, 476, col. 2. We know that the King had been very assiduous in obtaining information in Scotland, and probably collected enough to satisfy himself of what he deemed treasonable practices; but on his return home, and the Act of Oblivion having passed, it seems not probable that he would have ventured to impeach these powerful leaders, had they granted him that tranquillity which he flattered himself to have restored in Scotland.

(4) Mr. Hallam solves this historical problem, not, perhaps, untruly. "The King was guided by bad private advice, and cared not to let any of his Privy Council know his intentions lest he should encounter opposition," i., 588. I suspect, however, that Mr. Hallam imagined at the moment of writing this, that Charles had "listened to the Queen," 583.

(5) Husband's Collections, 534.

reluctantly, and not without besitation, till quickened by a woman's taunt:—of wbat nature was that famous taunt, I must refer the reader to a preceding passage. (1) This reluctance seems to indicate that the project was not his own; it has even been surmised that the rash counsel came from that irresistible quarter, and Hume, taking his ideas from Whitelocke, ascribes it to "the Queen and the Ladies of the Court," who had long witnessed the personal indignities the King was enduring. It was quite in character that the vivacious Queen of Charles should have been transported at this "brisk act," as Clarendon might have called it, and rejoiced to see her Consort become "master in his own dominions," at least over those who were threatening her with an impeachment. Such a *coup d'état* would charm her toilette politics, which were always the echo of some one who had her ear at the moment; she had no political head of her own. That person was now Lord Digby, who had equally fascinated Henrietta and Charles. The King was not likely to be swayed, on such a strong and decisive measure, by the sudden freaks and fancies of womanish councils, which on many occasions he had treated with raillery, or dismissed with argument. The irritated monarch was in more danger at this moment of having his natural impetuosity worked upon by "the sanguine complexion" of Lord Digby; an expressive designation, which some years after experience had taught the monarch to apply to his romantic adviser.

All that perilous boldness which characterises the singular genius of Lord Digby is stamped on this memorable impeachment, as well as on the more extraordinary occurrence of the succeeding day. His wonderful dissimulation in the House of Lords the instant he discovered the fatal effects of his own councils on the impeachment, reprobating the measure even to Lord Kimbolton, the very victim on whom he expected to have laid his hands, was not unusual with this versatile man. That he instigated the King to hasten in person to the House, if any one did, appears from this remarkable circumstance. After Charles had been baffled in the attempt, and found to his surprise that "all the birds had flown," the reckless Digby offered the King to take a dozen picked military men, Col. Lunsford, and other soldiers of fortune, and hasten to the City, and in the House where the fugitive members lodged, by a *coup de main*, to seize on them alive, or leave them dead. Charles, who had grown more sage than his counsellor by some hours, forbade this double rashness. The man who would willingly have cast himself on such a forlorn hope was the sort of genius who only could have suggested, if any one did, the wild romantic scheme of the King coming down, with men armed, to the House of Commons.

On a hasty knock, the door of the Commons was thrown open, announcing the arrival of their extraordinary visitor; already warned, from more than one quarter, of bis approach, the House had a little recovered from their consternation; still the presence of the Sovereign in the House of Commons, for all parties, was a moment of awful novelty, (2) and our actors had now to perform a new part for the first time. The Speaker was commanded to keep his seat with the mace lying before him. Charles entered, solely accompanied by his nephew the Palsgrave. Immediately uncovering himself, the Mombers stood up uncovered. The King took the Speaker's chair "by his leave." He stood some time, glancing around, bnt seemed perplexed by the multitude of faces; he more particularly directed his looks towards Pym's usual seat by the bar, whose person he well knew. Charles in addressing the House assured them, that no King that ever was in England should be more careful of their privileges; but in cases of treason he held that no person hath a privilege. On the word of a King ho declared that he intended no force, but would proceed against those wbom he sought in a legal and fair way; he subsequently said, "according to the laws and statutes of the realm, to which all innocent men would cheerfully submit." He took this occasion again to confirm that whatever he had done in favour and for the good of his subjects, he would maintain. He now called

(1) See p. 206.

(2) An explanatory apology for this unusnal proceeding was afterwards given by Charles. "We put on a sudden resolution to try whether our own presence, and a clear discovery of onr intentions, which haply might not have been so well understood, could remove their doubts, and prevent those inconveniences which seemed to have been threatened; and thereupon we resolved to go in our own person to our House to Commons, which we discovered not till the very minute we were going—the bare doing of which we did not then conceive could have been thought a breach of privilege, more than if we had gone to the House of Peers, and sent for them to have come to us, which is the usual custom."—Husband's Collections, 246.

on the impeached members by their names. None answered. Turning to the Speaker, who stood below the chair, he inquired whether they were in the House? The Speaker, Lenthall, a person who never afterwards betrayed any sign of a vigorous intellect, and who, had he acted with less promptitnde and dignity, might have fairly pleaded the novelty and difficulty of his unprecedented situation, seemed inspired by the greatness of the occasion. Kneeling to the King, he desired the Sovereign to excuse his answer, for "in this place I have neither eyes to see, nor tongue to speak, but as the House is pleased to direct me, whose servant I am here." The King told him that "He thought him right, and that his own eyes were as good as his. I see the birds are flown!" He concluded by strenuously insisting that the accused Members must be sent to him, or he must take his own course.

On this occasion none but the Speaker spoke. All were mute in sullenness or in awe. No generous, no dignified omotions broke forth from that vast body of Senators. The incident itself was so sudden, and so evidently unpremeditated, that Charles had not discovered his intention to a single friend. All were astonished or indignant. It was, however, a fitting and fortunate occasion for some glorions patriot to have risen as the eloquent organ of the public opinion, and have loyally tonched a nerve in the heart of a monarch, who would not have been insonsible, amidst his sorrows and his cares; he might have been enlightened by solemn truths, and consoled by that loyalty of feeling from which he had been so long estranged. Charles having spoken, and no friendly voice responding, left the House as he had entered, with the same mark of respect. But the House was in disturbance, and the reiterated cries of "Privilege! Privilege!" screamed in the ears of the retiring Monarch.

We are told by Clarendon that the King deeply regretted the wild adventure, and that "He felt within himself the trouble and agony which usually attends generous and magnanimous minds upon their having committed errors which expose them to censure and to damage." Should it be imagined that this colouring exceeds the reality, we may at least trace the King's whole conduct after his late error, day after day, to rotrieve "the casual mistake," and to adopt measures the reverse of those which argue a design of arbitrary rule.

All parties agreed to censuro this bold and hazardous measure; for on unsuccessful enterprises men are judged of by the results. Fatal as was this false step, yet Charles was always conceiving himself justified in the impeachment; the King was desirous that the nation should be rightly informed of his own notions. On his return in the evening, he sent for Rushworth, whom he had observed at the Clerk's table, taking down his speech. The King commanded him to supply a copy. Rushworth, at all times in due dread of his Lords the Commons, who, in their tyranny, were already preparing the sad fate of the Attorney-General for having obeyed his Master's commands, and who honestly avows that he wished to be excused, reminded the King that the House was so jealous of its privileges, that Mr. Nevil, a Yorkshire member, had been committed to the Tower only for telling his Majesty what words were spoken by Mr. Bellassis, son to Lord Fanlconbridge. Charles, with remarkable quickness, observed, "I do not ask you to tell me what was said by any member of the House, but what I said myself." This fortunate distinction allayed tho fears of the wary Clerk of the Commons, and is one among the other abundant evidence of the logical head of Charles. Rushworth transcribed the speech from his short-hand, the King staying all the while in the room. The King instantly sent it to the printer, and it was published on the morning.

These transactions passed on tho 3rd and 4th of January, 1641-2. The five impeached members had flown to the city. The Commons on their adjournment formed a select committee at Grocers'-hall, at once to express their terror hy their removal, and not to be distant from the council of the five. On the 5th, Charles having utterly rejected the wild hravery of Digby's resolution to seize on the members, went to the Guildhall, accompanied hy three or four Lords and his ordinary retinue. He addressed the people in the hall, regretting their causeless apprehensions, and still relying on their affections; the accused members, who had shrouded themselves in the city, he hoped no good man would keep from a legal trial. He aimed to be gracious and condescending, and to be popular; he offered to dine with one of the Sheriffs, who was a known Parliament-man, and by no means solicitous of the royal honour. But Charles was mortified when the cry of the Commons echoed from the mouths of the populace. A daring revolutionist flung into the

King's coach a pamphlet bearing the ominous cry of insurrection, "To your tents, O Israel!" for this Puritanic Israelite, designated as an Ironmonger and a Pamphleteer, only saw in Charles a sovereign who was to he ahandoned, like the weak and tyrannical Rehohoam. Rushworth says, on the King's return there were no tumults; however, the loyal Lord Mayor was pulled from his horse, and with some of the Aldermen, after manifold insults, was fortunate to escape on foot. (1)

Events, fraught with the most important results, pressed on each other at every hour. Both Houses of Parliament, as if in terror, adjourned from time to time and from place to place. The city was agitated, and the panic spread into the country. All the plots and conspiracies of which they had formerly heard, and had almost ridiculed, they now imagined to be very credible. Such rumours were the talk of the day and were heard at night. A conflict of the disordered multitude raged through Westminster. Their language was as violent as their motions. "It was a dismal thing," says Whitelocke, "to all sober men, especially Members of Parliament, to see and hear them." It had become necessary to fortify Whitehall.

On the 6th, the King ventured to issue a Proclamation for the apprehension of the five members who were to be lodged in the Tower. They were, however, more secure at a house in Coleman-street, in hourly communication with the Committee, till they were carried in state to Merchant-Taylors'-hall, to sit in the Committee itself.

On the 7th, the Royal Proclamation was declared to be false, scandalous, and illegal, and the Attorney-General was committed for having preferred the articles against the five members.

An inflammatory narrative, hy the Committee, of the King's unhappy entrance into the House of Commons, was prepared with considerable art. They assiduously collected every loose expression, and every ridiculous gesture of some inconsiderate young persons who appear to have joined the King's party on their way. From such slight premises the Committee had drawn the widest inferences, till, in the climax of this denouncement of their "Rehohoam," they alleged, as evidence, the opinion of these hlustering blades themselves, that had "the word" been given, "questionless they would have cut the throats of all the Commons." It is certain that Charles had enjoined his company not to enter the House "on their lives." A newswriter of the day acknowledges that "they demeaned themselves civilly;" and Lilly, by no means prejudiced in favour of "the gentlemen with halberts and swords," says—"Truly I did not hear there was any incivility offered hy those gentlemen then attending to any member of the House, his Majesty having given them strict commands to the contrary." (2) But the party had calculated on the effect of deepening the odium which the King had incurred, and though this aggravation of the idle words of some idle men little comported with the dignity of the Commons, it was an artifice which served their purpose, of exciting the public feeling against the indiscreet monarch.

A people already in tumult were flax to the fire; the populace seemed now only waiting to be led on to any desperate enterprise. Most of the shops were closed, and the wandering rabble, here and there, were listening to any spokesman. At such a crisis, orators and leaders shot up, certain to delight themselves with an indulgent audience, or to head compliant associates. A person of some consideration exclaimed, "the King was unworthy to live!" another that "the Prince would govern better." The rage of the infuriated Leviathan was at its height. The tub was thrown to the whale. It was proposed to conduct the accused members in a grand triumph to their House. A thousand mariners and watermen fly to the Committee to guard them on the river; a mob of apprentices proffer their services by land.

During the preparations for the triumphal procession of the five, Charles deemed it necessary to remove from Whitehall.

Such a resolution was not made without difficulty, and the unhappy result is alleged to prove that a contrary conduct was the preferable one. The flight of Charles from the capital has been condemned. Some dreaded a civil war, should the King abandon the capital. The Lord Mayor, with many of the King's friends from the city, offered to raise a guard of ten thousand men, but that itself would have been the very evil for which it offered a preventive—a civil war. "If your Majesty leaves us," observed a sage citizen,

(1) Nalson, ii., 822.

(2) Lilly's Life and Death of Charles the First, 108.

"we are undone, and the members will carry all before them as they please." Presciently he added, "Sir, I shall never see you again!" Moreover, it was urged that the King had yet a strong party in the nation—a majority among the Peers, and no inconsiderable number of the Commons, who though they were separated by their fears, were not yet lost, and even his late error might be redeemed. But the King had lived of late without honour; the Queen not without peril; every hour was multiplying personal injuries which he dared not resent. His late false step had ruined his hopes, and his confidence in his Lords had long been shaken since they could no longer protect their own privileges. At a distance from this rule of terror, these scenes of insurrection, perhaps his fortune might change; he might show himself to his whole kingdom the Sovereign he desired to be; his presence in the Capital had only surrounded him by conspiracies in his palace, and dethronement from his Parliament.

On the tenth of January the King with his family, and a few of his household, took his melancholy departure from Whitehall, which he never again saw but to die before his palace-window.

On the eleventh, at noon, the Committee, with the five members, came by water to Westminster. The river was covered with long boats and barges—their appearance was warlike—"dressed up with waist-clothes"(1) as prepared for action; their guns pealed and their streamers waved; at land the drums and the trumpets responded. Clamouring against Bishops and Popish Lords, as they passed by Whitehall, they jeeringly asked "What had become of the King and his Cavaliers?" The multitude rolled on from the city and the suburbs, with loud acclamations, following the citizens and the trained-bands, who carried "the Protestation" tied to the tops of their pikes, and several troops of volunteers, who, instead of feathers, decked their hats with "the Protestation." This "tumultuary army" was led by a Captain of the Artillery-ground, for whom an extraordinary commission for that purpose bore the novel title of Major-General of the Militia. Major Skippon, who had risen from the ranks, became an able officer in the Revolutionary war. The double triumph was complete by land and water. Its military character was the most striking novelty; and without a war the Parliament could show an army. All these scenes remind one of Revolutionary Paris.

The King had flown to Hampton Court; this was the first flight in a life that was afterwards to be so fugitive. Here, however, the distance was not found inconvenient for the march of that army of petitioners, for such they appeared to be by their number and their hostility. It was now that the apprentices, the porters, the beggars, and the "good wives" of the city (2) grew eloquent on paper. The most remarkable petitioners who went to the King were the deputation of a formidable body from Hampden's County of Buckinghamshire. Four thousand, as they were computed, says Rushworth, some have said six, riding every man with the cockade of a printed copy of "the Protestation" in their hats, had presented themselves at the doors of the Commons, calling themselves "countrymen and neighbours of Hampden." As they were probably expected, this Buckinghamshire cavalcade excited no astonishment, and they were sure of a flattering reception. It must be confessed this muster did great honour to the patriot, but the fact could not be concealed, that here was a formidable squadron of cavalry of Hampdenites, of which the Colonel had not yet been appointed. It was a regiment which might have given Charles more reasonable alarm than the Commons affected to feel, when Lord Digby drove one morning in a coach and six, attended by a single servant, to deliver a message to about fifty disbanded officers at Kingston, for which he was compelled to fly the country, and attainted of treason for "levying war."

On the twelfth, Charles flew to Windsor, having first dispatched a message to the Commons. He told them that some finding it disputable whether his proceedings against the members were agreeable to their privileges, he waived them—but would adopt others in an unquestionable way.

Between this day and the twentieth, a committee, for now the government seemed en-

(1) As Clarendon calls them. The term is not in Todd, and perhaps the use is obsolete. They are explained in Kersey's dictionary, as "all such clothes as are hung about the cage-work, or uppermost hull, to shadow the men from the enemy in an engagement; whence they are also termed *Fights*." The *Wark* or waist of a ship is described as that part of her which lies between the two masts, the main and the fore-masts.

(2) Hume, vi., 477. The philosopher is perfectly Lucianic in his descriptions, particularly in his profane scoffings of these female zealots.

tirely at the mercy of a select committee, proposed a new Remonstrance on the state of the kingdom. To disperse this storm, the King sent down a remarkable message to both Houses. He offered that if they would digest all their grievances into one entire body, for settling the affairs of the nation on a secure basis, he would convince them that he had never designed to violate their privileges, and was ready to exceed the greatest example of the most indulgent Princes.

This healing message rejoiced the Lords, who implored the Commons to join with them in accepting this unreserved confidence of the King. But the Commons had to walk in their own path, not in that of the King or the Lords. On the next day they pressed the King to proceed against the members. The King inquired whether he is to proceed by impeachment in Parliament, or by common law; or have his choice of either?

After these repeated attempts on the King's side to maintain the justice of his impeachment, it came to an almost incredible conclusion—the King grants a general pardon to all the parties! The style is singular: "As he once conceived that he had ground enough to accuse them, so now his Majesty finds as good cause wholly to desert any prosecution of them." Charles would not falsify his late proceedings by declaring the innocence of the accused members, but assigns a reason which only leaves to posterity a testimony of his inextricable difficulties.

It might be imagined that the whole incident of the five members had now closed all farther negotiations. But while Charles existed as the Sovereign, there remained for the Commons, particularly for the Commonwealth-men, much to be done. They had not yet obtained possession of the sword, though they had wrested the sceptre from royalty. They advanced a step farther than the ingenuity of malice could easily have contrived. They petitioned the King to disclose the names of his informers against the five members, and to consign them to the Parliament! This "humble petition" never could be answered by the King, and this they well knew.(1) Such was their Machiavelian policy; to close their discussions they usually forced the King into a predicament in which he must either have been the most contemptible of Princes in sacrificing his friends, or in exposing the secrets of State, which involved his honour; or appear odious to the people by a concealment of what he dared not avow, or for having alleged what he could not maintain.

At this moment the King was left abandoned amidst the most urgent wants. He could no longer draw the weekly supplies for his household, for the officers of the customs were under the control of the Commons. The Queen had pawned her plate for a temporary aid. His friends in terror were in flight; and the Sovereign sate amidst a council whom he could no longer consult. He was betrayed by the most confidential of his intimates. He was deserted by those who like Lord Holland had depended on his bounty, or whom like the Earl of Essex he had unaccountably neglected. "In this sad condition," says Lord Clarendon, "was the King at Windsor, fallen in ten days from a height and greatness that his enemies feared, to such a lowness that his own servants durst hardly avow the waiting on him."

Amidst the perplexities of State, and these personal distresses, the anxieties of Charles were increased by the fate of his Queen, and the pressure of his own immediate plans of operation. Henrietta's fears were restless since the menace of impeachment. The pretext of the Queen to accompany her daughter, betrothed to the Prince of Orange, to Holland, covered more than one design. There, in security, not unprovided with the means, carrying with her the crown jewels, she might execute some confidential offices, while the King resolved to fly to the North, as yet untainted by the mobocracy of the Metropolis.

There was yet an agony to pass through for the husband, in the separation from his adored companion—that hapless foreigner, now chased to a still more foreign land, to live alone among a people who never cast a sorrowing look on suffering royalty. Charles accompanied Henrietta and the Princess to Dover; many an importunate message was received from the Commons on his way, and the last hours of the parting of the family were disturbed by many a gloomy presage. When the Queen had embarked, Charles

(1) Rushworth notes, "What answer his Majesty returned to this petition, or whether any, I do not find or remember."—Rushworth, iv., 492. I observe by Mr. Brodie that a bill in vindication of the accused members was immediately prepared, but Charles justly alleging that it reflected on him, which it certainly did, refused to pass it. Parl. History, x., 388. Cobbet, ii., 1134-46. This fact completes the proofs of the rancorous personal persecution of the helpless Monarch.

stood immoveable, watching the departing ship with the most poignant emotions. There was an awful uncertainty whether they should ever meet again. He stood on the shore to give them the last signal, the last farewell!—gazing with moistened eyes till the shadowy sails vanished in the atmosphere. When the vessel was no longer visible, Charles lingered for some time, pacing along the shore, wrapped in deep and sad thoughts. The King had of late been accustomed to the deprivation of his power—to the destitution of personal wants, and it was doubtful whether he had a kingdom which acknowledged its Monarch, or a soldier who would obey his commands, for at this very moment, and on his road, he had been assailed by reiterated messages to deliver up the militia to the Commons. But he had never yet lost his wife—he had never felt that pang of love—the loneliness of the soul.

Yet he was still a father, and Charles contemplated on a melancholy pleasure on his return to Greenwich, in the embrace of the Prince. On this last tendril were now clinging his domestic affections; yet of this object of his tenderness the Commons hastened to deprive him. While at Dover, a worthless courtier had been refused to be admitted of the Prince's bed-chamber. With men of this stamp a favour denied implies a wrong received; and, thus injured, this man declared that "since he could not be considerable by doing the King service, considerable he would be by doing him disservice." Posting to the Parliament, he gave some pretended information of a design to remove the Prince into France, but more intelligibly offered himself as "their bravo" at taverns, and meetings, not deficient in insolence and audacity. This worthless rejected creature of the Court, though without talents, and having long lost his character, was publicly embraced and eulogised, even by Hampden. In the spirit of party no man is too mean to court, no arts too gross to practise. Charles had desired the Marquis of Hertford, the governor of the Prince, to bring him to Greenwich; on this an express order from the House forbade his removal. But the command of the father was preferred. Several Members hastened to Greenwich to convey the Prince to London, but the King had arrived; and they were silent in the presence of the father. Charles had been greatly agitated on his road by a message from the Commons respecting the Prince. Embracing his son, the melancholy Monarch, shedding some joyful tears, exclaimed, "I can now forget all, since I have got Charles I"

The King had granted so much, that he had nothing left to bestow, save one great object of the ambition of the triumphant party—the army itself.

They had first proposed to nominate the Lords Lieutenant of every county, chiefly their adherents, who were to obey the orders of the two Houses; the two Houses were now the House of Commons. The King had not refused even this point, reserving to himself a revocable power. But their policy was now, observes Hume, to astonish the King by the boldness of their enterprises. They declared that their fears and jealousies had so multiplied on them, that it was necessary for them to dispose of the whole military force of the kingdom, both for the safety of his Majesty and the people; this they had resolved to do, by the authority of both Houses—that is, by their own authority. And they mercifully invited his Majesty to fix his residence among them.

It is remarkable of Charles the First, that, whenever he acted unembarrassed by the distracting councils of others, there was a promptness in reply, and a decision in conduct, which convey the most favourable impressions not only of his intellect, but of his intellectual courage. When the Committee of both Houses went down to Newmarket to deliver this astonishing message, instead of finding the King subdued into pusillanimity, an object of the contempt they had so studiously shown him, they were answered by such an unexpected denial, in a style so vigorous and indignant, that it startled the Committee, who had relied on what of late had so often passed. They had come to vanquish a deserted monarch, and were themselves repulsed. Lord Holland would not venture to report the King's words, without a written memorandum. By this circumstance posterity receives an authentic specimen of Charles's colloquial discourse; we trace his warm undisguised emotions expressive of his anger, or pathetic from deep and injured feelings.

From the King's interviews with the Committee I transcribe those passages which will interest the readers of his history.

"I am confident that you expect not that I should give you a speedy answer to this strange and unexpected declaration.

"What would you have? Have I violated

your laws? Have I denied to pass any one bill for the ease and security of my subjects? I do not ask you what you have done for me.

"Have any of my people been transported with fears and apprehensions? I have offered as free and general a pardon as yourselves can devise. All this considered, there is a judgment from Heaven upon this nation if these distractions continue. God so deal with me and mine that all my thoughts and intentions are upright for the maintenance of the true Protestant profession, and for the observation and preservation of the laws of the land."

On the following day the Earl of Holland endeavoured to persuade his Majesty to come near the Parliament. Charles replied, "I would you had given me cause, but I am sure this Declaration is not the way to it. And in all Aristotle's rhetoric there is no such argument of persuasion."

The Earl of Pembroke pressed to learn of his Majesty what he would have them say to the Parliament? Charles smartly replied, that "He would whip a boy in Westminster school that could not tell that by his answer."

Again pressed by the Earl of Pembroke, after all that had passed, to compromise the demand of the Commons, by granting the militia for a time, Charles suddenly swore, "By God! not for an hour! You have asked that of me in this, was never asked of a King, and with which I will not trust my wife and children."

Well might Charles the First exclaim, as once he did, in addressing the Commons, "Surely, we too have our grievances!"

CHAPTER LXIII.

The Civil Wars.

As late as in my youth, the Civil Wars of Charles the First were still a domestic tale, as well as a public history. Their local traditions are scattered over the land, and many an achievement of chivalric loyalty, or of Commonwealth intrepidity, are commemorated in our county histories; for the kingdom of England, as the poet May, the Parliamentary historian, expresses it, was divided into more wars than counties. (1) We may listen to such narratives on the very spots of their occurrence. We may linger amid the scenes of some forlorn hope, or some strange and momentary stratagem; of the obdurate siege, where famine was more murderous than the sword, and the dread surrender to an enemy as obdurate—as at the siege of Colchester; or some sanguinary storming, as at Leicester, where they found a war in every street; or some triumphant repulse, as at Lyme; some midnight surprise, as at Dover Castle. Many an obscure village like Chagford in Devonshire, where Sydney Godolphin fell, or Chalgravefield, where Hampden shed his blood, or the Close at Lichfield, where Lord Brooke, the great adversary of the Church, pledged his solemn vow and perished, were places which, as Lord Clarendon has said of one of them, "would never otherwise have a mention to the world."

The Civil Wars of Charles the First, ere the Revolutions among our neighbours, formed an unparalleled story of the struggles and the passions of a great people. It was then peculiar to Englishmen, that there were few who had not derived from their very birthplace the most elevated feelings, though associated with obscure incidents and names of unknown persons; for however obscure might be the incident, and however unknown the person, the interest excited was not local but national; and the man of whom the tale was told, whether Monarchist or Parliamentarian, was a hero or a martyr. Thus it has happened that some whose name has only received a single mention, known but by a single act, are still chronicled in the memory of their townsmen, and we find their descendants among the old families of the place. Heroes have died unsung among these Civil Wars, and more noble blood has been shed in an obscure field of action than have cost some victories of renown.

Struck by so many ennobling and so many affecting scenes, in the variable contest, an artist of some eminence, a few years ago, designed a series of pictures to perpetuate the most remarkable incidents. He had loitered through many a summer day in their scenes; he had stood on the broken town's wall where the enemy had forced an entrance, now concealed beneath the tall grass, and on which no Corporation would bestow a useless repair. From such a spot he had traced the combatants to the stand made at the market-place, or where the steeple of the church opposed the inroad like a fort. There the townsmen, too brave and too simple in their rude warfare to cry for or to give quarter, "not from cruelty but from ignorance," a contemporary narrative mourn-

(1) A Breviary of the History of the Parliament. 71.

fully records, would fight after the surrender of the place, maddening the vindictive soldiery. Our artist had pondered over the memoirs of contemporaries who had themselves been actors in the scenes which they described, and often discovered incidents which are still attested by the records of the town—by the evidence retained among ancient families, in diaries, letters, and other domestic memorials; (1) and may still be verified by an inspection of the very places—spots for the dreaming fancies of the painter's graphical imagination!

The halls of ancient mansions are often hung with the antique gorget and the petronel; (2) the steel basket-hilted sword, common in the Parliamentary wars, the ponderous brass spurs and the military gloves, which have not yet mouldered away. There they hang, and with them often "hangs many a tale." The hero himself, who either defended or retook his own mansion, or perished in the field, no unwilling victim to martyred honour or to holy freedom, still awes us with his peaked beard and shining corslet among his obscure cousins in the portrait-gallery. Often in these aboriginal families, the domestic circle has its private anecdotes—they show the secret apartment where the sliding panel concealed all entrance; there some hero lay secreted from his pursuers, even from his family; (3) and there once the wealth of the family, hastily thrown together, was buried from the irruption of a predatory soldiery. They, too, have their affectionate or their proud traditions of devoted fidelity, and of sequestrations and imprisonments, which at the time only concealed family feuds under the cloak of patriotism; and of many a tender alliance, through more than one generation, crossed by the heirs of the courtly cavalier and the uncompromising Cromwellian.

Foreigners sometimes reproach our insular English for deficient sympathy with the miseries of war, estranged, as they are, from its actual scenes. The history of no people, however, has been more abundant with the calamities of that most cruel of all wars—civil war! The scroll of British history unfolds little but a barbarous and tragic tale. The blood of the English people was not consumed only by the two Roses; the protracted war of several years of the Sovereign and the Parliament was a malediction of Heaven; and so recently as in the days of our fathers, how many domestic feuds survived the battles of the Stuart and the Brunswick!

Civil or intestine wars are distinguishable from external or foreign wars, by the personal hatred of the actors. They are neither combating for ancient glory nor for new conquests. It is the despair of their passions which involves these fraternal enemies in one common vengeance. Even conquests in civil wars render the victors fearful. Whitelocke was deeply impressed by this sorrowful observation. "Thus," says he,

(1) Among other curious circumstances of this nature which have happened to me, I may mention one concerning a gentleman of the time of Charles the First. In a visit to Lyme Regis, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with a very amiable gentleman of the name of *Pyne*. He was a descendant of *John Pyne*, whose name has been commemorated by Clarendon, v 68. Mr. Pyne obligingly showed me some family papers.

This *John Pyne*, in the time of Charles the First, was "a gentleman well known and of a fair estate" in Somersetshire. He was of "a passionate and virulent temper, of the Independent party." A letter of his was intercepted during the treaty of Uxbridge, which showed "a great detestation of the peace," inveighing against the Earl of Essex and the Scots. The effect on the impending negotiation produced by this letter, which exposed the secret intentions of the Independents, is noticed by Clarendon. I found at the British Museum an original letter of this Mr. Pyne, which warmly congratulates that worthy, Colonel Pride, for his famous "Purge." But the history of *Pyne* has not yet closed. This ardent Independent and country gentleman lived to witness the Restoration—and it seems from the family papers, that, after a considerable imprisonment, means were used that the Attorney-General came down with a *nolle prosequi*—and one day *John Pyne*, "travelling in a coach and four," returned to his "fair seat;" but the means practised with the ministers of Charles the Second, and most probably with Clarendon, are still felt by his descendants, and "the fair estate" was sadly "shorn of its beams."

(2) A "petronel is a kind of harquebuss or horseman's gun, so called because it is hanged on the breast."—Kersey's "New World of Words."

(3) The history of these interior and secret apartments in old mansions is curious. They were long used, and often built by our Roman Catholics to conceal the celebration of their mass, and as an asylum for their priests. In the civil wars they were of great service in secreting persons, whose lives have been saved by half an hour from the soldiers sent after them. Many have lived in their own houses, for many months, unknown to their own family, save the single member who was trusted to procure their meal with the most cautious secrecy. Sir Henry Slingsby seems to allude to such an apartment in his own house. "Since they have from York laid wait for me to take me, I take myself to one room in my house scarce known of by my servants, where I spend my days in great silence, scarce daring to speak or walk, but with great heed lest I be discovered. *Et jam veniet tacito curva senectus pede.*"—Memoirs, p. 92.

" we may see that even after almost a conquest, yet they (the Parliament) apprehended no safety; such are the issues and miseries of a civil war, that the victors are full of fears from those they have subdued; no quiet, no security!" (1) Where victories are painful as defeats, dark cypress, and not laurels, must be gathered. What can two armies of fellow-countrymen, sometimes two rival counties opposed to each other with provincial malignity, (2) destroy, but that which was their own? Him who so bravely assaults, and him who so bravely repels, the country might bless, had they the hearts to be recreants! What scenes are shifted in this tragic drama! The plundered mansion—the village in flames—the farmer's homestead ravaged! Whose property has the hero of civil war plundered?—his neighbours'! Whom has he routed?—his friends! Who appear in the returns of the wounded and killed of the enemy?—his relatives! The sanctity of social life once violated, family is ranged against family; parents renounce their children; the brother is struck by the arm of his brother; even the affection of the wife is alienated; and finally, they leave the sad inheritance of their unnatural animosities from generation to generation. In civil wars not small is the number of those, whose names appear in no list of the sufferers, whose wounds are not seen by any human eye, but whose deaths are as certain as any which flies with the bullet. These are they who retreat into the silence of horror and despair, and die heart-broken—or linger on with sorrows unassuaged, or unutterable griefs.

But all are not patriots who combat for patriotism. All sorts of adventurers, looking up to all sorts of hopes, take their station under opposing banners. There shall we find Ambition and Avarice, often Revenge and Ingratitude; so many are the passions civil war indulges and conceals!

The sufferings of the common people seem beneath the dignity of the historical pen, and the sympathy of abstract reasoners. Every scene in history is to be something which may be acted in a theatre by the privileged actors. It is not the story of a few hundred persons in a nation; but of the tens of thousands who are hourly to be immolated to the demon, who hears their shrieks, or notices their tears!

In a civil war not only men change their principles, but towns and cities are disordered by sudden phrenzies. During the wars of Charles the First and the Parliament, many a town, sometimes a whole county, were compelled to take a new side at the approach, or on the retreat, of an army. And this concussion of their passions, or clash of their interests, was again to be suffered as the place was lost, or was recovered. A civil war is more than one war, for it conceals enemies within, while it combats the enemy without. In the wars of Charles the First, often on the day the Parliament's warrant to enlist men was read, a messenger hastened to the Sheriff with the King's proclamation. If the people opposed the Parliament, they heard themselves lauded for their due allegiance to their Sovereign; if they sided with the Parliament, they were flattered as the faithful servants of the State. The people thus seemed always in the right; but whatever was the principle, they discovered that the result was ever the same. The people were to be plundered! The friend they must not deny; the foe they dared not. Political confusion nourished Anarchy and Tyranny — political confusion, liko the wolf-nurse of the two rival founders of Rome, sent her progeny forth, raging uncontrolled from Dover to Berwick.

Military marauders, for such in civil wars even disciplined troops become, living at free-quarters, making war as their holiday, and enriching themselves by impoverishing others, would often reproach their fellow-countrymen to their faces that "They were conquered slaves!" Who now was to maintain laws, when lawlessness was itself the law, and the swordsman sate as the Lord Chief-Justice? A contemporary bard has energetically described this unhappy crisis:

(1) Whitelocke, 219.

(2) I fear that in the civil wars of Charles the First, when whole regiments were composed of men raised from a particular county, and came in contact with a similar one of another, the struggle became more obstinate and malignant. The men of Herefordshire encountering the men of Gloucestershire, the Lancastrians engaging with the Northumbrians, even the inhabitants of one town with those of a neighbouring town, would slash each other with the maltce of provincial rivalry, and to the miseries of war add the paltry pride of the jealousy of a whole county. In the Memoirs of Captain John Hodgson, an active Commonwealth officer, in the Lancashire infantry, we detect this sort of feeling. Alluding to the bravery of his regiment, he says, "They were brave firemen—I have often told them they were as good fighters and as great plunderers as ever went to a field."—Memoirs of Captain Hodgson, 119.

"The eyeless sword 's unable to decide;
Bnt with its two-edged skill it doth divide
The Client, not the Cause."

The enormities of the military on both sides tyrannised through the land. Often in vain was the white flag hung out and a parley prayed for, as the soldier, eager for pillage, rejected a capitulation, and took by storm, and sack, the place ready to open its gates. This intolerable state of suffering gave rise to a very extraordinary attempt at self-defence. In the west of England many country-gentlemen were persuaded to raise up a third party in the country, which should neither be Royalist nor Parliamentarian. It was to consist of an army without soldiers, for they were neither to wear swords nor carry fire-arms. Suddenly appeared many thousand men, who it is said at one period amounted to a body of fourteen thousand, armed with clubs and flails, scythes and sickles laid on long poles; it was an agricultural war, and the agrestic weapons no longer wounding tho fertile bosom of nature, directed tho whole rural war against man himself. Announcing that they would allow no armies to quarter within their bounds, they called themselves Club-men, and decided all matters by their own Club-law. They professed only to defend their harvests and their granaries. At any given point they assembled in considerable force, and their ensign boro a motto in rhymes, rude, but plain—

"If you offer to plunder and take our cattle,
You may be sure we 'll give you battle."

This third party in the Civil Wars at first were so strange, that neither of the two great parties knew whether to consider them hostile or friendly. The Club-men grew to be so formidable as to be courted by both for timely compliances and temporary aid. Cromwell, too decided a general to allow of any independent force, or of ambiguous favours, attacked this unsoldierly army, and so completely routed the rural troops, that they no longer appear in our history. (1)

It is remarkable that the term Plunder, for military spoliations and robberies, which we find in the rhyming motto of the Club-men, was now first introduced into our language — it was brought from Germany by some of those soldiers of fortune, whose deeds here were the clearest comments on a foreign term which time has by no means rendered obsolete. (2) It is curious to observe the latitude which the partisans of that day, and of all days whenever such of the mobocracy are in power, chose to affix to the term, which was by no means limited to military execution. An unlucky "malignant" indicted several of the mob-worthies for "plundering his house." The prisoners did not deny the fact, so that there were the fact and the law alike against them. Tho petty-jury, however, persisted in returning *Ignoramus*. The Bonch asked how they could go against such clear evidence? The foreman would return no other answer than this—"Because we do not think plundering to be felony by the law." (3) Such was the magic of a new name for most ancient thievery! But the truth was, that the men at the bar were all "honest men," being all Parliamentarians.

The Civil Wars of Charles the First were accompanied by one of the most distressful emotions which an honourable mind can experience. On both sides men were induced to combat for a cause, in the justice of which they were not over-confident. Neither the object nor the conduct of the Patriots was always so evident to the contending parties as they may appear to later times. After the death of Hampden and Pym, new factions rose, who assuredly were not combating for the freedom of the English nation. Opinions sometimes wavered, as points of law admitted of a novel exposition, or as the last arguments were perplexed by the more recent confutation; even the warm apologists of each party were often disconcerted at unexpected circumstances. which too often betrayed the errors or the violence of their own.

In this ambiguous state there necessarily resulted the most confused notions, distracting their consciences and paralysing their acts. Many eminent persons fell victims to these mutable and contradictory proceedings.

Neither the Royalist, nor the Commonwealth-man, who were so on system, would hesitate in their decision; and both alike perished in the field or suffered on the scaffold. But these formed, perhaps, not the greater, nor always the most estimable part

(1) This novel insurrection of the Club-men, Locke has ascribed to the prolific brain of Shaftesbury when a young man. The fantastic invention of an army without soldiers was not ill-suited to his plotting and fanciful genius.

(3) May's History of the Parliament, Lib. iii., 8.

(4) Bruno Ryves in his "Mercurius Rusticus, or the Country's Complaint," which exhibits a weekly series of scenes of the Mobocracy Government.

of the nation. Many great and good men acted they scarcely knew how; they fluctuated in their opinions, for which they had too often reason (1)—and, what sometimes proved more fatal, they abandoned their friends—or if in their despair they concealed their private sentiments, these self-tormentors lived in the agony of their consciences.

Essex and Manchester obeyed the Parliament, but they were not enemies to the King; Falkland, and many others in the royal army, obeyed the King, but were not enemies to the Parliament. Sir Edward Varney, the Standard-bearer of the King, who perished at Edge-hill, marched in the royal ranks, from a principle of honour, but not from any conviction of the justice of his master's cause; on the other side, Sir Alexander Carew, who had distinguished himself among the hottest of the Patriotic party in the prosecution of the Earl of Strafford, and was in the full confidence of the Parliament, was beheaded—it is said at the instigation of his brother, such a hellish brood a Revolution hatches?—for his design of giving up Plymouth to the King. Sir Hugh Cholmley, long a Patriot of the highest reputation, and one of their active Commissioners, passed over to the King. In the Lord-Keeper Littleton we see a sage of the law, and a man of unblemished integrity, siding with the Parliament, and at last delivering up the great seal, and himself too, to the King. This was an immediate sacrifice of his own considerable fortune and his condition—but it terminated the solitary struggles in his mind. Unhappy men! The party they desert never forgive them, and those to whom they go never forget from whence they come.

This numerous class of honourable persons were not apostates from caprice or faithlessness; neither present nor prospective views influenced them. They were offering the greatest personal sacrifices in going over to the King, for they left behind them their estates to an eager and sequestrating Parliament. The virtuous and sensitive Falkland, amid those reveries, in which, since the opening of the Civil War, his melancholy had indulged, was often heard to exclaim "Peace! Peace! Peace!" It was to escape from that prostration of his spirits, which had of late clouded over his countenance, deranged his manners, and sharpened his language, that Falkland, to end this war of his feelings, rushed to the death he sought in the field.

It may be suspected that even thorough-paced Partisans were haunted with many lurking doubts which at times darkened their convictions. Lord Brooke, that fiercest assailant of the National Church, who, on looking on St. Paul's, hoped "to see the day when not one stone of that edifice should lie on another," appears to me, notwithstanding his enthusiasm, to have stood in this comfortless predicament. To storm the Close at Lichfield he chose St. Chad's day, to whom the Cathedral was dedicated. His Lordship meant to give the most public affront he could imagine to the Saint; this was a remaining feeling of the old superstition, as if dubious whether his Saintship were, as he believed, a mere nonentity. Farther, he solemnly invoked Heaven for some signal testimony of its approbation; or, if his cause were not right and just, that he might perish! It is quite evident that he had contemplated on a possibility that his cause was not right and just, otherwise he would not have implored for a signal testimony. Lord Brooke, however, seemed hardly to have trusted Heaven with his life; for his invulnerable lordship was armed at all points in stubborn mail, and the only part of him uncovered with iron was that "evil eye" which he had cast on St. Paul's. Great Churchmen, Laud and South, and the historian Clarendon, fancied that St. Chad himself had rolled the bullet which pierced the eye and confused for ever the metaphysical brain of the renowned adversary of Episcopacy, whom Milton has immortalised. It is more evident that had Lord Brooke's final conviction been freed from every doubt in that offuscating controversy, he had never so solemnly appealed to Heaven to confirm the verity of his positions and the justice of his violence.

If elevated characters, such as these, could not elude the severity of their fate, it was still more disastrous with the weak and the timid. "The two unfortunate Hothams, the father and the son," as May pathetically designates them, offer a memorable history in our Civil Wars. They were both ostensibly on the Parliament's side. It fell to the lot of

(1) Sir Philip Warwick tells an anecdote of a Dr. Farrar, a physician, whom he describes as a man of "a pious heart but fanciful brain, for this was he that would have had the King and Parliament have decided their business by lot." Many points which cost so much blood might as well have been decided by the dice. The physician was the philosopher.

the hapless father to bear the dread exigency of opening the Civil War. As Governor of Hull he had been compelled by a strong party among the townsmen to close the gates against the King. The Governor appeared on the walls, on his knees, and with distracted looks, a pitiable object, solemnly protesting his loyalty to the King and his duty to the Parliament. The man before his own face was proclaimed a traitor by the King—the secret lay in his heart, for he was a Royalist. The Parliament dispatched the son to watch over the father—at length both came to betray each other! The father was inveigled, by the miserable hope of saving himself, to aggravate the delinquency of the son; and the son inveighed against the father as an enemy of the Parliament. The father and the son, destitute of affection and fortitude, on that day cast a blot on a name ancient and honourable, and both were hurried to the scaffold. (1)

A warm and genuine picture of the conflicting emotions at this period we find in a letter from Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary General, to Sir Ralph Hopton, his former companion, and now one of the King's most zealous commanders. Waller feelingly dwells on that cruel situation in which the most intimate friends were now to be torn away from each other, and, not only divided, but opposed in arms. Waller confesses, too, the fears which harassed a delicate mind not yet brutalised by war; and is sorrowfully conscious that he could not communicate that conviction which he hardly seems to have felt.

"My affections to you are so unchangeable that Hostility itself cannot violate my friendship to your person; but I must be true to the cause wherein I serve. I should wait on you, according to your desire, but that I look on you as engaged in that party beyond the possibility of retreat, and, consequently, incapable of being wrought upon by any persuasion. That Great God who is the searcher of all hearts, knows *with what a sad fear I go upon this service, and with what perfect hate I detest a war without an enemy*. But I look upon it as *Opus Domini!* We are both on the Stage, and must act those parts that are assigned to us in this Tragedy; but let us do it in the way of honour, and without personal animosity."

This extraordinary state of affairs often produced a singular effect both on persons and on events. The most enlightened men of the age, and the most free from suspicion of any criminal selfishness, could not avoid, alternately, to gratify and to offend the two great Parties. Selden, in his firm integrity, had condemned "the Commission of Array" issued by the King, on a point of Law; the King remonstrated with him; the Parliament professed to be governed by the most learned of lawyers and the most forcible of reasoners, whose decision in this instance contributed to their own designs. Selden had flattered himself that he should equally guide their measures when he delivered his judgment against the Parliamentary ordinance to possess themselves of the militia or the army. On that occasion he raised his admirable faculties to their highest pitch, and he demonstrated, as positively as he had done in the case of "the Array," that it was "without precedent and without law." It must have mortified that erudite scholar and that profound lawyer, when he discovered that his legal knowledge was only to be consulted, and his arguments were only to be valid, when they concurred with the purposes of those whom he addressed, and were weak, and of no authority, when they came in contact with their passions. Such a severe judge of truth would not have been accepted as an arbiter either by the King or the Parliament. But Time has at length consecrated the decisions of Selden; and Posterity acknowledges the rectitude of that wisdom which was censured by both parties for mutability of conduct.

All in the ranks of the King were not insensible to the voice of the Parliament, and knew how to appreciate as dearly their laws, their liberties, and their properties, as the Patriotic leaders in the Commons. There was a period when the Loyalists would plead, in favour of their cause, that the King had long earnestly concurred in many popular acts; had of late more cautiously governed himself by law; and they might have pointed out at least one energetic passage in which Charles absolutely recanted his past political errors, tenderly reproaching those who persisted in reverting to them, and warning his censurers that they themselves might fall into

(1) The woeful tragedy" of the Hothams is told by Clarendon, v., 116. We now find by a suppressed passage that "the vile artifice" which had been practised on them was the contrivance of Hugh Peters, who was the chaplain sent to them to prepare them for death, and took that opportunity to wrest from them mutually arguments one against the other.

the like errors from the same suggestion of necessity. (1)

On the side of the Patriots were many who, without the views of ambitious men, had taken up arms neither to dethrone the Monarch, nor to change the Constitution, but they suspected the sincerity of the royal concessions. Rapin, with great candour and equal shrewdness, has stated this nice point of the distrust of the Parliament; a distrust on which revolved the calamities of the nation! "I do believe it to be something rash to affirm that Charles the First was not sincere in his promises. But then I am of opinion that his sincerity may be doubted, since he had never an opportunity to demonstrate it by effects."

And thus it was, that the people were now driven into this cruel alternative, to combat against or to defend the sovereign, with equal reason to do one or the other!

It was necessary to develope this obscure point in the history of our great Civil War, by showing how it happened that such frequent defections alike occurred to both parties.

It may also correct the popular notion, which so conveniently decides that it was necessary that our civil liberty should be the fruits of violence and injustice, raised up by the passions and not by the wisdom of men. Many who were the actors in the solemn scenes of our Revolution, when they beheld the nation opposed to the nation, laws violated and authority usurped, a Presbytery raised on the ruins of a Hierarchy, the destruction of the monarch, and the dominion of demagogues—did not conclude that the constitutional freedom of England had become more vigorous or looked more beautiful. They did not conceive that Charles the First was that absolute tyrant, and that the Parliament were so absolutely patriotic, as we are apt to imagine. They did not assert that nothing more was necessary than to pursue a direct course, without fear and without doubts, without honour and without conviction.

(1) This remarkable passage is in the King's answer to the Parliament's petition, presented at York in 1642.—Husband's Collections, 217.

(2) This Essay professes to be "extracted from and delivered in the very words of some of the most authentic historians." It was first printed in 1748, anonymously. The compiler was Micaiah Towgood, a dissenting minister. A third edition appeared as recently as in 1814. It is therefore appreciated, nor is it the least curious of the pamphlets concerning Charles the First.

CHAPTER LXIV.

"Who began the War, the King or the Parliament."

Such is the title of a grave chapter in the favourite "Essay" of a party, "towards obtaining a true idea of the real character of Charles the First." (2) With the Parliament in their last Treaty of Newport it was an important point to clear themselves of the charge of rebellion by an acknowledgment that they only had recourse to arms in their own defence; but to do this they necessarily criminated the King. The King urged them to agree to an act of oblivion on both sides. Charles was willing to grant them security, but not justification. When the Earl of Northumberland was entreated to spare the distress of his old friend and master, by conceding such a condemnatory proposition on the King and all his friends, it was declared to be a *sine quâ non* in the treaty—the Earl observing, "The King in this point is safe as King, but we cannot be so."

It seems to have afforded a melancholy satisfaction to the sufferers from the Civil Wars to imagine that their party were not the authors of the protracted miseries of the country. The inquiry has been a legacy left from one historian to another, and we find it a subject of acrimonious discussion with the most recent. (3) All these writers, in the march of their narrative, pause, to fling back the reproach on the adverse party, while both with equal triumph assign some insulated circumstance, or adduce some subtle argument, whence to date the origin of the Civil War. To remove the odium from their own heads, of having first opened those calamitous scenes, each party has always been anxious to charge the other with the first aggressions, and to infer that their own side, whether Royalist or Parliamentary, persevered in all the simplicity of innocence, and, to the last hour of their exemplary patience, testified their utter repugnance to appeal to the sword. In detect-

This sort of works, pretending to offer nothing from the writer himself, but merely the opinions of others, has an appearance of candour and impartiality which is often very deceptive. The choice of the extracts, and the class of the originals, are made by the prepossessions of the compiler. Among "the most authentic historians" here quoted, we find chiefly warm party-writers, as Neal, Burnet, and Ludlow, till we sink down to the infamous Oldmixon.

(3) Brodie, History of the British Empire, iii., 335,

ing the artifices and perplexities of the advocates of both the great parties which were now about to divide the nation between them, we may smile at their strenuous invectives to criminate each other.

The day of debate had closed. The cry of conspiracy and treason on the side of the Royalists, and of suspicions and fears from that of the Patriots, had ceased. This terribly tedious paper-war of remonstrances and resolutions, of protestations and of messages, of declarations and of votes, of replies and rejoinders, had outwearied the vigour of their pens. Little sincerity appears in these public appeals, dictated as they are often by their fears and jealousies. Here they attack, and there they retort; here there are evasions, and there misrepresentations. Both parties perfectly understood one another, but it was alike their interest that the people should not learn that the struggle was for the actual Sovereignty. The one thundered against arbitrary government, the other against those who had assumed it. Both disguised their real intentions, for both dreaded to become odious to the people by afflicting them with the horrors of an unnatural war.

The people, distracted by law and by logic, by dusty precedents and involved arguments, each persisting that the law was on their side, and no one seeming to care what the law was, or whether there existed any law at all for their own acts, were also divided among themselves by contrary interests and heart-burning bickerings. The people at this moment were to be the umpires between the Sovereign and the Parliament—alas! the umpires themselves required an umpire! These rotary manifestos succeeded one another in ceaseless perplexity, designed to create a public opinion by winning over the affections or impelling the passions of their adherents, through the slow gradations of sympathy.

Their arguments, while arguments served their purpose, being framed on opposite principles, like two parallel lines, might have run on to "the crack of doom." And as they attached to the same terms very different senses by this equivocal and ambiguous style, they had only to ring the changes on "Fundamental Law"—"The Parliament"—and "Peace," as triumphantly at the fiftieth time as at the first. (1)

In this war of papers the King obtained many splendid victories. Charles had called in for aid the pens of the enlightened Lord Falkland, and the adroit Sir John Culpepper, but more usually exercised the eloquent and keen genius of Clarendon. A statesman, however, remarked at the time, that wit and elegance, delightful as they were, could not long last useful, and he dreaded lest "their fine pen would hurt them." It was indeed evident, that in a contest which had in it all the elements of civil war, though they had showered their words against each other as hard as the flowers of rhetoric can hit, the parties would seize on weapons more decisive than arguments, convincing only those who required none, and with truths whose denials were persisted in, till the truths seemed to be fictions. While the battle was to be urged by the force of words, there was not an Athlete in the kingdom who could wield the club of Hercules, but Hercules himself. The profound thought—the deep insight into human concerns—the sharp irresistible irony of the fertile genius of Clarendon poised the whole force of the Commons, who could only surpass him in the practical politics of their own House. Clarendon, whose dexterity in style was such, that he could inimitably imitate the style of any man, never yet found one who dared to imitate the deep solemnity of his periods, and the vigorous redundance of his own style. Charles, confident in the masterly skill of his replies, always accompanied his own by the papers of

(1) Rapin shrewdly observes that the King and the Parliament played with the term *Fundamental Law*. The Parliament gave the name to the trust which the people placed in the *two Houses*—and, when it came to the last push, to the *single House* of Commons! The King would recognise nothing fundamental, but positive and particular laws. Hobbes, in his Behemoth, a work in dialogue, inquires, "What did they mean by the *Fundamental Laws of the Nation?* Nothing but to abuse the people." 260. Oldmixon more curiously explains, that by *Fundamental Law* Charles interpreted the Laws of the Land, meaning his own corrupt *Sovereign power*, but not *that Sovereign power* under which the kingdom has been so glorious since the last male monarch of the House of Stuart! 198. The phrase *Fundamental Law* is still a marketable article among the great political traders as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

The Parliament meant for some time the two Houses and the King's name, separated from his person—Charles insisted that a Parliament included both Houses and himself.

Peace, with the Parliament, has as many different senses as the propositions for peace varied. Clarendon has well described it: "Both sides entertained each other with discourses of peace, which always carried a sharpness with them that whetted their appetite to war!"

Parliament. The Parliament discovered their own inferiority, and were so utterly disconcerted, that at length, when they sent forth any of their own manifestos, they strictly prohibited the publication of the King's answers.

In vain the royalist Echard, following his Coryphæus Clarendon struggles to show "the King's backwardness as to war," and as vainly the vonal Oldmixon echoes his oracle Acherley, in denouncing the King for having originated the civil war. At York Charles raised what he called a guard for his person; it consisted of a single troop of cavalry, composed of volunteers from "the prime gentry," of which the young Prince of Wales was tho captain, and a single regiment of six hundred trainbands, the ordinary militia of the county. Doubtless this was a nest egg for some future hrood. At this moment Charles had no other force than the influence of his name. He was without any means to maintain an army had he possessed one; he was in extreme necessity, not having yet received the moderate supplies which he was awaiting from the Queen in Holland. He had neither ships, nor harbours, nor arms, nor moneys. The Parliament had deprived him "of bread," as Clarendon pathetically expressed it, and the whole regal establishment was reduced to a single table for himself and the Princes. So far from Charles being considered in the least formidable, or even able to enter on a civil war, Hampden and Pym assured Sir Benjamin Rudyard, as that honest patriot declared on his death-bed, that they considered that the King was so ill-beloved by his subjects, that he would never he able to raise an army to oppose them. And even when the King had raised this very guard for his person, as he called these volunteers, the Secretary and historian of the Parliament, in alluding to this particular event, confesses that "the kingdom was not much affrighted with any forces the King could so raise." (1)

Yet it is on this very circumstance of raising this guard for his person that Charles is denounced as the real author of all the miseries of the civil war. The Parliament voted that it was the King's intention to make war. The words of Acherley are triumphantly quoted by Oldmixon, and the passage is important, for it will serve to detect one of those artful misrepresentations where a party-writer, to colour an extravagant charge, gives a fictitious appearance of the real state of affairs.

"Such a body of men," says this historian, "might, by an expeditious march, easily have entered the House of Commons, and dispersed the Unarmed Parliament, who looked on that proceeding as a clear evidence of his Majesty's intentions to make war upon them." (2)

Will not an innocent reader be surprised when he is informed that this "Unarmed Parliament" was the most warlike imaginable?

The Parliament had already possessed themselves of the great depot of arms and ammunition in the Tower of London, and the Arsenal at Hull. They were the sole sovereigns of the entire naval force of England, and twice during the last year, in February and March, 1641, they had passed their ordinance to place the militia, that is, the whole military force of the kingdom, under their own officers, and at their sole command. This is energetically stated in one of the King's answers. "All those pikes and protestations, that army on one side, and that navy on the other, must work us in an opinion that you appeared to levy war against us." (3) Their devoted train-bands of the City, and even the recruits presumed to he raised for Ireland, were themselves an army ready to be called out. They had an unlimited power over all the wealth of the capital, the royal revenues were now their own, and from the large subscriptions raised for the Irish war they borrowed what sums they willed "for the supply of the public necessity." (4) They parcelled out that unhappy land in lots of a thousand acres to adventurers, and a good citizen's patriotism was rated according to the quantity of his Irish purchases. (5) Thus this "Un-

(1) May's History of the Parliament, lib. ii., 58.

(2) The verbose title of the Lawyer Acherley's work conveys some idea of its character. "The Britannic Constitution, or the Fundamental form of government in Britain, demonstrating the original contract entered into by King and People; wherein is proved that the placing on the Throne King William III. was the natural fruit and effect of the original Constitution." It is a folio, and has passed through three editions. Yet this Whig production, apparently theoretical, seems to have been famous in its day, and now is cast into oblivion. I do not recollect this work as referred to by any late writer on the Constitution. Acherley is a source of inspiration to Oldmixon.

(3) Hushand's Collections, 261. The King's Answer, 20th May, 1642.

(4) Rushworth, iv., 778. The Parliament borrowed at once £100,000 of "the Treasurie for Subscription." The forced loans of Charles himself yielded nothing like those "for the Public Necessity."

(5) They were selling the skin hefore they had caught the bear. The lands were not yet their own,

armed Parliament" were nerved by the true sinews of war—money and the *matériel*.

We shall often find that the chronology of Facts is something in the history of the Passions, and a simple statement of the movements of these Parties, at this critical period, will save much of their mutual declamation.

1642—April 23.—The King made his inefficient attempt to seize Hull; it contained the only depot of arms which he could call his own. Oldmixon considers this attempt on Hull as the first overt act of the Civil War. But it must be candidly acknowledged that if the affair of Hull is to be deemed an act of civil war, the Parliament had anticipated the King, for they had ordered that its entrance should be closed against him; besides, the King could not yet be said to levy war who had not yet an army. At the end of April the Lords began to desert the Parliament, which doubtless occasioned some surprise and some uneasiness. Not that these Lords withdrew from Parliament with any intention of raising a civil war. They had retired from the violent measures of Parliament, but they did not pass over to the King to encourage any on his side. They thought that the Parliament durst not make a war, lest the people should rise for the King, while they impressed on the King that should he raise forces, the Parliament would easily persuade the people that their liberties and religion would be overthrown.(1) So intricate were the feelings and the events of that critical hour, that even honourable men, with tortured consciences and confused heads, designed secret purposes entirely the reverse of their actions. Those who wished to keep themselves, as Lord Clarendon expresses it, "negatively innocent," were the unhappiest men in the kingdom. The crimes of a nation suffer no man to be innocent.

May 5.—The Parliament declare their resolution to put their Ordinance for the Militia in execution, "warranted by the Fundamental Laws of the Land."

May 12.—The King summons the Gentry of York, and it was on this occasion that the Guard for the King's person was raised, for which, observed the Commons, "there can be no use, considering the fidelity and care of your Parliament." (2) There was at times something exquisitely ludicrous in the Parliamentary style whenever the King was to be mentioned.

May 20.—The Parliament declare the King intends to levy war, and they call out the Militia throughout the kingdom.

June 2.—The Parliament present those memorable nineteen dethroning propositions, which the King indignantly rejected. On this day arrived from Holland a ship with arms for the King.

June 10.—Troops and moneys are openly raised by the Parliament in a new and extraordinary manner, "on Public Faith." They issued an order for bringing in money and plate, horse and horsemen, and arms. They fixed a premium for Patriotism, an interest of "Eight in the Hundred, on the Public Faith." The Treasurers found that place was wanting to store the treasure—the Commissaries were incompetent to appraise the horses and the arms, and hand the acquittances to the fortunate Patriots. Even the City dames hastened to the Mint to melt down their thimbles and bodkins, for they who had neither money nor horse were desired to subscribe. (3) We are assured several millions were thus raised—all for the maintenance of the Protestant religion, "the Fundamental Laws," "the safety of the King's person," and "Eight in the Hundred!"

June 15.—As late as this day Charles was professing that he had no intention of war, but against this general arming the King sent forth his Commission of Array. The most remarkable circumstance in these equal movements is, that the King in his Commission of Array employed the very same reasons, in the identical words the Parliament had done in their Declaration, as May tells us; "Thus

but they presumed that in the Irish Rebellion many millions of acres would be confiscated, and they were anticipating the sales! The value of the land varied in different counties, for 200*l*. was the price of one thousand acres in Ulster, 300*l*. in Connaught, 450*l*. in Munster, and 600*l*. in Leinster—the value was probably rated by the neighbourhood.—Rushworth, iv.

The King, at a moment he was not master to refuse, had given an unwilling assent to these desperate grants, relying on "the wisdom of his Parliament, without taking time to consider whether this course may not retard the reducing of that kingdom, by exasperating the rebels, and rendering them desperate."

Noy had flattered the Monarch that he had discovered in "the Ship Money" "a purse without a bottom, never to be emptied,"—but the Commons were perfect Fortunatuses in their public purse, while they held the sovereign power.

(1) Clarendon, iii., 66.
(2) Husband's Collections, 259.
(3) May's History of the Parliament, lib. ii., 83.

did the Parliament's prologue to their Ordinance serve the King's turn for his Commission of Array, *totidem verbis*." In this game of political chess, which both Parties were now so cautiously playing, move against move, check-mate occurred.

It is evident that the movements were perfectly regular on both sides. Who then began the Civil War? It is not by assigning some insulated circumstance, as so many historians have done, that we shall ascertain either Who first intended the war, or Who first began it? I would not dispute who were the warlike party. Yet we need not express our surprise with the sage Whitelocke, that "It is strange to note how we have insensibly slid into this beginning of a civil war, by one unexpected accident after another, as waves of the sea which hath brought us thus far." (1) The inevitable war had been mutually determined on, long ere any period which has been assigned by historians, biassed by their own party views. From the moment the Parliament assumed the Sovereignty over the Militia—that is, the Army, the only difficulty the Parties found was to conceal their intentions.

When the Commons passed their resolutions that the King *intended* to make war upon them, Charles complained much of this vote in regard to his *intention*, declaring that God knew his heart abhorred it. "And to such a height did he and his counsellors carry their hypocrisy," proceeds Mr. Brodie, "that even on the 15th of June, when arms had been purchased in Holland, the King repeated his professions," appealing to the Lords whether they saw any preparations or counsels that might beget a belief of any such design, and whether they were not fully persuaded that his Majesty had no such *intention*, but that all his endeavours tended to Peace. The Lords at York unanimously signed a declaration to this purpose. "It is impossible," again exclaims Mr. Brodie, "to conceive a more melancholy picture of insincerity, nay, downright perfidy, than Charles and his advisers exhibited on this occasion."

Mr. Brodie argues as if the purchase of arms in Holland was still a secret, which the King and his Council were reserving to themselves. If so, "the hypocrisy and perfidy" were ludicrous, for they were concealing what was as notorious at London as at York. The Declaration animadverted on by Mr. Brodie occurred on the 15th of June. Already on the 2nd of June the Parliament had issued their order against the pawning of the jewels of the Crown, (2) and on the 11th of June, two letters were openly read in Parliament from their spies at Amsterdam, handing over an inventory of the arms and of all the military stores. (3) Nor should the *intention* of making war be confounded with actual war. Charles without violence to his conscience, and certainly with the prudence of a statesman, might solemnly protest that he *intended* no war, though at the same time he should be levying troops. Warlike preparations are no proof that war is designed or desired; they may be preventive or defensive.

Clarendon tells us "that when the Parliament accused the King of *intending* to make war, they were so far from apprehending that he would be able to get an army to disturb them, that they were most assured he would not be able to get bread to sustain himself for three months, without submitting all his counsels to their conduct and control." "Clarendon says this," exclaims Mr. Brodie, "who, only in the seventh page preceding this one, relates that war of the most rancorous kind" (the epithet is gratuitous!) "had been determined on before the Queen left England. Such is the *veracity* of Lord Clarendon, that individual panegyrised and followed by Mr. Hume, who says that he was too honest a man to falsify facts."

Since war had been decided on by the King before the Queen's departure for Holland, Mr. Brodie argues, it settles the long-disputed point of who began the war, in favour of Parliament, and it shows the faithless narrative of Clarendon, who at the moment he represents the Parliament accusing the King of intending war, while they had really no such apprehensions themselves, knew himself that war had been resolved on by the King. Clarendon, we are told, had "inadvertently" dropped the important fact, which Mr. Brodie ungenerously fancies that his Lordship would not have confessed on reflection.

The modern historian, in his eagerness to assert the innocence of Parliament on this occasion, exults in discovering that the King intended war at a period previous to the Accusation of the Commons, and that Clarendon

(1) Rushworth, iv., 754. (2) Rushworth, iv., 736. (3) Ibid., iv., 745.

knowing this, for he has himself told it, has reproached the Parliament as accusing the King of an intention of war, when they were persuaded that he could not even raise an army.

The question as it respects "the veracity" of Clarendon in this instance, is not what had been decided on by the King, previous to the Parliament's declaration, but whether the Parliament declared the King's intention of war, at the very time that they had no apprehensions of that nature, and that the King was precisely in the forlorn state which Clarendon has described?

This is easily answered, for there is not a passage in Clarendon's whole history more authentic than the present one, so unreservedly stigmatised by his accuser. The "veracity" of the noble writer is fully confirmed by May, the Parliamentary historian, who on this very incident of the King raising a Guard at York, which induced the Parliament's declaration, observes, "But the kingdom was not much affrighted with any forces which the King could so raise." And shortly after, even when the King had received some supply of arms and ammunition from Holland, the same historian remarks that "He wanted hands to wield those arms." This was their opinion, and, as we have seen, it was the opinion of Hampden and Pym. The narrative of Clarendon has neither exaggerated nor misrepresented the motives and the conduct of the Parliament at the moment they declared the King's intention of war. It was indeed not long after, in the defection of their House, that the Commons might have felt the fears which at first they had feigned. "So much for the veracity of Clarendon," as Mr. Brodie exclaims, and so much was due to this fallacious arraignment.

With Mr. Brodie, the crime of Charles is the King's disobedience to the Commons, in not subscribing the nineteen Dethroning Propositions they shortly afterwards proffered. With Lord Clarendon the crime of the Parliament was their invasion of the monarchy. The Scottish Advocate contracts his views by the narrow standard of a legal case, and would often, by some subtle point, a quibble, or a flaw, put an end to the action. But the language and the acts of political men, placed in the most critical circumstances, are best judged by the statesman in his prudential wisdom, and are best explained by the philosopher, conversant with human nature.

Two of the most illustrious men in our history convey to us the feelings which actuated their contemporaries, in this perpetual discussion of who began the Civil War; one is the monarch himself, the other is the immortal Milton.

The torturing reproach of having first begun the Civil War haunted Charles to the scaffold—and in the few last minutes which separated life from death, solemnly the King declared, appealing to those who could hear him, "All the world knows that I never did begin a war first with the two Houses of Parliament—I call God to witness they began upon me—it is the militia they began upon—they confessed that the militia was mine, but they thought it fit to have it from me."

Milton, after alluding to the warlike appearance of some disbanded officers at Kingston, the Queen's packing the Crown Jewels, the attempt on Hull, Charles sending over for arms, and calling out Yorkshire and other counties, has delivered as a fact to posterity that Charles "raised actual forces while the Parliament were yet petitioning in peace, and had not one man listed." (1) Hence, probably, Acherley derived his "Unarmed Parliament!" Harris, in quoting the statement of Milton, observed that "there was *some truth* in these assertions;" an extraordinary sort of historical evidence! However, chronology often corrects the anachronisms of party. The ordinance for calling the militia preceded the Commission of Array, and the levies of the Earl of Essex took place when the King had yet only his guard of volunteers. The disturbed politics of Milton were fraught with all the popular rumours and passions of that day. On the present occasion, to me, the monarch on the scaffold appears superior to the poet, in the dignity of solemn truth, and the loftier emotions which appealed to it.

Thus it happened that two parties dated the same reproachful event at different epochs, to hold themselves guiltless, while they mutually recriminated for having done that which both alike had long contemplated to do.

CHAPTER LXV.

The First Battle between the King and the Parliament.

The battle of Edge-hill is one of the most singular recorded in military history; it was the first battle of the Civil Wars, when the

(1) Iconoclastes, 41.

nation was yet strange to these unnatural hostilities.

The honest and the honourable men of both parties dreaded nothing so much as a battle, and the people at large had never considered that the pending discussions of Privilege and Prerogative were ever to be terminated in a field of blood; even the parade of two armies they flattered themselves would only hasten on a treaty which might finally set so many troubles at rest.

It was a war which, however, instigated by their leaders in the metropolis, was not prompted by the nation, divided as they were in opinions on new doctrines, and influenced by very opposite interests. One half of England remained in so neutral a state that some families, never suspecting a war, had warily distributed their members on both sides, often perhaps with a view of protecting their estates, whatever party prevailed, and whole counties were so little concerned that they mutually agreed to sit still and not take up arms against their neighbours. A curious anecdote of the times strikingly shows that those who had neither abilities nor disposition for fighting were left undisturbed, and seem to have taken little interest in the battles between King and Parliament. In the journal of a Yorkshire squire, who lived in the immediate neighbourhood of Marston Moor, it appears that he went out hunting on the very day of that memorable engagement, but our sportsman in the details of his chase had not made even an allusion to the battle, though the roar of the cannon must have echoed to his "Tally-ho!" This anecdote I think is told by Horace Walpole, and a congenial one, evincing the disposition of some of the common people to cast a ludicrous air over the heroes of the Civil War, of both sides, has been recorded by De Foe as having happened in his own family. The huntsman of his grandfather called his pack by the names of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers; Goring and Waller; so that the generals of both armies were hounds in his pack. When the times turned too serious for jesting, it became necessary to scatter the whole pack, and make them up with more canine surnames.

It is possible that even the secret instigators of the Civil War had never contemplated on those protracted scenes of misery which were opening for their father-land. A show of war might end in a bloodless victory, and at the worst they had no higher conception of a battle between their own countrymen than what they called "a civil bout." A contemporary anecdote conveys this idea. On the first breach between the King and the Parliament, one deploring the fatal change about to ensue, another observed, "The *King* and the *Subject* must e'en have one civil bout, as we say, and then we shall all be very good friends again." (1) In vain the prudential sagacity of Whitelocke had presciently warned, that probably few of them would live to see the end of such a war; that they who drew the sword against the sovereign must throw away the scabbard; "and that such commotions, like deep seas once stirred, will be long ere they are again calmed." The sage Whitelocke voted to provide for war, but not for war itself. It was, however, the unhappiness of both parties to imagine that a single battle would terminate the conflict, and, when that battle had been fought, it was as easily imagined that the next would be decisive. But in Civil Wars the first battle is usually the prognostic of many; for among its other calamities is that of setting up the power of the military, particularly when foreign soldiers of fortune are invited, who always studiously prolong the season of their fatal prosperity.

The Parliament had recourse to military men who had seen service in the Netherlands, to discipline their raw levies. Among these were many Germans. In some accounts from the country we find noticed "the honest German" who drilled them. Recruits drawn from the shop, or the wharf, or the manufactory, had hitherto more ably served them in mobs than they could in rank and file. The Parliamentary colonels who had regiments appointed to them were generally country-gentlemen, and students from the Inns of Court. They were so inexperienced in their tactics, that they had not yet acquired the technical style. General Ludlow, that honourable Commonwealth-man, was evidently something jealous of these imported officers, the mercenaries of Royalty, some of whom were foreignors, and even suspected of Popery, for he alludes to these veterans "as a generation of men much cried up at that time." But Ludlow has himself furnished an anecdote, which shows how men who had never been in action, when once in the field, are but apprentices in their new craft. In the battle of Edge-hill, among other similar

(1) Harl MSS. 6395, (303).

disasters of the day, one of these veterans, having drawn up his men into an open space, to make an advantageous charge, gave the word of command to "Wheel about!" "Our gentlemen," proceeds Ludlow, "not well understanding the difference between *wheeling about* and *shifting for themselves*, their backs being now towards the enemy, whom they thought to be close in their rear, flew back to the army in a very dishonourable manner, and received the next morning but a cold welcome from the General."

Even the common precautions of military discipline had not been practised, and the officers appear to have been as negligent as the soldiers. In the royal army they had the field-word given to know their friends in the heat of battle, "For God and the King!" but the Parliamentarians had no word to recognise their fellows from the enemy, and several instances occurred of their firing on each other. This error was no doubt soon corrected. At the sanguinary battle of Marston-Moor, the field-word of the Parliamentarians, in contra-distinction of the King's, was "God with us!" In that day the soldiers seemed to have depended on the colour of their coats as a signal of recognition; these, however, were as various as their regiments, and it sometimes happened that both parties wore the same colour. The King had a red regiment, held to be "The Invincible Regiment," consisting of 1200 men. Among the Parliamentarians they had also a regiment of Red-coats. There were regiments of purple, of grey, and of blue. (1) It required some recollection when two encountered to ascertain the friend from the foe, which might depend on the colour, or even the cut of his coat. (2)

The simple citizens of a provincial town on a sudden attack would be startled by the pomp and glory of an army, which seemed terrible to those fearful spirits who were hurried from their quiet labours to defend the avenue, or to stand at the breach, in the very throat of war. The siege of Bradford has been described by one of its own townsmen. In his *naïve* narrative, there is a passage so true to nature, and withal so forcible in expression, that a higher genius might not have disdained it. "Every man was now ordered to his post, armed with such weapons as he was beforehand provided withal; the church and steeple were secured in the best manner we possibly could. They approached us with the sound of warlike music, and their streamers flying in the air —tremendous sight! enough to make the stoutest heart to tremble! to shake the nerves and loose the joints of every beholder! Amazing to see the different effects it had upon others, who were fired with rage even to madness, and filled with revenge almost to enthusiasm!" We were at that time, after twenty years of luxurious peace, little skilled in military affairs. The French Resident, Sabran, alluding to the critical state of Essex in Cornwall, who must be lost, he said, if the King seizes on the advantage he has now over him, and the reinforcements of Waller, dispatched too late, observed on both parties in the Civil Wars, "*Mais ils font tous si mal la guerre que je doute s'il l'aura combattu, ce qu'il ne pourra faire si avantageusement, et si ce secours arrive à temps le mettre lui-méme entre deux feux.*" As it happened, Charles on this occasion escaped from Waller by deceiving him in altering his march.

The truth is, Sabran, accustomed to the military tactics of a continental campaign, was not aware that in our Civil Wars it was not always deficient skill which occasioned our bad generalship. A general was not always in earnest, and the pursuer in his career would often pause, to spare the massacre of his fellow-citizens. Essex, inclined to peace, seemed always to have avoided coming to extremities with the King. His name was untainted by fear, and his military reputation was the highest in the kingdom. By his dexterity in raising the siege of Gloucester he did the Parliament the greatest service. Essex, at a moment when he, disliking their proceedings, felt weary of his new masters, and was himself in a most critical position, nobly refused the unlimited offer made by the King, in a letter written by the royal hand, sternly and honourably referring to his Commission, which he said was "to defend the King's person and his posterity, but for the

(1) Vicars' Parliamentary Chronicle, second part, 200.

(2) The Marquis of Newcastle had a regiment composed of Northumberland men, called, from their dress, *White Coats*. These veterans behaved with the utmost gallantry, and though deserted at Marston-Moor by all their friends, they formed a ring to oppose Cromwell, and the White Coats fell in their ranks without the flight of one man. Whether from the colour of their coats, or their desperate courage, they also obtained the title of Newcastle's "Lambs."

rest he connselled his Majesty to apply to his Parliament." On many occasions, indeed, with these mixed feelings, he seems to have been cautious in pursuing his advantages. On the King's side they often deliberated long without coming to any resolution, and as often resolved without deliberation. (1) The King's most able general, Colonel Goring, was an airy hacchanalian, who, on the most critical emergency, could not be enticed from the jollities of the table, slighting every alarmist, till the carouse was concluded. His rapid genius often repaired his neglect, hut on one great occasion he suffered the Earl of Essex to escape, not to intorrupt the harmony of a convivial party which he had engaged.

The Parliament had the appearance of an army before the King could complete a single regiment, but it was chiefly composed of citizens, and this undisciplined soldiery now saw themselves opposed to the volunteers in the King's ranks, men of name, of condition, and of wealth, while they themselves were so unknown to the world, that afterwards their loss was unperceived. Those who fell on the King's side were too eminent to he passed over. Many now beheld themselves in arms against those from whom they were accustomed to solicit commands; more were marching against those old companions with whom they had shared in their common labours. The hrother saw his brother in the ranks he was led on to attack. A Parliamentary soldier, dying of his wounds, declared that his deepest grief was having received his death from the hand of his brother. Him he had recognised among the royal troops, and turned aside, but the carabine was impetuously discharged hy the hand which had never before heen raised hut in affection.

A spirit of chivalric loyalty animated the slender ranks of the King's army. A spirit so strange to the political party in the Commons, that they had not calculated on that awakening force which had supplied the deserted monarch, left as he was without other resources than his standard and his name, with an army maintained by the nobility and gentry. The noblemen and gentlemen who crowded to ride in the King's own regiment, commanded hy Lord Bernard Stuart, his kinsman, and hrother to the Duke of Richmond, were so wealthy a body of the aristocracy, that Charles observed, "the revenues of those in that single troop would buy the estates of my Lord of Essex and of all the officers in his army." Wealth has always been considered hy the infirmity of civilised man as the permanent standard of power; hut in great revolutions, where the passions, more even than the interests of the actors are concerned, the artificial potency of wealth shrinks before lofter motives and mightier principles. The royal army was inspired hy honour, and the Parliamentary army was led on hy liberty. These are national virtues, more permanent in their operations, and less liable to consume themselves than that which "maketh itself wings and flieth away."

But there was a fatality in the character of Charles the First, a fatality which arose from that propensity to favour those who stood most near to him. Though of cold and retired habits, his social affections were excessive, and deprived him of all power of judgment. It is unquestionahle that this monarch was deficient in the acute discernment of the real talents and capacity of those persons who were most closely attached to him, a weakness which repeatedly betrayed him into errors on some of the most important events of his life. It is ohserved in one of the snppressed passages of Clarendon, that "the King always loved his family immoderately, and with notable partiality, and was willing to believe that their high quality could not be withont all those qualities and qualifications which were equal to it, if they had an opportunity to manifest those endowments." (2) Charles credited them for that which he himself possessed. There was a romantic tingo in the character of Charles the First; it showed itself in that day-hreak of his active life, the stolen voyage of love to Madrid, to its setting-sun—his long imprisonments. All men about him witnessed in this monarch that greatness of spirit which he was prone to contemplate in those who were allied to him, or those who were closest in his intimacy.

This domestic weakness was the first ruinous error in the civil wars of this hapless monarch. Charles in exempting Prince Rupert, because the Prince was his nephew, from receiving orders from any one hut himself, and hy adopting the Prince's plans, was confiding his fortunes to a juvenile soldier, whose rash spirit and intolerable haughtiaess made his courage his greatest defect. The Earl of Lindsay, who actually bore the com-

(1) Bulstrode's Memoirs, 113.

(2) Clarendon, iv., 603.

mission of Commander-in-chief, thus became subordinate in power; and besides suffering this indignity, that veteran entirely disagreed with the royal boy's orders and plans. Unskilled in the military science, the Prince delighted solely in the impetuosity of his charge, and in the pursuit of the fugitive. He would rush on the enemy in view, but never at any time reflected on those he left behind, and was sure on his victorious return to find that the battle was lost. Prince Rupert could never correct his natural deficiencies for warlike enterprises, for he repeated the same error in the three great battles which decided the fate of Charles. Rupert had great courage, but neither science nor genius; he depended on his impetuous charge, and never failed in it. But it seems that the military genius, like the genius of poetry, requires to be reminded of that critical verse of Pope, as it was originally plainly given—

"There are whom Heaven has blest with store of Wit,
Yet want as much again to manage it."

The worst characteristic of this German soldier was his disposition for plunder, and pillaging the waggons, which occasioned Prince Rupert to be called "Prince Robber," being, as Vicars says, "thievishly wise."(1) The noble-minded Lindsay would not desert the King for the error of the royal judgment. Considering himself, however, no longer as his General, but as a private Colonel, he took his station at the head of his own regiment, to manifest that he was willing to die for the sovereign whom he could not serve.

The Parliament had selected for their Commander-in-Chief one who yielded to none in reputation. The Earl of Essex, whose unfortunate history seems to have occasioned him the displeasure of the ladies at Court, had been unaccountably neglected by the King. Essex had felt the coldness of that neglect, but he was of a temper which made him but half an enemy. The royal person was still reverenced as inviolable in the Constitution, and Essex looked on the sovereign with more awe than on his new masters. The Earl indeed had been perplexed by the novel doctrine which distinguished his allegiance to the King in his corporate from his personal capacity; but stronger heads than his own had satisfactorily decided to arm in the King's name against the King. Invested with the distinguished title of "His Excellency," Essex was not insensible to its *gloriole*. We may often use the Abbé St. Pierre's felicitous diminutive of glory, when the personal vanity of the egotist predominates over the more elevated feeling. But there seems to have been a better motive in the conduct of the Earl of Essex. He had flattered himself, for his new masters had flattered him, that he should stand in the breach to allay the passions of the Parliament, and even to direct their councils, and thus to preserve the nation in its extremities. Men of middling capacity often indulge those bold designs to which only the greatest are competent.

It was in a state of such vacillating opinions and afflicted feelings that the two armies met; their animosities had not yet fleshed their swords, and their reluctant spirits weakened at the onset. Many on both sides alike dreaded a defeat or a victory.

The battle of Edge-hill is a memorable instance of one of those indecisive actions in which both parties alike imagined that they were defeated.

It was on an October morning that suddenly on the heights of Edge-hill in Warwickshire was discerned a body of cavalry. It was the horse of the impetuous Rupert, who had preceded the royal troops; they at intervals were hastening to rejoin him. Beneath, in the plain, called the Vale of the Red Horse, (2) stood the Earl of Essex, who had chosen his ground and arranged his order of battle, awaiting the attack. During several hours the Royalists were allowed to wind down the steep, without suffering any interruption.

Before the battle Charles severally addressed his lords and colonels in his tent—his soldiers and his whole army. His speeches on this remarkable occasion are animated. To the lords, Charles rejects with disdain the odious term of "Malignant," and explains to the soldiers that of "Cavalier," which had been degraded into infamy, while the plain republican rudeness had prided itself on that of "Trooper."

"My Lords, and the rest here present," said Charles, "your King is both your cause, your quarrel, and your Captain. The foe is in sight. Now show yourselves no malignant parties, but with your swords declare what courage and fidelity is within you. I have

(1) Vicars' Parl. Chronicle, second part, 200.

(2) One Brightman on the Revelations, chap. vi., in this name which the inhabitants of Kelnton gave the meadow between Stratford-on-Avon and Banbury, "cleared up a terrible mystery."

written and declared that I intended always to maintain the Protestant religion, the privileges of the Parliament, and the liberties of the subject. Let Heaven show his power by this day's victory! Come life or death, your King will bear you company, and ever keep this field, this place, and this day's service in his grateful remembrance!"

"Friends and Soldiers!" exclaimed the monarch, "you are called Cavaliers and Royalists in a disgraceful manner. If I suffer in my fame, needs must you do also. Now show yourselves my friends and not malignants, fight for your King, the peace of the kingdom, and the Protestant religion. The valour of Cavaliers hath honoured that name both in France and other countries, and now let it be known in England, as well as horseman or trooper. The name of Cavalier signifies nothing more than a gentleman serving his King on horseback. Show yourselves therefore now courageous Cavaliers, and beat back all opprobrious aspersions cast upon you."

"Friends and Soldiers! I look upon you with joy to behold so great an army as ever King of England had in these later times. I thank your loves offered to your King to hazard your lives and fortunes with me, in my urgent necessity. I see by you that no father can leave his son, no subject his lawful King. We have marched so long in hope to meet no enemy, unknowing any at whose hands we deserve any opposition. But matters are not to be declared by words, but by swords. You all think our thoughts while I reign over your affections, as well as persons. My resolution is to try the doubtful chance of war, while with much grief I must stand to and endure the hazards. I desire not the effusion of blood, but since Heaven hath so decreed, and that so much preparation hath been made, we must need accept of the present occasion for an honourable victory and glory to our crown, since reputation is that which gilds over the richest gold, and shall ever be the endeavour of our whole reign. Your King bids you all be courageous, and Heaven make ye victorious!" (1)

The King gave the solemn word, "Go in the name of God, and I'll lay my bones with yours." With his own hand he fired the first piece, that first shot, the predecessor of years of national misery! Prince Rupert impetuously charged the right wing of the Parliamentarians, who dispersed in all directions, many of these fugitives never stopping till they reached the metropolis, where they brought the first news of a total defeat. There was also a defection in the army of the Parliament; an entire regiment passed over to the King. Fortune seemed favourable to the Royalists, and when Lord Falkland repeatedly pressed Wilmot, who commanded the King's left wing, to charge on Sir William Balfour, who with a small unbroken body of the reserve of Essex's army was roving about and doing fatal execution, this General replied, "My Lord, we have got the day, and let us live to enjoy the fruit." Yet here the Earl of Lindsay fell, and the Standard-bearer, Sir Edward Varney, was killed. The King himself was in imminent danger, as well as the Princes; the bullets dropped near them, or passed over their heads. Every one trembled for the King, and Charles was importuned to draw off from the midst of the action; but no intreaties availed, and the King rode into the head-ranks encouraging them to maintain their ground, by the valour with which he himself set the example. At length, perceiving the doubtful aspect of the field, he commanded the Princes to retire. Charles himself still lingered for some time on the field with some of his lords and officers, but they knew not what had become of their horse, and their ranks had visibly thinned.

When Rupert with his cavalry returned from his imprudent victory, and a pursuit which had been protracted by the plunder of the baggage of the enemy, he saw the wide mischief which his rash conduct had occasioned. He found the King in distress with few attendants; the officers could not rally their scattered regiments, and the men were roving about without their officers. Thus, instead of the victory which Rupert had so rashly anticipated, the Prince saw "the hope of so glorious a day quite vanished." It seems probable that had Prince Rupert not pursued the enemy too far, and lost so much time in plundering their waggons, he would have returned in triumph to annihilate the Parliament's forces, and it might have been doubtful whether a second army could ever have been collected. It is remarkable of this battle between disciplined and undisciplined troops, of military men and civil volunteers, that the greatest slaughter on the side of the Parliament was of such as run away, and

(1) Somers' Tracts, Sir Walter Scott's edition, iv., 478.

on the Royalist, of those who stood and fell in their ranks. (1)

The day was closing, and the King was advised to abandon the field, but on this, his first martial exploit, Charles displayed that intrepid decision and that prodigal gallantry which afterwards he had so many occasions to show to the world. Charles was sensible that the soul of his little army lay in his own conduct, as the raising of it had been by his own person; and he thought, as he declared, to use the words of Clarendon, that "it was unprincely to forsake them who had forsaken all they had to serve him." The King perceived, and perhaps he wondered, that the Parliamentarians did not look as if they considered themselves as victors. Those spiritless troops of citizen-soldiers seemed to place their safety in keeping close together in an immoveable position.

At this moment whoever had offered to advance had probably struck a panic in his adversary, and had obtained an instant victory. Charles attempted to rally the cavalry for a fresh charge on Balfour, who, since the return of Prince Rupert, had ceased his active operations; but the troopers declared that their horses were so tired that they could not venture on a charge. Both parties were satisfied to look on each other.

The night parted them, "that common friend to wearied and dismayed armies." It was a cold October night, with a sharp frost on the ground, and piercing northerly winds, trying the strength of men, on the King's side, who had not tasted food for forty-eight hours. The condition of the royal army was far worse than the other. The King would not leave the open field, sitting by a scanty fire kindled by bushes and brushwood. Charles dreaded the morning, when his thinned ranks would expose his weakness to the observation of the enemy. Sometimes they flattered themselves, while all seemed quiet, that the Parliamentarians had retreated; but at break of day they were found standing on the same spot. It is said that Essex could not venture to retreat, lest his men should disperse and run away; but he had provided his honest citizens with plentiful provisions, which, invested with the plenary Parliamentary power, he had levied on towns and villages, while the King's party, who, thu peasantry had been told, consisted of those terrible Papists of whom they had heard so much, found no friends, but were forsaken to perish with cold and hunger.

Thus the King kept the field, and Essex did not lose his ground. The Parliamentarians were not conquered, nor were the Royalists defeated. Both armies continued looking on each other the whole day.

At length the King, to rest his wearied men, commanded them back to their old quarters, and Essex withdrew to Warwick Castle with his prisoners, yet not without marks of trepidation, for in his haste he left behind his wounded, and many carriages, and his rear suffered themselves to be chased by some of the King's horse. The loss on Essex's side trebled the King's, but the great names which had perished, or which were included among the prisoners, made the Earl's claim to this disputed victory more apparent to the world; while the Royalists, when, shortly after, Banbury surrendered to the King, appealed to the pursuit of their retreating enemy as an evidence of the victory of Edge-hill. It signified little who were the conquerors, when both armies were equally desirous of leaving the other.

The singular circumstance of both parties, after the battle, refusing either to fly or to renew the attack, Clarendon considered incomprehensible. The Duke of Argyle and Lord Cobham in a conversation with Warburton, deciding as military men, insisted that Essex should have pressed on the King, or followed him up closely. When the King saw Essex neglect this advantage, and retreat northwards, the King should have marched to London, and ended the war at a blow. But Warburton, looking more narrowly into moral causes and the hidden passions of the leaders, as a profound politician, solved the incomprehensible problem of Clarendon. Essex's views and principles would not suffer him to destroy the King, no more than some of Charles's friends wished the King to take the metropolis by conquest, and had therefore, in council, dissuaded him from the march to London. It is certain that many Royalists dreaded a victory on their own side, lest Charles should imagine that he had conquered the nation. They cherished a hope that the Parliament, if prevented from obtaining a victory over the King, would stand as a perpetual barrier against any future arbitrary measures. Both parties dreaded to conquer the other as much as to be conquored. Such is the distracted state of a civil war!

While this memorable action was proceed-

(1) Ludlow, an unexceptionable witness, i., 44.

ing, the terror of the metropolis was not less than that experienced in the field. It is curious to observe the nature of those rumours and the panic of those flights which a great battle produces on a capital whose safety depends on the results. The first fugitives, who had been broken and dispersed by Prince Rupert's cavalry, had hurried on in breathless agony, to declare that all was lost; that the King's army was terrible; and, as their fears multiplied, some imagined a number of incidents which appear not to have occurred. The Earl of Essex had fallen in the field, and with his dying words bade every one shift for himself! The whole of Monday the city was in terror. Late in the afternoon, dispatches from the Earl of Essex himself acknowledged the impression made on his horse, but that the conclusion was prosperous. Yet, so far beyond their hopes went their fears, that the dispatches of the Earl were not credited. The Lord Hastings, entering the House with ghastly looks, had declared that he himself had witnessed the destruction of the army. His Lordship indeed had been among the foremost of the fugitives, and seemed scarcely to know how he had escaped. In the horror and consternation of eight-and-forty hours, every man paid and underwent a full penance and mortification for the hopes and insolence of three months before—sarcastically observes Clarendon.

At length two Members arrived from the army, and their statements being as favourably drawn up as affairs admitted, the House voted that their army had obtained a victory, and appointed a solemn thanksgiving. It was declared in Parliament, and it was announced in Guildhall. Still, many who were returning from the scene of action spread the most contradictory accounts, some asserting that the two Members themselves had seen little or nothing of that horrible day's business. The King, immediately after the action, having taken Banbury, confirmed the more disastrous accounts, nor could his uninterrupted march to Oxford, while the Earl had retreated to Warwick, be denied. At length the Parliament committed every one to prison who reported that the King had the better in the field; an arbitrary measure, which increased the suspicions of the political sceptics of a victory which seemed to depend on the votes of the Commons.

The battle of Edge-hill was in truth neither a victory nor a defeat, but it was the first battle of the Civil Wars, the seed of six years of national affliction!

CHAPTER LXVI.

The Military Life of Charles the First.

Military heroism excites the admiration of the world more than any other virtue. It seems to be the original sin of our nature to be more interested by action than by repose. Power which destroys astonishes mankind more than power which perpetuates. A philosopher once inquired into the cause of that restlessness and disorder in man which he could not discover in any other animal. He might have recollected that no other animal is endowed with that proud reason which is doomed to be tormented by glory, and never satiated by self-love. As a Captain, the King is not considered to have been among the inferior Generals of his own country. He was unquestionably the bravest of his age. Our commanders in the civil war seem to have had little experience in their art, till the genius of Cromwell showed that he combated for victory. The fearlessness and intrepidity of the King have even extorted the applause of his bitterest enemies, so bewitching is personal courage! But his, too, was that nobler moral courage which could sustain defeat, unmoved by despair; a quality which does not always accompany the animal energy and dashing spirit of brutish heroes.

One of our most popular authors has conveyed to some readers an erroneous impression of Charles the First when amidst his army, in the well-known "Memoirs of a Cavalier." The animated narrative of this fiction is wrought with such dexterity, and the events are detailed with such precision, that the great Lord Chatham mistook it for an authentic history, recommending it as the best account of the civil wars. He was not a little mortified when that illusion was dissipated. More than once I have seen copious extracts from this supposititious narrative given as authorities by grave writers of history. (1) It is one of those historical romances which are

(1) De Foe's "Cavalier" has been printed under four different titles, probably adapted to the different designs of the editors. One is called "The History of the Civil Wars in Germany, from 1630 to 1635; also genuine Memoirs of the Wars of England in the unhappy Reign of Charles the First. Written by a *Shropshire Gentleman, who personally served on the Royal side during the unhappy Contests of Eng-*

very like truth, and therefore the worse, as the most dangerous, for the likeness, for it is

"A false Duessa, seeming Lady faire!"(1)

"The Cavalier" pretends that he had "frequent discourses with his Majesty," and on one occasion satisfactorily showed the King how the battle which he had lost might have been gained. From this presumed intimacy, we should have expected to have learnt something of the habits and character of Charles the First, when amidst his camp—in the hour of battle—and on his constant marches. These omissions were not forborne from any purpose which many have had of depreciating the personal character of Charles, for De Foe has vindicated the monarch from the reproaches of the public libels of the times, which denounce him for a tyrant reckless of the blood of his subjects: "The Cavalier" acknowledging that "he never saw any inclination in his Majesty to cruelty, or to act any thing not practised by men of honour in all nations." On one occasion, the Cavalier had told us that "When he was in Germany with the King of Sweden, we used to see the King with the general officers every morning on horseback viewing his men, his artillery, his horses, and always something going forwards;" but that he had the least diversion in the English army, where, he proceeds, "the King was seldom seen among us, and seldom without courtiers and clergymen, parsons and bishops, always about him." This happened when the English army was at York, on the first invasion of the Scots. That expedition, we have already shown, was a mere parade of war, and, as Charles himself acknowledged, that army was never designed for fighting. The reader who views Charles once placed in this ridiculous attitude, and hears nothing farther of his conduct during these civil wars, at which our Cavalier assures us he was present, cannot avoid receiving a very ordinary impression of the military life of this monarch. Had De Foe known what we could tell him, that picturesque artist amidst his inventions had sketched a prominent figure of Charles during many years, unwearied, unsubdued by calamity, and wrestling with fate.

We have several addresses of the King to his army, or to the inhabitants of places whom he summoned to meet him. They are not formal orations. Having addressed the Somersetshire men, he concludes—"Your cheerfulness in this service I shall requite if it be in my power; if I live not to do it, I hope this young man, my son, your fellow-soldier in this expedition, will, to whom I shall particularly give it in charge."(2) In pointing to the Prince who was by, and in uttering the language of the heart, "this young man, my son, and your fellow-soldier," was an appeal to the social feelings of the multitude, which must have found a response in the breast of every man.

Sabran, the French resident, had several interviews with Charles the First, passing over to the King at different times from the metropolis. The Frenchman was little prepossessed in favour of the King; his "Instructions" had hinted to him that Charles had never returned the "affectionate offers" of France.

He is surprised to find that "The King is prodigal of his exertions, and astonishingly laborious. He is more frequently on his horse than in his coach, from morning till night marching with his infantry. The soldiers seem conscious of all the cares and the wants of their King, satisfying themselves gaily with the little he can do for them, and marching with all their hearts (*marchant de cœur*), as it appears to me, to another battle, to which the troops of the Parliament, better armed, seem to be leading them. I have seen them all, and considered them well." In another passage, Sabran is more deeply affected by the conduct of Charles. "I can

land."—Newark, 1782. The late Mr. John Nichols, whose bibliographical knowledge of English books was considerable, in his costly History of Leicestershire, was so fascinated by a provincial edition, and by the Shropshire Gentleman who personally served," that he has largely transcribed from this Romance for an authentic narrative of the siege of Leicester, without being aware that he was alloying his antiquarian metal with a modern brass.—Nichols' Leicestershire, lit., app. 44. It is a curious fact, that a similar error to that of Lord Chatham's happened to Jackson of Exeter, who had some claims to literary distinction, as well as to musical celebrity. He always considered that De Foe's "History of the Plague" was written by a contemporary, from its minute details, and the many natural incidents so forcibly invented. Nor is this surprising, since a learned physician, I think Dr. Mead, writing on "the Plague," refers to that extraordinary historical romance by the same writer. All this is highly honourable to the genius of De Foe, but by no means to historical romances, for the dangerous deception successfully practised even on enlightened men.

(1) Spenser.

(2) Rushworth, v. 690.

assure you that he is to my miud a King the most laborious, tho most judicious, and the least rash (*empressé*) in such bad affairs, personally giving and directing all his orders, evon to the least; nevor signing a paper without a strict considcration; and tho King is as often on foot as on horseback at the head of his army. His Britannic Majesty desires peace, but, from his knowledge of the contempt with which his inclination is receivcd, he is bent on war. Although tho King, in my opinion, will open the campaign with advantage rather than loss (this was in April, 1645), yet he has such inadoquato resources, that one cannot hopc for him long." Not two months afterwards, Fairfax, the new Commander-in-chief, gave a total overthrow to the King's army, and the reverses of Charles fast followed.

At Naseby, whorc, as Clarcndon so mournfully tells, "The King and the kingdom were lost," a scntiment, says Warburton, dictated by a generous despair, and as nobly expressed, fortune for ever deserted the royal standard. Tho self-possession and the dauntless intrepidity of thc King in the hour of action was on that day put to trial. Charles would have reconquered the lost battlo. Thc King rode, encouraging with voice and hand the men, often exclaiming, "One charge more, and wo recover the day!" Twice, Sabran noticcs, the King rallied the infantry, but suddenly the cavalry turned, and were all in flight. The infantry perceiving themselves abandoned, whole battalions flung down their arms. Charles, regardless of his person, was rushing into the midst of the encmy, when the Scotch Earl of Carneworth suddenly laid his hand on the bridle of the King's horse, exclaiming with two or threo broad Scottish oaths, "Will you go upon your death in an instant?" From onc who was present at this action, we learn that the King hardly escaped by charging, with his own troop of horse solely, through the body of the enemy. (1)

It is remarkable that in this, the most important battle, where the parties met with equal desires and hopes, the action was the least sanguinary of all in the civil wars. The killed were few, and the prisoners very many. The number of standards taken astonished Sabran, who obscrved, as the prisoners passed by his window, that among three thousand of Charles's infantry there were not more than two or three carts of the wounded, and not more than eight or ten cavaliers prisoners. This account is confirmed by Ludlow, who calculates the total of tbe prisoners at six thousand. "This victory," adds the Republican General, "was obtained with the loss of a very few on our side, and not above three or four hundred of the enemy." (2)

What then occasioned such a complete discomfiture on the side of the royalists? It is evident that a panic had seized on the cavalry. Clarendon is the only writer who has vontured to account for this extraordinary panic, and he does this by alluding to the trivial incident of the Earl of Carneworth suddenly turning round the King's horse by snatching the bridle! Instantly the word ran through the troops "to march to the right," which "led them from charging the enemy; turning their horses, all rode away upon the spur"—*Sauve qui peut*. On a panic terror, even on an accident as inconsiderablo as the ono alleged by tho noble historian, havo doubtless turned the fortunes of battles; but in the present case it is evident that the imminent peril in which tho King stood was equally participated by his cavalry, and the singly cry to "march to the right," that is, to march away! was not unwillingly obeyed simultaneously by all. The nstonishment of Sabran that there were only "eight or ton cavaliers" among the prisoners, implies that tho panic-stricken cavalry and the infantry who laid down their arms were formed of raw recruits, or ordinary soldiery.

(1) Her Carolinum, Gutch's Miscellanea Curiosa, ii., 442.

(2) Hume has taken up some account of this battle, which differs from the present. "The slain on the side of the Parliament exceeded those on the side of the King. They lost a thousand men, he not above eight hundred." The accounts of the killed in battles are very supposititious; each party lessening their own and multiplying those of the enemy; but as all agree in the present case, to the immense crowd of prisoners, we may be certain it was occasioned by some uncommon accident.

As a specimen of the lying accounts which were bolstered up even by the Parliament to deceive the people, Josiah Ricraft, who has exerted his pen in commemorating "England's Champions" and "Truth's faithful Patriots," pretends to give an exact account of the loss incurred by both the King and tho Parliament in these civil wars. He counts over the slain in every place and every action, and the total is, as he intended before he began to count, that the common soldiers slain on the King's side amount to 31,560, while the total on the Parliament's is only 2538. He seems not to have been aware that this very statement proves how greatly the King divided the common people with the Parliament, notwithstanding the immense resources they held in their hands, and that the King had little more than his name.

The cavaliers, that is, the men of rank and honour, fell in their ranks, maintaining their gallantry on the ground which they covered when dead. Of three or four hundred killed of the Royalists, as Ludlow tells us, we learn from Clarendon that "there were above one hundred and fifty officers and gentlemen of prime quality dead upon the spot, whose memories ought to be preserved."

It is a curious fact that a great reverse had occurred in the state of the two armies during the Civil Wars. The spirit of loyalty was surrounded by illusions. The Royalists believed their cause to be the only lawful one; that the name of the King was itself "more than thirty thousand;" and that the people would fight for the Crown, as they expressed it, "though it hung but on a hawthorn hedge." Their deeds vouched their honour; but their confidence betrayed their presumption—presumption which is only hope run mad. They seemed not sensible that a part of the nation had become another people. It was not only that Sovereignty was contemned, but that new interests had risen in opposition to the old. Deprived of their estates, the Royalists acquired nothing by a fugitive victory; it was a blaze which extinguished itself. Careless, gay, and dissipated, the Royalists rarely acted in concert; they attacked but in hope. Vigilant to preserve their pay and their spoil, and for ever lost if they could not save themselves, the Parliamentarians combated in despair. The moral force of the parties became every year more unequal. There was also another cause of the unprosperous state of the Royalist army. From the difficulty which the King had found both in paying and subsisting his men, his levies were often raised suddenly, and necessarily were now composed of raw undisciplined recruits. The commissariat, which the greatest captain of our times has described as the soul of an army, seems then to have been as unknown as the term. There was no want of men, had Charles the means to subsist them. Sir Henry Slingsby notices that having once collected three hundred men who flocked to his summons, having not the means of providing for them, he was compelled to disband and send them back to their homes. They were ready to fight for the King, but they required also to be fed.

On the Parliament's side, under Cromwell and Fairfax, the troops had not only greatly improved in the strictness of their discipline, and the quality of the men, but they were now acting under the influence of a principle which worked in the field greater miracles than the whole military art. Under Cromwell his Parliamentarians were no longer as he described them to have been, "decayed serving-men, broken tapsters, and these without religion." That extraordinary man, who had long witnessed the noble sacrifices of the Cavaliers, now meditated to oppose the spirit of religion to the principle of honour. It is his own avowal in a speech to Parliament. We have sometimes smiled at his army halting to sing a psalm—it was as exciting as the Marseillaise hymn. (1) Cromwell was a vast genius, because he derived his greatness not merely from his deeds, but from a higher source—from a principle which, in the present instance, unfolds the philosophy of a Montesquieu. With Cromwell's turn of mind, like another Mahomet, he might have founded a new religion. He prayed, and wept, and had all the unction of inspiration. He rarely disputed on doctrinal points, but he poured himself out on free-grace. Baxter, who well knew Cromwell, conveys a very lively notion of his art of oratory. "Of a sanguine complexion, naturally of such a vivacity, hilarity, and alacrity, as another man hath when he hath drunken a cup too much." (2) But the man who was not hardy enough to make himself king, dreading the pistols of a few of his brothers in arms, was too wary in his enthusiasm, acting with others, rather than of doing that in which he must have stood alone, unguarded by the sympathies of those who surrounded him.

The character of a commander is not only displayed in a victory, but in its vicissitudes, in the trying hour of his defeat, when the collectedness of his thoughts is to retrieve the past, and in the presence of mind when defection or open mutiny are to be repressed by courageous castigation. Charles, the retired Charles, adapted to adorn the interior of a palace by the arts he loved, and the seclusion he courted, now wearing out his robust frame in hard campaigns by night and day, even when lowest in fortune preserved the same unalterable spirit. It is certain that few have possessed such an entire self-control as this monarch; this was probably a

(1) See note at the end of the chapter.

(2) Baxter's Life, 57, fo.

constitutional virtue; it would be of a higher rank if we conceive it to have been the acquirement of his philosophy. Whatever it was, it originated, however, in no deficiency of sympathy. We may recollect the extraordinary manner in which he received, to him the most afflicting intelligence, the catastrophe of the Duke of Buckingham, which was secretly communicated to him while at chapel—he remained unmoved! He showed the same undisturbed magnanimity when, standing in the tower of the wall of Chester, he saw his troops in a sally defeated, and his friend Lord Lichfield slain at a moment when such a loss was irretrievable. Sir Henry Slingsby, who was about the King, has noticed the imperturbable character of Charles. "Here," says this honest memorialist, "I do wonder at the admirable temper of the King, whose constancy was such that no perils never so unavoidable could move him to astonishment, but that still he set the same face and settled countenance upon whatsoever adverse fortune befell him, and neither was he exalted by prosperity nor dejected in adversity, which was the more admirable in him, seeing he had no other to have recourse unto, but must bear the whole burden upon his own shoulders."(1) Indeed the self-command of Charles the First finds hardly a parallel in the history of man. When this monarch received the fatal intelligence that the Scots had resolved to deliver him up to the English Parliament, he was engaged at chess; his companion, struck with amazement, stopped his play. The King desired him to proceed, preserved silence, and won the game! Such a revolution of fortune might have startled one of Plutarch's heroes.

I shall now furnish an extraordinary instance of the King's spirited and firm conduct in a mutiny which was not known to our historians. After the battle of Naseby, at Welbeck, the King held one of the most important councils of war which occurred during his fugitive reign. Should he march for Scotland to join Montrose, or return to Oxford to attempt a treaty with the Parliament? The council were equally divided in their opinions; the King inclined to those who were for marching to Scotland. It was some time after, that one morning orders had actually been issued to rendez-vous in Worksop Park, when an express arrived, announcing the defeat of Montrose, and the face of war in an instant changed!

The King retreated to Newark, as the nearest place of safety. At this moment Charles the First seemed at the lowest ebb of his fortunes. Bristol had most unexpectedly capitulated under Prince Rupert, by which the King suffered the immediate loss of many towns, and, shortly after, all the West of England. Lord Digby, too, had been just routed at Sherborne. Misfortune trod on the heels of misfortune. Factions and disagreements and personal jealousies, the usual consequences attendant on discomfited troops, were dividing into parties the fragments of the royal army.

The astonishing surrender of Bristol, on terms not honourable to the Prince, was hardly forgiven, after his assurance of keeping that city for four months. The King addressed two energetic letters to his nephews, which, in a view of his character, deserve our notice. The agony of his despair appears in a remarkable postscript to a letter the King wrote to Secretary Nicholas: "Tell my son that I shall less grieve to hear that he is knocked on the head, than that he should do so mean an action as is the rendering of Bristol Castle and Fort upon the terms it was."

That fatal blow reversed all his hopes; he calls it "the greatest trial of my constancy that hath yet befallen me;" the depth and bitterness of this feeling can only appear by the letter which the King addressed to Prince Rupert. I have transcribed it from the original in a private collection, preserving in this instance the peculiarity of the royal orthography. Charles had never been taught to spell his words, but wrote them down by the ear.(2)

To Prince Rupert.

Hereford, 14th Sept. 1645.

"Nepheu—Though the loss of Bristol be a great blow to me, yet your surrendring it as you did is of so much affliction to to me, that it makes me forget not only the consideration of that place, but is lykewaies the greatest tryall of my constancy that hath yet befallen me; for, what is to be done? After one, that is so neer me as you ar both in blood and friendship, submits himself to so meane an action (I give it the easiest terme)

(1) Memoirs of Sir Henry Slingsby, 82.

(2) From the Autograph Collection of W. Benet, Esq., M.P. I have since found this letter in Clarendon, with the orthography modernised.

such, I have so much to say, that I will say no more of it, only least rashness of judgement be layed to my charge, I must remember you of your letter of the 12th of Aug. whereby you assured me (that if no mutiny hapned) you would keepe Bristol for fower monthes; did you keep it fower dayes? Was there any thing like mutiny? More questions might be asked, but now I confesse to little purpose. My conclusion is is to desyre you to seek your subsistence (until it shall please God to determine my condition) somewhere beyond seas, to which end I send you herewith a passe, and I pray God to make you sensible of your present condition, and give you means to redeme what you have lost: for I shall have no greater joy in a victory than a just occasion, without blushing, to assure you of my being your loving oncle and most faithful friend,

"CHARLES R."

A week had hardly elapsed ere the mortified feelings of Charles, somewhat subdued by sorrow, awakened his domestic affections for his other nephew, Maurice. The youth of this Prince required exhortations for the future, and consolation for the past, but neither could he receive, save from the encouragement of his Sovereign and his relative. If we take both these remarkable letters together, they will display such tenderness for the younger Prince, and such a majestic correction of the elder, that perhaps on no occasion does the character of the man break out in a more trying hour. We view Charles in a light assuredly in which others have studied to avoid placing him. The letter to Prince Maurice I have transcribed from the original in the Harleian Collection.

To Prince Maurice.

Newtoune, 20th Sept. 1645.

"Nephew—What through want of time or unwillingness to speak to you of so unpleasant a subject, I have not yet (which now I must supply) spoken to you freely of your brother Rupert's present condition; the truth is, that his unhandsome quitting the Castle and Fort of Bristol hath inforced me to put him off those commands which he had in my army, and have sent him a pass to go beyond sea. Now though I could do no less than this, for which, believe me, I have too much reason upon strict examination, yet I assure you that I am most confident that this great error of his, which indeed hath given me moro grief than any misfortune since this damnable Rebellion, hath no way proceeded from his change of affection to me or my cause, but merely by having his judgment seduced by some (rotten-hearted) (1) villains making fair pretensions to him, and I am resolved so little to forget his former services, that whensoever it shall please God to enable me to look upon my friends like a King, he shall thank God for the pains he hath spent in my armies. So much for him; now for yourself. I know you to be so free from his present misfortune, that it no ways staggers me in that good opinion which I have ever had of you, and so long as you shall not be weary of your employments under me, I will give you all the encouragement and contentment that lies in my power; however, you shall always find me

"Your loving uncle and most assured friend,

"CHARLES R." (2)

It was after the reception of these letters, that Prince Rupert with his accustomed impetuosity proceeded towards the King, and reached Belvoir Castle with his brother and about two hundred of his officers. The King required him not to advance till farther orders. The next day, however, Rupert proceeded, and Sir Richard Willis, the Governor of Newark, one of the Prince's party in that fugitive Court, now torn by the factions of the army, went out with a company of cavalry to meet the contumacious Prince, a ceremony which he had never paid to the King himself. Accompanied by this train, Rupert, regardless of any usual ceromony, came into the presence, and came, he said, to justify himself. The King spoke with cold reserve, occasionally addressed himself to Prince Maurice; rose early from supper, and retired, to close any farther intercourse. On the following day Rupert was allowed to make his defence, and after a day or two of debate the Prince was absolved from any treason in the surrender of Bristol, but he was not cleared from the chargo of indiscretion.

The Governor of Newark, Sir Richard Willis, who had sided with the Prince, was living on ill terms with the King's resident Commissioners, who had proved themselves

(1) This in the original is an interlineation; the forcible expression was recollected by Charles; he had formerly heard it from the mobs, who on one occasion, we find, alluded to "rotten-hearted Lords." It was probably no unusual term at that day.

(2) Harleian MSS. 6988, 115.

zealous in their master's cause. To put an end to these feuds, the King appointed Lord Bellasis Governor of Newark, but previously had privately communicated his intention to Willis, and appointed him to be Captain of his Horse-guards in the place of the Earl of Lichfield, who had recently fallen before Chester. It was a command, says Clarendon, fit for any subject. Charles used the most gracious expressions, and, without censuring the conduct of the Governor, observed it was easier to remove one person than to reform the complainants. Willis seemed troubled, and desired to be excused from serving in a place of too great honour. ill adapted to his means. Willis added that his enemies would triumph at his expense, and the King promised to take care of his support, and insisted that no one could be considered as disgraced who was placed so near his person. When the King was at dinner, Sir Richard Willis, with both the Princes, Lord Gerrard, and twenty officers, entered into the presence-chamber. Willis, addressing the King, declared that he was dishonoured! Prince Rupert affirmed that Willis had been removed from his government for no fault but that of being his friend. Lord Gerrard asserted that the whole was a plot of Lord Digby, whom he would prove to be a traitor. At this the King rose in disorder from table, and would have had Sir Richard Willis withdraw with him to more privacy, but Willis insolently replied that "he had received a public injury, and expected a public satisfaction." The King was startled at this hardihood, and indignantly commanded them all to depart from his presence, and to come no more into it. The looks and gestures of the King were unusnally agitated, and the party themselves seemed at least confounded—if not repentant. I have here followed the narrative of Clarendon, who, however, has transcribed the whole from the pages of Sir Edward Walker, which had been written under the King's eye. Clarendon concludes his narrative thus. "They departed the room ashamed of what they had done, yet as soon as they came to the Governor's house they sounded to horse, intending to be presently gone."

Here the narrative of Clarendon abruptly closes, though, by that remarkable *yet*, it is evident that, if they departed with "shame," they continued to be refractory when "they reached the Governor's house, and sounded to horse." Clarendon only farther tells us that this "unheard-of insolence quickly brought the Lords, who were absent, and all the gentlemen in the town, to the King with expressions full of duty, and a very tender sense of the usage he had endured;" and we only discover by Sir Edward Walker's original narrative, that, "in a consultation on what was to be done, it was resolved to let them go, and not to take any more notice of their madness." "This resolution," continues Walker, "proceeded rather from his Majesty's mercy than justice, for if he had pleased he might have punished them at his pleasure for this insolency, *all the foot and most of the gentlemen in town expecting orders what to do.*" Why "all the foot?" Here is an extraordinary bustle among the troops and no adequate cause asigned.

It seems to me that Charles in this narrative, which he had himself corrected, as appears by his own hand-writing, purposely obscured a painful incident, which his feelings were too poignant to detail, and which his delicacy from being himself personally concerned, and the honour of his nephew involved in it, prevented him from perpetuating, though, in suppressing it, the narrative betrays "a tale half told."

The incident, which is here given to illustrate the military character of Charles the First, now occurred. I have drawn it from the manuscript Memoirs of Lord Belasyse or Bellasis, written by his Secretary, Joshna Moore.

As soon as the parties had left the King, and reached the Governor's house, where they "sounded to horse," Prince Rupert with all his officers drew up their cavalry in the Market-place at Newark; the town was thrown into a state of mutiny. The Prince then accompanied by most of the officers waited on his Majesty with a declaration that, finding themselves no longer trusted, they desired to have passes granted to go beyond the seas. The King, with much surprise, but with more courage and scorn, told them that "The passes to leave his service should be granted, *not only to leave the kingdom, but never more to make use of their swords.*" have transcribed the King's spirited and prompt reply from the manuscript. Charles, however, did not conclude by the mere severity of the sarcasm. On the return of these officers to their men, Charles called for his horse, and immediately marched with sword and pistols to the Market-place, having given orders to charge the Prince in case of any

resistance from the mutineers. The King, sword in hand, advanced from the ranks, calling on the Prince—"Nephew! why are yon thus in arms?"—"To defend ourselves against our enemies."—"I command yon," said the King, "to march out immediately to Belvoir Castle, and stay there till the passes be sent you to go beyond the seas." The Prince submitted, and marched off his troops. (1)

This extraordinary adventure at the Market-place, it is evident, has been entirely passed over in the narrative sent down to us. How that affair was considered by the King, appears by "a petition of Prince Rupert and his Officers," wherein the subscribers observe, that "having met to make their several grievances known, we find we have drawn upon us some misconstruction by the *manner*, by reason your Majesty thought that appeared as *a mutiny*." (2) Charles observed, that "He would not christen it, but it looked very like one." (3)

The military life of Charles the First exhibits a singular series of personal exertions, often in a state of miserable deprivation, hardly to be paralleled in the history of any other monarch or man. His painful marches, and his fugitive life, were a tribulation of nearly four laborious and afflicted years—and his two last were passed in the awful repose of his imprisonments. A curious record, the zealous labour of one who had been his daily attendant, (4) has been left us, wherein from the day he quitted Whitehall, to that of the King's transportation to Holmby, the marches, the retreats, and the battles, were registered by nights and miles. Many an affecting incident is cursorily noticed. A supper and a bed, or a dinner in the field, seem not always to have been had, as these are particularly specified among the happier days of these perpetual marches. The King had not always bread for his table, and one night has been recorded which had not the night's meal.

It was an extraordinary fate that a King of England, at the head of an army, was reduced at times to such shifts and miseries, that the story of Alfred with the good-wife was not a scene more ludicrous than Charles the First had sometimes to pass through; and that the satire of Voltaire, of the assembled monarchs who had not wherewithal to pay their quota for a scurvy supper, was actually realised in the history of Charles the First. When Charles with his tired troops was a fugitive among the mountains of Wales, Sir Henry Slingsby has told a simple narrative of this kind, which the *naïveté* of his own style will best represent. "When the King was at supper eating a pullet and a piece of cheese, the room without was full, but the men's stomachs were empty for want of meat. The good-wife troubled with the continual calling upon her for victuals, and having, it seems, but that one cheese, comes into the room where the King was, and very soberly asks if the King had done with the cheese, for that the gentlemen without desired it." Charles once complained that "his rebel subjects had not left him out of his Revenue enough to preserve him from starving." In the trial of

(1) Sloane MSS., 4162. Art. 16.

(2) It is preserved in Evelyn, ii., 109.

(3) This affair terminated in Prince Rupert "freely acknowledging his errors," and in the family quarrel the nephew was reconciled to the uncle.—Clarendon's State Papers, ii., 195. Willis was, however, never suffered to come again into the King's presence, and Lord Gerrard was the bearer of a challenge from this Ex-Governor to Lord Bellasis, which the King forbade his Lordship to accept.

The editor of Evelyn was sadly perplexed at the strange inconsistency in the account given of this affair by the various contemporary writers. Burton, in his History of the Civil Wars, declares Prince Rupert's party actually threw up their commissions, yet this "petition," which the editor found among Evelyn's papers, startles him, as it implies positively that their commissions were taken from them. I suspect this to be the fact by Sahran's notice, that, as soon as the Prince had retreated to Oxford, the King sent his orders to arrest the Prince in his house, and commanded him to leave the kingdom. This circumstance originated a rumour that the Prince had been bribed by Parliament to surrender Bristol at the price of eight thousand Jacobuses, which were secured at Amsterdam. The editor of Evelyn refers to Sir Richard Bulstrode's Memoirs, and to Clarendon, where "the reader will find much amusement." The editor did not know, what he may now depend on, that Clarendon's account is a mere transcript of Sir Edward Walker's Narrative, and farther, that Bulstrode's is a mere transcript of Clarendon's!

(4) The Iter Carolinum in Gutch's Miscellanea Curiosa. Some of these entries may amuse the reader. "The King and his party sometimes lodged in a Bishop's palace, or at the seat of a lord, or a country gentleman, and at a merchant's abode, but not unusually at a yeoman's house,"—and "a very poor man's house." "Dinner in the field" is a usual entry, but the melancholy one of "No dinner this day," is repeated for successive days. "Sunday, no dinner, supper at Worcester; a cruel day." "This march lasted from six in the morning till midnight"—"a long march over the mountains"—"His Majesty lay in the field all night, in his coach, on Boconnock Down"—"The King had his meat and drink dressed at a poor widow's." Such was the life of Charles the First during several years.

Rosewell, a Dissenting minister, a curious circumstance was disclosed. When a lad, in travelling, he chanced to see King Charles the First in the fields, sitting with a few followers to a sorry dinner under a tree, and from the King's conduct on that occasion he received such deep impressions of the man, that he retained ever after an awful recollection of the monarch. A tree, indeed, was often the canopy of state under which the King gave audience and held councils.

Often the King rode hard through the night, and saw the break of day, which only recalled the wearied fugitive to the anxions cares of a retreat, or a pursuit. Once, late in the evening, the King summoned several gentlemen together, and after their conference he dismissed them to their heds with this pathetic address, "Gentlemen I go you and take your rest, for you have houses and homes, and beds to lodge in, and families to love and live with—but I have none I My horse is waiting for me to travel all this night, and return to the placo whence I came." The King had long been like a hunted partridge, flitting from one ground to another—this is an affecting image given of his erratic and anxious courses. In his strange condition, destitute, not merely of the household wants of men, hut of those still more poignant, the bereavement of his wife—his children—his friends—the suffering monarch once observed, "As God hath given me afflictions to exercise my patience, so hath he given me patience to bear my afflictions."

On the present subject, of the military life of Charles the First, we may notice the difficulty of communicating with the distant localities of his scattered followers, the messengers frequently passing through the quarters of the enemy. The modes contrived for conveying secret intelligence were as extraordinary as any recorded among the stratagems of war by the ancients. Bruno Ryves details the corporal persecution which a Dr. Cox, a Royalist, with a King's trumpeter who had waited on the doctor, endured from the Earl of Stamford at Exeter. Among other personal injuries, they woro not only most narrowly searched, then stripped naked, and the fists of a serjeant-major crammed into their mouths, and even down their throats—hut the Earl turned physician on this occasion, and forced the doctor and the trumpeter to swallow two, we may add, too powerful emetics, the Earl standing sentinel by the two bowls in expectation of getting at the secret intelligence which it was imagined one of them had swallowed. Inhuman as this treatment appeared to Bruno Ryves, it is not improbable that the Earl of Stamford was well aware of this novel mode of conveying secret intelligence. In the manuscript memoirs already quoted, I discovered the fact. During the siege of Newark, the King neglected not to inform Lord Bellasis of his condition, and wrote with his own hand some of these short dispatches. The last of these, in the words of the manuscript, "was bronght to his lordship in a man's belly, written in cyphers and put in lead, which the man swallowed lest he should be taken in attempting to pass the Scots' army." Charles opens this very letter to Lord Bellasis in a style which evidently hetrays the agitation of the royal writer.

"Belayse,—If you discover the secret I now impart to you by *this extraordinary way of conveyance*, I wish you as ill as you have had hitherto good fortune in my service—"

Ilistory seems to afford no parallel to the variahle exigencies into which this monarch was thrown, abandoned by fortune more than hy his friends. Among sovereigns, the life of Charles the First appears as singular as its close was once to all the world. Urgent emergencies, when the business depended on himself, were uniformly met by a firmness in action, or by a force of language, which equally prove the excess of injustice, which has depreciated his capacity, and that meanness which has calumniated, to fit the character of the monarch to a system of politics.

NOTE FOR PAGE 439.

OF THE PARLIAMENTARY ARMY COMBINING MILITARY AND SPIRITUAL MOVEMENTS.

The peculiar feature of the civil war of Charles the First was the extraordinary mixture of religious fanaticism with the ordinary affairs of life. The cant of Cromwell in his addresses to the soldiers was not his own invention, when men

> —— Fought like mad or drunk,
> For Dame Religion as for Punk.

The Parliamentary forces, when in full march, would have offered many a group for Hogarth's pencil. The regiments on marching were chanting different psalms; once a party of Royalists having passed by another party at dusk, the latter breaking out into psalm-singing it provoked a battle, from whieh the darkness had otherwise spared them. Their standards bore Scriptural mottos and devices; of these several are still preserved in the Dissenters'

Library of Dr. Williams, in Redcross Street. Some of these bore, "If God be for us, who can be against us?" or, "As a Captain of the Lord am I now come." One standard bore "an arm painted, thrusting a bloody sword through a crown." They adopted Scriptural names; Cleaveland alludes to this by a stroke of humour, "With what face can they object to the King the bringing in of foreigners, when themselves entertain such an army of Hebrews. One of them beat up his drums clean through the Old Testament; we may learn the genealogy of our Saviour by the names in his regiment. The muster-man uses no other list but the first chapter of Matthew."

There are several publications intended for military service, penned by ministers. "The Soldier's Catechism, by Robert Rem, Minister, published by authority." Another is, "A Spiritual Knapsack for the Parliament's Soldiers. 1644." The most extraordinary of these specimens of the temper of the times is one entitled "Military and Spiritual Motions for Foot-Companies, with the Exercise of a single Campany as they now ought to be taught, and no otherwise. By Captain Lazarus Haward, 1645."

Some innovations in the military discipline had been recently attempted, which Captain Lazarus asserts were only adapted to amuse the spectators, but were dangerous to the soldiers in service. He is desirous of rejecting these "whimsies" altogether, nor does the honest Captain appear sensible that he had a portentous one of his own. It was a project of drilling and exercising a company of infantry at the same time, by "a double motion of soul and body." —"This full and whole exercise of a foot-company, spiritual and temporal, may make us, like the Israelites, to go up as one man, with one heart and in one form, a soldier of that great Captain, Christ Jesus."

His scheme is to give the *word* of command to produce the military movement—and to every *letter* in that word he affixes some pithy and pious sentence to produce the accompanying spiritual one. He forms acrostics of

"To the Right About!"—"As You Were!"—as thus:—

T he Devil is let loose for a season to try the patience of God's Church.
O ur Enemies, O Lord, are near to hurt us, but Thou art near to help us.
T he sword never prevailed but Sin set an edge upon it.
H asten from the company of the wicked.
E very man shall sit under his own vine, nor heer any news or noises to affright us.
R eligion made a stalking-horse for politics is odious.
I t is a grievous judgment upon a nation, when teachers sent for man's salvation shall become means of their confusion, etc., etc., etc.

How the *spiritual motion* which depended on the *letters* could accompany the *military movement* which was given by the *word*, this driller of saints has not explained; but no doubt Captain Lazarus was admired for the ingenious impossibility of executing military movements, which, if his men at the same time respected their spiritual ones, must have equally perplexed "both their body and soul."

His Manuel is still curious to a military antiquary, as giving a correct representation of "the full and whole exercise of a foot-company," and bearing also a very exact print of a foot-soldier in his accoutrements of the age of Charles the First.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Judge Jenkins, and "the Law of the Land."

In times of political agitation, sincerity is a rare virtue; for often has the spirit of party been its substitute, to hold men together in the same iron bond. This principle explains the apparent anomaly of persons acting in public with a body to whom they do not naturally cohere. Personal views, above all love for those with whom they are joined, or hostility against those they oppose, and even minuter accidents, have induced many characters who figure in our history to adopt a party with whose principles they did not sympathise. No unreasonable suspicions, therefore, have sometimes been raised, whether such persons were not more influenced by party motives, whatever that party may be, than by their private sentiments. Whoever joins a party begins a race, and like men running down a steep hill, the point at which they would have stopped has long been passed by.

But when we discover men, whose force of character scorns every disguise, and rejects every compromising principle, and who at the cost of fortune, and even at the price of life, keep their unswerving rectitude, we are struck by this unpopular virtue of sincerity. In every political man it bears a charm. We admire it even in him whose feelings we may not participate, and to whose judgment we may not assent. We appreciate its generous nature, even in an enemy, and though this unpliant morality be intractable to the band of the most subtle leader, still the man who adheres to his party though it be discomfited, and to his principles though they be exploded, evinces a force of character, which may well awe the more flexible and weaker dispositions. It is a giant-mind, disdaining every artifice to deceive us by feigning a sympathy it utterly abhors, and it stands before us, in the strength which has been the growth of its age, like some lofty tree spread into magnitude, and glorying in the same eternal verdure through all the changeful seasons.

The times of Charles the First formed the primitive state of modern political revolutions. The minds of men placed in the most conflicting opposition, amidst ambiguous and unsettled notions, experienced an equal conviction of the truth of their own different principles. It was a rough unbroken soil,

the better, perhaps, adapted for the roots of that hardy virtue, political sincerity. The great actors in the reign of Charles the First were not always a knot of petty intriguers. There were some inflexible men individually exhibiting a unity of conduct and a decision of purpose. Such characters have not been properly estimated by historians; beatified by one party, they have been branded as fanatics by another, and the enthusiasm of their sincerity has been dusked by the opprobrium of bigotry. Their political sincerity casts a grandeur over their memories.

We may at times suspect the pure disinterested patriotism of Eliot, of Pym, and even of Hampden, busied as they were among the whole machinery of revolutions; but who will doubt the sincerity of the chivalric Arthur Lord Capel, who, issuing from his beloved privacy, when all around was despair, would only live to perish with his sovereign; or even of President Bradshaw, who on his death-bed solemnly avowed as an act of justice the condemnation to death of that sovereign? (1) Who suspects the monarchical devotion of Lord Falkland, the Earl of Derby, and the Marquis of Newcastle, or the anti-monarchical spirit of Milton, of Ludlow, and of him who desired no other epitaph than "Here lies Thomas Scot, who adjudged the late King to die?" All these men worshipped the cause which they had hallowed on their own hearths; sometimes, like Gideon, they had made an Ephod of their own—till "it became a snare to Gideon and his house." We must not judge of these men by the philosophical spirit of our own age; it had not yet arisen. Men must suffer before they can philosophise. The wisdom of nations must be the bitter fruit of extinct follies and obsolete crimes.

A mighty Athlete, in the vast arena of the first English Revolution, was one of our greatest lawyers, whose moral intrepidity exceeded even his profound erudition in the laws of our Constitution. There was indeed a singularity in his remarkable actions, but they were not more eccentric than they were bold, original, and even great. Judge Jenkins takes no station in the page of our historians, yet he is a statue which should be placed in a niche.

During half a century had Judge Jenkins been the luminary of Gray's Inn. In his youth Lord Bacon had often consulted the papers of the hard student, and successively all the Attorneys-General had referred to this oracle of law. He met the Revolution much past his middle age, with confirmed legal habits, and the most perfect knowledge of that "Lex Terræ," the Law of the Land, which his stern portrait represents him firmly grasping in his hand.

Judge Jenkins had never been an obsequious courtier. A Welsh Judgeship had been forced upon him, of which the Judge, with all his frugality, found that every year he served, the expenses exceeded the salary. He has nobly appealed to all the Inns of Court to bear witness that he had never aimed at personal aggrandisement, well satisfied in his chamber to expound those laws on which he religiously meditated. "How far I have been from Ambition, my life past and your own knowledge of me can abundantly inform you. Many of you well know how I ever detested the Ship-Money and Monopolies, and that in the beginning of this Parliament, for opposing the excesses of one of the Bishops, I lay under three Excommunications, and the examination of seventy-seven articles in the High Commission Court." Surely our lantern at length shines on an honest man! This Judge would retrench the royal prerogative, and the power of the Church, when stretching themselves beyond the law; but when the King was to be stripped of his whole prerogative and the entire hierarchy was to fall, with the same resolution he vindicated the violated Law of England. (2)

The eminent reputation of Judge Jenkins

(1) I confess I have doubts of the character of this obscure talking serjeant, eminent only for one bold determined act, notwithstanding his death-bed declaration. His acceptance of the estates of Lord Cottington, amounting to 4000*l.* per annum, a great household to maintain his rank as Lord President, and other sources of emolument and offices, convey no favourable impressions of the purity of his patriotism. Whitelocke gives no advantageous view of his ability.—"In the Council of State, President Bradshaw spent much of their time in urging his *own long arguments*, which are inconvenient in state-matters." 380.

(2) Arguing as an English lawyer, he maintained that much misunderstood law maxim, like so many others which are paradoxical in their words but not in their meaning, that "The King can do no wrong." "The reason is, that nothing can be done in this Commonwealth by the King's grant, or any other act of his, as to the subject's person, goods, lands, or liberties, but must first be according to established laws, which the judges are sworn to observe and deliver between the King and his people, impartially to rich and poor, high and low, and therefore the judges and the ministers of justice must be questioned and punished if the laws be

nearly rivalled the celebrity of Coke, whom, in alluding to the Parliament, he has called "Their Oracle!" we know not whether in jealousy or in anger! The name of Judge Jenkins possibly may not be inserted in a legal bibliography, for "the works of that grave and learned Lawyer Judge Jenkins, a prisoner in Newgate," consist of a microscopical volume, where, as if it were designed for a satire on all other law books, is compressed the erudition of a folio. They are all dated from the Tower or Newgate. Suggested by the occasions of the time, they first appeared in fugitive leaves, which were rapidly dispersed, and often gratuitously distributed among the people. By "the Law of the Land" they were thus instructed. that they were existing under no form of government; that there was no Parliament where there was no King; with many other confutations of "the erroneous positions of the Commons," and a variety of their acts of "treason." He dedicates his "Lex Terræ" to the Societies of the Inns of Court, and to all the Professors of the Law. His concise opinions, with an admirable frugality of words, are, however, luxuriant in their marginal references to Statutes and to Records, to Magna Charta, and to their own "Petition of Right;" while Bracton, and Plowden, and Coke, and even St. John, their own Solicitor-General, are the authorities which echo the solemn denunciations of Judge Jenkins. "Nothing is delivered for Law in my book but what the House of Commons have averred to be Law, in books of Law published by their commands, agreeable to the books of Law and Statutes of this Realm in all former times and ages."

This eminent lawyer was more active than gownsmen usually are. He was not only the great chamber-counsel of every one who opposed the Parliament; but this Welsh judge not only on his circuit imprisoned whomever he deemed to be rebels, but in Lord Goring's army in Pembrokeshire was taken with his long rapier drawn, courageously leading the forlorn hope. This Judge was now singled out to be a victim, or a confederate, at his own choice, with the ruling party in the Commons. The authority of his name on all legal points would have consecrated even a public sanction.

A suit was instituted in the Court of Chancery against this learned Judge, of irreproachable integrity, for "a foul cheat and breach of trust, as some alleged." Thus the cautious Whitelocke enters it on the day, in his Diary. It was a vexatious suit merely got up to cast an imputation without the colour of a charge. (1) He refused to answer, not to decline, he said, the jurisdiction of Chancery, but to decline the power of the House of Commons to examine him. In the King's Bench he alike persisted in warning the people that the present Parliament was a mere delusion, for all they did was illegal and extra-judicial, and liable to be revoked. Once he was fined a thousand pounds, and at another time committed to Newgate for high-treason. No one could daunt the legal culprit. Miles Corbet insisting on his close confinement, the Judge, now himself placed at the bar, retorted, that "Some of them might be prisoners ere long themselves if they did not run away in time." The political prophet lived to verify his own predictions, and might have triumphantly appealed to the correctness of that judgment, which, at the time, passed for absurdity and inveterate obstinacy. Firm in his style, he was yet so moderate, that "the Reformers," as the judge calls them, everywhere declared that Judge Jonkins had made his "recantation." He published a keen and bitter retort, to refute the lie they had published.

At length, in February, 1648, the Judge, with another Royalist, one Sir Francis Butler, was brought to the bar of the Commons to be attainted.

Lenthal, the Speaker, addressed the prisoners, as two intolerable malignants and traitors to that honourable House, who now would proceed against them as men convicted of treason. The Speaker more particularly reproached the ancient Welsh Judge for his contumacious conduct, which had not passed unnoticed by the House, in omitting to pay that obeisance to the chair, when placed at their bar, which was the greater fault in him, knowing as he pretended to be in the laws of the land. Judge Jenkins had refused to kneel as is usual before that honourable House. (2)

While the Speaker was addressing Judge

violated, and no reflection to be made on the King." All this is very legal, but when the judges depended on the favour of the Crown for their seats, there is reason to believe that they would lean too far in favour of the prerogative. Judge Berkley was a remarkable instance.

(1) Judge Jenkins has himself stated the case, and its secret history, in his little volume.

(2) Whitelocke, 293.

Jenkins, the old man in a low voice requested his companion not to reply—"Let all the malice fall upon me, my years can better bear it." The Speaker having ended, Judge Jenkins asked whether they would now give him liberty to speak?

"Yes! so you be not very long."

"No! I will not trouble either myself or you with many words. Mr. Speaker! you said the House was offended at my behaviour in not making my obeisance to you when they brought me here, and this was the more wondered at, because I pretended to be knowing in the laws of the land. I answer, that I not only pretend to be, but am knowing in the laws of the land, having made them my study for these five-and-forty years, and it is because I am so is the reason of my behaviour. As long as you had the King's arms engraven on your mace, and that your great seal was no counterfeit, and acting under his authority, I would have bowed in obedience to his writ, by which you were first called. But, Mr. Speaker, since you and this House have renounced your allegiance to your Sovereign, and are become a den of thieves, should I bow myself in this House of Rimmon, the Lord would not pardon me!"

The whole House were electrified—all rose in uproar and confusion! it was long ere order could be obtained, or their fury could exhaust itself. It seemed as if every member shrunk from a personal attack. The House voted the prisoners guilty of high treason, without any trial, and that they should suffer as in case of condemnation for treason. They called in the keeper of Newgate to learn the usual days of execution, which were Wednesdays and Fridays. The day to be appointed then became the subject of their debate.

At this critical moment, when it seemed to be out all human chances to spare the life of

"This greatest Clerk but not the wisest Man,"

the facetious and dissolute Harry Martin, who had not yet spoken, rose, not to dissent from the vote of the House, he observed, but he had something to say about the time of the execution: "Mr. Speaker,—Every one must believe that this old gentleman here is fully possessed in his head, resolved to die a martyr in his cause, for, otherwise, he would never have provoked the House by such biting expressions. If you execute him, you do precisely that which he hopes for, and his execution will have a great influence over the people, since he is condemned without a jury; I therefore move that we should suspend the day of execution, and in the meantime force him to live in spite of his teeth." The drollery of the motion put the House into better humour, and the State-prisoners were remanded.

The day after the re-commitment, a remarkable conversation took place between the old Welsh Judge and his fellow-prisoner, which clearly confirmed the sagacity of the witty Harry Martin.

The unfortunate companion of the Judge somowhat querulously asked if he had not been too hardy in his language to the House?

"Not at all!" replied this venerable Decius. "Rebellion has been so successful in tho kingdom, and has gotten such a head, that the weakness of many loyal men will be allured to compliance should not some vigorous and brave resistance be made in public, and to their very faces! This was the cause why I said such home things to them yesterday. And I am now so wrapped up in the thought of my execution, that I hope they will not long suspend the day, for I think that, like Samson, I shall destroy more Philistines on the day of my death than I have ever yet done all my life."

Curiosity was excited. It was evident that the old man had some scheme, difficult to comprehend, when he should be placed by the side of the gallows.

"I will tell you all that I intend to do and say at that time. First, I will eat much liquorish and gingerbread to strengthen my lungs, that I may extend my voice near and far. Multitudes no doubt will come to see the old Welsh Judge hanged. I shall go with venerable Bracton's book hung on my left shoulder, and the Statutes at large on my right. I will have the Bible, with a ribbon put round my neck, hanging on my breast. I will tell the people that I am brought there to die for being a traitor, and, in the words of a dying man, I will tell them that I wish that all the traitors in the kingdom would come to my fate. But tho House of Commons never thought me a traitor, else they would have tried me for such, in a legal manner by a jury, according to the customs of this kingdom for a thousand years. They have indeed debarred me from my birth-right—a trial by my peers, that is, a jury; but they knew that I am not guilty according to law. But since they will have me a traitor, right or wrong, I thought it was just to bring my counsellors

with me, for they ought to be hanged as well as I, for they all along advised me in what I have done. Then shall I open Bracton to show them that the supreme power is in the King—the Statue book to read the oath of allegiance—and the Bible to show them their duties. (1) All these were my evil counsellors, and they must be hanged with me! So when they shall see me die, affirming such things," continued this romantic brother of the coif, "thousands will inquire into these matters, and, having found all I told them to be true, they will come to loathe and detest the present tyranny."

No day of execution so fondly dwelt on by the Welsh Judge was ever appointed, and the patriotic Royalist was defrauded of offering his country that extraordinary lesson, which his imagination had cherished in his reveries.

The policy of hanging an old Welsh Judge for stubbornness, and without a jury, was doubtful. The decisions of such a venerable member of the law, in truth, were fully valued by the House, and though they menaced him with death at the bar, they proffered him more than life, in the privacy of his cell. Several Members of the Committee visited Judge Jenkins in Newgate, and offered that "If he would acknowledge the power of the parliament for lawful, they would not only take off the sequestrations from his estate, which was about 500*l.* per annum, but that they would settle a pension on him for life of 1000*l.* a-year." "Never can I own rebellion, however successful, to be lawful; I would rather, therefore, see your backs than your faces," sternly replied the old Judge. The spokesman repeated the same offer, "If he would only suffer them to print that he acknowledged their power to be lawful." Indignantly replied the Judge, "I will connive at no such doings for all the money you have robbed the kingdom of; and should you impudently print such matter, I will sell my doublet and coat to buy pens, ink, and paper, to set forth the House of Commons in their proper colours."

Still seduction had not exhausted all its arts; they touched a finer nerve in his domestic feelings. "You have a wife and nine children, who all will starve if you refuse our offer; they make up ten pressing argumeuts for your compliance."

"What!" exclaimed the Judge, "did they desire you to press me in this matter?"

"I will not say they did," replied the Committee-man, "but I think they press you to it without speaking at all."

The old man's anger was kindled; he cried out, "Had my wife and children petitioned you in this matter, I would have looked on her as a whore, and them as bastards!" The honourable Committee of the House of Commons finally retreated. (2)

After this time Judge Jenkins was removed to various confinements, from castle to castle, and gaol to gaol. He sufferod eleven years of durance, with the same constancy with which he persisted in expounding the laws of England. It is a curious fact that this Judge in prison furnished Lilburne with all the legal points which led to his famous triumph by jury, and stirred up that restless bold man to the prosecution of Cromwell, (3) yet it would seem that it was to Cromwell the Judge afterwards owed his freedom. (4) He lived to witness the Restoration, and this was that Judge Jenkins who on that surprising Revolution was expected by all men, and would himself have accepted the appointment of one of the Judges in Westminster Hall, as the sole but proud reward of a long life of arduous trials and triumphant inflexibility. Jenkins said that he was represented at Court as superannuated and unfit for such a place, but Sir Phineas Pett, who knew him, describes the Judge then as a very acute man, of infinitely quicker parts than Judge Mallet, who was at that time made Lord Chief-Justice of England. There is reason to believe that another enemy to Jenkins, greater than his age, thwarted him at Court in not obtaining this judgeship. "So he might have been, would he have given money to the then Lord Chancellor," said honest Anthony Wood. It was for this casual stricture that the University of Oxford, at the instigation of Henry, the son of Lord Clarendon, heavily fined our great literary antiquary, for the pretended

(1) He repeated these doctrines, referring to the volume and the page.

(2) These interesting conversations, with the romantic project of the Judge for the day of his execution, we find in a curious pamphlet. They were drawn "from the mouth and notes of Sir Francis Butler." It is entitled "True and Just account of what was transacted in the Commons House at Westminster, Anno Dom. 1648, when that House voted David Jenkins, Esq., a Welsh Judge, and Sir Francis Butler, to be guilty of High Treason against themselves, without any Trial." 1719.

(3) Godwin's History of the Commonwealth, ii., 425.

(4) In the Gesta Britannorum of Sir George Wharton, I find this entry: "Jan. 14, 1656-57, Judge Jenkins, that constant sufferer, ordered his liberty, yet continues he still in Windsor Castle."

libel. The two statues of Charles the First and the Earl of Danby were raised at the entrance of the Physic Garden by the produce of this cruel fine. They stand in perpetual memory, that the passions of men may raise statues to suppress Truth, but, ere the statues have mouldered away, Truth unexpectedly rises, in all her freshness and immortality. (1)

Judge Jenkins was the Cato of Lucan—

"Fortune chose the side of the Conquerors, but He, the Conquered."

Some may smile at a Judge Jonkins' tenaciousness of the laws of the land; at the nervous integrity which foiled a golden bribery, turning aside to enter into eleven years of durance, and deem but as the dotage of a bewildered brain the romantic dream of his execution, had it occurred. Yet whoever smile must return to more solemn thoughts, when they discover in Judge Jenkins one of our greatest constitutional lawyers, and a patriot at Court or in prison. The eccentricity of Judge Jenkins, for wisdom and patriotism out of season are deemed eccentric, arose not from the singularity or caprice of a whimsical humorist like the crouching Noy, or the headstrong stubbornness which drove on the honest and voluminous Prynne. Jenkins advanced no point of law which rested not on the custom of the realm, judicial records, and acts of Parliament. At a time when men appealed to the laws as they pleased, and rejected them as they willed, Judge Jenkins only knew the laws to obey them. Admirably has he said, "So long as men manage the laws, they will be broken more or less, as appears by the Story of every Age."

In truth, the opinions of Judge Jenkins were perfectly sano, in all his opposition to the Parliament as it was then constituted. The Parliament was at that time placed in a very anomalous position. Even Mrs. Macaulay has not attempted their defence on what she calls "the narrow bottom of constitutional forms." She confesses that "on the side of the Cavalier faction were in goneral *the forms of law*, on that of their opponents, magnanimity, justice, sense, and reason." This female advocate of the levellers never alludes to the price which her heroes exacted for so many and such great virtues. That price was, all the wealth of the kingdom, and the incessant donations so reciprocally conferred of all the estates of the Royalists.

Yet among these Levellers, or eveu among the Commonwealth-men, a more honourable class, was there one who surpassed in "magnanimity and justice" this veuerable judge? In "sense and reason," that is, in compliance with the times, in floating down the stream, there were many indeed who were more dexterous than our old Welsh Judge. In lawless days, Judge Jenkins bore himself up rejoicing, and even dreaming at the abandonment of self, in the proud vindication of the *Lex Terræ*. A profound lawyer and an English patriot, endowed with that physical courage, rare among retired men, which asserts their own unchangeable nature by active heroism." (2)

(1) Anthony Wood declared that he was ready to prove what he had asserted by written and printed evidence. I find Wood in his own copy of the Athenæ Oxonienses altered the snppressed passage by rendering it much stronger: thus, "would he have given money to the then *corrupt* Lord Chancellor *Hyde*." Pepys's Diary, recently published, confirms the ebsrge against Clarendon. The Hon. George Agar Ellis, on these authorities, has disserted on the corruption of this old statesman. It is mortifying to detect this tergiversation in sueh a moraliser as this great genius, but it is very instructive. Clarendon, after many years of melancholy abstinence from power and profit, often wanting the value of a dinner, when in office was a famished man. Whoever in haste would raise a fortune and found a family will hardly escape the fate of Lord Clarendon.

(2) There is a singularly curious dialogue between Hugh Peters, the army chaplain, and "Free-born John" (Lilburne) in prison. Hugh Peters was the *mouton*, to use the Freneh revolutionary style of former days, of Cromwell; we have already seen him in this eharaeter in the history of the Hothams.

Cromwell would not release "Free-born John" even after his triumphant trial by jury, when he was so gloriously acquitted. Peters visited him in the Tower, when the following dialogue took place.

Hugh Peters introdueed himself as merely on a visit, without any other design than to see John.

John.—"I know you well enough. You are one of the setting-dogs of the Grandees of the army, who come with fair and plausible pretences to insinuate into men when they have wronged them, and work out their designs when they are on a strait, and cover over the blots which they have made." Then John complained of the illegal seizing of him by soldiers, earrying him before that new erected thing eailed a Council of State, who committed him without an accuser, accusation, prosecution, or witness.

Prters, taking up a volume of Coke's Institutes, assured John that he was only guilted in reading or trusting to such books, for there were no laws in England.

John answered that he did believe him, for that his good masters, Cromweil, Fairfax, etc., had destroyed them all.

"Nay," quoth Hugh, "there never were any in England!"

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Secret Anecdotes of the Years 1644 and 1645.

The manuscript dispatches of the French Resident at London at a critical period are authentically written from week to week, and are precious, as the personal observations of a foreigner who was intimately acquainted with the busy actors of the time. As is usual with the French, the writer could not contrive to write down their names, but by trusting to his own Gallic ear. It required some ingenuity to discover in Le Comte *d'Orgueil*, the Earl of Argyle; in Le Comte *de la Dredayle*, Lord Lauderdale; Milord *Canouel*, Lord Kinnoul; Colonel *Guaiche*, Goring; and it required some time to unmask Milord *Ausbrick*, to detect Lord Uxbridge.

During the years 1644 and 1645, Monsieur Melchior de Sabran was the French Resident in England, under the administration of Cardinal Mazarin. The personage of this French Minister has not exhibited itself in our history, though two years of residence, and two folio volumes of his dispatches, attest his daily diligence, and also its inefficacy.

The fault was not in Monsieur Sabran, for, in the technical style of modern French diplomacy, this luckless envoy was thrust into "a false position." Never in the vast manufactory of Legation has a forlorn workman more patiently and more piteously sate down to disentangle so ravelled a clue, never was thread more twisted, never spindle so twirled. All was perplexed! All was irretrievable! Monsieur Sabran so benevolent—so courteous—so tremulous with delicacy, would have been the friend of all—and every individual opposed him! "I am sent," sorrowfully he opens his negotiations, "to untie a knot which the English themselves acknowledge can only be dissolved as was the Gordian by Alexander." "I am destined," exclaims the baffled negotiator in his agony, "to the most delicate employment, and the most uneasy and untoward in result."

The situation of the French Resident was this. Sabran had been sent by Mazarin, in his public character, as a privileged Spy, to discover by his own observations the existing state of affairs between Charles and the Parliament, to review silently the military force of the King, and estimate the real influence of the Parliament over the people, and on the spot to contrive by his own judgment for those opportunities of a minute, which, Allegorists have revealed, require us to snatch Time by his solitary forelock.

Public affairs were still equiponderant. Sabran found that the forces of the Parliament, often raw levies, amounted to above 50,000 men, but then Charles had 36,000 good troops. The King was yet formidable; and, during this period, once Essex in Cornwall seemed lost, and once Waller at Cropredy-bridge was outwitted. The Royalists were flushed with their success at Newark and Pontefract. "God save the King!" (Vive le Roi!) was once echoed on the Thames, by a forced levy of men by Parliament, reluctantly going down to head-quarters. The sanguinary storming of Leicester had struck a terror among the Parliamentarians. Wales was offering men who only called for arms, and Ireland was deemed to be loyal. All these at times exhilarated the French Resident in his solitary cabinet. The reverses of the King had not yet opened on him, Fairfax and Cromwell were only on the point of appearing.

Mazarin and his administration, at bot-

John showed him the Petition of Right, asking "whether that were law?"

Peters had the impudence to deny it, and asked "what law was?"

John replied by that admirable definition of law in one of the Declarations of Parliament, which I have before quoted, as the composition of Pym; a passage which can never be read too often. "This," exclaimed John, "is a definition of law by the Parliament in the days of their primitive purity, before they had corrupted themselves with the Commonwealth money."

To this the comic Priest replied, "I tell you, for all this, there is no law in this nation but the sword and what it gives; neither was there any law or government in the world but what the sword gave."

"Then," replied honest John, "if six thieves meet three honest men and rob them, that act is righteous because they are the stronger party. And if there be no laws in England, and never were, then your masters are a pack of bloody rogues, who set the people on to murder one another for the preservation of their laws. I thought I had been safe when I made the known laws the rule of my actions, which you have all sworn to defend."

"Ay! but," retorted Hugh, "I will show that your safety lies not in the laws. Their minds may change, and then where are you?"

But John still persisted in blowing against the wind. "I cannot notice what is in their minds, but in their declarations—that they will maintain the laws of the land."

At this moment the new system was broached by Rouse and Goodwin, and even the philosopher Hobbes, that submission to the present power was all that was necessary to constitute "the Laws of the Land."

tom, were desirous of reinstating the English Sovereign with a limited power, not probably from any sympathy with the liberties of the English nation. In the "Instructions" of the French Resident, it is observed that "It is equitable to maintain the cause of the King of Great Britain, without, however, attempting to elevate his power so high, that from King he should become Lord and Monarch of England, for the Laws of that Country, balancing the absolute power of their Monarchs, must be maintained in their entireness, to appease men's minds, and lull their troubles to rest." This probably was an ostensible argument which might safely be urged on both parties, but there are shadowings in diplomacy, and we detect a more secret hint to moderate the zeal of the discreet Negotiator, from gaining too many advantages for the King. Charles, "it is noted in the Instructions," has never corresponded with all our affectionate offers, ever inclining more to the Spaniard. Still, however graduated the scale of mediation the French Cabinet proposed, they were not disposed to side with the Parliament, as we gather from this prudential State-motive. "The conformity of Religion, and the disposition to form and maintain *a Republic* which is prevalent in the minds of the English and the Dutch, will unavoidably establish a very strict union between them, and it is for the benefit of these States, as well as for the good of France, that this should be traversed." Sabran is moreover particularly cautioned against "the Puritens," English, Scotch, or Irish; "for these persons, nourishing a hatred of Royalty and all just government, not only will attempt to pull down that of their King, but to ally themselves with the neighbouring Republics, and this it may be useful to impress on the mind of the King."

It was a critical difficulty with our forlorn Resident in pursuance of his Instructions, that he should not acknowledge the independence of the Parliament, separated from the Sovereign, which would have put an end to any intercourse with Charles. And on the other hand, he was not to appear to the Parliament as one at all too partial to the interests of the King, which might instantly have terminated his negotiations at London. But assuredly the invincible difficulty was, that our dexterous negotiator found himself equally disregarded by Charles and by the Parliament; both alike avoided his proffered friendship, and looked on the French Resident with equal distrust. In a word, Sabran discovers that in all England there was not a more suspicious-looking person, in the whole corps diplomatique, than the luckless new-comer.

This soon appeared to our Resident. "That eternal suspicion of England, that France must be more gratified by its troubles than by its quiet, is as great as ever. They judge of us by their own defects, and their own ill-will, and by the evil which they would have done us, rather than by any proofs of the bad designs of France, or of any deceptions practised contrary to the sincerity of the Queen and Cardinal Mazarin." (1)

Sabran had not been long in London ere a bitter "Discours" from "An English Gentleman" appeared on "French Charity." The kindness of France was ridiculed, because "this kindness was so excessive that it becomes incredible. What makes this dangerous neighbour in an instant turn into so kind a friend?" This pamphlet detailed evidence of a circumstance little known, which I have noticed in a former part of this work. It is what Sabran calls, and therefore does not deny, "les pratiques secrettes de Blainville," one of the former French Ambassadors. (2) Sabran somewhat consoles himself, though his too feeling antennæ once touched shrink with all the sensitiveness of a snail's—that this production is the labour of some Spanish agent under the guise of "an English Gentleman."

The Parliament, as he had foreseen, would not receive him as a public Minister, unless he came prepared fully to recognise their independent power. He was therefore compelled to preserve his private character. This debarred all intercourse with a Member of the House of Commons, as a Member. Hollis and Vane regretted that they could not visit him without leave of Parliament. He freely communicated with the Peers, because the Lords, whether in or out of their House, always retain the same rank.

After some time had elapsed, during which our Resident had been actively employed, having taken more than one journey to Oxford, reviewed the army of Charles with his own eyes, and held an interview with the Monarch, the day arrived when Sabran was

(1) I find by these dispatches that this famous Cardinal, at first, retained the name of Mazarini; afterwards, to disguise his Italian origin and to become a Frenchman, he gave his name a French termination.

(2) See p. 96.

to be admitted to an audience with the Parliament. Previously he had sent a copy of his prepared Harangue to Count de Brienne, the Secretary of State. A paragraph in it induced a remarkable observation—"Your speech to the Parliament is composed with great discretion. One thing only has astonished me. You exhort them not to suffer in the kingdom other religion than the one established. If this admit of explanation and excuse, namely, that this is meant to report to them what has been confided to you by the King, consider how the Spaniard will reproach us, while every Catholic will imagine that we have abandoned their protection. Soften this term, I pray you. It will be prudent ever to avoid the subject of religion. It will be said that we have no religion ourselves."

Sabran acknowledges that the offending exhortation had been inserted in consequence of a note received from Charles. The ticklish paragraph was expunged from the speech.

The Parliament had not yet disdained the ceremonials of Royalty, and Sabran was to be conducted to the House by the "Sieur Fleming," the Master of Ceromonies. The Parliament insisted that at his audience the French Resident should be uncovered. He replied, "I can only stand uncovered when I am in tho King's presence." They insisted that the King's throne being there was the same as his Majesty's presence among them. They alleged that the English Resident at Paris was always uncovered. "True," replied Sabran, "but it is before their Majesties, and here I see no King! I can only acknowledge royal Majesty in the person of the Monarch." The discussion might have proved interminable—particularly as Sabran declared that he would not stand—but both parties being equally desirous of an audience, the Master of the Ceremonies—that Deity of Horace, who usually descends to adjust a fortunate catastrophe in political etiquette—suggested that mutual honours should be balanced. It was accorded that an arm-chair should be placed for the French Resident, who after his speech might cover. Sabran having addressed the House, with his hat in hand, immediately clapped his beaver on a head whose pulsations might have required the arm-chair into which the Representative of his most Christian Majesty flung himself. We are apt to ridicule the mysteries of Court-etiquette, bnt the Ceremonial constitutes conventional signs—an alphabet of honours, and in that intelligiblo style individuals have asserted their independence, and nations have kept their state. Sabran had politically disputed the present *punctilio*. The Representative of France would not have himself held too cheap, and his allusion to the absence of the English Monarch was in furtherance of the grand design of uniting tho separated Parliament with the Sovereign. (1)

Count de Brienne, the Secretary of State, who had more than once visited England, had wide views of the state of the nation. In June, 1644, he penetrated into the Revolution of that day to its extent, then but in the birth and labour of time. He writes, "The King of England is pressed hard by persons who will not cease till they have stricken down his authority. The Puritans aro incapable of any moderation, and I am persuaded that the great of the kingdom (les grands du Royaume) will fall from their preeminence, and if the royal authority shall no longer subsist, then a Republic will be formed, such as will consort with the religion of tho Puritans. I mean to say, that not only the people will possess the power, but the most insolent will be the only ones in consideration. Tho remedy of these evils, without falling into another, which would be the establishmont of an absolute *Seigneurie*, would be to accommodate matters—but what difficulties start up! If the sword is to decide the question, the danger is equally great; the conqueror will assume all his advantages."

This statesman assuredly had taken the most comprehensive view. He saw distinctly what hovered in the distance—from principles he had deduced consequonces; his fears or his sagacity amounted to prediction.

It is however curious to observe that the

(1) A passage in Clarendon shows that the Parliament were yet exeessively tenacious of the punctillos of etiquette. When the King sent the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Southampton with a message for a treaty, "the Houses did not presently agree upon the manner of their reception, how they should deliver their message." The Scottish commissioners were to join the two Houses in the Painted Chamber, "sitting on one side of the table;" the royal messengers at the upper end, where there was a seat provided for them; all the rest being bare, and expecting that they would be so too, for though the Lords used to be covered whilst the Commons were bare, yet the Commons would not be bare before the Scotch commissioners, and so none were covered. But as soon as the two Lords came thither they covered, to the trouble of the others, but being presently to speak they were quickly forced from that eye-sore.—Clarendon, v. 28.

Prime Minister of France, Cardinal Mazarin, who perhaps did not much care to disorder his Epicurean enjoyments, by busying himself with the troubles of England, had formed a very contracted notion of the great events whose proximity might have alarmed a more active minister. Mazarin only twice wrote to Sabran. One of these cabinet dispatches was curt. "Pray let me know exactly what pictures, statues, or furniture can be procured of the late Duke of Buckingham." In 1645 the Cardinal's deepest policy advanced no farther than in telling Sabran "to impress on both the Parliament and the King, that they are only shedding their own blood and wasting their own wealth, and that at last they must come to some agreement—this was unavoidable." The Italian-Frenchman had no idea that their affairs could only be finally terminated by coming to no agreement at all. He foresaw no Revolution of the nature which was opening before him; a Revolution which had evidently disturbed the imagination of Count de Brienne.

In these dispatches we discover several secret conferences, and circumstances partially known in our history are more completely disclosed. The distracted councils of Charles appear, when Sabran, spy all over, opened letters confided to him, by the great stateswoman, the ambiguous Countess of Carlisle, who expedites letters from her brother Percy, a devoted Loyalist. "My Lord Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, has sent three or four notes to the Queen of Great Britain, or rather to Mr. Jermyn, which were delivered to me by the Countess of Carlisle, his sister. I opened one of these, which sufficiently betrays the schism of those who are about the King, and that the Queen, or rather those who are with her, have not the same sentiments of those who govern his Majesty, her husband." This is one, among many other proofs, that Charles did not servilely act under the influence of the Queen, as he is perpetually represented to have done. Her opinions, or rather those of her party, he frequently opposed, and on some trying occasions it is known that he acted in opposition to their suggestions.

At a secret conference at the house of the Countess of Carlisle, Sabran, by appointment, met with Lord Holland, Hollis, and the Earl of Essex, all inclined to the Presbyterian party, and enjoying, at that moment, the highest reputation with the Commons. They were willing that the French Resident should mediate between the King and the Parliament.

They assured Sabran that it was a *sine qua non* condition that the alliance with the Scotch should be preserved. Those of the Higher House, and many of the Lower, who would maintain Royalty against those persons who of late were seizing on the whole authority of Parliament to extinguish Royalty, (the Independents, the army, in a word our Jacobins,) unless they were seconded by the Scotch, would not venture to act. They wished me, adds Sabran, to persuade his Majesty that the Scotch may be depended on, although they confessed that the King could not accept such hard terms, but if he promised to take them into consideration, till in some future conference at more peaceful times with both parties—what was deemed most reasonable might be accepted, and in the meanwhile his Majesty should declare that he would consent to put aside the bishops, and reduce the ecclesiastical government to ministers—to a uniform Puritanic system.

To this Sabran replied—"You then would have his Majesty renounce his religion; this you will find difficult, and more so, by holding the knife to his throat without giving him any assurance that his affairs shall be reestablished, and his authority restored. To me, the matter is wholly indifferent, believing neither in one religion nor the other; but it is this very circumstance which enables me to think more freely, and less passionately to distinguish that reason by which one of the parties should more legitimately remain in his own. After I shall have held a consultation with the Scottish gentlemen, I will then consent to dispatch my Secretary to the King. But, should I now do this, those in Parliament whom you tell me are so potent, so violent, and so suspicious, would imagine that I am only acting for the King, which would greatly prejudice my neutrality.

"All this I said," proceeds the dexterous negotiator in his dispatch to the secretary, "to persuade them that I had nothing to write to the King but what was agreeable to them, and also to get time to learn whether I should do it, or, in doing it, what advice I should offer the King. Besides, in this manner I shall get sought after by them, and dive into the real divisions so prevalent among them all.

"It would be quite ridiculous to make me the author, that the King of England, who is

of a religion which still retains some ceremonies, should be brought into one which believes nothing, the enemy of every thing which reminds one of God and of sovereignty, and common with that of our Huguenots. Nevertheless, I shall charge myself with their commissions to detect their designs, and enter into negotiations if advisable. They would take the King by surprise, and lose himself, his children, and his crown. But how can his Majesty, who has printed a public profession of the Protestant religion, attach himself to the Puritan? It would not afford a reasonable peace."

This conference with these great personages of the English Presbyterian party does not elsewhere appear. It is curious to detect the bad faith of secret political intrigue, to botch what cannot hold together. In the present instance we discover that the party, perfectly aware that Charles would not accede to the establishment of a National Kirk in England, suggest the mean artifice of an apparent compliance, by "tho promise to take the subject into consideration." In the future proposed conference between the parties, it seemed left to the King, who should decide "what was most reasonable." But while they thus seemed to leave a door open for escape, they would have first entrapped the King by extorting his temporary consent "to put aside the Bishops" and institute the Church governmont by "Ministers." It is evident that this consent once publicly granted, "what was most reasonable" would never afterwards have admitted of a discussion. Monsieur de Sabran probably comprehended the whole dark manœuvre. At all events, that "ter Catholicus," thoroughgrained as he was, on that day must have crossed himself all the way on his return home, and washed his hands of them in an ewer of *eau bénite*, for surely on that day Monsieur displayed what his friend the secretary would deem *une politique fine et cachée*.

We are informed by Sabran that "In a conversation with the Chancellor of Scotland and his adjunct, I told him that the Parliament believed that the Scots, displeased with the refusal of his Majesty to change the form of his religion, would be glad to avenge themselves, provided that the royalty should in some shape be maintained in the person of a descendant. It is thought, I told them, that they would not mind the weakness of age in the young Prince, for now they talk of the little Duke of Gloucester to authorise this change in the Government. For a unity of persons is necessary for the administration of affairs, whether it be for the Dnke of a Republic, or a *Chef-général*, as in the Prince of Orange; but all this was the visible ruin of the sovereign authority, for the purpose of their remaining free, and enjoying the revenues of the King and the Church, and, once masters, subject the Crown wholly to the form of the new Government." Sabran here took a French statesman's view; considering the restoration of the Monarchy as a first object, this argument could not have had much force with them. He proceeds, "They replied that they wished for a King, and for King Charles, but they looked and spoke very confusedly when I assured that the King really wished for peace, but would no longer ask for one, dreading a contemptuous refusal after all that I had done. I had left the King in the best disposition for peace, but more willing to consent to oue than to seek it."

Sabran conveys a notion of the secret motives of the Scotch in their transactions with the King and the Parliament, which I have not elsewhere found. He considers them merely as a mercenary soldiery, like the Swiss, often at a loss how to act with the conflicting parties to secure their stipends. Theirs was a war for the purse.

He writes, "Though the Scotch are considered to be more reasonable, it is only from an opinion that they would not consent absolutely to the extinction of Royalty, dreading to become at last a province of England, but not from any other cause, for they still persist with the English in the first resolutions, unconvinced that these go entirely to the destruction of the Royal authority. The truth is, that they are blinded by an opinion that the heavy subsidies now due to them, amounting to more than all the wealth of their country, which by various treaties the King of England and the Parliament agreed to pay them for their levies of men, as well as the sums which the Parliament have since promised for their present movements, would all be in jeopardy should the Parliament not remain obstinate, and interest itself to extinguish these debts. It is on this pretext that the present Parliament has secured the Scotch on its side, and bewilders their reason, which in them is not so refined as to perceive that the protraction of the war, thongh it will increase their claims, by the general inconvenience which it occasions,

will postpone the payments, or possibly annihilate at once all their claims."

This was a profound reflection, and may be said to have been verified by the subsequent events, notwithstanding that by a strange accident, and by the most dishonourable of all public acts, the Scots posted away with their bag. They had to endure the slights of the predominating party, (1) who treated with contempt even their idolised Covenant. When the unexpected incident of the King taking refuge in the Scottish camp occurred, it altered the face of affairs—the game was then in their hands. At Topcliffe House the Covenanters huckstered for the person of their Sovereign, the bargain was struck—it was for ready money, and the rest in promissory notes. The treachery exceeds the treason, and Charles was delivered up into the hands of his personal enemies. The Covenanters having sold all they had which the English would buy, for themselves for some time had been of no value, in returning homewards, left a canting recommendation that their purchasers should be careful of "the Lord's Anointed!" Well might the French Secretary of State, when alluding to a proposed bribery for the Chancellor of Scotland, assign as one reason that his Lordship would not be offended,—"parce qu'il est Ecossois, qui vaut autant à dire qu'intéressé."—The poverty of Scotland at that time is but a poor plea for this dereliction of honour and of morality; but these were the Covenanters of that brave and shrewd people! The Scottish nation have redeemed this abjectness of spirit, and this gross avarice, even by the most romantic sensibility. The immolation of their persons, the forfeiture of their lands, and a perpetual exile from their beloved mountains and valleys, were as fatally, as unworthily bestowed on the race of the very monarch whom they had betrayed, with an infamy which has passed through the world. What a history is this of the Stuarts! of their devoted Enemies, and their devoted Friends!

An event in France now occurred which the Secretary of State imagined might produce a sinister effect in England.

One of the Parliaments of France had recently ventured to present "A Remonstrance" to the French monarch, for which four of the members were cast into prison, and the rest submitted. The Secretary of State, intimately acquainted with the feelings of the English people, is anxious that the Resident should explain to them that "a French Parliament is only a Court of Magistrates, who are solely to administer the laws. It is not an English Parliament, to which they will compare it." Sabran in reply observes, "They have not failed here to reflect on the equivocal term of Parliament, asserting that it is to this point the King of Great Britain would reduce their own. Thoy express their surprise at the punishment of the refractory members. They will not acknowledge the difference of the nature and quality of the two Parliaments. I tell them that the English Parliament conjointly with their King makes the laws, which being settled by their common consent, neither he nor they can violate them; but that our Parliament consisted merely of a body of Law-officers, from whom the King solely requires the administration of justice, invested as they are with no other power than what they derive from the King's grant. Our King himself is above the Law, and in the spirit of Equity the royal authority can alter the Law."

At this distant day, it is important to observe, that it was these very French Parliaments which kindled the first sparks on the altar of civil freedom in France. This company of Magistrates had often resisted the arbitrary decrees of Richelieu; under the administration of Mazarin, they caught a new spirit, and, in their close imitation of the political scenes which had passed in our country, they composed "remonstrances" to the French monarch. The Frondeurs of Cardinal de Retz was even an attempt at a Revolution, but the people being neither invited nor conducted took little interest in the discontents of a few Grandees, and the Aristocratic Insurrection concluded by a surprising reverse of the personal interests of the parties. It was the comedy of a Revolution, and the only disturbance it occasioned was, that the Cardinal took a short journey, and one of the noble Insurrectionists married his

(1) Sabran affords a curious anecdote of the day, which shows how the Scots were regarded by the Independents. "The Scottish Deputies, sore at the suspicions and at the affront they had received in having their letters opened, complained to the committee. The younger Vane rose and insolently reproached them for having little contributed to the war, and the service of the Parliament; but what was more certain, they had drawn from England great sums, and had always taken too much care of themselves."

niece. All was silence, pride, and servitude under the splendid reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The French Parliaments under his successor often raised their voice, and were sometimes suspended, and sometimes exiled. Humiliated by the Court, they rose in the popular regard. The eloquence of these advocates of civil freedom was echoed in the land, and men got by rote whole passages of their addresses or apologies. The benevolent Louis the Sixteenth, ever desirous of his people's welfare, reinstated the Parliaments, which his predecessor had interrupted. The grateful people rejoiced, and found the first Champions of the rights of Citizens among the magistrates and advocates composing their Parliaments. Our neighbours, in the first sober hours of their revolutions, have often appealed to those of England; they have even servilely fallen into our errors. The reaction of public opinion among the two influential nations in Europe will inevitably operate on the political state of the Continent; and should each accept from the other what may be found of public good in either, the neighbours will cease to be rivals. May we indulge the hope that the future historian shall chronicle that astonishing event which has never yet happened—of two great neighbouring nations, without jealousies, without envy, and without fear?

Our Resident was fully convinced that a powerful party in the Parliament was intent to abolish monarchy. But as this faction had not yet openly declared their designs, it became an anxious subject of inquiry not only how to remove Charles the First, but to avoid a dissension with the monarchists and the Scots, by transferring the regal authority to another branch of the royal blood. The Prince Palatine, the nephew of Charles, a very humble pensioner of the Parliament, was considered by some as a pliant creature, who would accept the crown on any prescribed terms. This Prince, who was of a mean character, on a pretext to solicit farther charity from the Parliament, pleading for the mere necessities of his family, was now in London, and his mother, the Queen of Bohemia, and himself, both of whom had, observes Sabran, never been on good terms with their Majesties of England, would be glad to repair the loss of their Palatinate. Should this plan fail, Sabran continues, the Parliament doubt not that the Scots would be contented to fix the royalty on the little Duke of Gloucester, who is not above four years old, and who, having him in their hands, would be brought up in their own way, and submit the government to a perpetual Parliament. The French Secretary and the Resident alike concluded, that if the Parliament transferred the crown to a stranger, as some proposed, or a junior branch of the family, it would only be reviving the domestic feuds of York and Lancaster. Brienne adds, "Their history for future ages will be as full of tragical deeds as that of the past."

I have given this extract for more than one reason. It is impossible, in discovering these critical difficulties in settling the monarchy, not to detect parallel circumstances which are not so strange to ourselves. History is a perpetual detection of the circumscribed sphere of all human actions, and the repetition of all human events.

We learn here, on unquestionable authority, from the interviews between Sabran and the King, that Charles the First was so earnest to settle a peace, that the French Resident deemed it advisable to keep back the communication of the King's proposals, as giving the Parliament too great an advantage over him, in discovering his facility and his submission. In truth, the prevalent faction in the Commons wanted not peace; they had in view a far different object than participating that power and authority which they had usurped. And this appears by what Sabran particularly notices. "The Parliament have concealed from the people the King's desire of an accommodation, and suppress, as well as they can, a knowledge of the royal letter sent by a herald, passing off the trumpet as coming for an exchange of prisoners."

The French Resident and the Secretary of State had long suffered from a mutual infusion of reciprocal terrors, and in December, 1644, they imagined themselves to be two Jeremiahs. The singular project of "the Self-denying Ordinance" was now first broached; that marvellous expedient of the Independents, who, under the popular pretext that the Members of both Houses should "give up all their time to their country's service without reward or gratuity," and to secure their uninterrupted service in Parliament, and, as Cromwell said, "to vindicate the Parliament from all partiality to their own Members, it should be unlawful for any Member of either House to hold any office in the army, or any place in the State." This political manœuvre was opened by the elder

Vane, who was made to resign the Treasurer-ship of the Navy, and by Cromwell offering his commission of Lieutenant-General. The real object was not only to gull the people, but to eject at one blow all moderate men, and particularly their present noble commanders, while they new-modelled the army with their own more thorough-paced creatures. It is known how Cromwell offered to lay down his military command, and how he contrived to be petitioned to retain it, and, by his absence from the House, while at the head of his troops, avoided any risk of being reminded of his patriotic offer—What Mouse would bell the Cat?

"All power," exclaimed the agitated Resident, "is now fast going to the House of Commons and the people; the design, no longer admitting of dissimulation, of abolishing the monarch and monarchy, the peers and their dignity, and thus will they spread among their neighbours all that fury which looks for support from all of their religion. We have already come in for our share of the evil, for the Swedes have now sent a Deputy." (France had long been alarmed at secret intrigues with Sweden.) "This novel alliance even the Dutch in their prudence abhor, and foresee the peril in which themselves stand, as well as from the monstrous power which this Parliament assumes, whose aliment, henceforth, must be flames and blood."

On the arrival of this Swedish "Deputy," as Sabran calls this Envoy, the French Resident held a secret conference with the Hollanders, who appear to have been as jealous of this new political union, in which they contemplated a powerful rival, as Sabran was alarmed at the loss of this ancient ally of France, at the union of all the Protestant powers, and above all at the example now openly held out to the Huguenots of France by their dangerous neighbour. The Dutch seem to have been only terrified at the loss of trade, and the indifferent footing they were on with the Parliament, who treated them with disdain, suspecting a mediation from the Prince of Orange from his family alliance with the King.

The irreconcilable breach between the Earl of Manchester and Cromwell was the preliminary to the introduction of the famous self-denying ordinance. The recriminations between these two great personages openly occurred in the House; they are noticed by Clarendon. Cromwell had accused the Earl of Manchester of betraying the Parliament, by checking his pursuit when the King retreated from Newbury. The Earl, in assigning some extraordinary reasons for this apparent ill-conduct, disclosed a remarkable communication made by Cromwell to him. Cromwell told the Earl, "My Lord, *if you will stick firm to honest men, you shall find yourself at the head of an army that shall give the law to King and Parliament.*" "This discourse," proceeded his Lordship, "had made great impression in him, for he knew the Lieutenant-General to be a man of very deep designs, and therefore he was the more careful to preserve an army which he yet thought was very faithful to the Parliament."

The brief report which Sabran sends to his Cabinet of this memorable clash has probably preserved an expression of Cromwell more explicit than we find in Clarendon. "The Earl of Manchester is accused of not having willingly fought the royal army, and of having said that it ought not to be done, for that this had been the real cause of the resources and the strength which his Majesty had acquired. Cromwell, on the other hand, is accused of having said that '*he hoped to see the day when there should not be a King nor a Peer in England.*' This speech is most important, for it is really the point they drive at." Sabran seems here to have preserved the unguarded language of Cromwell. It is evident that the intimation which Cromwell gave to the Earl, as we find it in Clarendon, was thrown out in the warmth of confidence; the tone was that of invitation. When the arch-plotter discovered that the Earl started at the seduction, and possibly an involuntary gesture might have betrayed Manchester to the scrutinising and watchful eye of him who was apt in reading men's thoughts, Cromwell raised his tone to defiance and menace, and at that moment revealed an important secret hitherto closely confined to his own party. Sabran describes the agitation at the moment of this occurrence: "The Lords, understanding that the other House were discussing the accusation against Cromwell, wherein they took so deep an interest, they were desirous of hearing Cromwell, and of being informed of the whole matter; but the Commons kicked (s'est cabrée)—declaring that the Higher House must not know of any proceedings of the Lower till they were concluded, and then only by their messenger." The truth is, this moment was a critical trial of the strength of both factions. The peace-party, who already dreaded the fierceness of Cromwell, were de-

sirous of having the matter thoroughly investigated; but the Cromwellites (we may now give the Independents that title), Clarendon observes, put all obstructions in the way, and rather chose to lose the advantage they had against the Earl, than to have some unavoidable discoveries they were not yet ready to produce.

Alluding to the self-denying ordinance, Sabran proceeds—"This is the most cunning artifice the Commons have yet practised, to fill all offices with popular persons, and manifest to the Londoners that the war would have finished, and liberty had been secured, had Manchester fought. In this way this House gets credit with the people, and, by the power which it confers on them, will have the entire command of all offices civil and military." Sabran had not penetrated into the deeper designs of new-modelling the army with Cromwellites. He observes, however, that they have already begun a new Government, by calling themselves "The States" (Les États). In the hurried change through the whole fabric of the Constitution, many absurd proceedings occurred which at the instant they were not aware of. Among these was this new title to the English Government. A long debate ensued when they sent out the fleet, to decide what it should be called, and at last resolved on "The States' fleet." Cromwell coming to the House at the close smiled, and facetiously asked the Speaker, "Whether they had got another *Hogen Mogen?*" It is remarkable of Cromwell that he often turned off the most solemn matters with a jocular air, as he did at the moment of signing the death-warrant of Charles. It was the art of getting over difficulties by diverting attention from them.

Lord Herbert, son of the Earl of Pembroke, told Sabran that such was the intolerable oppression of the men who had now the power in their own hands, having gained over the people to their side by their pretended disinterestedness, that they conceal their secret designs, and every day grow more violent and absolute. The brother of the Earl of Argyle, who served the Parliament in Scotland, assured him that the Parliament had taken their final resolution. They held the mediation of foreign powers as too partial for the King of England, and particularly that of France. They would not endure those who were about the King. On this Sabran makes this extraordinary observation: "*Un secours d'Etrangers seroit incompatible avec les Anglois, et ne peut être propre que pour conquérir cet Etat, à quoi une Croisade seroit mieux employée qu'en Barbarie, tant je prevois extrêmes leurs fins.*" The embarrassments of European Cabinets have been mutual on those parallel events which have succeeded each other in the modern history of England and France. It would have dismayed the working brain of Sabran, could he have imagined that his "Crusade" was ever to be conducted into his own capital.

The Independents surely meditated to open their rule by a reign of terror. Suddenly we see sanguinary executions fast following on one another. The State-prisoners who had been long left in durance, and seemed to have been forgotten, are hurried to their fate. The Irish Lord Maquire in vain pleaded his privilege, petitioning to be beheaded, and was, with an Irish gentleman, hanged at Tyburn. Sir Alexander Carew, who had remarkably expressed himself against the Earl of Strafford, now himself felt the sharpness of that axe for which he had so vehemently called. The two Hothams, father and son, though opposed to each other, expiated their political tergiversations. The venerable Archbishop Laud, after a confinement of four years, was dragged forth to leave his old bones on the scaffold,—an inhuman triumph which Sabran forcibly describes. This ancient Archbishop was thrown as prey or garbage, the fee of the hounds, to satiate the Scots. "C'est pour donner *curée* aux Ecossois que l'on a aujourd'hui comdamné à mort le viel Archevêque de Canterbury, et les deux Seigneurs d'Irlande." In all respects the Independents were the Jacobins of France; and the Levellers, the worser of the worse, openly declared that "the kingdom was theirs by conquest," and proposed "a free election" by universal suffrage, for not only freeholders but all men living, even beggars, should have a vote in choosing their representatives; servants only were excepted. (1) There are crimes and follies which we vainly flatter ourselves can never be repeated.

CHAPTER LXIX.

The two French Residents.

Ministers of State, in the removal of their Ambassadors or the choice of their temporary Envoys, act on the principle of those who

(1) Clarendon's State-papers, ii., xl. I imagine that the votes of "the beggars" could only have been a satirical rumour.

call in a second physician whose practice is diametrically the reverse of the first. The ineffective system of his predecessor having suffered the disorder to increase, the other earnestly proceeds with his own; and though neither saves the patient, who is dissolving in his own weakness, his intractable state, which may evince the despair, does not necessarily prove the unskilfulness of his physicians.

Such was the case with Cardinal Mazarin, when he dispatched Sabran as the French "Resident" at London during the yoars 1644 and 1645, and having recalled him supplied his place by M. De Montreuil in 1646.

For two years had Sabran been busied in England, and yet so entiroly ineffective were his operations, that I never could trace his name standing in connection with the King or the Parliament. Accident alone brought the bulky tomes of his inedited negotiations under my inspection. This state of singular obscurity for a public Minister was not however occasioned by any torpid listlessness in the Envoy himself, nor from any deficient sympathy amidst the awful scenes which were rising around him. On the contrary, Sabran was a close observer of every event, a listener to much secret intelligence; very subdolous in intrigues, and on an intimate footing with the leading personages of the day. We must look for some cause which may satisfactorily account for the extraordinary circumstances of an Envoy being nullified during two complete years of incessant activity.

There is great truth in the reflection of Clarendon, which he has expressed with the accustomed vigour of his conceptions, that "the unexpected calamity which befell this Kingdom was not ingrateful to its neighbours on all sides, who were willing to see it weakened and chastised by its own strokes." I shall confirm this observation by a manuscript letter which I found among the Conway Papers, which exhibits a genuine representation of the nation, and the feelings of our European neighbours, at the opening of our civil dissensions, and more particularly of the French nation. It contains passages which might be imagined to be written in our own times.

"*Mr. Ran. Domville to Lord Conway.*

"Paris, Sept. 21, 1640.

"Since Paris hath begun to entertain itself with the affairs of England, it seems to have shut out all other news to make room for this. All sides seem to be well pleased in our misfortunes; those that sit at the helm add boldness to their designs, having buried their fears and doubts in the distractions of that State. The Catholics despair not to find a way opened to their cause by these confusions, and those of the Religion (the Huguenots or the foreign Protestants and Presbyterians) hope to reap an advancement of their discipline. As in the beginning all forms, how contrary soever, took their matter from a general confusion, so from the present troubles the most inconsistent interests seem to borrow their support and hope. Neither is France free from all inward troubles; she hath so long wrestled with an enemy that in some parts she hath cast herself into a fever. The French fleet at this time gives the law to the Mediterranean and braves the Spaniard in his own ports.

"The desolation which is found all over tho kingdom of Naples much defames the Spanish Government, and, with no small injury to the rule of Princes, gives too great a reputation to that of Commonwealths."

We discover at this early period, that in the fall of monarchies men imagined that they should find relief under Republican Governments. Man flies to the extremes of the circumference of the circle which Nature has drawn around him, till he settles in quiet at tho centre, being removed at equal distances from despotism and from anarchy.

We have already had occasion to show that Richelieu, long provoked by former aggressions of England, and latterly refused that copartnership in European power with which the wily Cardinal had tempted the English monarch, had vindictively proceeded, with the hoarded hatreds of many years. His intrigues had blown into a flame the embers of insurrection in Scotland, and he had even thrown off the mask, when the French Ambassador kept up no unfriendly intercourse with the English Parliament. Clarendon denounces "the Great Cardinal" for "the haughtiness of his own nature and immoderate appotite of revenge, under the disguise of being jealous of the honour of his master." The noble historian did not know that this profound Statesman lived to regret some of his measures, for his confidential Secretary has informed us, that matters had gone farther than the Cardinal had designed, or than he desired.

Mazarin, the pupil of Richelieu, inherited all the advantages which the more vigorous genius of his great master had created. The character of this minister is finely touched by the most refined judge of all statesmen. "This Cardinal," says Clarendon, "was a man rather of different than contrary parts from his predecessor; and fitter to build upon the foundations which he had laid, than to have laid those foundations, and to cultivate by artifice, dexterity, and dissimulation, in which his nature and parts excelled, what the other had begun with great resolution and vigour, and even gone through with invincible constancy and courage."

The Italian epicurean, not instigated by the passions of the native Frenchman, bore no personal animosity to Charles or to the English nation. Adopting, however, the system of the Cabinet of the Louvre, Mazarin moderately entered into its designs. This minister was no otherwise delighted by the troubles of England than as they kept the nation from forming any active alliance with the Spaniard, intent as he was in prosecuting the war with the rival powers of France. "The Cardinal," says Clarendon, "did not yet think the King's condition low enough, and rather desired, by administering little and ordinary supplies, to enable him to continue the struggle, than to see him victorious over his enemies."

The whole of "the negotiations" or the dispatches of Sabran confirm this observation, as likewise his first cautious instructions, which were to serve the Envoy as the basis of his negotiations. Sabran was sent to England, doubtless to communicate whatever he could learn, and to discriminate with his own eyes. But with any other power he appears never to have been invested. He could not by any positive act of his own do that by which either party could be benefited. He was not to compromise himself in his intercourse with the Parliament, lest the King might find occasion to be jealous, and he was to play the same part with the King, that the Parliament might not suspect him of any predilection for royalty. A more neutralised being could not have been contrived by the mechanism of politics. It happened, however, that Sabran became so frequently alarmed, that he felt his situation desperately irksome, and the human puppet at times, in the exercise of his faculties, seemed ready to burst his secret pulleys.

When Sabran was told that a moderate supply in money from France would be of essential service to the King, both for his own subsistence and to enable him to open the campaign with an army of sufficient force to approach the capital, Sabran warily regretted that France had no moneys to spare in her present position! He offered arms, but Charles observed that those already received from France were found to be utterly worthless! He suggested the aid of foreign volunteers, Charles refused to receive any foreign soldiers, observing that men were not wanted, but the means of subsisting them. Charles having expressed his satisfaction on the arrival of the Queen in France for the honours she had received, which had made a deep impression on the minds of the Londoners, suggested that the fear of France might bring the Parliament to reasonable conditions, and should France propose such, provided she was cautious not to incur a suspicion that she acted from any sinister motive, it would be the only means to terminate his affairs. This too was Sabran's own opinion, but he only replied by "acquainting the King with the present state of our affairs through Europe." No attempt at mediation was made, except the under plot of an intrigue carried on with the Scots to separate them from the Parliament of England, and to play one against another with the King between the two! In a word, after two years of *espionnage* and *persiflage*, Sabran, who from the first was a suspected person by both parties, never improved in their confidence. He was actually worn out by his inefficient neutrality, and, assisting neither, he left them to themselves, and they apparently left the French Resident to his own contemplations. This Envoy was appointed to do nothing, and after many hard trials with both parties succeeded in that difficult employment.

When the fate of Charles, after the disastrous battle of Naseby, seemed fast approaching on him, and the Parliament assumed "the supreme dominion," Mazarin started from his slumbers of neutrality, more alarmed at the appearance of a monstrous novel Commonwealth rising up in Europe, than touched by the ancient jealousy of the former greatness of the Crown of England. The French Minister now dispatched another Envoy in earnest, to save the sinking Monarch. Monsieur Montreuil was sent, as Clarendon observes, "with some formal address to the Parliament, but intentionally to negotiate between the King and the Scots."

Montreuil came better provided than Sabran, to acquire the full confidence of the parties to whom he chiefly addressed himself. The Queen Regent of France, or Mazarin, had invested the new Envoy with ample authority to treat with the Scots, and Henrietta had solemnly impressed on Charles the decision of France to serve him.

The new Envoy proceeded without dissimulation in all his communications with the King. He felt a personal regard for the monarch, whom he earnestly sought to extricate from one of his most trying situations. At this critical moment Charles was meditating his escape from Oxford, but, agitated by doubts and by despair, he knew not whither to fly, nor what measures to pursue. Montreuil, unlike Sabran, soon obtained all the confidence of Charles, for he was acting with an honourable sincerity. This, however, did not alter the situation of Charles. Montreuil was zealous to accomplish the object of his mission, but he had come on an erroneous principle, and had to encounter a difficulty which no human power could overcome, since religion itself, as well as monarchy, according to the notions and the feelings of Charles, were to form the dark and self-sacrifice. The Queen had signed a sort of engagement with a subtile Scotch agent, Sir Robert Murray, that the King should consent to the establishment of the Presbyterial government in England; Jermyn and Culpepper at Paris had confirmed the proposal, and pressed it on the King as his last resource.

This immolation of an heretical Episcopacy in favour of another heretical Church-government was a change perfectly indifferent to a Roman Catholic Queen, as was Henrietta; to the thoughtless Jermyn, the silken creature of a court, and to Culpepper, a military man, shrewd and bold in his measures, but who Charles declared knew nothing of "Religion." To them all it appeared a simple concession, by which the powerless monarch might secure his throne.

Charles, alluding to the paper signed by the Queen, observed to Montreuil that it was void, for "the Queen, his dear consort, in the particular of the Church was a little mistaken, by her not so full knowledge of the constitution of the English government." He freely consented to allow the Presbyterial government in Scotland, "but if the Scots will never declare for me unless I should make such concessions for the destruction of monarchy, by the grace of God I never will do it." Charles said, "That their doctrine is anti-monarchical, I bolted out of Mr. Henderson." Charles used a more forcible argument when he observed, that should he consent to the terms the Scots prescribed, he would only be securing that party which in England had become the weakest in the State, and would only exasperate the Independents, whose ascendancy already appeared, both against them and himself.

The candour of Montreuil is admirable. Having stated his argument to Charles in favour of the Scots, he fairly concludes, "This time your Majesty will think me quite Scotticised, but I believe you will do me the honour not to think ill of me for representing affairs without any disguise, which we do only to intelligent monarchs" (*aux Rois bien sçavants*). On another occasion this honest negotiator addressed the reverse arguments, those which Charles himself had supplied him with, to bring the Scots to terms. Montreuil now reminded them that their great enemy, the Independents, were of late far more powerful than they. "I showed them that they ought to feel but little interest in establishing their Church government in England, and for ruling over the consciences of their neighbours, compared with the more pressing necessity of preserving their lives, their property, and their liberty, all which they would lose whenever they abandoned your Majesty." To the frank negotiator Charles replied as frankly. His decision was invariable, but with a gracefulness not always accompanying his clear and business-like style, he adds, "To answer your freedom with the like, I plainly tell you that already you have from me all that I can do, and you may believe me that no necessity shall compel me to do that which I have refused to do at the desire of two Queens, either of them having power enough to make me do what is possible, *sans marchander*. In a word, you have all that my shop can afford, it is your part to make the best bargain you may," alluding to the Presbyterian party at London.

Montreuil, with a generous zeal to accomplish this perplexed negotiation, finding the Scots Commissioners at London and the King alike unalterable, determined on journeying himself to the Scottish army at Newark, taking the King at Oxford in his way. He resolved to try whether the heads of the army were as intractable as their party

at Westminster. Montreuil discovered that the Scottish officers were more moderate in their councils, and not unwilling to listen to any expedient which might serve them to recede from the rigour of their demands. The honest Negotiator was sanguine that he should now accommodate the more difficult points. The Scots were gratified to learn that it was the King's design to come among them. The difficulty was now to contrive a method for this extraordinary removal, so that they should not offend their masters—the English Parliament. They proposed sending a body of cavalry to Harborough, a place which the King could safely reach, and when he met those troops, as it were accidentally, he should declare that he was proceeding to Scotland, and command their attendance. By this subterfuge the Scots had warily planned to avoid the appearance of having invited the King, their object being to show that the King had voluntarily taken refuge with their army.

On April the 1st, Montreuil, to give assurance to the King, drew up an Engagement expressive of their earnest desire to receive their natural Sovereign, and to offer him every personal security. (1) It is curious to observe the shifts to which all parties are put to botch an insincere or a difficult treaty. Montreuil, who could not extract from the Scots any but a verbal agreement, had drawn up one with his own hand, to satisfy the impatient King, who was still counting the hours for his escape from Oxford, and though not one of the party would venture to subscribe the Engagement, pleading the critical position in which their friends stood with the powerful Independents at London, yet they pledge their oaths with Montreuil, that his signature shall be as valid as if it bore the names of those who never signed it!

The encouragement the King had received from Montreuil hastened his decision for this famous transportation of himself. Impatient to pass over to the Scots, Charles deemed it, however, prudent to ascertain the promised arrival of their cavalry. The King sent for Dr. Hudson, whom he called his "plain-dealing Chaplain." This Dr. Hudson was one of those rare energetic characters, who seem born to wrestle with the Fate they cannot conquer. This remarkable person was a devoted Royalist, who had never forsaken the fortunes of his Master, and had always opened his mind with the most unrestrained freedom when others would not, or dared not. But his practice was not restricted to the studies of Divinity; he had greatly distinguished himself in the Field, and for his hardy activity held the office of Scout Master-General in the North, and by this means was well conversant with the bad roads and cross-cuts, which were the annoyance of our ancestors, more particularly when a secret journey was to be contrived.

The King desired Dr. Hudson to prepare for a journey, without, however, informing him of his destination. The Doctor, however, knew it. The King expressed his astonishment, declaring that he had confided the secret only to Prince Ruport and the Duke of Richmond. The Duke of Richmond had been weak enough to trust the secret to the Duchess, and she to her Maid, and the Maid had communicated it to the Doctor, and, however silent the last receiver of the secret intelligence might have been, there was already a rumour afloat at Oxford.

On April 8th, Dr. Hudson posted to Harborough, and there neither found Montreuil nor the Scottish cavalry. He pushed on to Southwell, where Montreuil lodged, who appeared disconcerted at his appearance, perplexed in his opinions, and very ill-pleased with the Scots. On the 10th of April, Hudson returned to the King, with a very discouraging prospect, and gloomily presaged that the Scots were designing to make a bargain with the King's person. (2)

Clarendon will now supply that part of the narrative which the noble writer drew from the actual correspondence of Montreuil with the King and Secretary Nicholas. (3) "Many days had not passed after the sending that express" (the express which carried the Engagement written by Montreuil and assented to by the Scots) "when he found such chagrin (4) and torgiversation in some of those he had treated with, one man denying what he had said to himself, and another disclaiming the having given such a man authority

(1) This document may be found in Clarendon, v., 387.

(2) Manuscript account of the King's escape, by Dr. Stukeley.—Cole's MSS., xiv. Though Harborough was only a distance of forty miles from Oxford, it is remarked that it was in "a bad season and bad roads." A morning ride of forty miles was then an expedition in roads without turnpikes.

(3) We have the interesting correspondence of the French resident from two sources, the Clarendon, and also the Thurloe State-papers.

(4) Cole, who in his manuscript has quoted this

to say that from him, which the other still avowed he had done, that Montreuil thought himself obliged with all speed to advertise his Majesty of the foul change, and to dissuade him from venturing his person in the power of such men; but the express who carried that letter was taken prisoner, and, though he escapod and preserved his letter, he could not proceed in his journey." Had this letter reached Charles, Montreuil imagined it would have deterrod him from venturing his person with the Scots, but an alteration again occurred, which induced the King to keep to his resolution, having no other resource left him.

The honest mediator, probably after Doctor Hudson had returned to the King, indignantly remonstrated with these equivocating Scots. He insisted that they were insulting the honour of his own Sovereign by their perpetual prevarications, since France stood forth to guarantee whatever the King of England should engage to perform. When Montreuil raised his tone, he again brought them back to their old protestations and a renewal of their former scheme, but the conditions were made somewhat harder. A place was again appointed mid-way between Newark and Harborough. Montreuil opened his inmost thoughts to the King and Secretary Nicholas. He himself had lost all confidence in the parties.

The ardont negotiator, out-wearied and baffled by these political jugglers, subsides into prudential counsels and chilling warnings. He complains that the Scots contrive every obstacle to prevent him from positively advising the King not to quit Oxford, at the same time that they proceeded irresolutely, as if they cared not to assist his escape. Their motives were complex, and their proceedings were contradictory. The truth is, the Scots were earnest enough that Charles should be in their camp, but the difficulty was, to induce the King to come voluntarily to them, and to conceal any advances on their part. They avoided doing any act on their side, or to venture their signature to any treaty which might implicate them with their pay-masters, the English House of Commons, or, as they subtilely stated it, "should they break with the English Parliament, it would deprive them of means to preserve the King."

Montreuil thus closes one of his dispatches: "I will say no more but this, that his Majesty and you know the Scots better than I do; I have not taken upon me the boldness to give any counsel to his Majesty, yet if he hath any other refuge or means to make better conditions, I think he ought not to accept of these." His confidence did not improve. A day or two after, he says, "They tell me that they will do more than can be expressed; but let not his Majesty hope for any more than I send him word of, that he may not be deceived; for certainly the enterprise is full of danger!" And far more than the honest negotiator ever imagined!

We shall see that shortly after the arrival of Charles, Montreuil was not even allowed to confer with the King. The negotiation of the French Resident, who was an honester man than his master the Cardinal designed him to be, ended most unhappily. Montreuil protested against their perfidy, but he could not conceal from himself that he had totally failed in his mission, and, to avoid the daily insults of the Scots, he and Ashburnham, the confidential companion of the King, flew to Paris, where the late Resident in vain attempted to rouse the indignation of the Cardinal for the honour of France.

The failure of this negotiation cast Mazarin into one of those critical dilemmas from which a sole Minister, as was the Cardinal in France, only extricates himself by the sacrifice of a victim. "No unusual hard-heartedness in such chief Ministers," says Clarendon. Had Montreuil been permitted to publish the history of this important transaction, he had probably cleared himself of the imputations cast on his disastrous negotiation; his integrity would not have been suspected for his too sanguine reliance on his first interviews with the Scottish officers, nor on the anomalous document where his own signature was to testify for others what they themselves refused to attest.

In this secret mission the Cardinal at first appears to have been prevailed on by the solicitations of the two Queens to mediate be-

passage from Clarendon, writes "Chieane," so it ought to be read in Clarendon instead of "*Chagrine.*" As Cole was a mere matter-of-fact man, one would suppose that he did not venture on so ingenious a reading without some authority. The sense and the truth would not suffer by its adoption. I looked eagerly into the last accurate and uncastrated edition of Clarendon, where the Rev. Dr. Bandinel has closely watched the autograph of Clarendon himself, even to a syllable; but the conjecture of Cole has only its own merit, being unwarranted by the original Manuscript.

tween Charles and the Scots. The project harmonised with the State-policy, but since the negotiation had concluded with a disaster, by placing the King in the imprisonment of a Scottish camp, Mazarin, who consulted his ease as often as the policy of the State, cared not to listen to the cries of a haffled negotiator. Desirous of silently wiping off the indignity which his luckless agent asserted had been offered to the Crown of France, anxious, too, to conceal from the English Parliament how deeply France had engaged herself in this secret intrigue with the Scots, and equally dreadiug lest Montreuil's "plain unvarnished tale" should irritate the Scottish chiefs by its exposition, the Minister condemned the luckless envoy to silence, forhade his appearance at Court, and afterwards exiled him from Paris. Clarendon, who has commemorated his fate, adds that Montreuil "died of grief of mind." What is more certain in the history of this French Resident, Clarendon seems not to have known. The discarded official man went over to the Opposition party, accepting the Secretaryship of the Prince of Conti. And when that Princo, the Duke of Longueville, and the great Condé were imprisoned at Vincennes, Montreuil hecame their active correspondent, and their secret counsellor. When these Princes obtained their liberty, his death prevented the recompense of his able services; hut as this happened five years after Montreuil's unlucky mission to the Scots, it seems more probable that, instead of "dying of grief of mind" from that incident, the discarded Envoy experienced no little satisfaction at mortifying "the hard-hearted Minister" by his firm and even triumphant opposition.

After these two French Residents, Bellievre, the French Ambassador, took up with his fine needle the dropped stitch of this net-work; proceeding on the same principle, threading the Parliament against the King, and tho King against the Parliament. The policy of the Cabinet of the Louvre was never designed by Mazarin to be of any essential service to England. And so we discover the conclusion by a passage in ono of Lord Clarendon's letters; "I am glad the French Ambassador hath disgusted the King, if he be enough disgusted. The truth is, the cheats and the villany of that nation is so gross that I cannot think of it with patience, neither can the King ever prosper till he abhors them perfectly, and trusts none who trust them."

Such is the nature of ministerial offices and Machiavelian politics! But this system, however reprohated by Clarendon, has not been peculiar to the French Cahinet; the English have had their share in this short-sighted policy. Nations, or rather Ministers, have sought in the domestic feuds of a neighbouring nation a false and hollow prosperity for themselves; unable to build up their own strength hy thoir own wisdom, they often deceive themselves by imagining they acquire stahility in proportion to tho weakness of their neighbours.

CHAPTER LXX.

Flight from Oxford to the Scottish Camp.

At Oxford, early in 1646, Charles was driven to his last resource. The King had passed through a dismal and disastrous winter. Day after day his garrisons had vanished, his scattered troops were defeated, or disbanded. He was no longer the commander of an army, while the armies of the Parliament multiplied around him. The King, sanguine as he was often in his worse fortunes, could not disguise from himself the ruin which was now hastening on him.

Fairfax and the other Parliamentary Generals were gradually drawing around their armies, and his belovod Oxford, which had long heen the resort of the most ominent personages of the nation, and was consecrated hy those treasures of literature which had often attracted his thoughts at intervals of quiot, was shortly to he begirt by an implacahle enemy.

Pressed still hardor than hy the Parliament's armies, by their unconditional "propositions," and by the solicitation of his confidential advisers at Paris to accept them, they strained his religious conscience on the rack, and all seemed to be lost, hut the feehle Honour, which he would not yield hut with his lifo.

There was no wisdom amidst distracted counsels, and no confidence among the hopeless. On one side they pressed the King to stay at Oxford, and surrender on honourable terms; for since the vote of the Independents in the Commons had passed, that he should never reign more, they only contemplated in the private flight of the King inevitable calamity; hut Ashburnham, who was usually of the King's mind, was willing to perish in flight, rather than to surrender at discretion.

Every hour seemed more urgent than the last, and Charles was to decide on his instant

course. Cast into many a reverie of desperate resolves, once Charles offered to two eminent commandors, that if they would give their word to conduct him to the Parliament, he would trust himself to their hands; but they refused to engage themselves by so perilous a favour. Thrice had he solicited a personal conference at Westminster, but the Parliament, who were daily expecting the circumvallation of Oxford, and had driven their game into a strong toil, had only replied by "an insulting silence," "an answer, answerless," as Elizabeth once curtly expressed herself to the Commons. The truth is, that even in this last reduced state of the King, his enemies dreaded "the royal presence" more than they had done his armies. (1) That romantic fancy which on more than one occasion had brokon out was still clinging about his mind. It was his favourite plan to venture himself in disguise, and unexpectedly appear at London. Perhaps not without some reasonable hopes, Charles imagined that by an uncommon mark of generous confidence he should secure his protection from a grateful city. (2) It has been said that to end this conflict of his head and his heart, his conscience tempted even by his friends, and his future proceedings distracted by adverse councils, Charles meditated by throwing himself out of Oxford, with four or five thousand men, to perish in the field, and thus exhibit in that Aceldama the woful spectacle of a signal immolation.(3)

At this moment the feelings of Charles were wrought up to their highest tension; and it may serve as an extraordinary evidence of the visionary turn of his mind, and the awful superstition of his soul, that Charles entertained some wayward fancy that, should he ever re-possess his throne, he would perform a public penance for tho sin, as it seemed to him, which lay heavy on his soul,—the deathwarrant of his great Minister. At this moment he wrote down a secret vow. solemnly offered to God, of his future resolutions to restore to the Church all the Cathedral and other Ecclesiastical lands formerly held by the Crown, and now, as he conceived, appropriated by sacrilegious hands. This singular document, the offusion of some melancholy and feverish hour, when pressed for farther concessions for the establishment of the Presbyterial Government in England, was buried under ground for security, during thirteen years, by Archbishop Sheldon.(4)

The language of Charles the First was often prompted by the most profound emotions, and at this awful crisis we detect the extreme agitation of tho monarch. Among other projects of the moment, his confidant, Ashburnham, was attempting to treat with the Independents, through the medium of the younger Vane. (5) The pretended principle of this faction, as it allowed to all men liberty of conscience, was more favourable to Charles than the principles of the Presbyterians, which restricted the faith of mankind to their Papistical synods and their Israelitish excommunications. One of these dispatches to Vane was written by the King. We may feel the agony of his cry!—"Be very confident that all things shall be performed according to my

(1) Dr. Lingard, x., 334, who has drawn a correct outline of the proceedings of Charles at this critical moment. The Parliament were so greatly alarmed at the idea of the King coming even privately to London, that they published an ordinance to imprison the sovereign should he be found within their limits.

(2) I say, "reasonable hopes," for May, the parliamentary historian, furnished a curious statement of public opinion in the capital about this time, which evidently marks its vacillation, and the increasing influence of the royal "Malignants" over their conquerors. Alluding to the dissensions between the Presbyterians and the Independents, the historian tells us, "The Malignants were ready to join with either side, that they might ruin both. For they themselves, though disarmed, were now become the greatest number, especially by the inconstancy of many men, either upon particular grievances or on account of the burden of taxations A great number of the citizens of London, not of the meanest, had revolted from their former principles, insomuch that the inhabitants of that city, all the King's garrisons having been by Fairfax's bloodless victories emptied into it, came to be in such a condition of strength, as that the Parliament, without the army's help, could not safely sit there." —May's Breviary of the History of the Parliament, p. 122.

(3) I derive this fact from a manuscript of Dr. Siukeley's "Account of the Escape of King Charles," among the Cole MSS., vol. xlv., 372. Such desperate decisions seem to be indicated in a letter to Montreuil, on Charles's design to fly to the Scots. "Exeter is to-morrow to be given up. so that I must expect to be blocked up here within very few days, which rather than be, I am resolved to run any hazard to come to you."—Clarendon State Papers, ii., 221.

(4) A transcript, attested by several eminent persons, was formerly among the collection of autographs of the late Mr. Upcott.

(5) Dr. Lingard affords us an ingenious conjecture on this extraordinary correspondence with this popular leader, who had evidently listened to the King, and indulged the intercourse with a view to keep "the royal bird" in his net till the great fowlers, his friends Fairfax and Cromwell, could get down to the toils. They were bringing up their armies from Cornwall to Oxford.—x., 338.

promise. By all that is good I conjure you to dispatch that courtesy for me with all speed, or it will be too late; I shall perish before I receive the fruits of it. I may not tell you my necessities, but if it were necessary so to do, I am sure you would lay all other considerations aside, and fulfil my desires. This is all; trust me, I will repay the favour to the full. I have done. If I have not an answer within four days, I shall be necessitated to find some other expedient. God direct you! I have discharged my duty."

The favour so earnestly implored was to admit the King to come to London, with a security of his person, observing that "the wealth of the nation is already exhausted, and the sufferings of the people so great, that they are no longer to be supported. This is reason; 'tis not to cast a bone among you!" (1)

Even at this moment, so humiliated in his own regard, so humble in his supplication, and anticipating the calamity preparing for him, Charles, amidst his unparalleled adversity, was borne up by the majesty which suffered, but knew to suffer. No monarch has written in so impassioned a style, for no monarch has found himself in a similar position, and few kings, even few men, have experienced such exalted emotions, and closed a long life of trial with the greatness with which he had borne it.

It is a beautiful reflection of Hume on this occasion, that "as the dread of ills is commonly more oppressive than their real presence, perhaps in no period of his life was he more justly the subject of compassion;" and he adds, with great truth of discrimination, "His vigour of mind, which, though it sometimes failed him in acting, never deserted him in his sufferings, was what alone supported him."

The truth of this statement is farther displayed in the warmth of the noble declaration which at this hour of awful suspense Charles wrote to Lord Digby. Even at this critical moment he was still flattering himself with the delusion of accomplishing a design which finally became his ruin. So prone was the helpless monarch to exemplify his favourite motto, which he frequently wrote in his books, *Dum spiro spero*.

"Since my last to you by Colonel Butler, misfortunes have so multiplied upon me that I have been forced to send this (to say no more) but strange message to London, yet, whatever comes of me, I must not forget my friends wherever they are.

"I am endeavouring to get to London, so that the conditions may be such as a gentleman may own, and that the Rebels may acknowledge me King; being not without hope that I shall be able so to draw either the Presbyterians or Independents to side with me for extirpating one or the other, that I shall be really King again.

"Howsoever, I desire you to assure all my friends, that if I cannot live as King, I shall die like a gentleman, without doing that which may make honest men blush for me.

"Oxford, 26 March, 1646." (2)

This was no unusual style with Charles; this circumstance is alluded to by Clarendon in writing to Culpepper. "How often have you and I heard him say, that if he could not live a King he would die a gentleman; let him wear that princely apothegm next his heart; and he will yet be happy in this world, and I am sure he will be as glorious to posterity."

When Charles decided on leaving Oxford, accompanied by Dr. Hudson and Ashburnham, he was irresolute where to direct his flight. Whether to venture on to London and seek a personal reconciliation with his Parliament, or to get by sea into Scotland to join Montrose, or repair to the Scottish camp before Newark, casting himself on their protection? Such important movements were to depend on any intelligence which he might procure on the road!

Dr. Hudson had an old pass for a captain, who was to go to London about his composition. In a scarlet cloak the Doctor represented the military bearer. At midnight the King came with the Duke of Richmond to Ashburnham's apartment. The scissors were then applied to the King's tresses, and Charles's love-lock, which was never more to float on the left side, and to clip that peaked beard which adorns the royal portrait. At two in the morning Hudson went to the Governor, Sir Thomas Glenham, who brought the keys. The clock struck three as they went over Magdalen-bridge. They passed the port which opens on the London road, where the Governor received his orders from

(1) Clarendon State Papers, II., 326.

(2) Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, III. Appendix, No. 433.

the King not to suffer any port to he opened for five days. The Governor took his leave with a "Farewell, Harry!" for to that name Charles was now to answer, as Ashburnham's servant, wearing a Montero cap, and carrying a cloak-bag.

Hudson and Ashburnham rode with pistols. They met several troopers; a party of horse inquired to whom they belonged? "To the honourable House of Commons," was the answer. One of Ireton's men joined them on their way to Slough, and observing the Doctor, or the Captain, repeatedly give money to the soldiers, asked the King, as the servant, whether his master was one of the Lords of Parliamont? The King replied, "No! my master is one of the Lower House."

They baited at an inn at Hillingdon, a village near Uxbridge. Here several hours were passed in debating on their future course; London or northward? They looked over "the News-books," from whence they gathered no comfort. They found that the Parliament had already notice of the King's escape, and on a prevalent rumour both at Oxford and at London that tho King was actually in London, the Parliament betrayed their alarm by publishing an ordinance, by beat of drum and sound of trumpet, that whoever should harbour the King should forfeit their whole estate. (1)

Those who pretend that the cares and necessities of a King are not be regarded as of more consideration, nor should more excite our sympathy, than those of "a peasant," as one has recently expressed it, (2) or of any other individual, seem to be little conversant with human nature. The decision of a monarch may be a catastrophe in the history of a nation, and the emotions of a conscientious prince may be commensurate with the greatness of the contemplated object. Was there no difference in the magnitude of the feelings of Alfred in his distresses, and his reveries, for re-conquering his kingdom, when he took refuge in the cot of the husbandman, than that peasant would have experienced had he been expelled his own hut? We might as well conclude, by a false analogy, an equal sympathy is excited when some obscure skiff perishes, as when a noble ship of war, with all its complement of men, and its many associations of glory, sinks in the ocean.

Opposite and unsettled were now the musings of Charles. Should he venture to hasten to those who had already pronounced his fate? Could the Sovereign in his person restore peace to his people, whom four long years of devastating civil war had afflicted with all its miseries? The idea was glorious, the emotion was sublime! Charles was still balancing in his mind to dare this desperate attempt—but what he had seen in "the News-books" had revealed without disguise the temper of those whom he would vainly have conciliated. In agony the King tore himself away from his favourite scheme, and his abandoned capital, and with his two faithful followers pursued their road northward, uncertain of their destination.

Their way was beset with dangers. They passed through fourteen garrisons of their enemies. They frequently met with soldiers, whose inquiries as yet were satisfied with a few shillings thrown to them; but trivial incidents will alarm the fugitive. Once they were hard pursued by a drunken squire galloping after them. They now heard that it was known that the King had quitted Oxford in tho disguise of a servant, and it became necessary to change his appearance to that of a clergyman. The barber who trimmed the King expressed his astonishment at the rough clipping of his beard, from the hasty inexpert scissors of Ashburnham, and he seemed too curious in his inquiry after tho dishonour of his craft.

The King and Ashburnham were left at Downham, in Norfolk, while Dr. Hudson was dispatched to Montreuil for information. The French Resident declared the King had no choice left but to put himself into the hands of the Scots, whose commissioners again confirmed their former verbal agreement to the full, though they still refused to subscribe any paper. The Doctor, who had all along suspected the intentions of the Scots, since their former failure of sending the promised cavalry to Harborough, now offered, with his accustomed courage, to go himself to London and ascertain if the King would be honourably received. Montreuil pronounced the scheme absolutely fatal.

On Hudson's return the King resolved to repair to the Scots. He had left Oxford on the 26th of April, and arrived on the 5th of May where Montreuil resided. After dinner the King passed to Kelham-bridge, the head-

(1) Whitelocke, 208.

(2) Mr. John Towill Rutt, in his notes on Burton's Parliamentary Diary, ii., 320, to whom I would do ample justice as a most intelligent annotator. His observation applies to the *murder* of Charles, which makes it the more cruel, unphilosophical, and unjust.

quarters of General Leven. Discovering himself to the Scottish General, Leven raised his hands in amazement, and expressed the most alarming surprise. He lodged the King at Kelham House for his security, secure as in a prison, and gave him a guard of honour, who also served as a sentinel over the royal captive.

The Scots had obtained the secret object they wished, through the honourable confidence of Montreuil in their verbal but solemn assurances, and having signed no terms, and sent no troops to receive the King, they had eluded every appearance of being implicated in this important movement. This affair was conducted with such caution and secrecy by the commissioners at the Scotch quarter, who had held an intercourse with Montreuil, that it appeared uncertain whether the Scots under General Leven were at all co-partners with their commissioners. The cards were shuffled, and they were now free to play their game to perfection. It was a see-saw between the Scotch commissioners at London, who had first settled the treaty, and the Scotch commissioners at the army, verbally confirming what Montreuil required on the faith of France. It was, however, pretended by the Scottish lords, that they had not been privy to conditions agreed at London, or unauthenticated by any document, as if in a transaction of this vital nature the parties had not freely communicated. When Charles discovered the extraordinary duplicity which had been practised, he demanded "How he came to be invited thither, and whether Lesley was not to have met him with a troop of cavalry?" Montreuil justified what he had so often informed the King, from themselves, to their faces; they could not deny these charges, but with ingenious effrontery they acknowledged "that it was all very true, for they approved of his Majesty's confidonce in them, and honouring their army with his residence as the place where he intended to settle a peace;" which peace, the Earl of Lothian informed his Majesty, was to accept their Covenant, and subscribe whatever had been required! (1) On the subsequent day of the King's arrival, Lesley, the Scotch General, addressed a letter to the committee of both kingdoms; giving this strange account, "The King came into our army yesterday in so private a way, that after we had made search for him, upon the surmises of some persons who pretended to know his face, yet we could not find him out in sundry houses. And we believe your lordships will think it was matter of much astonishment to us, seeing we did not expect he would have come in any place under our power."—Notwithstanding the treaty which had been for some time carried on by the Scotch commissioners.—"We conceived it not fit to inquire into the causes that persuaded him to come hither, but to endeavour that his being here might be improved to the best advantage for promoting the work of uniformity, for settling religion and righteousness." (2)

How "they improved it to the best advantage" we shall see, as well as their own tariff of their "Religion and Righteousness."

From the recently published Narrative of Ashburnham, I am inclined to conclude, that this favourite companion of Charles delivered what was not distant from the truth, when he observed, "The Money due from the Parliament to the Scots, was the design of divers in their army inviting his Majesty to them, and proved to be the price of his delivery to the Parliament." (3)

CHAPTER LXXI.

The King in the Presbyterian Camp.

The possession of the person of the King by the Scots inflamed the keenest jealousies on the side of the English Parliament. The minority in the Commons was now becoming the more powerful part. They had got the helm of the vessel into their hands, which, as was observed, though it be one of the least pieces of timber in the ship, yet turns the whole body at the Statesman's will. Cromwell and his party in 1646, as Whitelocke informs us, were carrying on their designs with much privacy and subtlety. It is equally curious and instructive to place together in juxtaposition the scattered atoms of intelligence which we gather from contemporaries, unconnected with each other, indicative of the same period, and alluding to the same circumstance. Ludlow, the honest Republican General, confirms Whitelocke's suggestion. At this time, the public and magnificent funeral of the Earl of Essex had been procured by the Presbyterian party, and excited the envy and indignation of the Army-party and the Commonwealth-men. Ludlow

(1) Ashburnham's Narrative, 76.

(2) Rushworth, vi., 268.

(3) Ashburnham's Narrative, 87.

writes, "I observed that another party was not idle." This appeared in a remarkable convorsation in which Cromwell tampered with Ludlow, clearly showing that even at this period, in 1646, that extraordinary man was contemplating the annihilation of a Parliament, and the erection, doubtless, of himself as a Chief, nnder the modest assumption of General. (1) These depositions from such opposite quarters accord with Clarendon's correct statement. "The Preshyterian party in the Houses did what they pleased, and were thonght to govern all; the Independents craftily letting them enjoy that confidence of their power and interest till they had dismissed their friends the Scots out of the kingdom." (2)

The Army-party, that is, the Levellers, and the party of the Commonwealth-men, were those who were most uneasy at the disposal of the King's person hy the Presbyterians. We learn this secret from General Ludlow. As soon as it was known that the King had gone to the Scottish army, "the House of Commons, deeming it unreasonable that the Scots' army being in their pay should assume the authority to dispose of the King, otherwise than by their orders, sent to demand the person of the King, resolving farther that the King should he conducted to the Castle of Warwick." (3) They had decided to imprison the King at once, which afterwards cost them so much artifice and trouble to effect. An army of observation, consisting of cavalry, closely watched the movements of the Scots, and a vote of the House for continuing the payment of the army during the subsequent six months intimated an intelligible decision to their refractory allies.

It was only a fortnight after the King's arrival in the Scottish camp in May, that the Parliament voted that "this kingdom had no farther need of the army of their hrethren the Scots in this kingdom," and a grant of one hundred thousand pounds was made for the Scots, provided that "they advanced into Scotland." The notice which the Scots took of their dismissal was excessively mild. They declared that "they came into England out of affection, and not in a mercenary way, willing to return home, and want of pay shall be no hindrance thereunto." (4)

The vote of dismission was, however, renewed, July 6th, with a severe animadversion. The Parliament declared that they had no more need of the Scots' army, which they desired to withdraw out of the kingdom, "which is no longer ahle to bear th m;" alluding to their heavy contributions, their free quarters, and other considerable grievances which had ground down the people, and almost depopulated the northern counties. The Scots, with a happy forgetfulness of their recent magnanimous profession of their indifference to "want of pay," now sent in a demand for five hundred thousand pounds.

Certainly in the lexicon of political morality, the term gratitude will not be found. The instant an ally becomes useless we discover that he is onerous. We now view the Parliament prescribing their commands, and not soliciting the aid of "their brethren" of Scotland, formerly their "dear brethren." Their position had altered. The Eng lish Parliament had extinguished the forces of Charles, who now, by his own hand, had voluntarily surrendered every town he possessed. Sole Sovereigns of the kingdom, the Parliament, elate in conquest, had their numerous armies at liberty to expel an invader; and their novel and undisguised boldness was prompted by the union of Authority with Power. The Scots, on the contrary, who had formerly made their Paymasters court them, now awed by the armies of England, in their turn were become the solicitors. They had affected not to be considered as "Mercenaries," but in reality they had a stake depending which made all Scotland serious, a stake which it were hopeless to fight for, and could only be ohtained hy craft and treaty.

The secret of the great change of conduct in the Parlianent and the Scots is revealed by a single observation of Whitelocke: "The Houses now saw the advantages of keeping up their army, as that which the more inclined the Scots to come to this offer"—that is, of delivering up all their garrisons in England on the auditing and paying their arrears. But they dealt in rounder snms than their arrears. Those who had professed that they were "not Mercenaries" and indifferent to "the want of pay," at first had

(1) Ludlow's Memoirs, i., 160. Cromwell, with dramatic art, first touched the filial nerve of Ludlow by an allusion to his late father, a stern Commonwealth-man. "If thy father were alive, he would tet some of them have what they deserve." And shortly after, "These men will never leave till the army pull them out by the ears." 163.

(2) Clarendon, v. 421.

(3) Ludtow's Memoirs, i., 152.

(4) Whitelocke, 211—219.

talked of two millions, and the royal pledge they held in their hands they deemed to be an ample security.

The King's durance at Newcastle lasted nine months, and the negotiation for the royal person was a deliberate act, for it passed through a gradual process. The adjusting the sums the Scots claimed, combined with the disposal of the King's person, were affairs of extreme delicacy. At first the Scots were resolute that "they neither would nor could compel the King to return to the Parliament." They had then some hope of seeing a King in Israel, and converting Charles to their Covenant. At the close of the year 1646, the Scottish Commissioners quitted London, but in what humour they left their old Masters we may gather from an extraordinary circumstance. When it was moved in the Commons, to vote the thanks of the House to the Scottish Lords, for *civilities and good offices*, the Independent faction carried an amendment to strike out the three last words! The exalted characters which Parliament were wont to bestow on the Scotch Commissioners on every occasion were now sunk into the coldest phraseology of political etiquette. It is clear that the Scots had not yet had their accounts passed.

At Edinburgh, however, they were probably impatient to conclude the difficult negotiation. The Scots pressed their Covenant on the King, sure he would never subscribe to it; but they who had so long cried out against forcing their own consciences allowed no such tenderness to others. The King demanded of the Scotch Commissioners at Newcastle, whether if he went to Scotland he should be there with honour, freedom, and safety? To this they returned no answer, which perhaps was sufficiently explicit. (1)

On the 16th of January, 1647, it was debated, in the Scottish Parliament, what should be done with his Majesty's person? Burnet tells us that the Parliament at Edinburgh were all inclined to deliver the King to the English Parliament, but it is probable that Whitelocke more correctly informs us, that, to the Scottish honour, it was carried but by two votes for the King not coming to Scotland. (2) On this occasion the Hamiltons were cast into a state of desperate affliction according to their opposite characters. The Duke was all melancholy and despair, the Earl of Lanerick breathed fury and rage. (3) They witnessed the open defection or the designed absence of their friends. The Earl of Lanerick's emphatic abjuration has come down to us, "As God shall have mercy on my soul at the great day, I would choose rather to have my head struck off at the Market-Cross of Edinburgh than give my consent to this vote!" He groaned in declaring that "it was the blackest Saturday that ever Scotland saw!" alluding to a great eclipse which happened many years before, and from which that day on which the Parliament had met was called "the black Saturday." The Hamiltons, who kept up an active correspondence with the most secret sources of intelligence at London, with a political second-sight contemplated on the scene which was about to open in England. Burnet positively states that "the designs of the Independents against the King's person and Monarchy had been faithfully discovered to the Scotch by some of their Commissioners at London." This was two years before that event which was to startle Europe occurred! The Hamiltons seem to have had a juster conception of the intentions of that party by whose talons the Sovereign was now to be grasped, than had the King himself.

Hume has noticed a curious circumstance. The Scotch Parliament, ashamed of the infamy of this extraordinary transaction, had afterwards absolutely voted for the protection and liberty of the King; but the General Assembly decreed that, as Charles has refused the Covenant, it became not the Godly to concern themselves about his fortunes. A public fast and a double sermon were ordered in the morning, "according to our custom at St. Andrew's before the execution," as the Earl of Lanerick observed. The rest of the day was to be employed in taking a final resolution. But it is evident that the resolution had been taken before the fast and the sermons; it was, as usual, a mockery of Heaven to give a religious solemnity to a predetermined design. The Parliament, in de-

(1) Whitelocke, 239, under the date 22nd January. The accuracy of this sort of dates is difficult to ascertain. We cannot always be certain whether this statesman, in his most useful Diary, journalised his intelligence the day the circumstance occurred, or only the day on which he learnt it. It is evident that when Charles put this important question, either the Scottish Parliament had not yet declared their decision, or Charles had not yet heard of it.

(2) Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 311. Whitelocke, 240.

(3) Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 307.

cency, were now compelled to retract their generous vote. We see that the land of Papistry is not the only land where a nation may be priest-ridden.

The truth seems that the Scottish accounts were now on the point of being passed. It was bruited at London that the Scots had discovered that, "should they receive his Majesty, it would be contrary to their engagements with England." A Scotchman, slave at once to his worldly interest and his Israelitish Covenant, when it was supposed that the Duke of Hamilton was concerned in planning the escape of the King, earnestly wrote to his Grace not to concur in any such design; "The King getting out of their hands would ruin all;"—that is, we presume, the four hundred thousand pounds—"and that since God had hardened the King's heart not to serve him according to the Covenant, this Pharaoh himself ought no longer to be served." (1)

On the 25th of January the Scottish declaration arrived at London, which communicated to both Houses that "as the King has often declared his desires to be near his Parliament of England, they had fixed on Holmby to conclude the bargain, provided that the money was forthcoming." This fortunate recollection on the side of the Scots of the King's repeated desire to be near his Parliament was sudden, but it served for a colourable plea.

The waggons dragged the heavy freight to Topcliffe House, and the Scots gave "their Acquittances." After chaffering through many months, though they had allowed a heavy discount for their two millions, reducing it to less than a fourth, they had on the whole driven a hard bargain with a niggardly Parliament, who had at first tried to foist them by a single hundred. The Parliament could only have been obstinate from sheer envy of their former "dear brethren!" for to this levy of money no "honest man" contributed a single penny. The Parliamentary Arithmetic at this moment was simple. Noy imagined that he had found "a bottomless purse" in his Ship-money, and was mistaken. The Parliament, however, had on every emergency this bottomless purse in the sale of the Church lands, Bishops' rents, Sequestrations, and compoundings for the Estates of that half of the Nation, the Delinquents.

(1) Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 307. "So highflown were men at that time," observes Burnet.

The Parliament of Scotland, on the due receipt of their silver, and the acceptance of a bill for the remainder, at one year's date, sent "their Resolution to their General to deliver the King to the Commissioners of England, but to be careful to stipulate for 'the safety of his person!'" The stipulation cost a penful of ink to balance the sum of four hundred thousand pounds.

Charles said that "He was bought and sold," and the witty Republican Harry Martin objected to the stipulation for "the safety of the person of the King," for that "the King had broken the peace, and why should the Parliament be bound for his safety?" At that moment was the future Regicide uneasy lest the treaty with the Scots should be inviolable?

This sale and purchase of Royalty seems not to have surprised Charles, who, from the day he arrived at the Scottish Camp, discovered that he was in the condition of a prisoner, accompanying the movements of an army which he could not command. The extraordinary anecdote related of him on this occasion confirms the idea that he had hoped for no better fate. The King was playing at chess when he received the letter giving the first account of the Scots having decided to surrender him to the English Parliament. The intelligence so little disconcerted him that he finished, and won the game without interruption, and those who had observed him reading the letter could not detect by any alteration in his countenance, or manner, the importance of that communication. The truth appears to be that he was at that very time meditating his escape from Newcastle by sea, but as usual he knew not whither. A disguise had even been put on, and the backstairs had been descended, when Charles apprehending that he could not pass undiscovered through all the Guards, with his accustomed romantic feeling, dreaded the disgrace and indecency, as he imagined, to which he exposed his person, altered his resolution and returned to his imprisonment. (2)

From the 4th of May 1646, to February 1647, lasted the durance of Charles in the Scottish Camp. During these nine months the King experienced another civil war, in the opinions of his confidential advisers. His military career had closed, the arena of political intrigue was narrowed, and the single object of discussion was the abrogation of the

(2) Memoirs of the Hamiltons, 307.

Liturgy and the Episcopacy, and the establishment, on their ruins, of the Covenant, and the Presbytery in England.

If Scotland had vindicated her national right to erect that Kirk establishment, which she had erst received from Knox, on the principle that the majority of the people were Presbyterian, by the very same principle had she lost all right to obtrude her Presbytery on an Episcopal nation. It was evidently an act of tyrannical usurpation on the side of the Covenanters—and, so far as regards the policy of the English Government, we may sympathise with the hard fate of Charles, who as an English monarch had to reject this Scottish yoke.

Unhappily, with Charles the First, these waters of bitterness welled from two distinct sources. The one comprised his political independence, for he would not be a mere titular King, and the other involved his religious conscience, for Episcopacy with him, as much as Presbytery with the Covenanters, was a Divine Institution. The abolition of the Church of England, as this Church has been emphatically distinguished, was to him more terrible than death; when, as the last act of his despair, he consented to a temporary suspension of the Episcopal order, in the agony of his spirit, tears fell from the monarch's eyes.

His English confidential advisers now at Paris, the Queen, Jermyn, and Culpepper, and the various Ambassadors and the Residents of France, were incessantly pressing on Charles the wisdom of yielding up Episcopacy. The Parisian party dispatched Davenant to the King. The poet, as reckless on the subject as his confederates, had probably pleased his fancy, that his elocution, his philosophical spirit, and his poetical vein, might give a close to the interminable discussion on the Church of England and tho Presbytery of the Kirk, with the facility with which he was composing the stanzas in his own "Gondibert." Courteous as was Charles to poets, the monarch was serious and severe before the bard, who, quitting his rhymes, mingled theology with diplomacy.—"To part with the Church," observed the wit, "was the advice of all his friends."—"What friends?" asked the King.—"The Lord Jermyn."—"He does not understand any thing of the Church!"—"The Lord Culpepper was of the same mind."—"Culpepper has no religion!" The wit, now engaged on a topic which probably he had little considered, and cared less about, ventured to assign his own ingenious reasons, and spoko slightingly of the Church. The pious but indignant monarch, reproaching the trembling poet in terms of unusual reprehension, commanded the witling never more to presume to come into his presence. (1)

We should neither consider Charles the First according to the notions of our own times, nor of those who, even in his day, blamed the King for the stiffness of his opinions. Inasmuch as the discusions on Church government turned simply on a mode of worship, was the King to have a conscience less tender for his Church than that which his opponents asserted their own to be for their Kirk? "Such religious zeal prevailed on both sides, and had reduced to an unhappy and distracted condition the King and people," observes our historical philosopher. These topics are now unworthy to occupy a philosophical mind, and have been long consigned to the clashings of obscnre Sectarians. But what we may admire is the magnanimity of Charles, if not the generous temper, in never forsaking for his own ease, even for his crown, the declining and ancient religious institution of his people. Now, a captive in the Presbyterian camp, in his solitary distresses he poured forth an energetic remonstrance to the Parisian party, and still resisted that unconditional submission which two deputations from the Parliament had prescribed to a vanquished monarch. In this agony of his spirit, to work on it more deeply, it had been insinuated by Davenant, that if the King did not concede the great point in agitation, the Queen had decided to retire to a monastery. On this, the King, in reply to Jermyn and Culpeppor, stated his own case with remarkable energy, and touched on his more private griefs with the most refined delicacy and with tho deepest emotion:—

"I find myself condemned by all my best friends of such a high destructive and unheard-of kind of wilfulness, that I am thought to stand single in my opinion, and to be ignorant of both my main foundations, to wit, conscience and policy. But must I be called single, because some are frighted out of, or others dare not avow, these opinions? And who causes me to be condemned but those who either take courage and moral honesty for conscience, or those who were

(1) Clarendon, v., 412.

never rightly grounded in religion according to the Church of England. As for the two Queens (Anne of Austria and Henrietta) and Cardinal, I should blame them if they did not give out sentence against me, considering the false information of those who believe themselves to be, but are not, true English Protestants; nor do understand the inseparable mischiefs which the Presbyterian doctrine brings along with it to a kingdom. (He alludes to their anti-monarchical principles.) Wherefore, instruct yourselves better, recant, and undeceive those whom you have misinformed. Davenant has threatened me of 351 (the Queen) retiring to a monastery. I say no more of it—my heart is too big—the rest being fitter for your thoughts than my expression. In another way I have mentioned this to 351 (the Queen), my grief being the only thing I desire to conceal from her, with which I am as full now as I can be without bursting. Neither anger nor grief shall make me forget my friendship to you."(1)

When Charles passed over to the Scottish camp, he repeated a former promise that, in regard to Church government, he would be very willing to be instructed concerning the Presbyterian, to content them in any thing not against his conscience. (2) The Scots sent to Charles their veteran polemic, Alexander Henderson. That famous disputation, which however was carried on by an exchange of papers, opened at the close of May, and was not terminated in the midst of July, for, labouring on a fresh reply to the last received from the King, the polemic of the Kirk was compelled to give it up either in despair or vexation of spirit, and, retiring to Edinburgh, died in August.

It is averred by the Prelatical party that the old man died heart-broken. Clarendon mystifies the tale, "being *so far* convinced and converted, that he had a very deep sense of the mischief he had himself been the author of." The degree of "conviction and conversion," in the graduated scale of polemical theology, which is assigned by Clarendon's "*so far*," might form a curious enigma. It is probable that the Presbyter left Newcastle in despair of converting the King to the Covenant. The reputation of the whole affair remained with the King, unaided by his clergy or his books. It seems more certain that neither had convinced the other. When great polemics happen to die after an indigestible disputation, it has been usual to imagine that they sank into the grave under an immedicable logomachy. But the Scottish biographers assure us that "he was worn out with fatigue and travel." "The fatigue" probably of the opponent and the respondent, for "the travel" from London to Newcastle and thence to Edinburgh was much shorter. All the heat and weariness of an interminable disputation about the primitive origin of Bishops or of Presbyters, carried on through a sultry season, might in its exacerbation end in a tympany with a grey-haired polemic.

The King and his Scots parted from one another with regret, Charles received the English Commissioners with cheerfulness. They kissed hands, and the King in good humour rallied the Earl of Pembroke at his advanced age for performing "a winterly journey with such youthful companions." The Commissioners waited on the King with the accustomed state. The Presbyterian party in Parliament had voted fifty pounds *per diem* for the royal maintenance, and conducted the King to one of his Palaces, instead of the imprisonment of Warwick Castle, as the Independents had at first proposed. The people flocked wherever the King appeared, many falling on their knees before him to receive the royal touch, from the superstition of that day. Some with tears, some with acclamations, some with fervent prayers, saluted the monarch, who was pleased that the troops did not disturb these grateful salutations. On his arrival at Holmby House, in Northamptonshire, not distant from Althorpe, the King found that ancient and favourite palace, built by the Lord Chancellor Hatton, who called it "the last and greatest monument of his youth," (3) fully prepared for his reception, and many country gentlemen with joyful countenances awaiting to receive their sovereign, returning after several years of such well-known affliction. The presence of this sovereign usually excited the loyalty of the people. (4) Charles did not appear to be less

(1) Clarendon State Papers, ii., 270.

(2) Ibid., ii., 290.

(3) It was one of the miserable effects of the Civil War, that this ancient mansion at Holmby, as well as others at Oatlands, Richmond, Theobalds, etc. were pulled down to raise money to satisfy the arrears of some regiments of the army. They all did not raise so much as any one of those royal residences had cost when built, and they were among the architecturat curiosities and ornaments of the nation.

(4) In the eyes of that sturdy Commonwealth-

a sovereign than in happier days, nor was the stately mansion of Holmby darkened by the gloom, or restricted by the impassable circuit, of a prison. Appearances were more flattering than the reality!

CHAPTER LXXII.

The Army.*

The gardens of Holmby House, and the neighbouring bowling-green of Althorpe, to which the King was allowed to resort, to one of his strict sobriety offered healthful recreations. The intervals, according to his custom, whenever he resumed his tranquil habits, were devoted to settled hours for writing and study, to his favourite chess-board, and to conversation in his walks, accompanied by a single companion. The Commissioners, never obtruding themselves in the *surveillance*, still treated their captive as their King.

The monarch, whose retired character had formerly communicated such a cold formality to his manners, had long mingled with his brothers in adversity. Already the day had arrived

> "Whate'er they felt, to feel, and know himself a Man!"

Much had he suffered, and in his approaching captivities much remained to be endured. His familiar graciousness charmed his attendants; it recovered the aged and eccentric Earl of Pembroke from a fit of sickness, by the King's pleasantry and personal attentions, and it melted away the Republican fierceness of a Commonwealth-man by one of the smallest gifts which the magical hand of royalty ever converted into a bribe to corrupt the weakness of human nature. (2)

Amidst this apparent calm, during a period of about four months, the rigour of the imprisonment was, however, felt; his confidential friends were dismissed, and his chaplains denied admittance. Two Presbyterian divines were baffled by the evasive civility of the King, in their attempts at saying grace, and converting the Episcopalian monarch to the covenant of Israel.

The calm the royal prisoner enjoyed was not participated by his subjects. A crisis was pressing to its birth of time, and Charle was only allowed his present tranquillity till the struggle of two gigantic parties had decided whose prisoner the King was.

It will be sufficient here to remind the reader, that the Parliament for some time past had quailed under "the Egyptian slavery," as Denzil Holles calls it, of the Army. The Army, indeed, applied the identical expression to the Parliament. The Presbyterian faction consisted in great part of persons who had grown rich on the spoils of the country. They had shown themselves but indiscreet managers of the heavy assessments, and other sources of revenue drawn from the public purse. Cromwell observed that "he was as fit to rule as Holles;" and his faction, the Independents, or the Army, though inferior in number, but more powerful in reality, had portioned out among themselves the most lucrative places, and dispensed the most prodigal donations. Thus the younger had deeply encroached on the elder faction. The Presbyterian Clement Walker sourly exclaims, "that our Princes have become thieves was heretofore our complaint, but now we must invert it, and cry that our thieves are become Princes!"(1)

The Army originally raised for the preservation of the Parliament, having accomplish-

man Ludlow, the image of fallen majesty could excite no generous emotion. He expresses his surprise at this zealous affection of the people, who, he says, "notwithstanding that he (Charles) was beaten out of the field," by the honours paid him, concluded he must "certainly be in the right, though he was guilty of the blood of many thousands." Charles is thus reproached as a sanguinary man, which assuredly he never was; nor is it just to charge the King *only* with inflicting the miseries of a civil war, in which, short of life, which he never shrank from risking, the King had participated of the miseries more than any individual in his dominions.

(1) General Ludlow, a sincere Republican with narrow views, ascribes the apostasy of Major-General Brown, one of the commissioners, to a cause which suits not the gravity of history. "Col. Brown, the Woodmonger, being nominated to be a commissioner, who sat behind me in the House, assured me that he would ever be true to us. And truly I then believed him, having met him at the beginning of the war in Smithfield buying horses for the Parliament, and served them successfully. But when the King found out the ambitious temper of the wretched man, and cast some slight favours upon him, *giving him a pair of silk stockings with his own hand*, his low and abject origin and education became so prevalent in him, as to transform him into an agent or spy for the King."—Ludlow's Memoirs, i., 154. This "pair of silk stockings" kept the Colonel loyal all his life, and procured him a baronetcy at the Restoration. It was by his personal intercourse with the monarch that "the Woodmonger's" attachment rose, from his admiration of the true dignity and the magnanimous fortitude of the man; a circumstance with frequently occurred in the many years of the adversities of this King.

(2) We may turn to Denzil Holles' Memoirs, 132,

ed that design, was now without an object. Among other improvident acts of the Parliament, the Army was always left with heavy arrears, which were to be drawn from each county, and which ground down the miserable people. An uncertain pay was usually extorted from the terrors of the civil government, or, like marauders, the soldiers lived at free quarters. The Parliament reasonably declared that they would be governed by known laws, and not by the arbitrary will of military despots. Their secret wish was now to disband their victorious army; and for this purpose, having bribed away their allies the Scots, and thus apparently settled the peace of the kingdom, there remained, as it seemed to them, no farther excuse for the maintenance of this onerous body. And for a prelude, a plea, and an expedient, they urged the immediate necessity of dispatching troops to Ireland, thus to scatter, and to break that force, which they could not dissolve. (1)

The Presbyterian faction was now to meet its fate in the creative genius of Cromwell. By a series of the most refined intrigues, by the most exquisite dissimulation practised both with the King and the Parliament, and by the most daring *coups d'état* which stand in the records of history, Cromwell was raising the Army to be the sovereign or supreme power in the nation. That artful man and great genius has been described by Hume. "Though one visor fell off, another still remained to cover his natural countenance. Where delay was requisite, he could employ the most indefatigable patience; where celerity was necessary, he flew to a decision." The simple artifice of Cromwell was to belong to all parties till he had raised one for himself. Bound to no single principle whatevor, the future Protector, as his ambition opened on him, raced with whatever principle or whatever party was prevalent at the moment, at once in the House a Presbyterian, in the Army an Independent, and with the King a Royalist. It was observed that he was always the first to oppose a change, but when he could not control it, he was the first to drive it furiously on.

An extraordinary invention in the military system, which required the daring conception of a profound conspirator, was now displayed by Cromwell. The new-modelling the Army, called the Self-denying Ordinance, had already preceded this last master-stroke, and had answered a former design; it was a congenial invention. There was now instituted in the Army itself a mimetic government of the two Houses. A Parliament was elected among the military themselves; the Upper House of the Army consisted of a Supreme Council of Officers; for the Lower, every regiment furnished two representatives drawn from the common soldiery, *ex fœce populi*, says Holles. The common soldier, however, assumed a new rank, for he would no longer be called "common" but "private soldier." (2) These representatives called Adjutators, as Ludlow names them, from their conduct, became soon known by the more expressive variation of Agitators. (3) I do not hesitate to believe that Cromwell, con-

for a statement of the plunder of the public money by the Independents; and we may farther pursue our researches in Clement Walker's History of Independency, Part. I., 143 and 167. Our Red or Black Book becomes White in comparison. The Independents monopolised all the great offices, divided the taxes, and gave daily to one another for pretended services, arrears, and losses, great sums of money. Some secret anecdotes of these spoliations are recorded by Clement Walker. Holles gives full rein to his lively resentment. "They charge us with having a great power upon the treasure of the kingdom, disposing of the public money, enriching ourselves, and would embroil the land in a new war, that we might not be called to an account. Oh, the impudence! They know that themselves only meddled in money matters, well licking their fingers, for they know they shared and divided among themselves all the fat of the land, the treasure, the offices, the King's revenue, the revenue of the Church, the estates of so great a part of the nobility and gentry, whom they had made delinquents. And we, not one of us, had anything to do in all this!" Was this tone either that of self-congratulation or self-regret?

(1) Mrs. Macaulay, the vehement advocate for the Independents or the Levellers, states the case. "They were to be transported to the wasted inhospitable country of Ireland, where their masters, the Parliament, might starve or relieve them at pleasure."—iv., 284.

(2) This assumption of individual independence in opposition to their public engagements is noticed by Ludlow. "The chief officers pretended to keep the *private soldiers*, for they would no longer be called *common soldiers*."—i., 166. The technical term *privates* for common soldiers seems to have been retained, from the present obscure circumstance; it is not, however, to be found in any of our Dictionaries.

(3) Mr. Godwin says, "their office being to *aid* the regular Council of War, or to *agitate* such questions as the interest of the army required to have considered." This explanation seems peculiar to this able writer. But it gives too fair a face to the monster. What sort of *agitation* might be expected from these senators, "the privates," is pretty obvious. Lord Chesterfield justly observed that "the Army which fought for the Nation under Charles the First fought against it for Cromwell."

jointly with his son-in-law Ireton, whose powerful pen drew up the papers of the Army, were the secret movers of this novel military revolution. It was not only fully credited by contemporaries, but we learn from Baxter the history of a former acquaintance of his, closely connected with this formidable body. This person, from a humble station, became Captain Berry, and at length rose to be one of the Lords of the Protector, though, to finish his story at once, at the Restoration he dropped back into his original obscurity, and earned his livelihood as a gardener. This Berry was a crony of Cromwell, and the actual President of the Agitators. (1)

Here then was a Kingdom within a Kingdom, where one could not subsist with the other. This anomalous establishment astonished their adversaries; it had risen like a sudden exhalation. The soldiers at a distance from the capital appeared as their own workmen, while their absent masters in Parliament seemed engaged in opposition to their scheme. Nothing was done in the Army but what had been planned and ordered by the officers at London. Cromwell, however, lay concealed by his mysterious conduct, though not unsuspected. On one occasion, he hastened down to the Army and quieted the turbulent, and on his return it was declared that this Saviour of his country merited the public honour of a statue. Still some members were suspicious, and one day, not seeing him in his place, the House moved to have him sent for. He had not yet deserted them, and he appeared, to renew his protestations. On that very evening he stole away, and in the morning was in the midst of the matured revolution of the Army, in defiance of all the execrations which he had heaped on his own head, and of that solemn assurance by which he had pledged himself that the Army would go with a word to any part of the world the Parliament would choose to command!

The two Houses in the Army, these new Rulers, took the Government into their own hands, censuring the orders and votes of Parliament, and issuing their own warrants. The observation of Hume is remarkable—"The Army in their usurpations on the Parliament copied exactly the model which the Parliament had set them in their recent usurpations on the Crown." And to this we must add, that those tumultuary petitions and mobs, by which the Parliament had driven the Sovereign from the capital, when they were brought to act against the Parliament themselves, as they now were, forced the Parliament to fly from their seats, and to throw themselves into the merciful arms of the Army. (2)

Perhaps it has not been remarked that the great political actions of Cromwell were repeated *coups d'état*; some of the greatest which History records, with some minor ones, turning on the same principle. Familiar as we are with the memorable "Purge" of Colonel Pride, which hastened on the trial of the King, we appear not to recollect that these greater "Purges" were four times repeated. "Purge" was the term which was now in vogue, and in practice. When Ireton at one time renewed his protestations to the

(1) Baxter's folio Life, 51. In that enormous compilation, entitled "Memoirs of the Protector Oliver Cromwell, by Oliver Cromwell, Esq., I trace nothing but an abridgment in a lawyer's summary of the most obvious documents of our history, uncorrected by any discernment, and unenlightened by any original researches. On one occasion, however, the compiler ventures to deny that Cromwell had any influence over the agitators. His erroneous notion is founded on their mutiny, which Cromwell quelled by courageously seizing on some, and shooting another at the head of the regiment. Our compiler even asserts the improbability of Cromwell's supposed influence over Fairfax! And so little was this compiler practised in the historical researches of this period, that he actually ascribes to the Earl of Strafford that manuscript found in the King's cabinet, entitled "Propositions for bridling in Parliament, etc.," from the Earl's name being appended to it in Ludlow's Appendix. On such spurious evidence he condemns Strafford to the block! He ought to have known that it was a very unfair *ruse* of the party. I have already given the history of this manuscript, which made such a noise at the time.

(2) The Parliament had long been worried, probably from not regulating the pay of their army, who seem at times to have connected "the Liberty of the Nation" with the state of their own arrears. A petition or a mutiny was sure to send down waggon-loads of silver, "for a fortnight," or "a six weeks' pay," or "one month's pay more added to the two months' pay formerly voted." When the Commons were still farther pushed, they emitted an ordinance "to pay them out of the produce of the sale of the Bishops' lands." Still the army, without discipline, would live "at free quarters," till Fairfax—for all passed under the General's name, who in his Memoirs acknowledges that the army used it officially without his privity—awfully informed the Houses that "they must make provision for constant pay." Then followed "An Indemnity of the Soldiers for all things done by Sea or Land during the late Wars." It came to wearing paper cockades, with the motto "England's Liberties and Soldiers' Rights." The army was a lion, to be gorged when it roared.

King that he and his father-in-law would stand to all their promises, however the Parliament opposed them, he employed this new-fashioned phraseology, declaring that "They would purge and purge and never cease purging the Houses till they had made them of such a temper as would do his Majesty's business." (1)

The first of these *coups d'état* had been "The Self-denying Ordinance," as it was most saintly styled, by which Cromwell ejected the great Parliamentary Generals, though it was contrived that the principle on which they were deprived of their seats, which included Cromwell himself, should not reach him, and was afterwards constantly violated by all the members of his military faction. By this stratagem he had new-modelled the army with his more active spirits. Baxter gives a good idea of his new plan: "When the brunt of the war was over, he looked not so much at the valour of the men as their opinions." The second "Purge" was in frightening away, by the menace of a violent sequestration, the eleven Presbyterian leaders, alleging to the House their own precedent in the case of Strafford and Laud, to get rid at once of these eleven Straffords and Lauds! The third "Purge" was that of Colonel Pride, a low and military bravo, who did not know the members personally whom he was to arrest, till the Lord Grey of Groby, and the Door-keeper standing by him, looked over the list the Colonel held, and pointed out the marked members as they entered the House. (2) The fourth memorable "purgation" was, when at a single stroke Cromwell seized on the whole House of Commons, Speaker and mace! Charles had fatally raised the spirit of a party only for demanding the arrest of five members, to be put on their trial for words alleged to be treasonable. So vast is the difference between a weak government adopting strong measures, and the great genius who acquires secret power before he exerts open authority. (3)

The Army, conscious of their power, decided to assume their authority; the Parliament, resolved to preserve their authority, found themselves defenceless. They acted precisely as the King had acted. They adopted strong measures in their convulsive debility. To the eternal disgrace of Parliaments, the Lords and Commons were compelled to expunge the declaration entered on their journals that the petition of the Army was seditious. (4) The Army command the Parliament to do and undo, to vote and unvote. At

(1) Dr. Lingard, with an excess of delicacy, softens the term to "Purifications;" but this lustral water conveys a very erroneous impression. The act was of too violent a nature to be thus gently sprinkled over. The term was rife at that day. It is often used in manuscript letters as well as in publications. A History of England that omits the term altogether is wanting in the complete history. That part of the House which remained, consisting of about fifty members, was also as offensively called "The Rump," and by its sanguinary proscriptions received an epithet which rendered it disgustful to the imagination. The taste of our ancestors was gross to us, but very strong to them. An historian must sometimes be susceptible of considerable bad taste, if he would reflect in his pages an image of the age and the persons he writes about.

(2) This fortunate adventurer, from a drayman, it is said, rose to be a brewer, then a Colonel, a Baronet, and finally one of Cromwell's lords. He was nicknamed "Cromwell's Dray-horse," and Ludlow says was knighted by a faggot stick, probably in one of Cromwell's convivial fits. It is said he was remunerated for this act by a grant of the Queen's Manor-house, park, and lands at Holmby, and immediately cut down the woods; he had besides an Abbey, with 3000*l.* a-year, allowed him at an easy rate of purchase. It is curious that this Pride was the main cause that Oliver never dared to crown himself. The Protector had always a terrible awe of the army. He had tampered with the officers repeatedly, but could not overcome their prejudices or their envy.

The compiler of the Memoirs of the Protector Cromwell thinks he was not concerned in this remarkable expulsion of the members, which he ascribes to Ireton and the Agitators, in the absence of Cromwell, who, from accident or design, had only returned to London the day after the business. But we must recollect that Cromwell and Ireton, father and son, had always a partnership in political affairs; assuredly they held a strict correspondence, which, should it exist, would be curious in the history of this period. Cromwell did not hesitate to approve of the measure; and the true author seems to be indicated, when we find that he had long before contemplated it. Cromwell told Ludlow, when they were together in the House, and the Presbyterian party out-voted them, that "These fellows will never be quiet till they are pulled out by the ears!" And, what is still more to the purpose, Cromwell, who had a rendezvous of his regiment at Hyde Park, resolved to put this scheme in execution, had his party in the House not carried their point, on the following day. This anticipation of the more famous "Purge" is noticed by Major Huntington, who was then in the post of Lieutenant-General.

(3) Dr. Lingard has anticipated a remark which I had long made, justly observing, "The men who had so clamorously appealed to the privileges of Parliament when the King demanded the five members were silent when a similar demand was made by twelve thousand men in arms," x., 379. There seem to be no abstract principles of justice among politicians, though they are usually avowed in the opening paragraphs of every protocol of the Secretary of State.

(4) Whitelocke, 283, who adds, "Here the Parlia-

last the march of the Army towards the capital cast the whole city into utter consternation. They dreamed of the plunder of the coming soldiery. A committee of safety sate up all night, the Houses met on a Sunday, but not wholly relying on the double sermon of their chaplain, Mr. Marshall, the Presbyterian City, lamenting the absence of their Scottish allies, now too distant to invocate, prepared for a new civil war, and the cry was now to be the King and Parliament, against the King and Peoplo! for the Army announced that they were for the people, and the Parliament for themselves. The effect of their terrors was ludicrous. The Commons, to clear themselves of the odium which their severe exactions and "their tyrannies," adds Mrs. Macaulay, "had provoked, passed a second Self-denying Ordinance, that no member should receive any profit of any office; that all they received should be repaid, for the nse of the Commonwealth, to the Committee of Accounts, and that, waiving their privilege, which the citizens had often petitioned against, all the members should for the future be liable to pay thoir own debts!" (1) When the distracted citizens learned that men were fast enlisting for the Parliament, the word was "Live and die! Livo and die!" As tho Army approached, it was changed to "Treat! Treat!"(2) The agents of the agitators, seducers or seduced, were both in the Parliament and the City. The famous Major-General Skippon, the pride of the City Military, had accepted the gift of a thousand pounds to encourage him to hasten to Ireland, but, after several recent visits to tho Army-quarters, was now willing to stay at home. Himself a Presbyterian, he stood up, as Gravity personified, with a dolefnl countenance, a voice of lamentation, tho rueful preludo to evil intelligence, and the proclamation of a national fast. In no short speech he declared that he found that "the Army was a formed body, which would be npon them before they were aware!" The Major-General, during his recent visits to the Army, had never before warned the timid Presbyterian senate of Hannibal *ad portas*. And their chaplain, Marshall, now dashed them, as he fearfully told of "the children of Anak," armed giants. (3)

While these affairs were in progress, Cromwell and his able co-adjutor, his son-in-law Ireton, were projecting a private plot of their own. They were ingratiating themselves into the royal favour. They reproached the Presbyterian Parliament with placing the sovereign under undue restraint, depriving him of all communication with his friends, while the intolerant faction was forcing tho roya conscience. All these pleas found a ready response in the breast of the King.

Charles entered Holmby House in February, and in April, an officer in the name of the Army conveyed a petition to the King, to desire him to be guarded by them at the head of tho Army, "who would restore him to his honour, crown, and dignity." Charles in return expressed his aversion "to engage his poor people in another war," but assured them that whenever restored to his throne he would "auspiciously look on their loyal intentions." (4) Tho intercourse thus opened paved the way for that bold enterpriso which occurred on the 4th of Jnne. The petition had served to inspire the King with some confidenco in the army-leaders, who well knew Charles's dislike of the Presbyterian party.

One afternoon, as the King was at bowls on the green of Althorpe, the Commissioners who accompanied him were surprised at the appearance of an nnknown soldier wearing the uniform of Fairfax's regiment. The attention of the stranger to what was passing, and his curiosity respecting the persons about him, was remarked, and ho seemed more of a spy than a spectator. Colonel Greaves, who had tho command of the small garrison at Holmby, inquired of the soldier, whence he came, and what was passing in the Army; and to encourage him to converse bade him not be afraid. The soldier bluntly replied that "ho was not afraid of him, nor of any man in the kingdom." He spoke with a tone of authority which startled tho Colonel, and he inveighed against the Parliament, observing, in the cant of that day, "how much be-

ment began to surrender themselves and their power into the hands of their own army."

(1) Macaulay, iv., 302.

(2) Ludiow, 1.

(3) Hoiles' Memoirs, 405. His warm language is ingenuous. "Instead of a generous resistance, vindicating the honours of the Parliament, and preserving a poor people from being enslaved to a rebellious army, they delivered up themselves and kingdom, prostitute all to the lust of heady and violent men, and suffer Mr. Cromwell to saddle, ride, switch, and spur them at his pleasure. For we instantly fell as low as dirt, vote the common soldier his full pay, etc.; and, what is worst, expunge our declaration against the mutinous petition, and cry *Peccavimus*, to save us a whipping; hut all would not do!"

(4) Clarendon State Papers, ii., 365.

low the light of Nature these men live when they will not do good unto those that do good unto them, who had preserved the heads of some men in the Parliament." There was a Scotch Lord, the Earl of Dumferling, on whom the soldier was casting no kindly look, who listened to invective against his friends. A rumour had already circulated that a numerous body of cavalry was in the neighbourhood; the Colonel inquired of the stranger "Whether he had heard of them?" "I have done more than hear of them, for I saw them yesterday within thirty miles of Holmby." A whisper circulated and an alarm spread at this ominous personage,—the King suddenly quitted his bowls,—the guards at Holmby House were doubled, all promising to stand by their Colonel. The Earl of Dumferling posted to the Parliament with the news, that the King was carried away against his will. This Scotch Earl was glad afterwards to escape out of England. (1)

A numerous body of cavalry drew up before the house.—Asked who commanded? they answered, "All commanded!" The stranger who had recently roused their suspicions came forwards, announcing himself as Cornet Joyce. This Cornet was one of Cromwell's elect spirits. Though erst but a shrewd tailor-man, the Agitator, with a huge pistol and the bigger words of authority, had shaken off all the suavity of the craft. Joyce pretended to the Commissioners that he had come for the protection of the King, as they were informed of a design to steal him away, which was the very design he was himself executing. He was allowed to set his guards, and was promised shortly to receive the orders of the Commissioners. The Presbyterian Colonel took flight.

At ten at night again the cavalry and the Cornet suddenly appeared. The Agitator demanded to speak with the King. "From whom?" was inquired by the officers of Holmby. "From myself!" he curtly replied. At this they laughed. "It's no laughing matter," proceeded Joyce. They advised him to draw off his men, and in the morning speak to the Commissioners; "I came not hither to be advised by you, nor have I any business with the Commissioners; my errand is with the King; and speak with him I must, and will presently."

During this parley the soldiers within were conferring with those without. Commanded to stand to their arms, they on the contrary flung open the gates, shaking hands with the new-comers from the Army.

The Cornet, on his entrance, appears to have held a long conversation with the Commissioners, for he complains that "they held him in discourse till the King was asleep in his bed." He does not tell us, what we get from Herbert, that after this conversation, he placed sentinels at their apartments. Mounting the back-stairs, Joyce reached the King's chamber, and "rudely" or authoritatively knocked at the door. The Grooms of the Bed-chamber appeared and discovered their man in a true military posture, well-armed, and presenting a cocked pistol. They asked if the Commissioners approved of this intrusion? Joyce bluntly answered "No! for he had ordered a guard to be set at their chamber-doors, and that he had his orders from those who feared them not." The noise of the Grooms resisting the Cornet's entrance awoke the King, who rang his silver bell, and refused to admit the uncourtly visitor till the morning, according to Herbert.

It is probable, however, that a midnight interview did take place between the King and the Cornet. The Agitator Joyce had been well tutored, and was himself an apt pupil. Blunt but shrewd, he had a part to play; he entered with his hat in one hand, and a pistol in the other, and opened his business by a decent apology for having disturbed the King out of his sleep. "No matter," replied Charles, "if you mean me no hurt. You may take away my life if you will, having the sword in your hands." Joyce solemnly assured the King that he came to protect his person. Charles stipulated for two great points—that his conscience should not be forced, and that his friends should have access to him. "It is not our principle," the Independent observed, "to force any man's conscience, much less that of our sovereign." All was courteously conceded. This extraordinary interview was closed by the King. "I will willingly go along with you, if the soldiery will confirm what you have promised," and he gave his word to be ready by six the next morning. It is evident, that Cornet Joyce had not only allayed any fears which the King might have reasonably entertained, but had positively succeeded in persuading him that the Army was friendly to his wishes. (2)

(1) Whitelocke, 254.

(2) See the note at the end of the Chapter.

However ambiguous might seem the midnight apparition of the "Arch-agitator Joyce," so Fairfax designates the Cornet, he had perfectly succeeded in flattering the hopes of Charles. So strongly persuaded was the King that the Army was devoted to him, that when Fairfax, who was never concerned in a plot, except as the innocent and pliant instrument of those who knew how to plot, shortly afterwards offered to see the King returned back in safety to Holmby, Charles not only positively refused, but significantly told the General-in-Chief, on taking leave of him, "Sir, I have as good interest in the Army as you!" Fairfax was thunderstruck at this delusion, for the General well knew of what materials the supreme Council of Officers was composed, and he declared that it gave him more grief and vexation than all the troubles and fatigues which he had met with during the whole war. "I now plainly saw the broken reed he leaned on," says Fairfax, in his Memorials.

What had passed in the midnight interview was to be publicly repeated for the King's satisfaction before the troopers of Joyce. The morning came, and Charles was seen on the steps of the gate, where Joyce with a detachment of fifty picked men drew up into the inner court of the house. The characteristic parts of a comic dialogue have been preserved, although there are variations.

The King demanded of the Cornet what commission he had to secure his person? Joyce replied, "The soldiery of the Army." "That was no lawful authority," objected the King—"Have you nothing in writing from Sir Thomas Fairfax?" The Cornet prayed his Majesty would not ask him such questions. "I pray, Mr. Joyce, deal ingenuously with me, and tell me what commission you have?" "Here is my commission!" exclaim the Arch-agitator. "Where?" said the King. "Behind me!" cried the Cornet, pointing to his troopers. The King, smiling, observed "that he had never before read such a commission; but it was fairly written as any he had seen in his life, (1) a company of as handsome proper gentlemen as I have seen a long while. But what if I refuse to go with you? I hope you would not force your King. You must satisfy me that I may be used with honour and respect, that I may not be forced in any thing against my conscience or honour; though I hope that my resolution is so fixed that no force can cause me to do a base thing. You are masters of my body, my soul is above your reach." The troopers confirmed their assent by their acclamations. Joyce courteously requested the King to choose the place of his removal, and the distance he intended to ride that day. The King, smiling, observed, "I can ride as far as you, or any man there," saluting the company.

The officers of Holmby and the Commissioners protested against the King's removal, calling on the troopers to maintain the authority of Parliament, and it was put to them, whether they agreed to what Cornet Joyce had said and done? With one voice they cried out, "All! all!" Major Brown observed, that it was not the first time that he had been at the head of a party, and that scarce two in the company, although they cried "All! all!" knew what had passed. "Let all," he continued, raising his voice, "who are willing the King should stay with the Commissioners of Parliament now speak." All the troopers exclaimed "None! none!" "Then," said the Major, "I have done!" The soldiers replied, "We understand well enough what we do!"

On the astonishing seizure of the sovereign, Fairfax instantly dispatched two regiments of cavalry to attend the King back to Holmby. Charles positively refused to return. On the following day Fairfax, Cromwell, Ireton, and other officers, had a singular interview with the King in the garden of Sir John Cutts, at Childerley. Fairfax solomnly protested that he was not privy to this strange act, nor did he know the movers. "Unless you hang up

(1) When words spoken are afterwards only repeated by recollection, they pass through wonderful changes. It is quite impossible to ascertain the precise words of Charles on this occasion, though the sense has not been lost. Herbert gives them thus: "His instructions were in fair characters, legible without spelling." There is a prettiness in this turn, which might have been given by Herbert in his leisurely reminiscences, but not quite suitable to a spontaneous dialogue. Echard, Hume, and Macaulay were probably pleased with it. Warwick gives it plainly: "Believe me your instructions are written in very fair characters." But Whitelocke, in his attempt to chronicle the words, has, lawyer-like, flourished. "'His Majesty saw their commission!' said Joyce. His Majesty replied, that 'It had the fairest frontispiece of any that he ever saw, being five hundred proper men on horseback.'" A cumbrous frontispiece at all events; but a commission has no frontispiece! The taste of Charles, we may be certain, was chaster than the spurious fancy of a rhetorical lawyer!

Joyce, I will not believe what you say," observed Charles. The General-in-Chief soon discovered among his officers that the Cornet would never be brought to a court-martial. Joyce offered to appeal to a general rendezvous of the Army, adding, "And if three or even four parts of the Army did not approve of my proceedings, I will be content to be hanged at the head of my regiment." The King observed, "You must have had the countenance of great persons, for you could not of yourself have ventured on this treason."

Charles, however, was evidently on no ill terms with the Cornet, for he added—"I pardon the treason now I have come, if you convey me as you promised to Newmarket."

Fairfax, in a private interview with Charles, made a sincere offer of his services, but the sanguine monarch was already entrapped. It was on this occasion that, on Fairfax taking leave of the King, Charles betrayed that fatal confidence in the Army which was his final ruin. The Cornet himself had so insidiously ingratiated himself into the King's favour, that afterwards, when Charles remained at Newmarket, where he seemed cheerful, and daily recreated himself at tennis, it is remarkable that he sent a messenger to the Army at St. Alban's, desiring the company of the shrewd Agitator. (1) So deeply taken was the helpless yet sanguine monarch by the cajoleries of a cunning but spirited fellow.

This seizure of the person of the King by the Army was long a mystery to contemporaries, and it was so alike to the General-in-Chief and to the King himself. We have seen that soon after Charles's confinement at Holmby, the King held a secret intercourse with some officers. Secret it must have been to have eluded the notice of the Parliamentary Commissioners, and it was of a nature to induce his sanguine temper to imagine that the army-leaders were desirous of uniting with him against those whose principles they knew were as opposite to his views as to their own. When the Presbyterian Parliament designed the King's removal to the metropolis, the audacious *coup d'état*, of carrying off the King, that the Army might remain masters of the sovereign, was the invention of Lieutenant-General Cromwell and Ireton, and not communicated even to the General-in-Chief Fairfax. On the 30th of May, at a meeting held at Cromwell's house, the plan was arranged, (2) and with the prompt sagacity of that great adept in human nature, four or five hundred troopers were confided to one of those decided characters who were his elect spirits on all secret expeditions. Cornet Joyce at first had the whole credit of the hardy enterprise, Cromwell protesting that it was without his concurrence, and taking such caution never to appear in the transaction, that the King's friends at London ascribed to Cromwell the sending of the two regiments of cavalry, under his kinsman Colonel Whalley, for the immediate protection of the King, to see him safely returned to Holmby, which really was done by the order of Fairfax. (3)

We may now develop the true situation of Charles. When the armed Agitator, at midnight, authoritatively called for entrance into the King's chamber, so formidable an apparition might have reasonably alarmed the King, unapprised as he was of any such visitor. No personal fears were, however, indicated by Charles, who, on the contrary, was gratified by the courteousness of the language of the soldier, while he stood uncovered in the presence of his sovereign. The ensuing dialogue in the morning, before the troopers, seems to have been really designed to extract from the Cornet under whose orders he acted. Charles had flattered himself that the party had been sent by Fairfax, on whose honour he reposed, and whose station as Commander-in-Chief would have been a pledge of the sanction of the Army. But though the mystery was not cleared up by the impenetrable Cornet, yet he took his orders from the King in the choice of the place of his removal, and Charles in his mind was satisfied that it was an act of the Army, whom at this moment he counted on as his friends. Charles was so far

(1) Rushworth, vi., 578. Possibly Charles acted from policy as a means to get intelligence, or the rumour, though preserved by Rushworth, might not be true, but adopted advisedly. Clarendon must have been surprised at this intelligence of the secretary of Fairfax, for his Lordship expresses himself quite contrarily. "The King found himself at Newmarket attended by greater troops and superior officers, so that he was presently freed from any subjection to Mr. Joyce, which was no small satisfaction to him." Such opposite accounts are hard to reconcile; if one party has stated a fact, the other has given us his own feelings as a fact.

(2) Holles has stated the day of the meeting.—96. When the Cornet was told that the General was displeased with him for bringing the King from Holmby, he answered that Lieutenant-General Cromwell had given him orders at London to do all that he had done.

(3) Sir John Berkley's Memoirs, Echard, 638.

from entertaining any fears on this audacious attempt on his person, while the Commissioners and his own gentlemen were cast into sadness, and even terror, that Herbert tells us, "the King was the merriest of the company, having it seems a confidence in the Army, especially from some of the greatest there, as it was imagined." This indicates some late secret intercourse with the Army, of which we know but little, and it is subsequently confirmed by Charles's positive refusal to return to Holmby.

We only trace the secret intercourse of Charles with the Army by a single document, accidentally preserved among the Clarendon State-papers, but we shall see that the King soon had his own agents amidst them. At the critical moment of its march to the capital, we discover that the King had his active spy in Dean Barwick. This divine, as was usual in that day, when the clergy of the Anglican church were hunted in the streets, was disguised in a lay habit, and wore a sword. He had mixed with the Army in that expedition, for the purpose of acquainting himself with the feelings of the soldiery, and his report was so favourable, that Charles was convinced that the Army was with him. The Army, indeed, had given him entire liberty to communicate with his friends, and when the grateful intelligence was conveyed to Paris, Sir Edward Ford, a royalist, though the brother-in-law of Ireton, was dispatched to England more deeply to interest his relative; while Sir John Berkley and Ashburnham, the more confidential agents of Charles, hastened, as Ashburnham expresses it, "with their instructions in some things which were not proper for his Majesty to appear in."

NOTE.

I encountered great trouble in more than one respect in pursuing our narrative. Herbert, one of the King's Grooms of the Bed-chamber, who, though at first little known to the King, and appointed by the Presbyterian party, became most faithfully attached to his person, asserts that "The King would not rise nor speak with Joyce till the morning, and though the Cornet huffed, he retired that night." This is in direct contradiction to "The true and impartial Narrative" sent forth by the Army, evidently to cajole the Parliament or the People. (†) The style of this deposition indicates its illiterate original. The use of the pronoun personal, unskilfully interspersed in "The Narrative," betrays the writer to have been the hero of the thimble himself. "The Narrative" details this midnight interview:—"All this being spoken at eleven at night, and the King gave his word to be ready by six the next morning to hear the soldiers confirm what I had promised." How are we to account for this discrepancy with the narrative of the veracious Herbert? Writing at a distant day, and not having, as he has regretted, his former notes at hand, it is yet strange that so remarkable an incident should have escaped his recollections while he substituted one quite the reverse. Was the Narrative of Joyce made up to be palatable to his masters, and to persuade the world that, after having heard him, the King had really consented to accompany him; which we shall find Charles certainly had. Dr. Lingard has judiciously credited what is called "the true Narrative" given by Joyce: "Charles signified his consent, on the condition that what then passed between them in private should be repeated in public." Mrs. Macaulay adopts Herbert's account: "On the King's peremptorily refusing to rise and speak with Joyce, he had the complacency to desist till morning." "The true Narrative" is very confused, and probably more is delivered than actually occurred, from the policy of treating the Commissioners and the Parliament with a degree of studied respect the Army did not feel. The account of Clarendon materially differs from that of Herbert: "His Majesty rose out of his bed, and, half-dressed, caused the door to be opened, which he knew otherwise would be quickly broken open; they who waited in the chamber being persons of whom he had little knowledge and less confidence. Joyce and two or three more came into the chamber with their hats off and pistols in their hands." Clarendon then adds that the King insisted on calling some of the Commissioners, who quickly came to his chamber, and he adds part of the dialogue with Joyce. Now, however natural the manner by which the King is here described, yet the suggestion that "he had little knowledge and less confidence of the persons who waited in the chamber," is not accurate, for Charles had both, and Herbert tells us that they (the four Grooms, himself being one) "were resolved to sacrifice their lives rather than give Joyce admittance." Monsieur Guizot gives the midnight conversation with the King held by Joyce "in the presence of the Commissioners," which ill agrees with what Joyce told Herbert, that they were secured by a guard in their chambers. The truth is, that "The true and impartial Narrative" is at times a jumble. It says, "Some of the Commissioners held the Cornet in discourse about half an hour until the King was asleep in his bed, yet notwithstanding the said Cornet could not be contented till he had spoken with the King, and therefore offered the Commissioners to go with them, with as much gentleness and tenderness as he could." "The true and impartial Narrative" farther tells, "Though the King told Cornet Joyce before the Commissioners he was unwilling to go with us, yet such reasons might be produced that might prevail with him; and afterwards (that is, after the King had listened to his reasons) the King did protest that nothing should stay him, but he would go whether the Commissioners would yea or no." This confirms the statement of Clarendon, that the King had the Commissioners called that night, since Charles resolved to depart with Joyce early in the morning, after having heard "his reasons." That so important an incident should have been entirely passed over by Herbert, and that he should have so inaccurately related that Joyce had not been admitted into the King's presence that night, is a striking evidence of the fallibility of our after-recollections at a period of life too distant from the occur-

(†) Rushworth, vi., 515.

rence. Such are the difficulties which happen in ascertaining the accuracy of certain events which are sometimes transmitted to us in vague or in contradictory narratives; or in narratives which, having been concocted with a latent purpose, to serve a temporary object, interpolate circumstances which did not actually occur, or mis-state those which did.

In "The true and impartial Narrative," which is evidently made up from the accounts of Cornet Joyce, and at times evidently in his own words, I have no doubt that many after-thoughts were interwoven, that it might serve as an organ for publishing the notions and views of the Army-faction; and the studied manner in which the Commissioners and the Parliament itself are noticed in this suspicious document discovers its policy. But even in statements fictitious in some respects, the sagacity of an historian may unravel some truths.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

The King's Progress with the Army.

As the King followed the movements of the troops, journeying under the escort of the military, from the officers to the privates, it seemed as if they were the attendants on his royal person, rather than the guards of a State-prisoner. Several of the officers, according to Ludlow, "became converted by the splendour of his Majesty," and adds the Commonwealth-man, seemingly with disdain, "Sir Robert Pye, a Colonel in the Army, as his Equerry, rode bare-headed before him, when the King rode abroad."

The removals, by easy marches, were arranged to enable the King to lodge at the mansions of the nobility, who vied in the pride of their reception of the sovereign. As we pursue the King's marches from place to place on his way to Newmarket, and afterwards to his Palace of Hampton Court, we discover that even to this day tradition has preserved in those mansions which still exist some memorial of his residence—something which was said or done—the chamber where he slept is still to be shown.

Wherever Charles appeared, all seemed to congratulate themselves on beholding once more that afflicted monarch, whom an interval of years had estranged from their sight—and of whose troubles they had heard so much and so often, that some seemed to forget their own in the remembrance of those of their magnanimous Prince. Some contemplated on him with the deepest sympathies, others were filled with the most awful thoughts. The friends of the King were freely admitted, and loyalty seemed no longer treason. The University sent forth their Masters and Fellows with a *Vivat Rex!* The gentry and the people from the neighbouring counties thronged about the Presence-chamber when the King dined and supped. There was a joyfulness in their acclamations. The King was never reminded of his captivity, and, as he moved with the regiments which guarded him, the journey resembled one of his former royal progresses.

Charles, from the depths of misery, had long been a stranger to the peaceful state of a Court in the resort of his Nobles, the gratulations of many voices, and the prayers of the people listened to by his own ear. The feelings were reciprocal. He conversed with cheerfulness, and his courteous looks returned the affection which he believed he had excited. Hume has very beautifully painted the subdued monarch—"His manner, which was not in itself popular nor gracious, now appeared amiable, from its great meekness and equality." The King held long and secret conferences with the General, the Lieutenant-General, and the Commissary-General, Fairfax, Cromwell, and Ireton; and what passed between these eminent personages, on which the fate of the nation was to revolve, was of a nature to inspire this unhappy Prince with a confidence too sanguine, and with a self-flattery to which he was too prone.

But we must now leave this outward lustre of things to penetrate into the obscure and the hidden. Mighty interests were now operating one against the other. But uncertain and unrevealed for us must remain many secret intrigues; sudden changes in the condition of the parties; causes and motives which have never been assigned, though their important results are manifest; ambiguous proceedings and dubious matters, and many which were never told, buried in th hearts of subtle men, who governed themselves by other maxims than the rest of the world.

The struggle between the Presbyterian and the Army Factions threw the King into the most critical dilemma which he had experienced throughout his disastrous life. Both parties, who were now courting his support, he considered alike his enemies. The one rigorously insisting on their Covenant, and the abolition of Episcopacy, which was tantamount with Charles to force his conscience and in part to abjure his religion; the other would make him sovereign by raising him on their shields, and an English monarch was to hold the tenure of sove-

reignty, by the will and at the pleasure of the soldiery. He had now but a choice of evils; yet his Throne might be recovered by the predominant party, and to either of these parties, his person, at this precise moment, constituted authority and power. That party which the King adopted would be reinforced by every Royalist in the kingdom, who, though now an unarmed and sequestrated class, at the King's word would form a body at least as numerous as themselves.

When the Agitators of the Army, to the astonishment of the country, by a *coup d'état* had seized on the person of the sovereign, it was the eager desire of the Army to accommodate affairs with Charles, and that quickly. Their chief officers were commissioned to treat with the King for his restoration. The Agitators were not statesmen who foresaw difficulties from the very nature of complicated interests, or had any delicacy for the feelings of other men to linger on in negotiations. Brute force respects not even human nature, and while it exists there are no difficulties! (1) Even a single week seemed a delay, for the struggle about to take place was momentous. The Presbyterian Parliament were still ostensibly the governing power, and the Scots not only sympathised with fraternal feelings, but would, not reluctantly, have returned once more to their old pay-masters. On the other side, the Army had not yet struck their final blow, and a junction between the Presbyterians, the Scots, and the Royalists, was yet formidable. It is unquestionable that at this moment—for in a short month were to be compressed the revolutions of a whole age—the Army had want of the King; even that very party in it which finally would concede the royal victim no terms whatever, and would only terminate its design by a sanguinary proscription.

Cromwell and Ireton governed the Council of War absolutely, but the ruling power in the Army now lay among the Agitators. The General, Fairfax, had little influence with either. The Agitators had become masters of their masters. The phases of political interests are more inconstant than the caprices of moody beauty, or the treacherous mockeries of fickle fortune.

It is a remarkable circumstance that this very party, who afterwards are recognised in our history as the Levellers, and who condemned their sovereign to the block, were at this moment suspicious that Cromwell was not sincerely disposed in favour of the King, and they even offered to Sir John Berkley, that should Cromwell be found false to his engagements, "they would set him right either against or with his will."

But Berkley had no reason to suspect the duplicity of Cromwell. It was indeed necessary that Cromwell and his party should remove those prejudices against themselves which their novel professions demanded. Cromwell was a perfect plain-dealer with the secret emissary of the King. He seemed to speak with his heart on his lips. He declared that "Whatever the world might judge of us, we shall be found no seekers for ourselves farther than to live as subjects ought to do, and to preserve their consciences. Men could not enjoy their lives and estates quietly without the King had his rights." And, for an earnest of their honest intentions, Charles was not to be pressed on those delicate points which those forcers of conscience, the obdurate Presbyterians, even more obstinate than the King, so inflexibly urged. Toleration was the plausible pretext of Independency, and plain-speaking the whole art of diplomacy with the blunt negotiator of the Agitators.

Cromwell, whose feelings, however coarse, were always vehement as the eagerness of his genius, at this moment seemed to have received a new baptism of loyalty. Returning from one of his visits to the King, he told Berkley that "He had lately seen the tenderest sight that ever his eyes beheld, which was the interview between the King and his children, and wept plentifully at the remembrance of it, saying, 'that never man was so abused as himself, in his sinister opinion of the King, who he thought was the uprightest and most conscientious man of his three kingdoms.'" And concluded, that "God would be pleased to look upon him according

(1) I need not allude any more to their "Purges." But it is characteristic of this sort of men, to record what one of their favourite agitators, Colonel Rainsborough, delivered on a critical occasion. When Sir John Berkley inquired of the party, that "should they offer the King's proposals to the Parliament, and they should refuse them, what would they do then? They replied, 'They would not tell me!' When I appeared not fully satisfied with this reply, Rainsborough spoke out in these words, 'If they will not agree, we will make them,' to which the whole company assented." So that, in fact, asking the agreement of the Parliament was in the form adopted by the beggar-bandit in Gil Blas, to petition respectfully, brandishing a cudgel.

to the sincerity of his heart towards his Majesty." As it is well known that Cromwell was a master of all the passions, this gush of plentiful tears might be a very diplomatic act, but Cromwell, in the privacy of life, was susceptible of the domestic affections. That chord in the human heart might now have been struck. Yet who will assert that this versatile being acted with sincerity at a certain period, and with perfidy at another? (1) Was that mysterious man, at any time, single-minded, whose excited genius was watchful of all occasions, and who more than other men was the creature of circumstances which he knew to master, not by opposing but by yielding to them? To serve ably the strongest party was his simple policy; hence his decision at a moment of crisis when he found the Army too strong to manage, that "if they were not of his opinion, he would go over to theirs."

We may trace the history of the mind of Charles from his first interview with Cromwell and Ireton, to the night he took his flight from Hampton Court.

On his deportation from Holmby, June 4th, the King confirmed his hopes by the courteous attendance of the General, and Cromwell, with Ireton usually by his side. Fairfax, unsuspicious and honest, was always their inconscious instrument even to the last hour of Charles's life, but was never of their cabal; the more secret intercourse we obtain from the two confidential agents of the King. (2) It was noticed at first that both Cromwell and Ireton kept on the reserve when in the presence, nor did they then offer to kiss hands. Cromwell, however, as an earnest of his intentions, restored the King to his chaplains and to his friends. He had been long deprived of both by the Presbyterians, and Charles was now gratified by recognising the old faces of faithful servants, and communicating with many devoted adherents.

After several removals, at Caversham, July 3rd, a month after his seizure, we discover Charles losing his confidence, and troubled respecting the designs of the Army. It was here that Sir Philip Warwick had a short interview with the King. By all he could perceive, either from himself or any other, the King was very apprehensive in what hands he was, but was cautious not to betray this painful doubt. (3) And it was at this place, where the King remained five days, that Sir John Berkley tells us, that "His Majesty discovered not only to me, but to every one he conversed with, a total diffidence of all the Army, from the backwardness of the officers to treat of receiving any favour or advantage of his Majesty." (4) But when Ashburnham arrived from France, about a fortnight after, he found Charles under the care of Colonel Whalley, one of Cromwell's intimates, perfectly satisfied with his new and dangerous friends. When Whalley required the pledge

(1) The tears of Cromwell seem to have been very constitutional, and must have produced a marvellous contrast on his rough-featured and heavy countenance, his warty cheek, and his red nose. The tale which one of the officers told of Cromwell hardly allows us to think, as I have done in the text, that there was any sympathy in his heart. Cromwell once holding the King's hand between his own, and while he made his promises, washing it with his tears, on coming out asked an officer whether he had not acted his part well! "Were you not in earnest?"—"Not in the least," Cromwell replied. Barron in his defence relates this anecdote. If it be true, Cromwell did not play the hypocrite so well. He could gain nothing by the gratuitous avowal but the detestation of the man who heard it" I believe, however, in "the tears of Cromwell" washing the royal hand he held, but I much doubt the idle confession of the gross imposture. On this subject of "the tears of Cromwell," I will add a proof of this great man's extreme susceptibility, and on an occasion which was free from all political artifice. This characteristic anecdote I found in a manuscript collection of Dr. Sampson's "Day-book," where every anecdote is verified by the name of the communicator.

Mr. Byfield, a clergyman, and Sir John Evelyn had a difference about the repairs of a church,—Cromwell interposed and made them friends. Evelyn complained that Byfield had made personal reflections on him in his sermons, which the other protested had never been in his mind. Cromwell, turning to Evelyn, said, "I doubt there is something amiss; the word of God is penetrative and finds you out; search your ways!" He speaks so pathetically, with plenty of tears, that all present fell a weeping also—the parties shook hands and embraced. Cromwell then asked Evelyn what the repairs of the church would cost?—200*l.* Calling for his secretary Malyn, he desired him to pay 100*l.* to Sir John Evelyn towards the repairs. "And now, Sir," said Cromwell, "I hope you'll raise the other hundred."—From Mr. Howe. Sloane MSS. 4460.

(2) See Note on Berkley and Ashburnham at the end of this chapter.

(3) Sir Philip Warwick's Memoirs, 301.

(4) Mr. Brodie, in his zeal to defend Cromwell and the officers against Major Huntington's accusation, alleges this passage of Sir John Berkley as a decisive proof that "they showed a backwardness in accepting favours from the King." This was true at a certain period; but a fortnight after the scene changed. Mr. Brodie, indeed, could not know this, since we owe the discovery to the recent publication of Ashburnham's Narrative, which confirms the accounts of Major Huntington. Secret history performs miracles in favour of truth.

of Ashburnham's honour that he should not be privy to any escape of the King, Charles also voluntarily engaged himself on the same terms. "So confident," adds Ashburnham, "his Majesty then was that their behaviour towards him would be such as he should never have occasion to desert them." (1) We detect here a great alteration in the King's opinions, which in this story of human nature it were desirable to have supplied. (2) On the 20th of July Ashburnham arrived at Woburn, where he found the treaty begun by Sir John Berkley was proceeding with Cromwell and Ireton, with proffers of honours and emoluments for themselves "to the utmost of their expectations," and including their friends. During the space of twenty days this negotiation seemed to be not without hopes of success.

It is marvellous to observe how public rumour has often anticipated the most secret transactions, and assigned motives to men, though at the time of the rumour the transaction had not yet occurred, and the motives of the person were yet dormant. The fears of jealous men are prophetic. The Army was now so jealous of Cromwell and their officers, that at this very moment, when Charles was at Caversham, despairing of having any personal influence with the officers, the General found it necessary thus early in addressing Parliament to clear them of reports that "they were upon some underhand contract or bargain with the King,—thence occasion is taken to slander our integrity, and endeavour a misunderstanding betwixt the Parliament and the Army." (3) This letter is dated July 8th. "The contract or bargain" had yet no existence whatever, so that the rumour was totally unfounded, though the result turned out as it had been anticipated.

Throughout the whole of the present important transactions, most difficult, very variable and vital in their result, we may discover a painful vacillation of opinions in Charles, but not of conduct. He had adopted for his first principle, which he reiterated without reserve, that neither party could stand without him. This was also the opinion of others. At this moment there could be no communication between the King and his minister Clarendon, now the emigrant of Jersey, yet their opinions were the same.

Clarendon thought, perhaps truly enough, that the Army was as odious to the people as the Presbyterians and the Royalists ever were. "And to believe," he writes, "that they can govern long by the power of the sword, is ridiculous. Their only security can be in the faith and protection of the King. Sure they have as much or more need of the King, than he of them." (4) The constitutional lawyer and the mere cabinet-minister had yet no conception of military dominion.

This opinion which the King had already formed was farther impressed by his renewed intercourse with the Presbyterian party, and with Lord Lauderdale, the Chief Commissioner of the Scots, who already were preparing to arm for the Covenant, which the Independents held in scorn. (5) At this moment the Presbyterian Parliament and the Scots affected to contemn a mutinous soldiery, and had a perfect confidence in their own Presbyterian General Fairfax. The opinion seemed still farther confirmed by the importunity of Cromwell and Ireton to conclude the treaty of the army with the King. They had submitted to modify it till the terms appeared reasonable, (6) for as yet the military had not subdued the ostensible government. The

(1) Ashburnham's Narrative, published by the late Earl of Ashburnham, p. 89.

(2) We receive no light from the delightful details of Herbert, the faithful Groom of the Bed-chamber, who was never admitted into any secret conferences. While he has correctly preserved the recollections of the King's movements, he appears, in the antechamber, to have had no insight into the intrigues carrying on in the interior. In all these removals he sees nothing to describe but the mansions, the gardens, the waterworks, of the noble owners, and the loyal emotion of the people. Major Huntington, an officer in the regiment of Cromwell, and who finally threw up his commission, and bore an extraordinary testimony, which he offered to verify on oath, exposing the ambition and the avowed Machiavelian principles of his great commander, passes over the present period, and begins his narrative about the close of July. We know, however, that much had passed between the Major and the King; for Berkley informs us he was the only officer Charles trusted.

(3) Rushworth, vi., 610.

(4) Clarendon State Papers, ii.

(5) Clarendon seems to have had very confined notions of the power of the sword! We see it in the manner in which the army rid itself of this Scotch Peer, whom one day they would not suffer to take leave of his Majesty. "The soldiers bursting into the bed-chamber of the Scotch Lord ordered him to depart instantly."—Lingard, x., 386.

(6) "So much so," says Baron Maseres, "that had not the King been one of the most intractable and injudicious men that ever lived, he must have cheerfully consented to."—Preface to tracts, xxiv. So also Mr. Brodie: "Never had the misguided monarch a better opportunity to recover his throne," iv., 104. I do not apologise for the insincerity of Charles in the present transaction; it was excruciating. But had Charles's principles hung loosely

scales trembled, and Charles imagined that his hand held the casting-weight.

The result of the principle which Charles had now adopted proved fatal, for it occasioned him to reject both the proposals of the Army and of the Parliament. Half-measures, temporising till in despair he reverted to his own principles, was one of the political errors of Charles the First, when pressed into extraordinary dilemmas. In momentous difficulties, it is only genius which calculates, or audacity which risks, that strikes out a fortunate decision; for we call that fortunate to which none at the moment could apply the epithet.

It was during these negotiations that the last removal of the King had been to Hampton Court, where Charles was allowed to maintain his state in all the lustre of a court. The nobility crowded to the presence-chamber, his servants retained their offices, and during these Halcyon days, as Herbert calls them—Herbert, whose elegant tastes and travelled mind loved to linger amidst scenes of splendour and tranquillity, imagined that his royal master was once more happy, for the King conversed with those he wished, hunted and rode as he pleased, and frequently saw his children. A long and cruel estrangement had more deeply endeared them to his forlorn spirit. (1)

NOTE ON BERKLEY AND ASHBURNHAM.

The Memoirs of Sir John Berkley, and the publication of "the Narrative" of Ashburnham, light us in some of these dark passages of our History. These Memoirs are written by persons of a different cast of mind, and though actuated by the same zeal, unfortunately tormented by mutual jealousies, and taking different views.

Sir John Berkley, afterwards Lord Berkley, came to the King recommended by the party at Paris, and, notwithstanding his defence of the City of Exeter, was not much known to Charles, who appears to have placed little confidence in the ability or the judgment of this gentleman. Berkley, too, has the misfortune of having had an intimate friend in a man of genius, Lord Clarendon, who, among his superior faculties, exercised with great satisfaction to himself the bitterest and most cutting sarcasm. Of his friend, whom he flatters in his correspondence, he tells in his History, that "the officers were well acquainted with his talent, and knew his foible, that by flattering and commending they might govern him;" and that "there was no danger of any deep design from his contrivance." Clarendon, who tells us that "Sir John had a friend at that Court," (the party at Paris with the Queen,) "who loved him better than any body else did," closes by observing, that when Sir John offered his services for England, "they were very willing that he should make the experiment, for he that loved him best was very willing to be without him." The Memoir of Sir John, which is confined to a narrative of the present critical transaction, is clear and lively, and carries evidence of promptness and ability in his difficult diplomacy, which places him in a far more advantageous light than he appears in the disguise of the satiric pen of Clarendon. Sir John more than once checked the imprudence of the King, but he modestly acknowledges that "his councils were the worse for coming from himself."

Ashburnham was a more courtly gentleman, affecting refinement in little things. He could not bring himself to talk "with such senseless fellows as the agitators," having been always, he said, "bred in the best company." He left them to the active Sir John, addressing himself entirely to Cromwell and Ireton. He was fond of an expression of his own mintage, which not the entreaty of four good judges could persuade him to alter, though its impolicy was certain. Yet it was the conceit of the thing, not its felicity, which fascinated his over-weening littleness; for he himself was a feeble writer, with great mediocrity of talent. He was the favourite of Charles, from whom he imbibed all his opinions; the most dangerous of counsellors possible, for he never dissented; when Charles advised with him, if he imagined that he had the benefit of two opinions, he was fatally mistaken. The voice of Ashburnham was only a reverberation. His devotion to the Church and the King was entire. All the favours and emoluments Charles had to bestow were conferred on Ashburnham.

His fidelity, and his mediocrity of character, secured the attachment of Charles, who rarely evinced the smallest discernment in the character of those who were about him. Those who are curious in their physiognomical speculations may examine a beautiful three-quarters print of Ashburnham, in the narrative published by the late Lord Ashburnham, his spirited editor and descendant. We trace in the features of the confidential friend of Charles the First, the courtly air and quietness of character which betrays a feminine weakness, and its total incapacity for that energy and intellectual courage which the critical position into which he was cast so peremptorily required.

I suspect that there was some truth in this insi-

about him, he would have accepted the easy terms offered by the Army—he might have been the imperator of the soldiers! It is not philosophical to decide on the character of Charles the First of 1630, by that phantom of Charles the First of 1830, which many raise up in their own minds. Stronger heads than Charles might have been distracted in this choice of evils. Who was the stronger party, had not yet been shown. But the Army, the Baron himself acknowledges, stood in a very exceptionable light. They had done an irregular and unjustifiable act in the assumption of that power which appertained solely to the Parliament. Surely Charles had reason to dread that the Crown, which had been bestowed by the violence of an army, would not long exercise its independent authority.

(1) When the King intreated to have his children restored to him, the rigid Presbyterian Parliament informed him that "they could take as much care at London, both of their bodies and souls, as could be done at Oxford." One would imagine that, when they voted this resolution, there could not have been a single feiber in the whole House of Commons!

nuation of Berkley, "I had more than once observed, that though Mr. Ashburnham was willing enough to appropriate employments of honour and profit, yet he was contented to communicate those of danger unto his friends."

In both these works I have frequently lamented the uncertainty of their dates. The want of dates in authentic narratives throws into a provoking confusion the circumstances related, or the conversations reported. In the discovery of historical truth, dates are vital things. I have sometimes recovered a date by the public event alluded to, or the place where the circumstance occurred. I drew up an itinerary of the removals of Charles after his deportation from Holmby, and was thus enabled to fix the time by the place. But when private incidents are thrown together as they rose in the recollections of the narrators, we are liable to misplace them. Even in authentic accounts of the same circumstances, we are startled when we discover one party omitting what another has made an essential part of the narrative. In the two accounts we have of the rendezvous of the Army at Ware, both are from unquestionable sources; in the one, from the General himself to the Parliament, the name of Cromwell does not appear, while in the other, from General Ludlow, the whole affair of putting down the military is ascribed to Cromwell, but no mention whatever is made of Fairfax, as if he had been absent. We cannot doubt the veracity of these accounts; their difference only consists in omissions, not in contradictions. This last observation is judiciously made by Baron Maseres.

This negligence of dates in authentic writers of memoirs of their own times has often proved fatal to their veracity, or cast a suspicion over accounts, which otherwise had not occurred. Could it be conceived, that the day when Charles the First escaped from Hampton Court, no slight event in the history of Clarendon, the date was so utterly lost to the recollection of the historian, that, instead of fixing it on "the 11th of November," it stands in the original manuscript "about the beginning of September!"

Major Huntington, in the curious paper of his "Reasons for laying down his Commission" under Cromwell, positively states that the King was continually solicited by Cromwell and Ireton with proffers of all things, when Charles was at Caversham. In his former account to Dugdale, he said it was Newmarket, nearly a month anterior, and so much the more erroneous. I have clearly shown, by the undoubted evidence of Warwick and Berkley, while Charles was at Caversham, no offer of the kind could have been made, from the total diffidence he had of the Army. A fortnight after—but not at Caversham, where he remained only five days—when under the guard of Colonel Whalley, a relation of Cromwell, such offers were undoubtedly made. These inaccuracies committed in writing at a distant day are not only excusable, but are perhaps unavoidable. The historian must, however, examine the most authentic narrations with more care than has been always practised; like a sagacious and cautious lawyer, he must pinch the tenderer parts of his brief, to be certain of what is sound in it.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Cromwell and Charles the First at Hampton Court.

This history of human nature is an intellectual exercise which leads to many certain truths and many devious researches, and will not allow us with indolent acquiescence to take matters in the gross. We should not confide to the narrative repeated from a former one, or decide on the conduct of the individual as it was usually actuated through life, but as it may have been influenced by a present motive. In the anatomy of the passions—in the shades of character of the human being whose story has interested the world, it would be unskilful to conclude that the hypocrite is never to be separated from his hypocrisy. Personal interests there are of a deep and trying nature, strong enough to secure even the integrity of the faithless, and to induce the dissembler to cast away his disguise.

Cromwell, mysterious being as he was, there is no reason to suspect of having practised his accustomed dissimulation in his *first* intercourse with the King.

If, while the fate of the Army and the Parliament were yet to be decided, and the agitators were pressing for the King's acceptance of their treaty, Cromwell secured to himself, by means of this negotiation, the highest honours and emoluments of the State, at that moment his ambition could not pass beyond. The future Protector, the enthusiast of supreme dominion, could not, even in thought, have grasped at the sceptre. Vast as was the creative genius of this man, it had not yet winged itself beyond the limits of possibility.

Ireton, his son-in-law, was indeed of a severe temper; a man of law and a soldier, and one with whom his sword was as logical as his pen. His republican spirit was not liable to those sudden meltings of Cromwell, effervescing themselves into bursts of loyalty. But Ireton had made a common cause with his father, and was equally importunate and accommodating to terminate the treaty with the King. Ireton was the penman, the treaty lay in his own closet, and he never hesitated to moderate the proposals of the Army at the suggestion of Berkley. The most solemn protestations were repeatedly renewed that they were ready to sacrifice their lives to emancipate the King, enslaved by a vile intolerant party. "If I am an honest man," observed Cromwell to Ashburnham, "I have said enough of the sincerity of my intentions; if I am not, nothing is enough!"—"We should be the veriest knaves that ever lived," said Ireton, "if we made

not good what we have promised, because the King, by his not declaring against us, had given us great advantage against our adversaries." During twenty days these eminent men appeared reconciled to accept the magnificent offers.

It was on the 2nd of August that the King rejected the proposals of the Army. At a conference with the officers, he delivered himself in the most unguarded language. "You cannot be without me; you will fall to ruin if I do not sustain you!" Thus the captive monarch betrayed the fatal conviction of his own independent power. At that moment "his Majesty seemed very much erected," as Berkley expresses it. The fact was, that three days before, on the 30th of July, the City had boldly declared against the Army. At the language of the King, Ireton, and even Berkley, were surprised—the officers who appeared to wish well to the agreement looked on with wonder. One of them, Colonel Rainsborough, a furious agitator, stole away in the midst of the conference, and, posting to the Army, carrying off the King's words on his lips, with considerable additions, spread a flame through the indignant ranks. A whisper from Berkley had reminded Charles of his imprudence, and as the conference was closing, the King attempted to soften the harshness of his rejection, as Berkley tells us, "with great power of language and behaviour." Ireton, with keen discernment, had once before observed, "Sir, you have an intention to be the arbitrator between the Parliament and us, and we mean to be so between you and the Parliament." There was always a pungency in the Republican Ireton's retorts on on the King. When Charles observed to him, "I shall play my game as well as I can," Ireton replied, "If your Majesty have a game to play, you must give us the liberty to play ours."

The Army was now on the point of making an important movement. It was yet to be a secret to the world, but Cromwell know that before two days should elapse the Army would be masters of London. Still he courted the King, still he deemed his name an army of itself. But now a single hour was a crisis. He dispatched an express to implore the King, that if he could not bring himself to yield to the treaty, yet a conciliatory letter to the General, expressive of his satisfaction with the Army, would at this moment secure those wavering and inconstant spirits for whom they could not answer. On a former occasion it had been announced that the temper of the Army had altered more than once, and Cromwell would often say, alluding to the chief Levellers, that "they were a giddy-headed party, and that there was no trust nor truth in them."

On the arrival of Cromwell's express, a letter was instantly prepared. But Charles hesitated till it had passed through three or four debates. That single day was lost! Berkley and Ashburnham were the bearers; messengers on the road met them to urge their speed; they reach Sion House, and are struck with amazement. They could obtain no interview with Cromwell nor Ireton. A mighty event had frustrated the design of the royal letter. The Speakers of both the Houses with many of their members had taken refuge in the Army. The soldiers were on their march to the City.

The event of that march was probably to be the measure of their adoption or their abandonment of the King. The Agitators, already indisposed by the King's tardy acceptance of their treaty, were now regardless of his fate. The conciliatory letter to the General had been intended to show that the King was with them. Had the Army encountered a force greater than their own, or even a strong opposition, as there was an appearance of great resistance, for men were enlisted and commanders were appointed, in that extreme case they would have placed the King at their head, and would have invited the whole Royalist party. Such was the plotting and bold policy of Cromwell. (f)

(f) Ashburnham's Narrative recently published, 93. This writer is so vague that he has not noticed the incident of "the Letter," and evidently confused it with a different object. He acquaints us of Berkley's and his bad reception on their arrival at Sion House "with his Majesty's answer." What answer? According to his Narrative, it was "his Majesty's consent to their proposals," *i. e.* the proposals of the army by Cromwell and Ireton. He says that these, after having been under the care of some of his Majesty's Counsel at Law, etc., "On the very day it was finished the army marched." Writing at a distant day, Ashburnham seems entirely to have forgotten that "the King's answer," which he and Berkley carried to the Army, was "the letter to the General." As for "the King's consent to their proposals," Charles never consented to them His lawyers and divines called together on this occasion had only discussed them, and stated their objections; as Berkley acutely observed, "They easily answered the proposals both in point of law and reason. But we had to do with what was stronger."

This last revolution, after so many others, was described at the time, with as much truth as ridicule, in a pseudonymous letter of Secretary Nicholas. "All things are in England in very great confusion. As the King called a Parliament he could not rule, and afterwards the Parliament raised an Army it could not rule, so the Army have made Agitators they cannot rule, and the Agitators are setting up the people, whom they will be as unable to rule." (1)

Notwithstanding this triumph of the military, the Army marching through London on the 7th of August, the officers still declared that "They would keep to their engagement with the King." Probably this was a mere act of policy, for we do not hear that the treaty was renewed by them, nor solicited by the King, who secretly presaged "nothing but mischief from this vast increase of their authority." (2)

The King was now at Stoke, but desirous to be removed to one of his own houses. Ashburnham, in communicating with Cromwell and Ireton, was struck by their altered tone and repulsive air. "They told me, with very severe countenances, that he should go if he pleased to Oatlands." What they added explains their "very severe countenances." They informed Ashburnham that the King had sided with the Parliament by encouraging the Royalists to unite with them, and farther, that at this instant he had a treaty with the Scots. They held the evidence in their own hands, by his and the Queen's letters. This was a thunder-clap! Ashburnham defied them to produce their pretended evidence, offering that if they did he would willingly consent that the King should never be restored by their means. No such letters appear to have been produced. The King went to Oatlands on the 14th of August.

This detection of the double manœuvres of the distressed and irresolute monarch, so early in August, embarrasses our narrative. Ashburnham has fixed the time by naming the place where it occurred, but by some confusion in his reminiscences he seems to have ante-dated this material circumstance. Were Ashburnham correct in his statement, the subsequent conduct of Cromwell at Hampton Court, during his early intercourse with the King, would exhibit a scene of unimaginable and gratuitous perfidy. Clarendon places the expostulation of Cromwell at a later and more probable period. Dr. Lingard, following Clarendon, says that Cromwell acquainted Ashburnham of "the incurable duplicity of his master," and fixes the time not early in August, but late in October. This at once removes the discrepancy. With Cromwell it is easy to conceive that he was earnestly sincere through September, hypocritical in October, and openly hostile in November. This is nothing surprising in the history of a man who the Parliament declared merited a statue for quelling the tumults of the Army, and not many months after, at the head of that Army, expelled that Parliament.

The King went to Hampton Court on the 24th of August, where he resided during three months, in the full state of royalty and almost of liberty. His great and devoted friends had even leave for a restricted period to pass over from the continent, where they had now retreated, to visit their sovereign. Among these were the heads of powerful parties, with whom were concerted their future plans; they were not hopeless, but hapless. It is evident that Cromwell was desirous of coalescing with the Royalists by the freedom he allowed of their access to Charles.

At first Cromwell himself was more assiduous than ever in his attendance on the King, with whom he held long conferences, and walked together in the galleries and the gardens of the Palace. Many of the officers appear to have been gained over in their personal intercourse with Charles. The King might still be the fountain of honour and the dispenser of favours. Even the citizens flocked to Hampton Court as they had formerly been accustomed, when their sovereign returned from a progress. It was the general opinion, up to the middle of Septem-

It is evident that Ashburnham has sadly erred in supposing the King ever consented to the treaty, and totally forgotten the incident of "the Letter" which was the real and only object of their post-haste expedition to Sion House.

(1) Clarendon State Papers, ii. Jo. Wilcocks was the pseudonymous signature which concealed the honest old secretary. I shall quote a writer unusual in historical researches—the facetious Tom Brown. The confused state of these revolutionary affairs is equally well described by a fact the Wit has recorded. The Cavaliers in the beginning of the troubles used to trump up the 12th of the Romans on the Parliament—the Parliament trumped it up on the Army when they would not disband—the Army back again on the Parliament when they disputed their orders. Never was poor Chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again and again!—Tom Brown's Works, iv., 14.

(2) Ashburnham's Narrative, 93.

ber, that the influence of Cromwell would settle the restoration of the King.

While this scene of comparative peace and tranquillity deluded the people, the wayward spirits of the Army had engendered a new faction—a faction avowing its indomitable hostility to every other party in the State. Our political parties usually step forth with enviable titles, but how happens it that they are more generally known to posterity by the nick-names conferred on them by their enemies? It is because the name they assume denotes their professions, and the name they receive marks their acts. The "Independents" had described their principle in their name, and veiled their turbulence in the mildness of toleration, or, as the bigoted Presbyterian Clement Walker says, "to establish that chimera, liberty of conscience." (1) From these Commonwealthmen sprung a specious sect, first obscurely known as "Rationalists,"—an early indication of the straggling "March of Intellect." Whatever they insisted to have done in the State and the Church was a reason, "until they be convinced with better." Better and worse they had, till their fluctuating doctrines took all the monstrous shapes of anarchy. The age of Charles the First was the age of Sectarianism, and no human arguments availed with "a godly race" appealing to the Sacred Scriptures for their Acts of Parliament, and who, whenever they came to a decision, fasted and prayed, to make Heaven justify their follies and their crimes. Every age has its character, which is derived from the circumstances of the period, but the principle by which men are actuated has ever been the same. Such vague and disturbed notions of civil liberty were more palpable when these "Rationalists" were denominated "The Levellers." (2) Then was comprehended the nature of their chimerical republics, every man choosing to live in one of his own. Then appeared their barbarous independence, and their ceaseless innovations. All the vain hopes of the eternal restlessness of man, placed amidst the corruptions of human institutions, and the conflicting interests of society itself.

The greater peril into which a nation is cast is when the varied land-marks of society are violently removed; then the demagogue shows his towering head, the reckless adventurer grasps at the universal spoil, and the orator invokes liberty, with a heart vowed to the wretched slavery of flattering the passions of the people. (3)

From the Rationalists and the Levellers sprung up a race who have received no title, but may be designated by one, not long after hardly earned—the regicides! bands of tyrannicides, each a Brutus, who abhorred all kings as being *de genere bestiarum rapacium*, as one of them said. These were not men who would have acted like that Roman senator, who, when the multitude in tumult vociferated to know who had killed their lord and master Caligula, and called for his punishment, from an eminence whence he could be heard by all, exclaimed with a voice loud as his lofty spirit, "I wish I had killed him." Astonishment stilled the populace—they paused to think—and the tumult ceased. The king-killers of England were not invested with the romantic grandeur of the Roman tyrannicides; the assassins among them were ordinary assassins, and the more solemn had English notions of legalizing, or passing under the forms of legality, even an illegal act.

The authority of kings and the rights of the people had been often discussed during the Civil Wars. That the people were sovereign, or that the origin of all just power is in the people, was an abstract axiom in

(1) History of Independency, Part I., 31.

(2) "The Levellers are miscalled," says the warm Presbyterian Clement Walker, "for they only endeavoured to level the exorbitant usurpations of the Council of State and Council of officers, and it was Cromwell who falsely christened them."—History of Independency, Part II., 168.

Mrs. Hutchinson, in her admirable Memoirs of her Colonel, however, describes a wider circumference of their operations. They were "a sort of public-spirited men who stood up in the Parliament and the Army, declaring against the factions and the partiality that was in these days practised, by which great men were privileged to those things which meaner men were punished for." She adds, for she wrote in the spirit of truth, "As all virtues are mediums, and have their extremes, there rose up after in that name a people who endeavoured the levelling of all estates and qualities." 288. 4to.

(3) I was struck by the unguarded description, as I presume it is, by a friend of the late Benjamin Constant in his eulogy on this Patriot. "M. Constant was in the utmost degree jealous of his popularity; he lost all energy when he saw it sinking; and the man who had disdained the favour and the gifts of sovereigns could not bear up against the slightest popular disgrace." This is a miserable history of a man of genius, however moderate, solely solicitous of a hurrah! and three cheers of the mob; and never, on any opportunity, of that wisdom and rectitude which might happen to be unpopular. The vilest parasite of a court is not a more contemptible being than that other servile courtier of the people. The people at least require

political science, which was now raised to oppose that principle of the divinity of monarchical power which inculcated passive obedience, from the highest authority to which Christian Europe could appeal. The novel principle was developed in the celebrated tract of Buchanan. (1) The Scottish Republican had warded off by his apologetical and subtilising Commentary the Jewish and Evangelical politics. (2) But Buchanan advanced beyond the mere illustration of an obscure and vague position, by maintaining that evil kings, like other criminals, may be brought to judgment, by those mightier sovereigns, their own people. Were there no socioties of men, there would be no kings, for kings are appointed for the good of the people, therefore the people are better than the king. It follows, that whenever a king is called to judgment, it is the lesser power which appears before the greater.

But what is the sovereignty of the people? is it like the equality of mankind, only a Utopian babble? Is it a contradiction in terms? How is the servant to be the master? or the governed to be the governors? Where are we to find this sovereignty, among the many or the few? Has history or human nature ever shown a government composed of the people, vacillating with their passions and their interests, eager to establish and eager to pull down? This would be a government composed of self-destroying principles. Buchanan sees what a people can do, but he does not see what they will do. "When shall we hope for that happiness where the whole people agree with that which is right?" demands the interlocutor in the dialogue. Buchanan responds, "That indeed is scarce to be hoped for, and to expect it is needless, for no law could be made and no magistrate be created which would not find some to object to the law or to oppose the man. It is sufficient," he concludes, "that the laws are useful, and the magistrate be of good repute." This speculative politician surely has left the obscure origin of government much where he found it, and Buchanan seems to have been casting his net into the sea to catch a whale. The principle more particularly his own is that kings may be put on their trial, but the sovereignty of the people, which is to exercise this right with him, has no other medium to manifest its authority than by the violence of the Tribunes of the Roman people and the Ephori of the Lacedæmonians. I cannot discover in this famous work of Buchanan any notion of a Representative Government, which at least seems the most rational of all human institutions.

Yet never let us forget that even a Representative Government is liable to many peculiar abuses, and all popular assemblies are a conflict of terrible passions. Truth is the celestial visitant of the few, and not of the many. The sovereignty of the people becomes as ambiguous a principle as any assumed by absolute power. Our Rumpers, perplexed by the sovereignty of the people, which, when they had assumed, they did not know what to make of, separated the power from the authority. They declared that "the supreme power is in the people, but the supreme authority is in the Commons, their representatives." A false assumption, which, like all fallacies, was designed to veil evil designs. Who were these proclaimers of the liberties of England? The Sovereign, the

as often to be enlightened as flattered.—*Times*, December 18th, 1830.

(1) De Jure Regni apud Scotos.

(2) In this dialogue the Interlocutor urges the precept of passive obedience from St. Paul in his Epistle to Titus, ch. iii. And to show how strong was the precept, he observes what Princes St. Paul recommended to the prayers of the Church, Tiberius, Claudius, Nero, for his Epistles are almost contemporary with them. Buchanan apologises for St. Paul; his command was but for a time, the Church being then in its infancy, and it was also to remove that odium which was attached to the Christians, that they refused all obedience to magistracy. Some of the primitive Christians had imprudently imagined that it was unworthy of those who were made free by the Son of God to lie under the power of any man. But St. Paul has given his reason for their obedience; it was not for the King's safety, but that the Church might live in peace and quietness. This passage enraged John Knox, who has furiously declaimed against this passage of St. Paul. He should have considered that St Paul was writing to men of different nations, few rich or able to govern, most but recently emancipated, tradesmen, servants, and all private persons. Now that Christians are kings, Paul would not write at this day as he wrote to the multitude. He maintains that monarchs may be brought to judgment, and it would be a false inference to conclude the thing was unlawful because it is not to be found in Scripture. There is, however, a passage in Peter, 1st, chap. ii., 13, which positively inculcates passive obedience, and admits of no gloss, though volumes have been written on St. Paul's "divine right," and St. Peter's "Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man."

The Covenanters alleged about ten passages from Scripture in favour of king-killing and revolting against them, but on the side of passive obedience to kings the express texts are more numerous. Both sides explain or evade. Both converted the Scriptures into a nose of wax.

Peers, and two-thirds of the Commons had been purged, and purged, and purged away, till nothing remained but the fraction of a House, and a minority of its members. The great truth is, that no government can exist unless it be invested with paramount power to keep every other down. The passions and the sufferings of mankind, in an eternal struggle where to lodge the seat of supreme authority, have rendered them alike the victims of a limited monarchy which corrupts their selfishness, an arbitrary despotism which degrades the animal by exacting unconditional submission, and an anarchical democracy which erects the vain and the daring into so many potentates, maddening the land by factions which can only be destroyed by other factions. The happiness of a people often vanishes in their eternal cry after liberty,—it is the despotism of the multitude which shall always terminate by the despotism of the single person. When the laws are once violated, man becomes the tyrant or the slave of his neighbour.

A letter about this time gives an extraordinary account of the excitement among the Levellers, "who stick not in the Army to say the Kingdom is theirs by conquest, and if the arrears go on still unpaid it will be theirs by purchase." To dissolve the Parliament they insisted on a free Election, but we are startled when we find that they voted to extend the Elective franchise to all classes, not only to freeholders but to beggars, who were to have a vote for Knights and Burgesses! Servants only were excepted. (1) Those Levellers, whom I have denominated the Regicides, were fully convinced that the life of the sovereign was a continued obstacle to their wild Democracy. It is now they meditated on the extraordinary project of some public act in the form of public justice on the doomed monarch, to exhibit to all the world a justification of the People. The idea was now rife, and was not even disapproved by some who had not yet the taste of blood. Cornet Joyce, who had had no slight personal intercourse with the King, was desirous that the King should be brought to trial, "Not," said he, "that I would have one hair of his head to suffer, but that the people might not bear the blame of the war." Those who imagined the trial dreamed also of the condemnation. Even the pistol, the poniard, or poison, should the greater novelty not be obtainable, were decided on. They railed against their officers, whom they witnessed mingled with the throng of Cavaliers at Hampton Court, as their betrayers. "Free-born John Lilburne," as he called himself, that giant of pamphleteers, whose ever-restless pen never wearied, threw amidst the Army now lying at Putney a hand-grenado, which burst on the head of Cromwell, entitled "Putney Projects." Cromwell latterly assured Ashburnham that his life was not secure in his quarters, and on this pretext desired him to refrain from open visits, without, however, interrupting their private communications. Nor did Cromwell neglect to convey information whenever he could carry a point among the Agitators in favour of the King. "So many shows and expressions of realities they intermingled with their discourse," Ashburnham with great simplicity remarks.

Berkley also discovered that Cromwell was somewhat captious. Expostulating with him for having betrayed a State-secret, Cromwell told him that Lady Carlisle (for her Ladyship again steps forth amid the busy scene) had affirmed that Sir John had informed her that Cromwell was to be created Earl of Essex and Captain of the King's Guards. Other rumours spread that Ireton was to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life. Such reports were fatal, while the Agitators promulgated that the Army and the people were to be sacrificed by their Lieutenant-General and their Commissary-General to their private ambition. (2)

Berkley assures us that he had all along cautiously avoided the springes and the snares of that paragon of Stateswomen, not to give umbrage to the Army. It was only after repeated messages conveyed by the voice and smiles of Lady Newport, that he was at last caught by the great Sempronia. Sir John, however, on visiting her Ladyship, enjoyed little of her company, for he had not long entered her haunted chamber, ere an Agitator made his ominous appearance, sent, as Sir John reasonably concludes, to neutralize their conversation, which ended in ordinary topics. Whether the expostulation of Cromwell were but a feint, to warn off Sir John from the unhallowed precinct of that perturbed spirit—the Presbyterian Lady—or whether her Ladyship had malliciously surmised the fact, though Berkley denies the communication in the present instance, we know for certain that her Ladyship's informant had furnished no ungrounded report.

(1) Clarendon State Papers, ii., xl. App. One can hardly imagine this universal reform of Parliament! Universal suffrage!

(2) Mr. Brodie, anxious to clear Cromwell of bar-

Of the nature of the communications which the two eminent persons now held with the King we may form some notion, by the acknowledgment which Ireton confidentially made to his friend Colonel Hutchinson, long after all interests had ceased to deceive the hearer. "He gave us words, and we paid him in his own coin, when we found that he had no real intention to the people's good, but to prevail by our factions to regain by art what he had lost in fight." In September the confidence of Charles appears to have weakened, and he seems to have entertained doubts of the sincerity of the parties.

Major Huntington, an officer in Cromwell's own regiment, was the confidential messenger from his Colonel to the King, and became zealously attached to the unfortunate monarch. When Charles was preparing his refusal to the proposals of the Parliament, he was desirous of consulting Cromwell before he sent in his answer. Taking the Major apart, the King earnestly inquired "whether he considered Cromwell remained the same in heart as by his tongue he had so frequently expressed himself?" The Major was staggered at the sudden and solemn question, and, comprehending all its importance, requested to give his answer on the following day.

The Major that night hastened to Cromwell's quarters, and early in the morning broke in on Cromwell, whom he found in his bed. Raising up his colonel in his nightgown, and apologising for the unseasonable disturbance, he acquainted him with the urgency of the business. On this Cromwell, striking his hand on his breast, solemnly asseverated that he "would do whatever he had promised to restore the King, imprecating Heaven that neither himself nor his wife nor children might ever prosper if he failed in his word, for that he would stand by the King were there but ten men left to stick to him." The Major, aware of what was passing in the Army, and with something like suspicion in his mind, was still so cautious as to condition with Cromwell, that should any thing happen to hinder his intentions, he would give the King timely warning, that he might elude the danger. This is remarkable, for Cromwell held this promise sacred.

Charles, like Huntington, reposed on the honour of Cromwell. The King's answer to the Parliament was submitted by the Major to the perusal of Cromwell and Ireton "privately in a garden-house at Putney," with liberty to add or alter. The object was to obtain a personal treaty, and they promised their support in the House. On the 13th of September the King's answer was received by the Parliament, and it raised a flame in the House—and we are told that not among the least vehement were found Cromwell and Ireton! The astonished monarch sent to inquire of Cromwell the reason of this extraordinary conduct. The ingenuity of the answer was only equalled by its perfidy. Cromwell alleged that "What he had done was merely to sound the depths of those virulent humours of the Presbyterian party whom he knew to be no friends to his Majesty." Cromwell, indeed, whatever he might have designed, lived in dread of the jealousies of the Army, and a public support of the King's measures might have confirmed their tales of his intrigues. (1)

ing ever been seduced by the promises held out to him, refers to Berkley as "informing us that the story of the Earldom was an invention."—Brodie, iv., 106. But since Mr. Brodie has written we have the positive evidence of Ashburnham, which I have before noticed, of the nature of the offers to Cromwell and Ireton, "to their utmost expectations." We have also a letter from Clarendon to Berkley, which approves of such offers having been made.—Clarendon State Papers, ii., 379. "The whole kingdom knows," says the warm Clement Walker, "Cromwell and Ireton to be apparently guilty of truckling with the King,"—History of Ind., i., 35. And I think Cromwell himself has made the confession, on the day he finally joined with the army, acknowledging "that the glories of the world had so dazzled his eyes, that he could not discern clearly the great works the Lord was doing, but that he now desired the prayers of the saints, that God would be pleased to forgive him *his self-seeking*." To me this is an evident allusion to what passed, as Ashburnham says, "for the space of twenty days, not without some hopes of success," and is an ample confirmation of the view which I have taken.

(1) It is a curious instance how imperfectly some are acquainted with parts of the very transaction in which they are engaged, or cease to deliver themselves accurately at a distant day. Sir John Berkley says, that "both Cromwell and Ireton, with Vane, and all their friends, seconded with great resolution the desire of his Majesty (for a personal treaty), but the more it was urged by Cromwell, the more it was rejected by the rest, who looked on them as their betrayers." How are we to accord this discrepancy with the narrative of Huntington? We must infer Cromwell's opposition from the apologetical answer he returned to the King. The recent narrative of Ashburnham confirms Huntington's account, that from this moment "Cromwell and Ireton withdrew themselves by degrees from their wonted discourses of his Majesty's recovery."—Ashburnham's Narrative, 98.

From this moment, however, Cromwell never again appeared at Hampton Court.

The masks, if they had worn any, must have suddenly dropped from their faces. The unhappy and baffled Ashburnham seems to have been at a loss how to proceed with such reluctant and suspicious negotiators, and seems not to have been aware that a negotiation may be considered as concluded when the negotiators are so coy as never to confer. The forlorn emissary of Charles went about circuitously among the officers to learn the resolutions of the two great men! He picked up from Colonel Rich some astounding gossip, in which Cromwell had enlarged "how this kingdom would be in a happy condition if the Government were settled as that in Holland." This alarming intelligence Ashburnham hastened to communicate to the King, urging, however, the absolute necessity of keeping up an appearance of friendly correspondence with these powerful men. Charles seemed troubled and absorbed in thought. He assured Ashburnham that he did not partake of his surprise, for that he had of late some secret hints in his mind that they never designed any other service to him than to advance their own, which lay some other way than by his restoration. Ashburnham took his final instructions to sound them once more. He found that all future negotiations would be useless.

The intentions of Cromwell and Ireton now cease to be equivocal. This remarkable change may be ascribed to the peremptory resolutions of the new faction in the Army. The two great leaders were themselves in terror at the monster they had themselves nursed. It was a novel predominance in the State. There is reason, however, to believe that a more private motive also prevailed with Cromwell and Ireton. A letter is said to have been intercepted, the tenor of which, whatever it was, put an end to their scheme of any coalition with the King. The history of this intercepted letter we reserve for the following chapter, as an investigation, sufficiently curious.

The communication of Cromwell, Ireton, and Whalley with the King continued in appearance so late as *the end of October*, for their ladies went to Court, and Ashburnham, taking Mrs. Cromwell by the hand, introduced her to his Majesty, and the whole family party were entertained. *Very early in November* we find that an impeachment of the Army against Cromwell was in agitation, and, a week later, Ireton opposes Rainsborough at a council of war. The furious Leveller intimated that the Army would not make any farther addresses to the King. Ireton protested against this violation of reason and justice, abruptly left the Council, and refused to return. (1) To so late a period as *the 8th of November* Cromwell and Ireton still persisted in the appearance of friendly dispositions. This mysterious conduct may be ascribed to their peculiar situation; they were wrestling with the new Faction, with whom as yet they had not joined.

Within the space of a week the King observed a sudden alteration in the civility of the soldiers, and that the guards were doubled. Charles desired Ashburnham to find some excuse to withdraw his parole, as the King did himself, on the plea that his friends had been dismissed, and his honour suspected, for that "his word was to be his guard." He sent word to the General that he could pledge his word no longer, and that the General should look to him as well as he could. Legge, of all his own attendants, was alone suffered to remain. Letters and notes were conveyed to Charles which confirmed certain rumours of his personal danger. The spirit of the Levellers was now under the influence of such political saints as Hugh Peters, their chaplain and buffoon, men whom the warm Clement Walker designates as "the journeymen-priests." An anonymous letter which Charles left on the table on his flight, and which had come from a quarter well known to Charles, informed him of the resolution of some agitators "to take his life away." Dell and Peters, two of their preachers, offered to bear them company, and had often said to them that "his Majesty is but as a dead dog." (2) The King was cast into terror and perplexity. Cromwell obtained intelligence of a plot concerted by the Levellers to send a strong detachment of their own party to seize on the King. He instantly wrote to Colonel Whalley, his relative, who had the custody of the King, to

(1) See the curious extracts of letters of the day, in Clarendon's State Papers, ii. App. xi.

(2) This was no false information. Hugh Peters was a true Regicide. Evelyn, in his Diary, "heard Peters incite the rebel powers met in the painted-chamber to destroy his Majesty." I am afraid Hugh Peters never forgave Charles for absolutely forbidding him to preach before him, a circumstance which he has indignantly noticed.

give him timely warning, declaring that he himself could no longer be responsible for the King's safety. Whalley immediately confided the pressing communication to the King.

At the close of the evening of the 12th of November, Charles escaped from Hampton Court, accompanied by Legge, and met Ashburnham and Berkley by appointment, and the next account heard of the King was that he remained in safety and in the custody of Hammond, the Governor of the Isle of Wight, another confidential friend of Cromwell.

This is one of the most mysterious incidents in this history. Contemporaries and historians have decided that the King, from the day of his deportation from Holmby to his escape to the Isle of Wight, was throughout the dupe of Cromwell.

Hollis and Ludlow consider the flight as a stratagem of Cromwell's, who, having cast Charles into the terror of assassination, had probably indicated his flight, concerting with his creature Whalley to connive at the escape of the King. The absurd account Whalley gave of his measures on its discovery, and no obstacles having impeded the Royal fugitive, give some suspicion. (1) Charles was advised to go to the Isle of Wight, where Cromwell had beforehand provided him with a gaoler in Colonel Hammond, who had been sent out as Governor only a few weeks before, so that the King was made to act the whole as from himself, and fly into the cage.

Two material objections are opposed to this account. First, the alarm of assassination was real, being confirmed to Charles from sources on which he could depend. Secondly, Hammond was so totally unprepared to receive the King, that the very idea threw him into a fright; and it was long before he could decide how to act. Assuredly the Governor of the Isle of Wight at this time was not of the confederacy with Cromwell and Whalley.

On the obscure motive of the flight of the King to the Isle of Wight, the Royalists assigned a very different cause. The companion of his flight, Ashburnham, either by delusion or perfidy, was an instrument of Cromwell, and this devoted friend of the King was calumniated for having betrayed his Master, and vilified, like another Judas, for "a great sum of money." (2) They could not by any other way conceive what could have induced Charles on his escape to trust himself with one of the Army, with whom he had had no intercourse and could have no confidence. The truth is, Charles never had designed blindly to trust himself in any Governor's hands, and instantly foresaw all the mischief which his inexpert but honest agents had occasioned. Clarendon, in his narrative, has spoken dubiously, and perhaps with unfriendliness, of the conduct of Ashburnham, so that the stain on his character seemed indelible. Yet Clarendon confesses that he had read both the manuscript narratives of Berkley and Ashburnham, but either he had forgotten their contents, or could not recur to them. He held them both much too cheap. The Editor of Evelyn is not the only historical inquirer who has observed that "Ashburnham was suspected with great appearance of truth of having misled the King either through treachery or folly." (3) Even Hume had said that Ashburnham imprudently, if not treacherously, brought Hammond to the King. Père d'Orléans, whose elegant work on the Revolutions of England was composed under the eye of James the Second, and who has often profited by information drawn from that authentic source, at this particular period is startled at this mysterious accusation. "How is it possible," he exclaims, "to suspect of treachery the two devoted friends of the King?" Yet how was the Père to account for Charles being entrapped in the Isle? In straining on its tenter-hooks his historical curiosity, he cries in its agony, "Cromwell, par des ressorts qu'on ne voit pas, l'avoit fait conduire à l'isle de Wight." But in a calmer period he more sagaciously concludes, "Je laisse à éclaircir ce point à ceux qui auront là-dessus des lumières que je n'ai pas." (4)

(1) Whalley tells of his "sending parties of horse everywhere, both night and day, searching over Ashburnham's house which he found empty," and the King's lodge, where he might be sure the King was not. This huddled narrative was not read in the House, as Hammond's letter arrived at the same time with certain information. Peck thinks that Rushworth did not publish it, because it contained some things not to the advantage of Cromwell and Whalley. If so, it is only one among many suppressions of the kind by Rushworth.

(2) It was reported that Ashburnham received forty thousand pounds from the Army. A clerk of the Exchequer affirmed that he had paid him twenty thousand pounds! and we are assured, on being applied to, "repented for that sin." A striking instance of popular lies!

(3) Evelyn's Diary, ii., 447.

(4) Père d'Orléans' Révolutions d'Angleterre, liv. ix., 69. 4to.

But the critical difficulty still remains; what motive could Cromwell have in his anxious care of the King's life, and to what purpose did he let loose his prisoner only to place him in a more distant confinement? The enigma seems only to have been solved by the philosopher Hobbes, who, with some advantages as a contemporary, but more by his profound views, has struck out of the most reasonable statement of affairs the most ingenious result.

Hobbes accounts for the sincerity of Cromwell in his first professions of restoring the King—it was a reserve against the Parliament kept in his pocket, but which at length he had no more need of. The King became an impediment to him, a trouble in the Army, and to have let him fall into the hands of the Presbyterians had put a stop to the hopes of Cromwell. To murder Charles privately would have made the Lieutenant-General, under whose superintendence he was placed, odious, and it ought to be added, that Cromwell was not a man of blood, nor would the death of the King have furthered his designs. There was nothing better for his purpose than to suffer the King to escape, from a spot where he was placed too near the Parliament, and too accessible to the Scotch intriguers, and go wherever he pleased beyond sea. (1)

The flight of the King was an expedient of Cromwell to get rid of him altogether. There was a party who had decided on assassination, but some of the cooler heads in the Army were of opinion that their policy was to keep the imprisoned father alive, by which means they prevented the son from any pretension to the Crown. Cromwell ventured beyond this—he considered that the expatriation of the King would relieve the embarrassments of all parties, convinced that on the Continent no fraternal monarch would assist the English sovereign, who had ceased to be a member of the European family of political cabinets.

This view clears up this mysterious transaction. Charles was lured out of his prison at Hampton Court, but with no intention to be imprisoned in the Isle of Wight. When the King sallied forth he had fixed on no place, and was so far from trusting the Governor of the Isle of Wight, which Charles would not have hesitated to have done, had he followed any previous advice of Cromwell—that he sent forwards his unfortunate agents to negotiate with the Governor, and considered himself as lost when they brought Hammond with them. The unexpected result of the King being in the custody of Hammond disappointed the plotting head of Cromwell—for Charles in the Isle of Wight was more powerful than at Hampton Court, since he there carried on with more security his communications, and obtained—the constant object of his wishes,—a personal treaty. Nothing less than another *coup d'état* from the Army Regicides was required to close the fate of the monarch.

(1) Behemoth, 234.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Of the Letter supposed to have been intercepted by Cromwell and Ireton.

An intercepted letter is supposed to have decided Cromwell and Ireton to abandon the King. Rumours and stories from the most opposite quarters, pretending to disclose its contents, refute themselves by their contradictory intelligence, and show how every one seems at liberty in a secret history to invent what they choose. The existence of a document which may possibly have existed now becomes problematical.

Cromwell, in his expostulation with Ashburnham, furnishes one account. He affirmed that, by this letter to the Queen, they had discovered that Charles had commanded all his party to side with the Parliament, and likewise that he had at that instant a treaty with the Scots. Herbert gives a rumour that the great officers, or, as the Presbyterians now began to call them, the Grandees of the Army, had carried on their design to restore the King till, by violating a seal, and opening a letter from the Queen, they obtained intelligence of the Duke of Hamilton's preparations in Scotland, but this, Herbert observes, did not occur till about a year afterwards—however, it is clear that such a correspondence might have discovered "the preparations" long ere that important event. In their subsequent interview with the King, the officers put the question, and the King concealed the intelligence. On this evidence of his duplicity they decided that he was no longer to be trusted.

There are also two extraordinary narratives. The first may be familiar to the reader, for it has formed the subject of a picture and an engraving. Lord Orrery when Lord Broghill, was on terms of intimacy with Cromwell and Ireton, and riding out

together, the conversation falling on the King's death, Cromwell observed, that "If the King had followed his own judgment, and had been attended by none but trusty servants, he had fooled them all." They were jogging on, all in good humour, when Lord Orrery ventured to inquire, that since they had really designed to close with the King, what had occurred which prevented it? Cromwell unreservedly satisfied his Lordship's curiosity. "When the Scots and the Presbyterians began to be more powerful than ourselves, and were likely to agree with him, and leave us in the lurch, we offered far more reasonable conditions. A letter came from one of our spies, who was of the King's bed-chamber, acquainting us that our doom was decreed that day, in a letter to the Queen, sewed in the skirts of a saddle, and the bearer would arrive about ten at night at the Blue Boar in Holborn. The messenger himself knew nothing of the letter in the saddle, but some in Dover did." Our two great men, disguised as troopers, went, placing a sentinel at the wicket to warn them of the approach of their man. With drawn swords taking him aside, they told him their orders were to search all persons at the inn, but, as he seemed an honest man, they would only look at his saddle. They took it into a stall, unripped the skirts, and found the letter. In this letter, as Cromwell stated, the King acquainted the Queen, that being courted by both factions, who bid the fairest should have him, but he imagined that he should incline to the Scots rather than to the Army.

And was this all? It paid them very ill for their unripping the saddle! The letter must have contained a great deal more than Cromwell is made to say, to colour their sudden desertion. Here was no proof of treachery nor duplicity in the King's determination, in his critical position, to prefer the better terms. They were well assured of that before they went to the Blue Boar. (1)

That nothing, however, should be wanting to complete the history of this intercepted letter, the wonderful part appears to have been conveyed to us. Pope and Richardson, the son of the artist, conversing about this letter, which Richardson said he had read or heard of, Lord Bolingbroke gave them some curious intelligence. Lord Oxford, Harley the second Earl, the son of the Lord Treasurer, had told him that he had seen and had in his hand an original letter of Charles the First, wrote to the Queen, in reply to her reproach for "having made those villains (Cromwell and Ireton) too great concessions." The King replied, that "she should leave him to manage, for that he should know in due time how to deal with the rogues, who, instead of a silken garter, should be fitted with an hempen cord." It is added that they waited for this answer, which they intercepted accordingly, and it determined his fate. This letter Lord Oxford said he had offered five hundred pounds for. (2)

Here unquestionably were treachery and duplicity more than enough to warrant any defection. But how happened it that Cromwell, telling the story to Lord Orrery, should have omitted such a blazing evidence in his favour? We only know the anecdote through the chaplain of Lord Orrery writing a slight memoir of his lordship; and it is possible, that though he had it from his lordship, he may have sadly marred it,—most unskilfully dropping the pith and zest of his pointless tale. But the authenticity of the extraordinary letter seen by Lord Oxford presents some startling objections. Had the possessor of this letter been of any consideration, his name had probably appeared to satisfy a curious inquirer. If the person were obscure, his romantic tenderness for the King's reputation is not credible, in rejecting a seductive five hundred pounds for a letter which had no other than that historical value which a collector attached to it. As the sum is printed in ciphers, we may suppose there is a supernumerary one; and yet fifty pounds for an obsolete letter, which makes the offer more reasonable, does not bring down the obstinate refusal to tolerable credibility.

The most fatal objection of all still remains. It is not in the nature of human possibilities that Charles should ever have consigned to paper such a vulgar and villanous artifice.

(1) I have often been surprised at the popularity of this story, for I never could trace it beyond Carte's Life of the Duke of Ormond, ii., 42, where one would have imagined it would have remained locked up in those three folios. The chaplain of Lord Orrery had been told it by his patron, and possibly forgot the best of the tale. Carte extracted it from this chaplain's manuscript memoirs. However, I have since found it preserved in Hume's notes.

(2) Richardsoniana, 132. The writer observes that "Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Marchmont, and Mr. Pope, all believed that the story which I had heard or read to this purpose had its origin no higher than the story of Lord Oxford." So little did all these literary

This entire dereliction of every moral and honourable principle is so repulsively incompatible with the scrupulous and rigid notions of honour of the man, who on one occasion would not escape from his imprisonment till he had first formally withdrawn the pledge of his parole, and on another, when Lord Lanerick, with a large body of his friends, had contrived to surround him and his guards, intreating him to fly with them, he, that his honour might rest inviolate, voluntarily returned to his prison-house. The project is even impracticable, since, as we are here told, Cromwell was to be appointed "the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for life, without account, with an army which knew no head but the Lieutenant." The Suzerain of Ireland!

How are we to decide on this intercepted letter so frequently noticed, and of which every account differs in its particulars? That a letter, whose tenor was unfavourable to the views of Cromwell and his colleague, and even indicated to them at the time by some spy of the King's bed-chamber, had been intercepted, is very probable. Baron Maseres, a most candid judge, however, can find no evidence of such a letter, and gives no credence to the popular story; and Hume declares, that "the story of this intercepted letter stands on no manner of foundation." All these various rumours of an intercepted letter look much like a clumsy expedient of the party to save their own honour at the cost of the honour of Charles.

I can place no reliance on what the second Earl of Oxford stated in a conversation with Lord Bolingbroke. He was an intemperate person, with the weakest judgment. I have looked over his own papers. (1) Lord Bolingbroke might have farced his well-told story, for the relish of Pope and Richardson, and have lardooned leanness. "The silken garter and the hempen cord" is very antithetical, and too much in the florid manner of Bolingbroke to suit Charles's unstudied style.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

The Singular Negotiation of Berkley and Ashburnham with the Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Charles, impatient to quit a place where he hourly dreaded assassination, and where he had just learned that Rainsborough had resolved to destroy him, appointed the attendance of his companions at Thames Ditton. Shutting himself up in his chamber, and desiring to be free from any interruption, having letters to write, at dusk he called for a light. His unusual absence from evening prayers, and his prolonged delay of the supper-time, alarmed the Commissioners. They rapped at his chamber-door, and were only answered by the solitary whine of the King's greyhound. (2) Entering, and finding his Majesty's cloak thrown on the floor, the first idea which occurred to them was, as they tell us, "that somewhat had been attempted on his person." So rife was the rumour of the projected assassination!

Letters which Charles had left on his table removed their fears. One was an anonymous communication which had driven the King to flight. Three letters were written by the King himself. One addressed to the Houses of Parliament, contains this remarkable passage. "I call God to witness with what patience I have endured a tedious restraint, which, so long as I had any hopes that this sort of my suffering might conduce to the peace of my kingdoms, I did willingly undergo; but now finding by too certain proofs that this my continued patience would not only turn to my personal ruin, but likewise be of much more prejudice to the public good, I thought I was bound, as well by natural as political obligations, to seek my safety by *retiring myself for some time from the public view both of my friends and enemies.*" And the King concludes this dignified address—"Let me be heard with freedom, honour, and safety, and I shall *instantly break through this cloud of retirement,* and show myself to be Pater Patriæ." (3) It is extraordinary that,

men know of the secret history of the eventful half century which had only just closed.

(1) In some memoranda of this Earl's writing, he asserts that the Duke of Marlborough was so completely illiterate that he could not spell and hardly write. But the writing and the orthography of the Duke were flowing and correct. As an instance of the Duke's utter illiteraleness, Lord Bolingbroke told him, that when Barnes the Greek Professor came to offer to dedicate his Anacreon to the Duke for twenty pounds, the Duke inquired "Who she was? He remembered something about Creon in one of Dryden's plays, but nothing about this Anna." I suspect Lord Bolingbroke must have delighted to play off his malicious wit on this second Earl of Oxford, who has duly registered a number of these ridiculous fictions.

(2) The Moderate Intelligence, from Nov. 11 to Nov. 18, 1647.

(3) The letter to the Parliament is preserved in Rushworth, vii., 871. The other letters are from the periodical publications of the times.

with this clear evidence before them, historians should have imagined that Charles was betrayed by Cromwell, or by Ashburnham, to hasten to Hammond. This was written the very day of his departure, and it distinctly shows that Charles was hurrying into a fanciful project of his own, in unison with his melancholy mind, a romantic concealment from all the world, without having provided even a single chance of some abiding spot!

One letter was addressed to Colonel Whalley, expressive of the royal thanks for his attentive services while the King remained in his custody; the other was for Lord Montague, desiring that a certain picture in the King's apartment should be restored to its ownor, the Duke of Richmond; and in a postscript, Charles earnestly recommended to his care the favourite greyhound, which he voluntarily left behind. Charles was much attached to these mute but affectionate domestics; in solitude the heart needs something to be kind to. Charles appears to have discriminated between his dogs more acutely than among some of his courtiers. Once when Gipsey, his greyhound, was scratching at the door of his chamber, he desired Sir Philip Warwick to let the hound in. "I have perceived," said Warwick to the King, "that you love a greyhound better than a spaniel." "Yes," replied Charles, "for they equally love their masters, and yet do not flatter them so much."

All these letters were published. The Levellers ridiculed the care of a picture, and the sympathy for a dog. The Royalists exulted in contemplating in tho monarch the ideal of a gentleman. These letters not only vouched for the collectedness of his mind, and that the King did not fly with unmanly trepidation, but they saw true dignity in leaving his thanks to the agitator Whalley, who had behaved himself well, and something amiable in his recollection of the picture, and his anxiety for his domestic friend the greyhound.

The flights and the imprisoments of Charles the First were like those of no other monarch. Thoy often took the romantic turn of his character.

It was a dark tempestuous night in November when Charles issued from Hampton Court by a private door into the Park, opened without difficulty, unguarded by a sentinel. This looks like the connivance of Whalley to facilitate the King's escape. Crossing the Thames, Charles passod over to Ditton, whore his companions were waiting with horses. The King undertook to be their guide through the Forest, more familiar with the paths than any of the party, but their track was soon lost in the darkness.

It appeared to Berkley that the King had fixed on no particular place of destination. Charles now complained of the Scotch Lords, who, having offered their services to aid his escape, had on the following day retracted them, by raising obstacles with hints of the Covenant. The King was shaping his way towards Southampton. On descending a hill, Charles proposed that they should lead their horses, and confer together. Berkley supposed that tho King then decided for the Isle of Wight, for he observes, "and that for the first time for aught that I could then discover."

The King had probably settled on no particular place in preference to another—his flight had been sudden. He had originally designed for Jersey, and still had hopes to procure some vessel. A ship was now mentioned, but there had been no time to propare one. There wore, however, reasons to induce Charles to direct his wanderings to the Isle of Wight, which were unknown to Berkley. Ashburnham, a day or two before, had suggested the Isle of Wight for its contiguity to the sea,—for having few or no soldiers—for the loyalty of its few inhabitants,—for Sir John Oglander's house there offering a safe retreat, and, moreover, from a favourable impression made on him by Hammond, the Governor, though his personal knowledge was slight. Ashburnham had recently met Hammond, whodeclared that he was retiring to his government to be out of the way of the Army, who he had discovered had resolved to break all promises with the King, and he would never hring himself to join with such perfidious deeds. Lady Isabella Thynne had also spoken of Hammond to Ashburnham. The Stateswomen were always to be consulted. This is the simple mystery of Charles's flying to the Isle of Wight, which has occasioned so many misconceptions, erroneous statements and unjust surmises of the artful plotting of Cromwell, of Ashburnham's incrodible perfidy, and of Charles's having so imprudently run into the trap which had been set for him.

Charles, within twenty miles of the island, felt some prudent misgivings. He was hastening to cast himself into the hands of the Governor, without having ascertained his dispositions. Hammond, indeed, was

not unknown to the King; he was the nephew of his favourite chaplain, and had himself formerly kissed hands, but he had long been a Colonel in the Parliamentary army.

The King warily dispatched Berkley and Ashburnham to sound Hammond, while with Colonel Legge he retired to Titchfield, the residence of the Earl of Southampton. They were to show the Governor the copies of the letters from Cromwell and an anonymous person, and to tell him that the King designed to fly not from the Army but from assassins, and had chosen to confide in Hammond, not only as one of good extraction, but one who, though engaged against him in war, had never carried any animosity to his person, to which he was informed Hammond bore no aversion. He asked for protection for himself and his servants, or, if he could not grant this, they should be left to themselves. Berkley tells us that, foreseeing the possibility of their arrest, and "with the image of the gallows very perfectly before him," he requested the King, that, should they delay their return beyond a reasonable time, he should think no more of them, but secure his own escape. Charles thanked him for the caution. It evidently inferred that Berkley had no idea of betraying to Hammond the place of Charles's concealment. The King in all appearances was to be at Hampton Court, waiting the answer of his envoys.

If the embassy were hazardous, it was still more difficult. If we trust to the recriminatory narratives, it would be hard to decide who was the most indiscreet negotiator.

It is extraordinary that Ashburnham, who had some personal knowledge of Hammond, instead of addressing him direct, should have deputed Berkley, who was a stranger to the Governor, and whom they now met, going from Carisbrooke Castle to Newport. Sir John at once startled the Governor by asking him "who he thought was near him?" and then telling him "Even good King Charles, who was come from Hampton Court for fear of being privately murdered." "This was a very unskilful entrance into our business," observes Ashburnham. Berkley himself tells us simply that "he delivered the King's message word for word;" but it is probable that Ashburnham's account is right, by an expression in Hammond's letter to the Parliament, that "Sir John in a short discourse told him that the King was near." We shall not attempt to reconcile a couple of discordant narrations drawn up by the parties to throw blame on each other, yet, be it observed, with great tenderness, often offering excuses for their mutual indiscretions.

What occurred is more certain than what was said. The abruptness of this overwhelming intelligence raised up the most conflicting emotions in the breast of the Governor. His consternation betrayed itself visibly—a sudden paleness spread over his countenance, and he was thrown into such a state of trepidation that with difficulty he kept his seat on his horse. The paroxysm came and went for a considerable time. Hammond, who had so cautiously avoided to take any part in the Army-measures against the King, now perceived at once how his feelings and his honour must be risked on the stake. Paramount to all other feelings was his high responsibility as a military Governor.

With as much sincerity as *naïveté*, the distracted Colonel passionately exclaimed, "Oh, gentlemen! you have undone me by bringing the King into the Island! if you have brought him—if you have not, pray let him not come—for what between my duty to his Majesty, and my gratitude for this fresh obligation of his confidence on the one hand, and the observance of my trust to the Army on the other, I shall be confounded!"

There was no trick, no deception in these first disturbed emotions of Colonel Hammond. His case was that of many honourable men, as we have already shown, whose sympathy for a monarch, after the tribulations of many years of adversity, had not less force with them than their principles of patriotism.

Hammond was the very character which was most likely to fall a victim, as he did, to such cruel embarrassments, where he could not act on one side without injury to the other. Hammond was a man of honour, and some gracious favours once received from the King were not obliterated in forgetfulness, but he was also a Colonel in the service of the Parliament. He had retired from the violence of the Agitators, but he was closely attached to Cromwell, by whose mediation he had married a daughter of Hampden. The Colonel had two uncles, one a distinguished officer in the Civil Wars, and whose zeal, abounding zeal, at length classed him among the Regicides; the other uncle was the favourite chaplain of Charles, a divine whose loyalty and piety vied with each other. A mind not endowed with any original vigour, when there happens a schism in the political prin-

ciples of a family, influenced alike hy both parties to him equally endeared, becomes pliant and irresolute, and is thrown into a state of passiveness. The Parliamentarian uncle, who had made Hammond a military man, and might have converted him into a Regicide, had found some of the work of his hands undone by the uncle, the celebrated divine, who had awed by his Scripture "Paraphrases" and those "Commentaries" which are still famous. The result of such an incessant action and counter-action with our Colonel was that of holding him in an equiponderancy between the Parliament and the King. From the moment of that burst of his feelings on his receiving the first intelligence of the proximtiy of Charles, to the end of his subsequent vacillating conduct towards the monarch, when he was himself cast into a prison, as suspected of loyalty, we may say of Hammond, that he was truly the nephew of two uncles.

As the Colonel gradually recovered his senses, the business assumed a more tangible shape. Hammond looked more steadily on the novel position in which, in spite of himself, he now stood. He invited them to dinner and a conference, in which he professed his inclination to serve the King. They could not prevail on him to agree to a definite condition of that aid and protection which they required. After a long debate, Hammond pledged himself to perform whatever should be expocted from "a person of honour and honesty." Ashburnham seized on the vague indefinite offer, and said "He would ask no more!" so eager was this inefficient negotiator to conclude what he had not had even the courage to begin.

A curious circumstance occurred when Hammond desired that one of them should remain in the Castle with him while the other went to the King. Berkley declares "He embraced the motion most readily, and immediately went over the hridge into the Castle, though I had the imago of the gallows very perfectly before me;" and sarcastically adds, "Mr. Ashburnham went, I believe, with a better heart to horse." Hammond had proposed that Ashburnham should remain, as a more precious pledge than Berkley; the reason Ashburnham alleges for preferring the imprisonment of Berkley to his own is simple—that he thought himself more useful to his Majesty. However, it seems that he dropped this part of the adventure in the account he rendered to the King, and that Berkley took care to supply that omission, to convince the King that he was in earnest, and had exposed his life to vouch for it. It was probably alluding to this and to other circumstances, that induced Charles at a distant day to observe on the adventure of the Isle of Wight, and the strange conduct of Ashburnham, that "He did not believe that he was unfaithful to him, but that he thought that he wanted courage at that time, who he never kuew wanted it before."

The affair terminated unexpectedly. Hammond decided to wait on the King in person. Berkley was recalled as he was entering the Castle, and remained astonished at Ashburnham's consent to tako the Governor without apprising the King and obtaining his approval. Ashburnham considered that it was now useless to refuse Hammond, who, had they departed without him, would have sent his spies. On taking boat at Cowes Castle, Hammond called on the Captain to accompany him, and once proposed to be accompanied by a file of soldiers. (1) Berkley opposed the supernumerary Captain, but Ashburnham observed, that "They were but two, whom they could easily secure." Berkley replied, "You will undoubtedly surprise the King;" Mr. Ashburnham said nothing but "I'll warrant you" —"And so you shall," said I, "for you know the King much better than I do; but I will not see him before you satisfy his Majesty concerning your proceedings. Well! He would take that upon him."

When the four arrived at Titchfield House, Ashburnham alone went to the King to acquaint him of the extraordinary visitor waiting below whom he had conducted to him. Whatever the fear of Berkley had suggested, did not exceed the reality of the scene which occurred. Charles started in agony, striking his breast, and exclaiming, "What, have you brought Hammond with you? Oh, Jack! you have undone me! for I am by this means made fast from stirring,—the Governor will keep me prisoner." There is reason to suspect that the King for a moment actually thought himself betrayed. I infer this, both from the extraordinary look and language with which he received Ashburnham, and from the monstrous resolution Ashburnham was induced to take on this occasion; in utter

(1) Dr. Lingard has menttoned this "file," but tt is evident, by what afterwards occurred, that Hammond was solely accompanted by the captain of the castle.

despair, Charles spoke "with a very severe and reserved countenance, the first of that kind to me." "With the saddest heart that certainly ever man had," Asbburnham proposed "an expedient" for his fatal error. The King now told him that he had sent to Hampton for a vessel, but how could he now be cleared of the Governor? Ashburnham replied that his coming had made any other way more practicable than if he had stayed behind; and when the King pressed to know how? the feeble and heart-broken Ashburnham decided to dispatch the Governor and the Captain!

Ashburnham describes the King, on hearing this monstrous "expedient," as "walking some few times in the room and weighing what I had proposed to him." Surely Charles not for a moment could "weigh" in his mind the assassination of two innocent men. It could only have been the delirium of despair in the feeble mind of the weeping Ashburnham which could have suggested such an unjustifiable deed. Long afterwards some were so rash as to censure this unfortunate gentleman for not dispatching the Governor without acquainting the King with it, aware as he was of the King's great tenderness of blood. It is curious to observe a humane man apologise for not committing a horrid murder in cold blood!

Berkley has described this remarkable scene as he received it at the time from Ashburnham himself, and it seems more intelligible. "Mr. Ashburnham replied to the King, that if he mistrusted Hammond he would undertake to secure him." His Majesty said, "I understand you well enough, but the world would not excuse me. Should I follow that counsel, it would be believed that Hammond had ventured his life for me, and that I had unworthily taken it from him. It is too late to think of any thing but going through the way you have forced upon me, and so leave the issue to God!" Mr. Ashburnham, having no more to reply, wept bitterly.

The Governor of the Isle of Wight, being introduced to the King, renewed his protestations with more warmth than he had done to the two inefficient negotiators. The King, however, desired Hammond to remember that "He was to be judge of what was honourable and honest." This was the best terms the King could make, and which, if a prisoner, were no terms at all. Charles was conducted by Hammond to this island, with the purest intentions, to use his own words, "to preserve with his own life the King's person from any horrid attempt on it"—to accommodate that rude residence "to his quality," for which he appealed to the aid of Parliament. (1) Hammond was now the nephew of his uncle the divine; and in placing the King in the security of Carisbrooke Castle, neither of them anticipated that it was to be the gloomy imprisonment of eight tedious months.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Imprisonment at the Isle of Wight.

Charles seemed to rejoice in his new abode. Unexpectedly in a corner of the kingdom he had found that loyalty had not grown obsolete. The men, women, and children of the Isle of Wight—"this poor well-affected people," as Berkley describes them—were in their innocent ignorance so attached to his royal person, that some, shortly after, when an old retired captain beat a drum to liberate their Sovereign, ran after the drum, and were amazed to witness their solitary hero hanged and quartered. The twelve old men who formed the garrison of the Castle, and had passed their military lives under a Royalist General, at the sight of the King renovated their superannuated loyalty. Even the Governor himself clung to his loyal sensibilities, and was still the nephew of his uncle the divine. He held "fervent private conferences" with Ashburnham. Hammond, connected with the superior officers, abhorred the Agitators, or the Anarchists; in that disposition he was at least immutable. He now earnestly desired that the King should send one of his three friends to the General with encouraging letters, while he himself wrote confidentially to Cromwell and Ireton, to conjure them by their engagement, their interest, and their conscience, to close with the reasonable offers of the King, and no longer expose themselves "to the fantastic giddiness of the Agitators."

At this moment a great event occurred. The Terrorists themselves had become terrified; the Agitators had ceased to agitate. The prompt resolution of Cromwell at a criti-

(1) The expense of his Majesty's household was in consequence debated in Parliament; a committee was to report the state of the King's expenses, what it would amount to above 50*l.* per diem. This sum, with no court to maintain, seems curious.—Rushworth, vii., 878.

cal moment saved himself and the State. By his usual preventive policy of *espionnage* he got into the secrets of the Levellers. It is said that Cromwell's life was at stake, and that the Agitators had threatened to make him pay with his head the forfeit of his intrigues with Charles. (1) An impeachment was actually preparing, and it is mentioned, that "if on that day Cromwell did not make himself powerful to secure his head, he must follow his predecessor Hotham." (2) On such a momentous incident the fate of Cromwell depended! The flight of the King had disconcerted the plans of the Agitators which they had designed to carry into execution at Hampton Court. They met to mutiny. Unexpectedly they beheld among themselves the Lieutenant-General himself. Cromwell asked some questions, and received insolent answers, on which, as Clarendon describes the action, with "a marvellous vivacity," he knocked two or three of them on the head with his own hand, charged the rest with his troops, took a number of prisoners, hanged some, and tried others.

These formed but the forlorn-hope of the mutineers. The heads of this party were still the same determined spirits powerful in the Army. To remain their masters, Cromwell and Ireton submitted. Cromwell became one of themselves to make them become Cromwellians.

Berkley was commissioned to bear the letters of the King and of the Governor, which with some apprehension of the event he cheerfully did, much to the satisfaction, as he insinuates, of Ashburnham and Legge. His reception is dramatically told.

Hastening to the General's quarters, whom he found at a meeting of the officers, after long waiting, an inattention not usually shown to a royal messenger, he was called in. The General, looking on him with a severe countenance, in his cold and graceless manner, only said that they were the Parliament's Army, to whom they would send the King's letter. Looking round for his acquaintance among the officers, Cromwell and Ireton slightly bowed with altered countenances, such as they had never shown before. They took an opportunity of showing Berkley Hammond's letter, with a bitter disdainful smile. He saw that that was no place for him, and hurried to his lodgings. There he waited, and was surprised that no one called on him. In the evening he sent his servant to light upon some of his acquaintance. A general officer whispered in the servant's ear that he would meet his master at midnight in a close behind his inn.

In this stolen and solemn midnight interview, at the strange spot of the appointment, Berkley learned all which he dreaded to learn. "I told you," said this ominous sprite, who seems to have been Watson, Cromwell's scout-master—"that we who were zealous for the engagement with the King would discover if we were cozened. We mistrusted Cromwell and Ireton, as I informed you. I come now to tell you that we mistrust neither, but know them, and all of us, to be the archest villains in the world; for we are resolved to destroy the King and his posterity. Ireton proposed that you should be sent prisoner to the Tower, and that none should speak to you upon pain of death, and I do hazard my life now by doing it. It is intended to send eight hundred of the most disaffected of the Army to secure the King's person, which we believe not at present to be so—then to bring him to trial, I dare think no farther! If the King can escape, let him do it!" This change in the conduct of the superior officers, which seemed to surprise Berkley and his secret communicant, could only be ascribed, as it appeared to them, for they knew not of any intercepted letter of the King's, to the state of the Army itself. Had the superior officers refused to unite with the Army, two-thirds had resolved to divide from them. Hugh Peters, the Chaplain of the Army, who wore a sword, and asserted that the sword contained all the laws of the realm, was a fit negotiator for Cromwell. With the accustomed dexterity of his versatile genius, Cromwell observed, "If we cannot bring the Army to our sense, we must go to theirs;" acknowledging, as he did on a former occasion, that "the glories of the world had so dazzled his eyes, that he could not discern clearly the great works the Lord was doing."

Berkley sent off immediate dispatches by his cousin; it informed the Governor of the doubtful state of the Army, and communicated to the King, in cipher, the particulars of the secret conference. In the morning he sent Cornet Cooke to Cromwell to inform him that he had letters and instructions from the

(1) Dr. Lingard, x., 398.

(2) This appears by an article of intelligence, and the names of the secretary for furnishing articles, with that of the drawer-up of the collected materials are mentioned.—Clarendon State Papers, App. li., xl. and xli.

King. Cromwell told this secret messenger that he durst not see Berkley, it being very dangerous for both. He assured him, however, that he would servo his Majesty as long as ho could do without his ruin, but desired that it should not be expected that he should perish for his sake. From this deceptive style, although it appears to have been assumed to carry on a delusion, for by what had just been revealed to Berkley tho trial of the King had been definitively resolved on by the coalition of the parties, yet there is reason to believe that Cromwell in his mind hesitated about the King's trial; that monstrous injustice to Charles he yet shrunk from. Burnet assures us that Ireton was the person that drove it on, and that Cromwell was all the while in some suspense about it. The manner in which Cromwell signed the death-warrant fully indicates how he considered that "deed without a name."

During the first six weeks of Charles's abode at the Isle of Wight, where he arrived on the 11th of November, his old servants were restored to him, and, on the whole, Hammond was still courteous. On the 21st of December, the Parliament, then under the influence of the Army faction, resolved on their four dethroning Bills, without tho concurrence of their old allies, the Scotch Commissioners, who as firmly resolved to protest against the injustice of the Parliament, or rather their malignant enemies, the Independents. It became a post-race with the parties who should first reach the King. Tho Commissioners of Scotland arrived a whole day before the Commissioners of the Lords and Commons, (1) who were mortified at discovering that they had been anticipated, which they were in more respects than one. The King during that day had closed in with a secret treaty, (2) a treaty which had been long in agitation with the Scots. The urgency of the present moment alone induced both the parties to mutual and vague concessions. The Scotch Commissioners had also taken hold of that opportunity to confirm to the unhappy monarch the decision of his enemies to leave him to languish in perpetual imprisonment, or to destroy him publicly by a trial, or by more silent and private means.

Charles refused his assent to the four Bills which the Parliament insisted on for their own security, without offering any for his, protesting that "neither the desire of being freed from his tedious and irksome condition of life, which he had so long suffered, nor the apprehension of something worse, should ever prevail with him to consent to any Act until the Peace was concluded," and previous to a personal treaty, which he had often demanded. The fate of Charles seemed still more evident when, on the 10th of January, 1648, the vote of non-addresses passed the House. They had now decided to settle the kingdom without the King, as subsequently they did without the Lords, and finally without the Commons. These great events were violently precipitated on each other. They terminated by condemning Charles to a closer imprisonment, and severing him from all intercourse, as was imagined, with his many devoted friends.

When the Commissioners left Charles after his refusal of the four propositions, Hammond instantly dismissed all the King's servants, and doubled his guards. Hammond, however he felt himself bound by "his honour and honesty" to the King, and which, had those excellent qualities depended on himself, he would have willingly maintained, was, by his situation and close connexions, in correspondence with the Army faction. Tho vacillating Hammond was now the nephew of his uncle the Parliamentary Colonel! The unfortunate monarch could only feel the indignity he endured from the military man, who, in truth, was only acting in submission to the orders of his superiors. The honour of the soldier is involved in his passive obedience. The zeal of Hammond seemed criminal to Charles, who at length declared that "the Governor was as great a rogue as any." Weak minds, placed in the most trying situations, indulge a vehe-

(1) Secret Transactions in relation to King Charles the First, by Sir John Bowring, 87.

(2) Clarendon tells us that it was so secret that they cased the treaty in lead, and buried it in a garden in the island, whence they subsequently extracted it. This is one of the inadvertencies of this great historian, who often wrote without his authorities on his desk, and often trusted to his reminiscences. It appears by Ashburnham's Narrative, that, alarmed at the treaty being found in the King's possession, he had advised Charles to provide for its instant security. It was sent to Ashburnham, who "closed the papers in lead, and left them in Sir George Berkley's house," probably buried in the garden. The difference is not material from the history of Clarendon, but it is clear that the historian was not always exact. Inadvertencies of this kind have been lately more severely animadverted on than they required.

mence of zeal to nerve themselves against their natural repugnance, as some drink to intoxication to arm themselves with a blind and insensible courage.

Hammond now raised the courteous tone of his voice into insolence and reprimand, and the personal respect to Charles changed even to a brutal assault.

This curious circumstance in the conduct of the Governor of the Isle of Wight has been revealed to us by some morsels of secret history. As in this work the materials which enter into the history of human nature are not its least valuable portions, some may be gratified to find the very conversation which at first occurred between Charles and Hammond, on the sudden dismission of his attendants. It is a dramatic piece full of natural touches, and characteristic of Charles the First.

THE KING.—"Why do you use me thus? Where are your orders for it? Was it the Spirit that moved you to it?"

Hammond remained silent. His orders were as yet secret. At length he laid the change of his proceedings to the King's unsatisfactory answer to the Commissioners.

THE KING.—"Did you not engage your honour, you would take no advantage from thence against me?" The King had returned his answer to the Commissioners sealed, but they had insisted that it should be delivered to them open, on which Charles required their promise, that, after reading his answer, it should not make any alteration in his present state. The Governor had been present with the Commissioners, and was therefore included with the party.

HAMMOND.—"I said nothing."

THE KING.—"You are an equivocating gentleman. Will you allow me any chaplain? You pretend for liberty of conscience, shall I have none?"

HAMMOND.—"I cannot allow you any chaplain."

THE KING.—"You use me neither like a gentleman nor a Christian."

HAMMOND.—"I'll speak with you when you are in better temper."

THE KING.—"I have slept well to-night."

HAMMOND.—"I have used you very civilly."

THE KING.—"Why do you not so now then?"

HAMMOND.—"Sir, you are too high."

THE KING.—"My shoemaker's fault then; my shoes are of the same last, etc. (twice or thrice repeated.) Shall I have liberty to go about and take the air?"

HAMMOND.—"No! I cannot grant it."

The King then charged him with his allegiance, and told him that he must answer this. Hammond wept. (1) Charles was then meditating another flight.

Two months afterwards Hammond's official severity emboldened him beyond his nature. At two in the morning he entered the King's chamber. Charles, suspecting some treachery, hastily rose, and slipped on his gown. Hammond had searched the King's cabinet, but not finding the Scotch treaty, which he looked for, proceeded to ransack the King's pockets. Charles resisted, and struck him, and, as was reported, the blow was returned. The King then took his papers out of his pocket, and thrust them into the flames. It was a scuffle.

Here we discover Charles the First in a rigid and desolate imprisonment subjected to injury and insult. At that moment, however, the influence of the name of the Sovereign of England remained in the world from whence he had been expelled. Friends, devoted by their affections to his service, were nightly hovering on the sea-shores, and watchful about the castle, holding an invisible intercourse with the lonely captive, who could not command a single messenger; and who, in the solitude of his chamber, as he himself said, in pointing to the singular person who at that time was passing in the street, found in "that old little crumpling man the best companion he had for three months together, who made his fires in Carisbrooke Castle."

Charles, in his various captivities, kept up a surprising secret intercourse with his active friends, no ordinary evidence of the strong personal attachments which this unhappy Prince had inspired in his adversities, when destitute of means to bribe the sordid or to flatter the ambitious. He was rarely deserted or betrayed, (2) a circumstance which did not attend him in the days of his

(1) Clarendon State Papers, xliv. Appendix.

(2) Some underlings made advantages of their knowledge of the secret transactions, and some of the correspondence of Charles the First, and probably served both parties at the same time for double pay. Witherings, of the Post-office, and one Lowe, a merchant, during the King's imprisonment at Carisbrooke Castle, were of this description of secret agents. Such persons are evidently alluded to by Clarendon. "Many who did undertake to perform

royalty. In every one of his imprisonments, however close, his communication with his faithful friends was scarcely ever interrupted. After the Civil Wars his perilous condition, sometimes disguised by the splendour of a court, but oftener passed in the gloom of his grated windows, was not ill-suited to his romantic mind, as his perpetual conferences and answers to Treaties of Peace were adapted to his logical head, and his proneness to discussion. His own ingenuity in suggesting inventions in his prison, and the patient devotion of his friends in waiting for fit opportunities, or in contriving extraordinary incidents and guileless stratagems, were equally common. Often has a dropped hanging, a crevice in the wall, a hiding-place in the chamber where a paper could be deposited, carried on a correspondence with the mute person who did not dare to converse with the royal prisoner, to whom he hardly ventured to direct a silent look, or a significant gesture. (1) Ladies have lodged in the neighbourhood week after week, or, disguised in some humble character, would insinuate themselves into the acquaintance of the domestics of the castle. Sometimes a good-natured sentinel might be bribed; but Mary, the assistant of Lady Wheeler, the King's laundress, was a more accessible person. Many who had been placed about the King by the Parliament, though strangers to Charles, soon formed a deep personal attachment to this interesting monarch. The celebrated Harrington, a Republican in principle, was so forcibly affected by the ability and dignity of the King, that he was removed from his attendance. Herbert, who seems to have adored the man in the monarch, was a Presbyterian; and one Osborne, who assisted the King in his attempt to escape, had been fixed as a spy near his person, under the ostensible title of his Gentleman Usher. His office was to hold the King's glove during his dinner. In the fingers of the glove he slid a note bearing the offer of his devoted services, and an uninterrupted correspondence passed by means of the King's glove.

Colonel Bosville appears to have transformed himself into a variety of personages. Sometimes a countryman, a mariner, or a mendicant surprised the King when he rode out on a bridge, or in a narrow lane. At the startling obtrusion of the stranger, Charles was always prompt in hiding the note slipped into his hand under the low obeisance which had concealed it. This Colonel had several times been committed for these treasonable manœuvres, but he excelled in the singular art of escaping from his gaolers. The warders who guarded the King's apartment were ordered by Hammond to lay their beds close to the doors, by which means no doors could be opened without removing their beds. Even this annoyance could not baffle the persevering ingenuity of one of the King's secret friends, Mr., afterwards, Sir Henry Firebrace. Though at London, Firebrace contrived to get an appointment at the Castle, and offering one of the warders to supply his place, while the warder indulged an hour at supper, the secret friend, sliding open the door of the King's apartment, delivered a packet of letters. In these occasional visits, when danger was apprehended from having the door open while they conversed, a chink in the wainscoat was perforated, behind the hanging; on the approach of any one the aperture was covered by its noiseless fall. Leaning to, and listening at this small aperture, did Charles the first concert measures for his projected escape, and through this

these offices did not make good what they promised, which makes it plain they were permitted to get credit, that they might the more usefully betray."—v. 553. Firebrace, in one of his notes to the King, observes, "you keep intelligence with somebody that betrays you, for there is a letter of yours sent to the Governor (of the Isle of Wight) from Derby House." On which Charles answers, "It is possible that the rogue Witherings hath discovered those I superscribe to my wife, and hath sent one of my letters to the committee. Enquire and see if I have not guessed right. Do not send that letter of mine for my wife to the post-house, but either to Doctor Fraiser or my Lady Carlisle, with a caution not to trust the post-masters." Of Lowe, the merchant, the King observes, "If any does betray me, it must be O. (Lowe), yet he bragged to me, in his last letter, that he furnished the Duke of York with a hundred and fifty pounds for his journey, but the truth is that N., for whose fidelity I will answer, (Mrs. Whorwood) doth suspect him, and in the last packet hath given me warning of him. Do not dishearten him, get what money you can of him, but do not trust him. It was not I that acquainted him with the greater business, for I found his name at the joint letter you sent me, before ever I imagined he knew of any such thing. I never wrote anything of moment to him, but only made use of him for conveyance of letters and sending me news. Be as confident of my discretion as *honesty; for I can justly brag that yet neither man nor woman ever suffered by my tongue or pen for any secret that I have been trusted withall.*"

(1) Charles says in one of his secret daily notes to one of his faithful attendants, Firebrace, "I hope this day at dinner you understood my looks; for the soldier I told you of, whose looks I like, was then there in a white nightcap, and, as I thought you took notice of him, I hope to find something from you when I come in from walking."

crevice received and delivered many an important dispatch. (1)

There are more than fifty notes or letters of a secret correspondence which the King kept up with Sir William Hopkins, a resident at the Isle of Wight. (2) They chiefly relate to an escape which was planning for the royal prisoner, at the time he was allowed an intercourse with some persons in the island. They display the King's personal character in a new light. Many affecting circumstances, arising out of the peculiarity of his distresses, reveal this man of sorrows; but the prompt sagacity of the King, and the perspicuity of the style in a correspondence which must have often been written in haste, are proofs of the ability of Charles the First, an ability which has always been greatly under-rated.

Charles alludes to some females who were active in his service. "I pray you commend my service to all my feminine friends, and tell 47 that I hope she believes that I never recommended 57 in earnest to her; but it was merely to have by her means sometimes the conversation of such honest persons as herself, and truly for that end she shall do well not to put him in despair."

Often absent and perplexed with cares, Charles at times appeared as if neglectful of or inattentive to his friends. On one of these occasions, the King made this amiable apology. "The friend you sent me this day gave me a chiding, and yet I will not complain, for there was more justice than malice in it. It was because I did not look kind enough on 49 on Thursday last, at your house; for the truth is, that I had so many things that day in my head that I wonder not though every one thought that I looked doggedly on them; wherefore I desire you to assure 49 from me, that no sour looks was intended for him, but all kindness." Even minute precautions and singular contrivances were necessary in the course of this secret correspondence. We may smile when we find the King writing—"I have got pretty stores of wafers; when I want I shall take the freedom to send to you for some. When you find me seal with wax, you may know it is after supper."

By Mr. Cresset's ingenuity, through his intimacy with the Earl of Pembroke, and without his Lordship's privity, if not against his will, that nobleman, who was a considerable personage with the Parliament, was converted into a useful instrument of intelligence to the King. Cresset obtained from him passports for certain London pedlars to traffic with the army, and these pedlars were all Royalists, who slid under their wares notes and letters, or even took verbal messages, which they honestly delivered by stealth in the King's quarters, when he was immured in Oxford. Royston, the loyal bookseller, contrived a singular mode of conveyance of letters. Women-hawkers of pamphlets travelled on foot, and were ordered to loiter at certain appointed places till they had delivered to them packages of books; in the bindings of those which bore a secret mark letters were sewed. Dean Barwick, one of the ablest of secret agents, observed that none of his packets had been intercepted, which he ascribes to his choice not only of faithful messengers, but of such as were in very humble circumstances, the less conspicuous persons rarely attracting suspicion. Eminent persons betrayed themselves by their own splendour; their principles were usually known, as happened to the Lady D'Aubigny, who carried the King's Commission of Array twisted in the curls of her hair, which proved fatal to some.

But danger and fatigue were endured as willingly as ingenuity and artifice were practised. During the dark nights of three winter months did Ashburnham and two other gentlemen wait on the sea-shore, keeping a boat in readiness to aid Charles's escape. By such humble expedients, and often such perilous enterprises, the King was enabled to maintain a general correspondence, rarely interrupted, with the Royalists in various counties, the Scottish Commissioners at Edinburgh, the Queen at Paris, and even with the young Duke of York, at St. James's. Dr. Lingard has forcibly expressed his admiration of this singular and undaunted perseverance both in the royal captive and his friends. Such was the ingenuity of the King! so generous the devotion of those who sought to serve him! (3)

The altered conduct of Hammond had not been unperceived by the King before the arrival of the Commissioners, and the Scots

(1) Several notes which passed between the King and Firebrace were preserved by the family. They interest us by the striking contrast of the persons with their situations. In one Charles says, "If you can, let me speak with you this night at the Chink."

(2) This curious correspondence was given to Wagstaffe by a descendant of the family, and is preserved in the Appendix to Wagstaffe's "Vindication of Charles the First.

(3) Lingard, x. 405.

were repeating those rumours which had reached him from other quarters, of something more to be dreaded than the roughness of his State-gaoler. Sometimes, in his musings, the impassioned thoughts of his Queen, from whom he had been estranged so many years, seem to have overcome his wearied existence. Once Charles had resolved, after his arrival in the Isle of Wight, to abandon his dominions and to fly to his Queen. Henrietta had dispatched a French vessel to Southampton, by the advice of Ashburnham, who had prepared all things for the departure, of which there was no difficulty while Charles was allowed the use of his horse. The King joyfully ran to the window to see how the wind stood by the vane; it was fair! He hastily drew on his boots. On leaving his apartment, once more he looked on the vane, and in consternation beheld the vane had suddenly veered, standing at a contrary point, where it fixed for six days together! The vessel could not stir. Meanwhile the Commissioners had arrived, and his closer confinement followed.

There was a fatality even in the trivial incidents of the life of this unfortunate monarch. Charles afterwards attempted a more hazardous flight from his imprisonment, and his friends were waiting in different parts about the Castle to receive him. It is a popular notion that where the head can pass, the body may; and Charles, through the bars of his window, having tried the one, seemed certain of the other. At the moment the attempt was made, his breast and shoulders were fixed between the bars. The struggle was an agony, and he heavily groaned, which he who stood beneath to receive him saw and heard. (1)

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Treaty at the Isle of Wight.

Doomed to the oblivion of a State-imprisonment, we are surprised at the sympathies which Charles the First excited through the nation. Was ever tyrant beloved even in his prison? Was ever a vanquished monarch dreaded by his conquerors? I know of no Prince whose captivity bears any resemblance to that of Charles the First. Few, indeed, of such Princes have possessed his virtues, fewer his abilities, and none have equalled his perfect equanimity in the variableness of his fortunes. The force of character, which we consider as the great feature in the mind of Charles the First, was never more apparent than during the transactions at Carisbrooke Castle. After the failure of the treaty at the Isle of Wight, he delivered his sentiments to Sir Philip Warwick, by this striking allusion to his desperate situation; "I am like a Captain who had defended a place well, and, his superiors not being able to relieve him, he had leave to surrender it. But though they cannot relieve me in the time I demand it, I will hold it out till I make some stone in this building my tombstone." Thus felt, thus acted, and thus suffered his unconquered mind in his great persecutions. But his conduct was not less admirable towards the petty malignity which would fain have disturbed his inherent dignity. His personal deprivations were not inconsiderable at Carisbrooke Castle. They did not afford him wine of a good quality, and he preferred "the better brewage made by himself of sack and water; nay," added the King, "whilst I have been here among them, they kept me for two months under a want of linen, which, though I took notice of, I scorned to give them the pleasure to tell them of it."

Charles was now a king without kingly power, but not without kingly influence. His hereditary station swayed the predilections of the people, and the majesty of his "grey discrowned head" was not viewed without "superstition," as Godwin expresses the emotions of the multitude in that religious age. But the monarch in his afflictions was beloved, sometimes to adoration, by those who were near him, for his perso-

(1) In the interesting notes which passed between the King and Firebrace are many particulars of this baffled attempt. Charles was aware of whatever he required. "The narrowness of the window was the only impediment of my escape, and therefore some instrument must be had to remove that bar, which I believe is not hard to get; for I have seen many, and so portable, that a man might put them in his pocket: I think it is called the Endless Screw, or the Great Force." "I have now made a perfect trial, and find it impossible to be done, for my body is much too thick for the breadth of the window, so that unless the middle bar be taken away I cannot get through. It is absolutely impossible to do anything to-morrow at night; but I commend you heartily and particularly to thank in my name A. (Mr. Francis Cresset,) C. (Colonel Legge,) F. (Mr. Dowcett,) Z. (Sir Edward Worsley,) and him who stayed for me beyond the works, for their hearty and industrious endeavours in this my service, the which I shall always remember, being likewise confident that they will not faint in so good a work."

nal virtues; and his personal sufferings looked themselves like virtues by the silence of his noble unrepining nature. The chivalric spirits of the loftiest characters of England kindled at his name; they flew from their retreats to rejoin their brothers; they found no captivity in the bars and grates of the prison,—their battle had been as a pilgrimage,—their cell was as a hermitage; they bared their breasts with the joy of courageous men who disdain an ungenerous enemy, when selected as victims for a barbarous sacrifice. (1) These men, actuated by the principle of honour, could only own as their sovereign their captive monarch. The consolatory idea of a king subdued and chastised by fortune, and who had appealed to his people as the father of his country, was their idol-image, the Lares of their hearths! All the errors of his calamitous years were almost forgotten under the new tyranny of men whose obscurity was undistinguished by any illustrious acts, though famed in a wide scene of universal spoliation for dexterously transferring the wealth and the honours of one part of the nation to another, (2)—mean and fugitive men, who solely existed in their unlicensed freedom by the artifice of the most indirect and crooked policy, creatures of their military leaders! The captive of Carisbrooke Castle was still awfully remembered by the people. He dwelt in their thoughts, and sometimes in their hearts. He had long ceased to be an object of their fear, and in their despair he had now mingled with their last hopes. Pressed by monthly contributions for the arrears of the soldiery, and vexed by taxations disguised under forms and names unheard of, even the Ship-money seemed but a light grievance. The labourers of the harvest had found no gleanings at the evening-hour. The giddy multitude in the capital burst into a commotion, and called for "God and the King!" The spontaneous cry was re-echoed by the populace of distant cities. The Royal standard was unfurled in Wales, the Kentish men flocked to the trumpet of Goring, the men of Essex had the sad glory of suffering the last in the miseries of our Civil War by the memorable siege of Colchester. The fleet revolted to the Prince. The cloud of an army gathered in the North, where the English Royalists here and there were awaiting for the army of Scotland led by the Duke of Hamilton. The Cavaliers appeared in almost every county of England; all rose in opposite directions, too distant to communicate, too early to be joined by the tardy, too late to unite with the dispersed.

Those various actions had called away from their seat of power in Westminster the chief commanders of the army, and in the absence of their authority and their complicate intrigues, the Presbyterian party had gradually recovered their former predominance. The late exiled members had returned to their seats, and Holles, the great orator of the Presbyterians, once more resumed his preponderance. The Independents, without their chiefs, lurked in a minority. On the 30th of June the vote for non-addresses was annulled. The Parliament had recovered their freedom. But it was not long ere the scene shifted. The army of Scotland had dissolved as rapidly as it had been hastily levied; Colchester surrendered, the last hope of the Royalists, and the dissolute but spirited Goring, the chivalric Capel, and the inefficient Hamilton were imprisoned in Windsor Castle, and remained only to lament together the useless efforts of ill-concerted plans and precipitated engagements. Still Cromwell was yet not free to return from his conquests in the north, and his absence left the Presbyterians an open field. A personal treaty with the King was now voted. Sir Henry Vane the son, the head of the Independents, had shrewdly consented to become a com-

(1) Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle, shot, or rather murdered, against all law, says Warburton. The affecting scene of these two heroic friends is finely painted by Clarendon. Some suspicion that they were condemned from personal motives has thrown a dark shade over the reputation of Fairfax.

(2) It cost the dispensers of Parliamentary donations nothing but a vote to recompense their own friends. The trustees for the sale of Bishops' lands were security to the soldiers for their arrears. If the estate of one of their officers had been injured by fire or other losses, it was usually made good out of his neighbour's estate, if he were "a Malignant." They voted 5000*l.* to the executors of Hampden out of the receipts at Goldsmiths' Hall, of the Impositions levied on "Delinquents." Lord Brooke's posthumous child received 5000*l.* out of Lady Auckland's estate, 5000*l.* for Ireland out of the Earl of Worcester's lands. Captain Yarrington was rewarded with 500*l.* to be raised out of the estate of Sir Henry Lingen, and 3000*l.* for Colonel Lilburne out of Lord Coventry's estate.

I could give some idea of the iniquitous proceedings of those sequestrators, who were called "the Country Committees," from a curious document of the nefarious modes pursued by those I denominate "the mean and fugitive persons." Little villains in great offices!

missioner to a treaty which he felt he could not successfully oppose, till a greater genius than his own should arrive; but he had dexterously contrived to delay it, by cavils and doubts and discussions. Forty days were fixed on for the negotiation of this treaty, and which were afterwards even enlarged. The length of time allowed was considered to be an indulgence by those who wished well to the peace, and those who did not cared not how long it lasted.

This important news was instantly conveyed to Charles, by one Sir John Bowring, an active agent, if we may trust to his own account, which was long afterwards addressed to Charles the Second, evidently for the purpose of recommending himself. It is remarkable that, by Sir John Bowring's own account, the King is continually regretting that he had not followed Sir John's advice, and was now determined, as this knight says, "to be ruled by him in whatsoever he shall advise me in this treaty"—which, however, as we shall find, the King certainly was not! The singular political forcsight of this knight on every event which he records is so wonderful, that we may suspect him to have been one of those great predictors who enjoy the advantage of prophecy, after the events have been realised. The counsel and the counsellor are equally notable.

Bowring after first looking at the door, and requesting to know if any one hearkened, addressed the King, "'Sir, this treaty is not obtained of any intention your Majesty can possibly make your peace by it, but is designed only of purpose to get your Majesty liberty to go away, and to have friends to help you.' But, looking the King in the face, I found his Majesty's countenance to alter very much, and to grow pale as I spake. Whereupon I immediately apprehended his Majesty misliked my advice of getting away." It was indeed a melancholy omen for the results of the expected treaty.

Bowring proceeds with his garrulous narrative. "If your Majesty does think you can make your more certain peace by treating than by going away, then I beg of your Majesty to make your concessions in one declaration and in one day. I will tell your Majesty how you may do it, and how much the Parliament will abate your Majesty upon any one article more or less, as well as if your Majesty should treat out your forty days —if I mistake in any one tittle of any one article, I will give your Majesty my life, I know and understand your Majesty's business so well, and therefore I beg your Majesty to do it at one instant of time by one declaration. Forty days was only a trick of Cromwell's party in the House, who would have given your Majesty, for forty days, forty months, when they found they could not prevent the treaty. They hoped your Majesty will debate all the time, wherein they will use all persons and parties to persuade you. In which time Cromwell may have returned to London with his army, and so advance his own party in frustrating the present peace and treaty."

Whether this Bobadil of a politician expressly said all this to Charles, we only know from himself; but his notion that the length of time allowed for the conclusion of the treaty was a political stratagem of Cromwell's party is confirmed by Clarendon, and it was not without reason that Bowring warned the King of his fatal proneness to discussion and debate, at this momentous conjuncture. This conviction was as strongly felt by the Presbyterian party, conscious that they were holding their seats by a very uncertain tenure, for the return of Cromwell, as they had justly anticipated, would eject them. But the protraction of the treaty was the policy of Charles, to obtain points which he never could carry.

Charles pledged his word not to leave the island pending the negotiation, and was allowed to quit the gloomy castle, and to select the most convenient house, which was that belonging to a private gentleman, in the small town of Newport, for his accommodation during the time of the treaty. He soon, however, discovered that though they had removed the sentinels from his door, they trusted so little to his word, that a troop of horse was ever hovering about him when he was abroad. (1) Though of late his hopes one after the other were vanishing, and the treaty, about to be entered, afforded no promise, he had resolved, as he had formerly done, on ample concessions. Charles came to surrender even his rights—but his honour and his religion, as he understood them to be, he could never yield, but with his life.

The friends and attendants of the King once more rejoined their old master. A Lord High Chamberlain, Gentlemen of the Bed-chamber, Grooms of the Bed-chamber, Pages of the Back-stairs, the Royal Chaplains,

(1) Ashmole's MSS. 800. Art. xxxvi This was written by Charles himself.

and his Secretaries, all hastened and took their places in the small house at Newport, and the delusive scenery of a Court on a sudden seemed to have crowded round the lone man, as in a pleasant dream.

A State, too, was erected. Under a canopy was a seat ascended by steps, at the end of the most spacious apartment in a house of narrow extent. Those who remembered their former meeting at Hampton Court were struck by the singular contrast, and above all by the aspect of the monarch whom they now beheld under that State. After eight months of rigid confinement and protracted anxieties, the exterior changes of his person deeply affected his friends, perhaps even his enemies, pathetically exclaims Hume. His constitution was unbroken, his intellectual faculties were unusually vivid and vigorous, his cold manners, though still majestic, had softened their severity, and there was a cheerfulness in his voice and his replies which betrayed no dejection of spirits; but Charles could not conceal the visible traces of those silent griefs, which neither his deep religious resignation nor his native magnanimity could disperse. Since his servants had been commanded away, the King would never suffer any attention to be given to his person; his beard remained untrimmed, his dishevelled tresses hung in disorder, and his very dress was faded and worn. It was imagined that a premature old age of sorrows had turned his hair almost entirely grey. It was evident that the King had condemned the person whom so many scorned to utter negligence, and that he seemed to consider his whole existence to be little more than an act of penance.

As the King had frequently demanded a personal treaty, the Commissioners had decided that it should be strictly so, and would not admit either peer or doctor to enter into the debates. Charles was therefore compelled to encounter singly a host of subtle diplomacy, and, what was worse, another of the Rabbins of "the Assembly of Divines." The Commissioners sate round the board, but the Lords, the Gentlemen, and the Divines on the King's side, stood silently about, or at the back of his chair. When the King desired to put a question, or when any of his friends would offer a suggestion, he retired into a private apartment, and it sometimes happened, as Sir Philip Warwick, one of the secretaries, tells us, that when the King hesitated to reply, "one of us penmen who stood at his chair would pray him from the Lords to do so." This was all the prompting Charles received through a wearying disputation of more than fifty days.

In the whole course of the varied career this monarch had passed, from the throne to the field of battle, and thence to the castle-prison, never had Charles the First displayed a temper so undisturbed, never had he appeared in truer majesty, and never had he developed his logical faculties more to admiration than during the whole of this trying treaty. They met every morning at nine, and resumed their sittings in the afternoon. The King made minutes of what he intended to speak, and from these notes addressed the parties. Charles seemed passionless. Age had matured the strength of wisdom, and adversity had chastened the severity of his manners. Philosophy, in the large sense of the age which had not yet arrived, was as little known to the monarch as to the assembly of Divines. Two of these, on Charles's tenacity in favour of Episcopacy, for their last argument, had solemnly warned the King that "He would surely be damned!"

When Charles pressed the weight of his Coronation Oath, which bound him to the maintenance of the Church of England, the Lawyer Glyn used a subtle and extraordinary argument, the morality of which seems more relaxed than the political expediency. Glyn observed that his Majesty might with a good conscience give way to the abolition of Episcopacy, since a clause in the Coronation Oath says, that he will maintain the *customs of the Land*;" of which an essential one is, to make "*new laws for the public good.*" A refined quibble! but the lawyer's sophism could not soothe the tortured conscience of Charles the First, who felt no conviction that Presbytery was an order of ministers more blessed for the public good than the hierarchy. They were debating whether any real distinction existed between them, whether the one included the other, and whether the whole was not a verbal controversy, a distinction without a difference?

The King's felicitous illustration of the nature of this Treaty, in which he could not get one counter-proposition of his own conceded, may be once more repeated. "Consider, Mr. Buckley, if you call this a Treaty, whether it be not like the fray in the comedy, where the man comes out and says, there has been a fray and no fray, and being asked how that could be? Why, says he, there hath been three blows given, and I had them all."

The Parliamentary Commissioners were as deeply struck by this protracted and extraordinary trial of the King's powers as were any of his friends. The Earl of Salisbury told Warwick, "The King is wonderfully improved." "No, my Lord," was the reply, "it is your Lordship who has too late discerned what he always was."

Sir Edward Walker has preserved a curious fact. The man most hostile to the King, that strange compound of genius and fanaticism, the younger Vane,—acknowledged to him that they had been much deceived in the character of the King, whom they had considered as a weak man, but now, he added, that we find him to be a person of great parts and abilities, we must the more consider our own security, for he is only the more dangerous.(1) At the latter end of the treaty, when Charles perceived it could never be effectual, he turned somewhat melancholy. Charles was dictating to Sir Philip Warwick aside at a window, when he suddenly stopped and said, "I wish I had consulted nobody but myself; for then, as where in honour or conscience I could not have complied, I could have early been positive; for with Job I would willinglier have chosen misery than sin." On which Charles shed tears; "the biggest drops that I ever saw fall from an eye; but, recollecting himself, he turned presently his head away, for he was loth it should be discerned." These were not the only tears shed by the King at the treaty of the Isle of Wight. The Secretary Oudart has commemorated in his Diary, that "This afternoon his Majesty heard several draughts of an answer upon the proposition for Religion; disliked all, and was in a great perplexity about the point of abolishing Episcopacy, even to shedding of tears." What tyrant ever before shed tears? Charles's situation was at this moment alarmingly critical; he had received certain intelligence that he was to be carried away to a closer prison, or to be assassinated. He was meditating another flight. With these thoughts in his mind, one day he wrote down at the Treaty House these two verses,

"A Coward 's still unsafe, but Courage knows
No other Foe but him who doth oppose."(2)

But the great ability and the diligence of Charles were not wholly restricted to the labours of this great assembly on the present occasion. After every day's tedious conferences, every night at eight o'clock, when not engaged in writing private letters, Charles with his two secretaries was employed in arranging the notes taken that day, accompanying them by his arguments, and dictating a dispatch which was sent to the Prince, to inform him of the present, and to instruct him for the future. We possess this extraordinary testimony of the zealous attention to the duties of the monarch and the father. In the confinement of Carisbrooke Castle, his literary leisure had drunk more deeply of the fountains of our literature; the volumes he there perused, and the authors whom he cherished, the good taste of Herbert has noted down. The genial influence of uninterrupted studies appears in the compression of his thoughts and the elevation of his style. Neither Warwick, a loose weak writer, nor Oudart, a foreigner, though long domiciliated here by his former patron, Sir Henry Wotton, could possibly have terminated a single period of this authentic production of Charles the First.(3)

The subjects which are involved in the Articles of this Treaty have ceased to interest the posterity of Charles the First, but the acute discussion, the elevated style, the solemn counsels this unhappy monarch sent to a son who afterwards proved unworthy of such a father, remain to illustrate his personal history.

Charles has moralised on his own history: "We would willingly forget in how high a degree some subjects have been disloyal, but never had Prince a testimony in others of more loyalty than we had. And however, for their and our punishment, God blessed not some of their endeavours, surely more misguided persons were at least reduced to their loyalty than is almost in story to be exampled. Subjects by this may learn how dangerous the neglect of seasonable duty is, and that men cannot fix when they please what they unnecessarily shake.

"By what hath been said, you see how long we have laboured in the search of peace. Do not you be disheartened to tread in the same steps. Use all worthy ways to restore yourself to your right, but prefer the way of

(1) Sir Edward Walker, 319.
(2) Oudart's Diary, Peck's Desid. Cur. Liber x.
(3) Clarendon, in his History, has given some extracts from dispatches; "The Journal," as Charles himself calls it, is among the Clarendon State Papers, ii., 425, 444, 445. Dr. Lingard has justly acknowledged that "the best account of the treaty is that composed *by order of the King himself*, for the use of

peace. Show the greatness of your mind, if God bless you, rather to conquer your enemies by pardoning than punishing; and let us comfort you with that which is our own comfort, that though affliction may make us pass under the censures of men, yet we look upon it so, as if it procure not for us a deliverance, it will to you a blessing. If you saw how unmanly and unchristianly the implacable disposition is in our ill-willers, you would avoid that spirit. Censure us not for having parted with so much of our own rights; the price is great, but the commodity was security to us, peace to our people. And we were confident *another Parliament would remember how useful a King's power is to a People's liberty.* Of how much we divested ourself that we and they might meet once again in a due Parliamentary way to agree *the bounds for Prince and People! And in this give belief to our experience, never to affect more greatness or prerogative than that which is really and intrinsically for the good of subjects, not satisfaction of favourites.* And if you thus use it, you will never want means to be a Father to all, and a bountiful Prince to any you would extraordinarily be gracious unto. You may perceive all men entrust their treasure when it returns them interest, and if Princes, like the sea, receive and repay all the fresh streams the rivers entrust with them, they will not grudge, but pride themselves to make them up an ocean. These considerations may make you as great a Prince as your father is now a low one, and your State may be so much the more established as mine hath been shaken. For our subjects have learned, we dare say, that victories over their Princes are but triumphs over themselves, and so will be unwilling to hearken to changes hereafter. The English nation are a sober people, however at present infatuated.

"We know not but this may be the last time we may speak to you or the world publicly. We are sensible into what hands we are fallen, and yet (we bless God) we have those inward refreshments the malice of our enemies cannot perturb. *We have learned to busy ourself in retiring into ourself,* and therefore can the better digest what befalls.

"You are the son of our love. If God restore you to your rights upon hard conditions, whatever you promise, keep. These men, who have forced laws which they are bound to observe, will find their triumphs full of troubles. Do not think any thing in this world worth the obtaining by foul or unjust means."

Such was the labour of the evening-hours of Charles the First after the mental fatigue of each day's conference, and which was never designed for the public eye, as the King has himself observed. He who has read these Commentaries will more clearly comprehend the importance of this development, for such it is, of the character of the captive of Carisbrooke Castle; that character only changed by new acquirements, or was modified by protracted adversities and meditating experience. The finest passages in the "Icon Basilike" do not exceed many similar ethical reflections in these evening effusions to his son.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Hammond.

Sometimes the days seemed tranquil as they glided away, while Charles was resigned to his books and the bowling-green of Carisbrooke Castle; but this tranquillity of his spirits was often interrupted by the terror of assassination. The King told Sir John Bowring, "I have had a sad time of it ever since the two Houses have imprisoned me in this Castle, expecting every hour when I should be murdered." The old rumours were still afloat in the Army that the King was to be brought to a public trial, nor was the result veiled in mystery. Ere the treaty had closed, secret intelligence, written in a well-known hand, had been conveyed to Charles, of a design which had been communicated to Cromwell of disposing of the King's person. (1) The time allotted to the treaty having expired, the Commissioners hastened back to the Parliament. Charles bade them a sad farewell. Though calm in his address, yet there was a tenderness in the tones that drew tears, at least from those who had attended on his person. The Commissioners were differently affected. Those who saw in

the Prince of Wales," x., 424. But from this we must necessarily infer that these, like other State Papers, were composed by another writer than the King. Charles has been already robbed of what was his own in the "Icon Basilike." In this Journal, who but the King himself could infuse the paternal feeling, and the deep personal emotion? When will historians learn to feel and to pause amidst their researches, and not conceive that every document opened to them is to be looked on only as a State-paper?

(1) Wagstaffe's Appendix to his Vindication of Charles the First.

the fast approach of the Army towards the capital the ruin of their party returned with fearful hearts; while the party of Vane, who had witnessed, during the protracted treaty, all the hopes of the Royalists annihilated, were hurrying in triumph and joy to meet Cromwell and the other sovereigns of the kingdom. Charles, alluding in his own mind to the ominous warnings he continued to receive, became the melancholy predictor of his own fate. "My Lords," he said, "I believe we shall scarce see each other again. But God's will be done! I have made my peace with Him, and shall undergo without fear whatever He may suffer men to do to me." (1)

It was a few days ere the Commissioners had departed, that one morning a breathless messenger demanded an immediate interview with the King. Sir Philip Killegrew, at the risk of his freedom or his fortune, had stolen away from Windsor, the head-quarters of the Army, to impart to the King the fatal intelligence that the Army had resolved in council to carry him out of the Isle of Wight by force, bring the King to London, try him for his life, and murder him publicly. Charles hesitated to credit his friendly intelligencer. "I must confess," said the King, "that Sir Thomas Fairfax is a greater soldier than I am; yet I think he will find it a hard matter to bring me to London by force, having agreed with my two Houses, and in cold blood, to cut off my head in the city of London" (2) Sir Philip Killegrew bowed his obeisance, but prayed the King to make his escape, and, declaring that he himself expected nothing less "than to go to prison or to pot" for having made the communication, hurried back to Windsor. Killegrew had only anticipated by a few days the large Remonstrance of the Army which had been agreed on in their Council of War.

From every quarter at home the friends of Charles were urgent for him to leave the Island, while there remained a possibility of escape. One day, as Bowring was reiterating his offers of aid, and kneeling to entreat Charles to fly, the King, "taking his handkerchief to wipe his eyes," as the tears dropped from them, declared that he was utterly destitute. "I have borrowed all I can already, and cannot stir from this place." Bowring adds an extraordinary narrative of bringing the King four hundred pounds in gold, in both of his pockets, on the following day, for which he received the honour of knighthood.

Hume and other historians have described the reluctance of Charles to attempt to recover his liberty at this critical moment from the inviolability in which he held his parole; not that it required any subtilty of casuistry to show that no promise to the Parliament was binding, since they could no longer protect his person from the violence menaced by others, to whom he was bound by no engagement. Bowring hints at another cause which decided Charles not to leave the Isle of Wight. The King showed him a letter which he had just received from "a friend beyond seas—you guess from whence it comes," the King added—"who had advised him not to quit the Island, that the Army would not hurt a hair of his head." "This friend beyond the seas," and the reason alleged, were both of so delicate a character, that Bowring would not trust them to his paper, but he offers to reveal them privately to Charles the Second, to whom he addressed his Memoir. It is remarkable that the same mysterious allusion occurs in Clarendon. The passage requires attention from a remarkable interpolation, which was designed for a particular purpose. "*Before the Treaty* the King was inclined to make his escape, thinking any liberty preferable to the restraint he had endured. But he did receive some discouragement from pursuing that purpose, which both diverted him from it, and gave him great trouble of mind. It cannot be imagined how wonderfully fearful some persons in France were that he should have made his escape, and the dread they had of his coming." (3)

Here is a very remarkable instance of the danger incurred by interpolation. The Editors of Clarendon imagined that the honour of Charles was involved in any attempt at escape by violating his parole, which was to hold good till twenty days had elapsed *after* the treaty. Finding in the manuscript a confession that the King had really designed to fly, they foisted in the text these words, "*Before* the Treaty." This unwarrantable contrivance was intended to fence off any accusations which might impugn the King's honour, by the violation of his pledge. Reject the interpolation, and then we shall ob-

(1) Evelyn's Memoirs, Appendix, ii., 127.
(2) Bowring's Memorial, 150.

(3) Clarendon, vi., 192.

tain a veritable statement, unknown to any of our historians, and which I am able to substantiate by an original document which seems not to have been known to the noble historian himself.

It is certain, that ere the treaty was concluded, pressed on all sides by his domestic friends, and continually warned of the desperate designs on his person, Charles had decided on another flight. To the peril to which his life was exposed by the conspirators he evidently alludes in his parting address to the Commissioners: "I am fully informed of the whole carriage of the plot against me and mine." A vessel had even been prepared for the King's flight. Bowring, whose interest lay in the Navy, had not only an intercourse with the Vice-Admiral lying off the coast, but had offered to bring up a ship to a retired spot, to convey the King to Jorsey. We know, too, from another quarter, that Charles was in correspondence with Sir William Hopkins, who there commanded a ship. Why Charles did not proceed in executing this plan, can only be accounted for by the mysterious allusion to "that friend beyond seas," as Bowring designates that person, and from whom, as Clarendon observes, Charles "received some discouragement from pursuing that purpose, which both diverted him from it, and gave him great trouble of mind."

The singular document which I have mentioned I found in the Ashmolean Library at Oxford. Charles having decided to effect his escape from the Island, even *before the Treaty was concluded*, with the same decorum he had formerly quitted Hampton Court, drew up a paper containing his reasons, addressed not only "to the Lords and Gentlemen," but "To all my People." As this paper remains inedited, the curious reader will find it preserved in an Appendix to this work.

The Remonstrance of the Army, of which Killegrew had anticipated the report, was presented to the House on the 20th of November. The treaty ended on the 27th, and the Army advanced towards London on the 30th. The King was forcibly carried from the Isle of Wight on the 1st of December. On the 5th, in despair, the Presbyterian party voted that "the King's concessions were satisfactory." On the following day, the 6th, the famous Purge of Colonel Pride imprisoned and secluded the Presbyterian Members, and Cromwell arrived in London, with what he called "Providence and Necessity," his inexorable allies, ready to sanctify any deed.

During these rapid events, Hammond had become from his situation, having the guard of the King's person, a more important personage than his real character would have made him. The Parliament suspected the integrity of Hammond, for which, however, they had no reason, as Charles observed that "the Governor had grown as great a rogue as the rest," alluding to more than one attempt at searching his papers. Yet Hammond was not so wholly "the rogue" as Charles conceived. The Parliament, aware that Hammond's connections lay with Cromwell and Ireton, and the Army faction, were not at their ease respecting his integrity, and they would have been less so had they known the extraordinary correspondence which now occurred between these two eminent persons and the Governor of the Isle of Wight.

Hammond received two remarkable letters from Ireton and Cromwell, the one dated 23rd and the other the 25th of November, a few days preparatory to their great *coup d'état*.

"Dear Robin," as in the familiarity of friendship both style Hammond, Ireton assured of "the tenderness that we have (in the Army) towards him." He would remove "the ground of his scruples." Robin considered that he held the King "as a servant under trust" for the Parliament. This Ireton does not deny, and proceeds, "The Lord forbid that I should tempt thee." But, asks Ireton, Who put him in the trust? The Parliament merely as a form, or the Army in effect? Who made him Governor? Was he such from any affection of that sort or generation of men which now through accident bear the sway and name? or rather of those whose judgment and affections are most opposite to them? It was for public ends the Governor had received his trust, and Ireton appealed to his conscience to whom he owed his faith. He hoped that he would not give himself up to the delusion of an air of honour, and mere form or shadow of faithfulness, to the neglect of the reality or substance. God had better endued Robin with truth and judgment in the inner parts. The subtle Ireton thus worked at "the grounds of his scruples," and the serpent at the ear of Eve had never whispered more seductive treason. The effusions of Cromwell were more voluminous; they flow with all the unction of his "Experiences," and all the demonstrations of

his "Providences." He sympathises with the complaints of Hammond of "his sad and heavy burthen." Hammond maintained that "God hath appointed authorities among the nations;" he had been taught this by his uncle the Divine; and that "the authority resides in England in the Parliament," this had been inculcated by his uncle the Parliamentary Colonel. Cromwell puts up his prayer after his sermon, that Dear Robin "would not swerve, nor lose any glorious opportunity the Lord puts into his hand." (1)

The deliverance of the King's person to the Army was the object of the writers with the Governor of the Isle of Wight. The conscience of Hammond was pure. The whole of Hammond's life, from the moment Charles entered the island, offers a singular exhibition of an honest man embarrassed by opposite principles. In the present great temptation, even his powerful friends had not succeeded to induce him to act as they desired, but they verified what this unhappy man had from his spontaneous emotions exclaimed at his first meeting with Berkley and Ashburnham.—They perplexed him. When these subtle men had ascertained that their friend could not be their creature, they conjured him away from his Government, and, after suffering an imprisonment, Colonel Hammond got shelved.

CHAPTER LXXX.

Hurst Block-house, and Windsor Castle.

The King still remained at Newport, amidst these constant alarms. One day, as Charles sate at dinner, there came a tall man, "with his spanner and scarf," and therefore supposed to be an officer of the Army, but whom no one knew. The stranger placed himself fronting the King, fixing his eyes on him. The silence of this unknown, and his "funereal" (2) countenance, were ominous; there was a deep melancholy in his looks, but his confidential manner marked him as "one of the ill-spirits of the Army." The King in vain secretly inquired after the mysterious man. Bowring got him away by an invitation to dinner. The stranger inquired for Hammond the Governor; and in the style of the evil spirit, coming for the human being whose soul was to be surrendered in the final hour of perdition, he declared "I am come for Hammond this night!" When it was hinted that the Governor would hardly quit his quarters—the demon, raising his voice, exclaimed, "I'll warrant ye he goes with me this night! for Hammond is my prisoner!" Bowring, terrified, stole away to prepare the King for some sudden change. When Hammond entered, the stranger did not know his person till he had declared himself. "I am commanded to bring you a prisoner to Windsor."—"What force have you in the Island?" said Hammond.—"Myself only!" sternly replied the stranger.—"It is my choice," said Hammond.—"You had better obey my orders," menaced the authoritative voice.

This stranger was Colonel Isaac Ewer, whose name appears in the death-warrant of Charles the First. He accomplished his mission; for though the King protested against Hammond's quitting the Island and Hammond promised to return on the following day, on his arrival at Windsor the Governor was confined. Such was the mysterious influence of the Army, which could hold a governor amidst his own troops in such subjection as instantly to submit himself to their single messenger. It might, however, not have been unknown to him that two regiments were arriving at Southampton, from whence Colonel Ewer had passed over, that he might take a closer inspection of his more noble prisoner about to be; "Moritura Puella!" as the Poet exclaimed when the maiden's foot was on the snake.

This was the prelude of carrying off the King. In the evening a servant of Charles was called out by a disguised person, who, having desired him to acquaint the King that the Army would seize on him that night, abruptly withdrew. As yet no one knew of the arrival of any soldiers in the Island. That evening Mr. Firebrace had orders to wait on the King for a packet at eight o'clock, when he discovered soldiers with pistols about the house where the King lodged. He alarmed the King, who desired him to calm his fears; "Hammond's deputies may put a treble guard on me." "It were better to commit yourself to the seas than to these men," rejoined Firebrace, offering a boat and a faithful guide, both ready. Charles said, "He had passed his word to Hammond." He retired to seal his letters. It was now reported that two thousand foot

(1) Letters between Colonel Robert Hammond, Cromwell, Ireton, etc., 1764.

(2) "The funereal air" of this officer is noticed in the Narrative of the Siege of Colchester.

were drawn about Carisbrooke Castle. The Lords and gentlemen urge the King to attempt his escape. Charles resumed his accustomed mode of reasoning. "A successful attempt was next to an impossibility, and if the Army seized on him, they would preserve him for their own sakes." A debate was held. The Earl of Lindsay observed, "All will not steer by such rules of policy. Your Majesty's escape from Hampton Court was your best security." After a pause, the King positively declared, "They have promised me, and I will not break first." So bidding them a good night, he said he would retire to his rest. "Which," said one, "I fear will not be long."

At break of day, on a loud knocking at the King's outer door, the Duke of Richmond, demanding what it meant, was informed that some gentlemen of the Army were desirous of speaking with the King. They rushed into the chamber, and abruptly told the King that they had orders to remove him.

"From whom?" asked the King.—"From the Army!"—"To what place?"—"The Castle!"—"To what Castle?"—"To the Castle!"—"The Castle is no Castle. I am prepared for any Castle, but tell me the name."—"Hurst Castle."—"Indeed! you could not have named a worse!"

The King was hurried into a coach. Major Rolfe,—an officer who had been accused of tampering with the Clerk of the Kitchen to dispatch the King by poison,—with his hat on, insolently and uninvited, was stepping into the coach, when Charles placing his foot before the door, conrageously pushed away the armed ruffian—"Go you out! We have not yet come to that!" and called in Herbert and Harrington, his Grooms of the Bedchamber. Rolfe, repulsed and mortified amidst his own troop, mounted the King's led horse, and rode by the coach-side, reviling the King. Charles betrayed no discomposure, and, already knowing whither he was going, amused himself with the conjectures of his gentlemen. Charles had certainly a delight in perilous adventures; he seems rather to have taken a pleasure in such romantic incidents than to have feared them.

Hurst Castle was in reality a Block-house, in a desolate spot projecting into the sea, and united to the mainland by a narrow neck of sand covered with stones and pebbles, and washed on both sides by the waves. The Captain at the Block-house appeared a suitable accompaniment to this drear abode. He was one of the lowest of the Army faction; and his figure was that of a bandit. His grim aspect, his stern looks, his wild shaggy locks and black beard, a heavy partisan in his hand, and a huge basket-hilted sword at his side, betrayed a man designed for mischief. He vapoured and thundered! the King's attendants were alarmed; but at the reprimand of the Lieutenant-Colonel, it turned out that the Captain of the Block-house had only blustered to assume an importance equal to the pride which he could not conceal, that his base hands should hold the King of England as his prisoner!

Every thing here was dismal, the apartments, the air, and the fort. The stony walk was but a few paces broad, yet in length two miles;—the uninterrupted view of the opposite Isle of Wight, and the ships of all dimensions daily under sail, formed the solitary amusement of the King. It was here that Harrington, having been deeply affected by the King's conduct and ability during the treaty, had expressed his admiration of Charles with such fervour that, his conversation having been reported, the philosopher was instantly dismissed from his attendance on the King. Charles deeply resented this, for he was sensible of the fine genius of Harrington, with whom he delighted to converse on the freedom under a Monarchy, and the freedom under a Commonwealth,—the model, probably, of Harrington's own political romance, the "Oceana!"

Herbert remained the solitary and the faithful servant of Charles; but as he observes, *in motu trepidationis.* Three weeks had now elapsed. Charles had of late received some dark intimations respecting certain officers, and more than ever felt the horror of an ignoble termination of his life. This sequestered spot, jutting out amidst the ocean, and almost severed from the land, seemed to have been selected for some dreadful deed; and every new commander appeared to the King as the person designed to be his executioner.

It was in the stillness of midnight, that Charles was startled by the rattling fall of the draw-bridge and the tramp of horses. The King rose, and Herbert stole out to learn his Master's fate. Major Harrison had arrived! The King seemed troubled, desired to be dressed, and retired to his prayers. Herbert noticed his unusual concern, and could not avoid shedding tears. Charles told him, "I am not afraid, but do not you know that this

is the man who intended to assassinate me, as by letter I was informed, during the late Treaty? This is a place fit for such a purpose."

It was for some time difficult to obtain the secret of Major Harrison's midnight expedition. The King was agreeably surprised to learn that he was only to be removed to Windsor; to quit the most dismal castle in England for the one in which he most delighted.

The King, on leaving Hurst Castle, mounted his horse. At Winchester, notwithstanding the times, observes Herbert, the city, the clergy, and the gentry flocked to welcome their unhappy Sovereign. On the road, the King fixed his eyes earnestly on Major Harrison, who, somewhat abashed, fell back among his troops. Charles declared that he looked like a soldier, and that his aspect was good; so that he doubted if he had not been misrepresented. "I have some judgment in faces," said the King, "for ofttimes the spirit and disposition may be discerned in the countenance; yet in that we may be deceived." The royal physiognomist was more candid than Lavater, and in the present case had vainly flattered himself with having found a Royalist in a Republican.

It was observed that the King had not for a long time been so cheerful—a transitory happiness seemed to come over him; the visions of the antique regal castle flattered his imagination with a change of fortune. He was escaping, as it seemed to him, from dreary solitudes, dark treacheries, and petty insolence. His companions caught, for a moment, the exhilaration of his spirits; but still wondered, says Herbert, "considering his condition." At supper, in a crowded room of the Army-officers and people who came to view the King, Charles beckoned to Major Harrison, who approached with due respect; the King took him aside at a window for half an hour, and among other things told him of the information concerning him, which rendered him an enemy in the worst sense to his person. The Major vindicated himself, and repeated what he had said, that "The Law was equally obliging to great and small, and that Justice had no respect to persons." The tone and manner of Harrison, whom Mrs. Macaulay calls "an honest fanatic," were as explicit as the axiom he had uttered; and Charles, detecting his physiognomical blunder, ceased any farther communication.

In the delights of Windsor Castle Charles appeared to have lost in forgetfulness the tribulations of many years. It had been long since in repose he had viewed Nature. He had his liberty to walk where he pleased within the Castle. He loved to linger on the lengthened terrace, to gaze on the spires of learned Eton—to pursue the winding Thames—and dwell on the pleasant hills and valleys, spotted with villages, and adorned with many a villa. The scene only wanted his children and his consort, to perfect the passing hour of his fugitive happiness.

At Windsor Castle the King and his party were not yet convinced that the Court of Judicature, which now began to be rumoured, was any thing more than an unsubstantial pageant. The case was unprecedented. The profoundest politician might be allowed to doubt the possibility of that public act, which was called national, yet in which the nation took no part, and which was sanctioned as Parliamentary, though at the time there was, in truth, no Parliament. I read in the Manuscript Journal of the Earl of Leicester, that while the King was at Windsor, he gave orders for saving the seeds of some Spanish melons, which he would have set at the Queen's house at Wimbledon. On this little incident, combined with more important ones, the noble diarist concludes, that "he hangs still upon the twig," it was then the state of the drowning man.

The true comment on this expression of Lord Leicester's, who was himself somewhat of a Parliamentarian, may be collected from the *intelligence* daily dispatched from Windsor, and published to prepare the public for the great and approaching event. These priviloged spies express astonishment at the King's unaltered habits and careless endurance of his persecutions. "The King," they say, "continues indifferent merry;" "yet," adds another, "not without fear and apprehension of danger from *new* faces." In fact, Charles always doubted of an open tribunal of justice; that scheme seemed preposterous. It was not a trial which he dreaded; he always conceived he should suffer a private death. One of these intelligencers says, "He makes the business talked on of questioning of him a jest." The following extract is a curious specimen of the malignity of these revolutionary scribes, as vulgar as were most of their patrons.

"The King is *cunningly merry* for the most part, though he hears of the Parlia-

ment's proceeding against him. He asked who came from London, how his young Princess did? He was answered, she was very melancholy. The King replied, 'And well she may be so, when she hears what death her old father is coming unto.' We find his discourse of late *very effeminate*, and *talking much of women*, which he is sure for the most part to bring in at the ond of every subject. On telling him that the Parliament intended to proceed in justice against him, he answered, *most simply and tyrannically*, 'Who can question me for my life?'". (1)

This is a curious example of party writing from the Government paper of a vile Government. Here are as many lies as lines. When Charles alluded to that

"Child of Misery, baptised in tears,"

who pined away in melancholy at the age of fifteen years in that Castle where her father had suffered a long durance, and where she shortly after found her vault, how could Charles call himself "her old father?" He died in the prime of life. How was it possible that he should talk at Windsor of "the death her father was coming to," when he was convinced that "no one could question him for his life?" Why were all these lies raised? It was an artifice of the wretched scribe, who forged the words he puts in the King's mouth to prepare the public mind for the meditated catastrophe. Could it be believed that Charles's "discourse of late so effeminate," and "talking of women," was his domestic tenderness? the voice of the father and the husband? the excruciating feelings for his hapless daughter and his exiled Queen, who at this time was soliciting the Parliament for a safe conduct to approach once more the unhappiest of men and of monarchs? In truth, the novel barbarism of the age had already thrown back society into its rudest element.

After a short month the King with regret was compelled to quit Windsor Castle. It was in the court-yard, passing by the keep, that occurred the extraordinary meeting, permitted but for a minute—a single minute—deeply implored and hardly conceded, that the Duke of Hamilton, who remained a prisoner at the Castle, cast himself on his knees before the King:—"My dear Master!" was all he could say. "I have, indeed," replied Charles, "been a dear master to you!" Both parted to go to the same fate.

The King was removed to the Palace of St. James's. Hitherto the King had been served with the usual ceremonies of State. He dined in the Presence-chamber; the Carver, the Sewer, the Cup-bearer, and the Gentleman-usher officiatod; the cup was presented on the knee, and the Say was given out. (1) At St. James's Charles first endured the petty indignity from the wretched faction, who ordered that all regal ceremonies should be abolished, and that the accustomed respect to his Majesty at his meals should be forborne. Soldiers now were his rough attendants, and brought in the dishes uncovered. The King felt the degradation, ate little, and in private. "Is there any thing more contemptible than a despised Prince?" said Charles to his faithful Thomas Herbert.

The story of Charles the First's imprisonment at Holmby and at Hampton Court, his long confinement at Carisbrooke Castle, his immurement at the dismal Block-house of Hurst, his return to regal Windsor, and his final removal to St. James's and Whitehall, open a series of pathetic scenes which the inventions of a Shakspeare could hardly surpass in dramatic effect or noble pathos—scenes, however, which "the Malignants" of party have affected to pass by as ordinary incidents, throwing a veil over that grandeur of mind which their brutalised spirits could never wear down to their own level.

So truly did Charles say of himself, "We have learned to busy ourself in retiring into ourself, and therefore the better digest what befalls."

CHAPTER LXXXI.

The Trial and the Decapitation.

The Commons voted themselves "the Supreme Authority of the Nation," and whatever they declared to be law was law, without the consent of the King and the Peers. Shortly after, when they had rid themselves of the Sovereign, they voted the Lords "to be dangerous and useless." Harry Marten, as reckless in his wit as in his life, with the

(1) The Moderate, impartially communicating Martial Affairs to the Kingdom of England; January 9 to 16, 1649. The writer was Gilbert Mabbott, or Mabbold, the new licenser!—in this first year of "Freedom restored!"

(2) The *Say* is an abbreviation of *Assay*, or trial; the ceremony of tasting the King's food when presented.

same tolerant good-humour which he had evinced on a former occasion with Judge Jenkins, proposed an amendment in favour of the Lords, that "they were useless but not dangerous." By this felicitous humour this Commonwealth-man had often relieved the Royalists in their most critical circumstances, and, though a regicide, his life was afterwards spared by the grateful mediation of the numerous friends whom his facetious genius had so timely served.

An ardent critic has recently said of the trial of Charles the First, that "He was arraigned, sentenced, and executed in the face of heaven and earth." This is the poetry of the fiction! In what manner the erection of "the High Court of Justice," a court never before heard of, stood in connexion with "Heaven and Earth," a plainer narrative may suffice to expose.

A judicial trial of the Sovereign, I have shown, was the favourite scheme of the Army-faction, contemplated at a much earlier period than our historians have traced, at least two years before it occurred. (1) It was often dropped and resumed. When Charles had closed with the treaty of Newport, the struggle became momentous between the two great factions. The Army advanced on London. On December 1st, 1648, they carried off the King to Hurst Castle. On the 5th the House sate through the whole night, and, after a fierce debate, in the morning they carried the question that the King's concessions were satisfactory for a settlement. The Army-faction seemed mastered. What then happens?

One of themselves has told us. "The Parliament has fallen into such factions and divisions, that any one who usually attended and observed the business of the House could, after a debate upon any question, easily number the votes that would be on each side, before the question was put." This curious circumstance had never been gravely recorded by the present historiographer, had his friends not constituted the forlorn minority. It was therefore "a resolution," so Ludlow expresses it, that the minority should be changed into a majority. It was "resolved by three of the Members of the House and three of the officers of the Army, who withdrew into a private room to consider of the best means." In truth there were nor best nor worst! When "the Tyrant" Charles had required that five Members should be put on their trial, that abrupt arrest of their persons—that feeble *coup d'état*—went far to lose him his throne. The present six "Tyrants" in "a private room" had the list of the whole House placed before them in luxuriance, to pick and choose. "We went over the names of all the Members, one by one, giving the truest characters we could of their inclinations, wherein I presume we were not mistaken in many." No matter! the hour presses, and the business is not nice! "The Army being ordered"—(by whom? apparently by the six "tyrants" in the "private room")—"to be drawn up the next morning, with guards placed in Westminster Hall, the Court of Requests, and the Lobby"—(on what business?) "that none might be permitted to pass into the House but such as had continued faithful to the public interest!" By this mode, "the minority" of "the public interest" triumphed over "the majority." Such is the honest history of Colonel Pride's famed "Purge," delivered by their own authentic historian. (2)

This *coup d'état* was struck on December 6th, the very next day after their discomfiture in the House. On January the 4th the Commons invested themselves with "the Supreme Authority," and on the 9th the High Court of Justice to try the King was proclaimed.

Such is the simple story of the High Court of Justice on "the face of the Earth;" for their acts in "the face of Heaven" we must look to their chaplain and buffoon, Hugh Peters. He himself tells us that the fate of the King too deeply affected the public mind. "The public interest" out of the House was so far from an agreement with "the public interest" in it, that the members of the High Court of Justice sate in pretended fasts, and at state sermons, acted by their gesticulator

(1) This important fact I have alluded to at page 471. See Baillie's Letters, ii., 209. May, 1646. "I abhor to think of it, what they speak of execution." p. 213. In June he writes, alluding to the King, "Had it not been that he foresaw he was ready to be taken at Oxford, and either to have been executed, which is the mind of too many here, or to be clapped up in perpetual prison, he had never come near us." Again, at p. 225, in August of the same year: "The secretaries are the extremely malicious enemies of the blinded Prince, burning for the day to cast him and all his posterity out of England." Baillie was himself an honest intolerant Presbyterian, and Charles the First, with him, was "the blinded Prince," because he could not as an English monarch, and in conscience as a religionist, subscribe the covenant of the Kirk of Scotland!

(2) Ludlow, i., 233.

and comedian in the pulpit. They were edified and diverted by many a drolling tale, a gibe and a quip, or an ecstasy kneeling or weeping, now hiding his head, now clapping his hands for a new revelation. All for "the Red Coats!" "Moses was now to lead the people out of Egyptian bondage! but how? that was not yet revealed to me!" Shrugging his shoulders, covering his eyes with his hands, burying his head in the cushion, resounding laughter polluted the choir of St. Margaret's Chapel. The grotesque seer, starting up suddenly, cried out, "Now I have it by Revelation! This Army must root up monarchy, not only here, but in France, and other kingdoms round about—this is to bring you out of Egypt!" But it seems that there were "foolish citizens in our Jerusalem, who for a little trading and profit would have Christ crucified (pointing to the red coats crowding on the pulpit-stairs), and that great Barabbas of Windsor released." It was before Cromwell, and Bradshaw, the Lord President of the novel Court, on the Sunday preceding the execution on the Tuesday, that the High Priest of the Revolution took for his text, "Bind your kings with chains, and your nobles with fetters of iron." It delighted them to hear of "the Rabble of Princes," and Cromwell was observed to laugh.

Hugh Peters is a name covered with odium; the moral habits of this carnal prophet have been so frequently aspersed by the royalists, that, had Hugh Peters not made his own confessions, we could never have formed any correct notion of the vile and ridiculous man himself. In this political history of human nature he serves greatly to instruct us. He was one of those characters who are engendered in the excitement of a Revolutionary period, persons easily tempted to go all lengths with a triumphant party, and contribute to more mischief than they would of themselves incline to.

This merry-Andrew in the pulpit, and this advocate for the sword in law, was at bottom a grave and earnest divine, neither wanting in learning nor in ability. By the deposition of a servant at his trial, it appears that he was usually "melancholy sick." Originally an exile from his non-conformity, under the severe administration of Laud, he had passed over into New England, and on his return home, after fourteen years of absence, found the nation plunged in civil war. His patrons were the Parliamentary Generals. Minister, messenger, and minion of the Army, in his political fanaticism he maintained that all government depended on the sword. (1) Yet this reckless being in his cell, awaiting his trial, could consider, as he tells us, that "A good government is where men may be as good as they can, and not so bad as they would." He grew wealthy under his masters, who bestowed on him an estate, loaded him with frequent donations, one of which was Laud's library; and his conscience, now the fatal tree was in his contemplation, was troubled about some parts of Lord Craven's estate, of which he had evidently shared in the pillage with the infamous Lord Grey, whom he says, "as I had time," (for in truth Peters was too busy to sermonise in private,) "I ever advised against that spirit of levelling then stirring." He who lives on rapine is usually improvident. Peters "lived in debt, for what I had, others shared in." He would ascribe to himself the splendour of generosity, while he conceals the vulgar prodigality of the mean adventurer. This was one of the men appointed to be the Reformers of the law. In his tract "Good Work for a Good Magistrate, or a Short Cut to Great Quiet," he proposed the extirpation of the whole system of our laws, and recommended that the records in the Tower should be burnt as the monuments of tyranny. For this suggestion he craves pardon, as his project appears to have given offence; his only design in law was for "ease, expedition, and cheapness;" but he owns, "When I was called about mending laws, I confess I might as well have been spared." He asserted on his trial that he had done many good offices to the royalists when he was in power, and wore a ring which Goring had given him for having saved his life. But when he wrote in his Confessions, before his trial had come on, that "He never had a hand in contriving or acting the death of the king, as I am scandalised," he seems to have thought that his memorable sermon on "the Barabbas of Windsor" and its text had been utterly forgotten. He had declared that the Commonwealth would never be at peace till they got rid of the three L's, Lords, Levites, and Lawyers. In the hour of contrition he wrote in prison, "A dying father's last legacy to an only child," his daughter. Then he mourned that "ever he had been popular, and known better to others than to myself."

(1) See note in page 450 for his dialogue with Lilburne.

When the cruel death which he was to suffer approached, then he cried that "life was sweet, and death was terrible." Thus is a man two men! a wide interval separates the highflyer Hugh Peters at the Army, and the Hugh Peters, as he himself expresses it, "shortly going where time shall be no more, nor cock nor clock distinguish hours!"

When this pageant of the High Court of Justice assembled, it was discovered that, in reality, two-thirds of the members had been drawn out of the Army. There were some adventurers who looked not for their fortunes by their sword, but by their compliance. And there were a few, "the honest fanatics," as Mrs. Macaulay designates Major Harrison, who subscribed the death-warrant of Charles the First, on motives and principles by which they would have expounded the Apocalypse, and by which they calculated the approach of the Millennium, or demonstrated the Anti-Christ of Rome.

When the Commissioners were preparing for the trial of the King, they debated whether they should have in Court both a sword and a mace; for this huddled government, not having yet had time to order a Commonwealth-mace, the one in use bore the royal arms. There was something antithetical in the present process of displaying the regal authority in the moment of the abolition of monarchy. They resolved to have both, the sword alone looking too terrible.

They had been more diligent in fixing in full view the newly-manufactured arms of the Commonwealth of England, bearing this inscription, suggested by the witty and dissolute Henry Marten. "The first year of Freedom by God's blessing RESTORED 1648." This singular expression *Restored* he used on another occasion. In drawing up the Remonstrance of the Army, which changed the Monarchy into a Commonwealth, this Sheridan of his day had said "RESTORED to its ancient government of Commonwealth." A member rose to reprimand, and to wonder at the impudence of Harry Marten asserting the antiquity of Commonwealth, of which he had never before heard. The wit rejoined by a whimsical illustration of the propriety of the term, and the peculiar condition of the man who had now heard it for the first time. "There was," said Harry, "a text which had often troubled his spirit concerning the man who was blind from his mother's womb, but at length whose sight was *restored* to the sight which he should have had." The witticism was keen, though almost as abstruse as the antiquity of an English Commonwealth. (1)

Charles, on his entrance before the tribunal which had now usurped the supreme authority of the State, beheld Cromwell and Harry Marten sitting on each side of this escutcheon, and might have read, by that "hand-writing on the wall," how his days were numbered, and that he had already outlived the monarchy.

Amidst all their public insolence to the King, the feeling was still novel and awkward among them in their familiar approach to his person. The Commonwealth's new mace-bearer, overcome by the awfulness of conducting Charles to the bar, excessively trembled, and could scarcely support the mace, or hold up the bar to admit the King to his chair within it.

There was in the common people at large a deep veneration for the royal person. Their weeping eyes witnessed his long afflictions; the misfortunes and the grievances of the early part of the reign of this hapless prince hardly lived in their recollections. They had more recently listened to tales of his gallantry in the field, and of his magnanimous spirit in his prisons. Admitted into his presence, all were struck by the gravity and stateliness of him, whom nature and habit alike formed

(1) I found this anecdote in the Aubrey Papers at the Ashmolean Museum. It may receive some elucidation from a passage in the trial of the great Regicide, Thomas Scott. This party maintained that the English Government originally consisted of the Commons, which Scott urged as a plea for his defence in having obeyed the Parliament, consisting solely of the Commons. The Court having observed to Scott that he could not give one instance that ever the House of Commons did assume the King's authority, the prisoner replied, "I can many, where there was nothing but a House of Commons!" The Court—"When was that?" Scott.—"In the Saxons' time." This, no doubt, puzzled the Court, as it has many a more profound antiquary than either the Court or Scott himself. The Court, however, were not to be baffled; they had not sufficient erudition to contradict the assertion,—they waived the argument. Court.—"You do not come to any time within six hundred years, you speak of times wherein things were obscure." The late David Williams, in the days of revolutionary Reforms, printed a diagram of the English Constitution, wherein the rude times of Alfred were shown to the eye as its perfection. According to such theories, the Anti-monarchists would throw back a nation in the highest state of civilisation to barbarous periods when the people were often slaves attached to the soil. This, then, was to be the Constitution "*restored* to its ancient government of Commonwealth!"

for sovereignty. While the prevailing faction, small but terrible, for it lay among the officers, was proclaiming Charles the First "A Tyrant!" the generous nature of the uncontaminated many was ever betraying itself, not only by a mournful silence, but often by a spontaneous burst of "God save the King!" Hume has beautifully touched this part of the story. "The King was softened at this moving scene, and expressed his gratitude for their dutiful affection." An unfortunate monarch, in the depth of his misery, could find brothers among the people. These were no hirelings, for Charles's party was now silenced, dispersed, or in terror, suffered to exist only by their inactivity or their concealment.

The personal respect for the King was felt in every class. Some of the soldiers alone were compelled, by two or three of their commanders, to raise a forced shout or obtrude an insult. When the King was rowed to Westminster, a great concourse of boats collected; the soldiers, commanded by Major Harrison, were covered, but the watermen insisted on rowing the King bare-headed. Colonel Tomlinson, although his party had passed their sentence on the King as a Traitor, would conduct the King to the scaffold with hat in hand. Even the unknown executioners deemed it advisable to wear masks. As for the High Court themselves, they seem to have sat in terror. They ordered the vaults to be searched, they barred and locked themselves in at every entrance, they set guards on the leads and other places that had windows, and all back-doors. Ten companies of foot were constantly on guard; the people were beat back by the soldiers. The famed broad-brimmed hat, beneath which their Lord President scowled on the hapless monarch, was cased with iron. These self-styled representatives of the people were carrying on a cause in the name of the people; but how happened it that the counsel for the plaintiffs appear to have been most fearful of the plaintiffs themselves?

Charles the First, on his trial, at no time found his presence of mind fail, nor the firmness of his pulse, nor the aptness of his language. From early life he had a defective utterance, but at his trial the intensity of his feelings carried on his voice without faltering. The King had resolved not to acknowledge by any salute the present High Court, and for this purpose would not uncover. They had anticipated this resolution, for this minute circumstance was actually debated among them. It was ordered, that "in case the Prisoner shall in language or carriage towards the Court be contemptuous, etc., it is left to the Lord President to admonish, or to command the taking away of the Prisoner; but, as to the Prisoner's taking off his hat, the Court will not insist upon it this day." Nor, indeed, did they on any one day of the trial. An expression of public contempt for the Royal presence was yet so much of a novelty, that even these Commissioners, who had dared to try him for his life, did not venture once to offer him a public indignity, notwithstanding that the more violent of the faction reduced his designation to "The Man." Bradshaw, though he never addressed the King by the style of royalty, and spoke to Charles as to an ordinary prisoner, often applied the title of "Sir!" which was as freely bestowed by the King, the only equality which could exist between them. The state of his Royalty, though dimmed, was not yet lost. Bradshaw, a Serjeant of obscure reputation, suddenly elevated into the office of the Chief Magistrate of the Land, affected an equality of pomp with Royalty itself; yet as the same preparations had been allowed the King, it betrayed in these novices in the arts of degrading the person of the Sovereign the involuntary concession of a tribute to public opinion. The King at the bar was still the King. Charles never suffered himself to be hurried; he took his chair with stateliness, he sat down leisurely, or looked about him with curiosity, often with many an inquiring glance. A paper of the day describes the King. "With a quick eye and nimble gesture he turned himself oftentimes about, casting an eye not only on those who were on each side of the Court, but even on the spectators in the midst of the Hall." Was there yet a lingering hope in that firm though subdued spirit, for the appearance of some unknown friend? Or did Charles imagine that the very person of Majesty might create anew expiring loyalty? Four noblemen, it is said, had indeed offered themselves to be tried for the imputed crimes of their Royal Master. They declared that they had concurred by their counsels, and alone should be deemed guilty. Honour and patriotism emulated each other in that proffered immolation. But from the Court before him the King could receive no generous sympathy. The Solicitor for the People, a very poor but not unskilful lawyer, and who a few days before the

Trial had never had any expectation of the office, with his two Republican Counsol, one of whom was the Dutchman, Dorislaus, were only separated from the King by a slight partition, and the soldiers surrounding the Court filled the intermediate passage between the King and the people. Charles the First was there as if he had stood alone in the universe. Once a solitary voice reminded him that there was in that Court one who recognised the King, and proclaimed who was the traitor; but that voice was a female's! (1)

Charles carried a cane, or, in the style of the day, "a staff." When Cooke, the Solicitor, was delivering himself with insolence, the King two or three times gently touched his shoulder. While the charge was being read, the King rose again to look around, and resumed his seat with a stern look, but at the passage where he was accused of being "a tyrant, a traitor," etc., he scornfully laughed in the face of the Court. A remarkable circumstance occurred. As the King was leaning on his cane the head broke off on a sudden, and rolled on the ground. This seemed for a moment to affect the King, as it did many who saw or heard of it. This momentary surprise did not, however, derange his ideas. Not that Charles did not partake of the prevalent superstitions of omens at this time; he afterwards confessed to Bishop Juxon that "it really made a great impression on him." It has been supposed that this was a malicious contrivance of Hugh Peters, who was then "the King's gaoler," and who had "artificially tampered upon his staff," for the purpose of throwing a sudden dismay into the mind of the King. In an age when our sages still expounded omens and chronicled their dreams, a mischance so timed before the eyes of the public was no inconsiderable one. If it were a trick, it was the triumph of a little villain, or the disgrace of a great one. It was, however, with that headless cane, that in retiring from the bar Charles pointed to the sword lying on the table, and scornfully said, "I do not fear that." But Charles had to endure the insolence of the vile, and it is said he smiled when some soldiers spat in his face, and a lady of rank, who was already infamous by her loose conduct, fiercely exulted in the same honour. The prostitute could rival the bully of her faction.

The trial of the King, its chief points and the arguments, have been conveyed to the reader in our popular histories, but too many *traits* are lost in those summaries. Bradshaw assumes that "the supreme jurisdiction lies with the Commons of England;" the King insists that "the House of Commons was never a Court of Judicature." The words of "The Tyrant" may still be quoted for their simplicity and their force. "If power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England that can be sure of his life, or any thing that he calls his own." Bradshaw would not allow the King to dispute the authority of this self-elected court, insisting on his submission to it. Charles admirably replied to the "Serjeant" — "Sir, by your favour, I do not know the forms of law. I do know law and reason, though I am no lawyer professed. I know as much law as any gentleman in England, and therefore, under your favour, I do plead for the liberties of the people of England more than you do." Bradshaw, pressed hard by the King's argument, who said, "I require that I do give in my *reasons* why I do not answer," with rude insolence replied, "Sir, 'tis not for prisoners to require!" The indignant monarch for a moment gave way to his natural hastiness of temper—"Prisoner, Sir! I am not an ordinary prisoner!" But if Charles by an instantaneous emotion lost his temper, the Lord President lost his presence of mind or command of language, for when the King said, "Show me that jurisdiction where *reason is not to be heard?*" the Serjeant unwittingly replied, "Sir! we show it you here, the Commons of England." (2)

On the last day there was a more subdued spirit on the King. He now perceived that no argument would avail. He would not acknowledge their authority, but he did not deny their *power*. We will listen to the

(1) It is well known who this lady was. When the charge against the King was made, in the name of the Commons and People of England, a lady exclaimed with a loud voice, "It is a lie! not a quarter of the people! Oliver Cromwell is a rogue and a traitor!" The lady was masked. Colonel Axtell ordered his musketeers to present their muskets to the box and fire on the woman, using an opprobrious term. This produced a dreadful silence, The lady retired. The evidence of Sir Purbeck Temple ascertains that it was the Lady Fairfax.

(2) These "reasons," which the King was not suffered to deliver, and which, if he had, would have been to no purpose, he, as was his laborious custom, left behind him in writing. He has even noted down when he was interrupted in speaking, adding, "Against reason I was hindered to show my reasons."

King, "Sir! I know it is in vain for me to dispute; I am no sceptic, for to deny the power you have; I know that you have power enongh! Sir! I must confess I think it would have been for the kingdom's peace if you would have takon the pains to have shown the lawfulness of your power." Charles now condescended almost to implore for a littlo delay of a day or two, to be heard by the Lords and Commons, to avoid a hasty judgment. When the King declared "I have nothing more to say, but I shall desire that this may be entered what I have said," tho vulgar triumph of the pert and petulant lawyer seems barbarously marked in the retort—"The Court then, Sir, hath something to say unto yon, which although I know will be very unacceptable, yet, notwithstanding, they are resolved to discharge their duty." The scarlet gown worn on this day had already pronounced sentence to the eyes of all present, but tho wounded pride it concealed betrayed itself when Bradshaw told the King, "Sir! you have not owned us as *a Court*, and you look upon us as *a sort of people met together*."

While the sentence of death was pronouncing, the King was observed to smile, and then to lift his eyes in silontly appealing to Heaven. After the condemnation this extraordinary dialogue ensued.

The King addressed Bradshaw. "Will you hear me a word, Sir?"

Bradshaw.—"Sir, you are not to be heard after the sentence."

The King.—"No, Sir!"

Bradshaw.—"No, Sir! by your favour, Sir! Guard! withdraw your prisoner!"

King.—"I may speak after the sentence, by your favour, Sir! I may speak after sentence, ever! By your favour, hold! The sentence, Sir! I say Sir——I do—I am not suffered to speak—expect what justice other peoplo will have!"

Violently hurried from the Bar, in the brokon words and the struggle of contemned Majesty, we still mark the unalterable fortitude of Charles the First. He commanded while he implored. In the dramas of Shakspeare is there a touch more natural than Charles's ever! In this tragical agitation, we catch from the last words which foll from his lips a prediction of political wisdom. Humo, in one of those inimitable passages his fine genius often cast, has exqnisitely touched the picture of Charles the First at these moments. "His soul, without effort or affectation, seemed only to remain in the situation familiar to it, and to look down with contempt on all the efforts of human malice and iniquity."

Dragged from the bar, the King passed through a rabblo of soldiers; brutal indignities were cast on him, but his spirit was constant to itself. Some soldiers wore reviling him, others blowing tobacco-whiffs in his face, or throwing their broken pipes in his way; one honest soldier exclaiming, "God bless you, Sir!" his Captain caned him. The King observed, that "the punishment exceeded the offence." In a conversation with Herbert, shortly afterwards, the King asked if he had remarked tho cry of the soldiers for "Justice and Execution!" Herbert answered that he did, and wondered at it. "So did not I," said Charles, "for I am well assured the soldiers bear no malice to me. Tho cry was, no doubt, given by their officers, for whom the soldiors would do the like were there occasion."

This observation is an evidence of the correct judgment of tho King. We know that once Hugh Peters hurried out of Court to instigate a Colonel to command his men to give out a cry for Justice! and that after sentence, Colonel Axtell, having first caned his men to it, forced them to cry out for Execution! as the King passed. Tho real porsecutors of Charles were restricted to this narrow circlo, nor would the King have had many even among these, had that party not imagined, and several of them declared it, that, had Charles lived, their own lives were in peril.

Three days intervened between the sentence and the execution. Charles, in requesting the absence of his friends, admitted his two children, the only ones left in England. It was not possible to be with his children, and not remember their mother. His least agony was not that of bidding them a last farewell; for having done this, and withdrawn to tho window to conceal his sufferings, he broke again into a violence of grief, he returned to the door of the apartment, and once more lingered in thoir embrace.

A domestic incident which occurred the preceding evening gives a touching representation of the man. Charles, taking off an emerald ring from his finger, seemed anxious that Herbert, if possible, shonld hasten immediately and deliver it to a lady without saying a word. Herbert by great favour procured the parole, and not with little difficulty

threaded his way by the numerous sentinels, at that late hour. At the sight of the ring, the lady, who resided in the neighbourhood, desired Herbert to wait. She returned with a little cabinet, closed with three seals, praying that it might be delivered to the hand which sent that ring, and which was left with her. In the morning the mysterinus cabinet was opened; it contained diamonds and jewels, and for the most part broken Georges and Garters. "You see," said Charles, "all the wealth now in my power to give my two children." The person with whom the cabinet had been deposited by the provident Monarch was Lady Wheeler, the royal laundress.

In the last pathetic interview with his children, Charles told the Princess Elizabeth, among other things, that "His death was glorious, for he should dio for the laws and liberties of the land. He should die a Martyr." On the scaffold he declarod that "He was the Martyr of the people."

This style from the lips of "a Tyrant" is strange and unexpected, and the title of "Martyr," which Charles proudly professed, was long disputed by his enemies. The great genius of Milton could condescend to cavil, restricting the sense of the term to those who died for persevering in their faith; but that, since Charles had consented to suspend, or abolish, the Episcopacy in England, he could not be held to be a Martyr to religion. The fact is, that the martyrdom of Charles was a civil and political one. Charles need not have ascended the scaffold, would he have betrayed the liberties and plundered the wealth of the nation. The King alluded to this extraordinary fact on his trial. Once turning himself to Bradshaw, and fixing his eyes on some persons near him, Charles said, "There are some sitting here that well know, that if I would have forfeited or betrayed the liberties and rights of the people, I need not havo come hither." (1) This last of his acts seems an expiation of the errors and infirmities of the early years of his reign.

The Grandees of the Army paused to the last hour of the execution of the King; that unparalleled event, for ancient Egypt had only in their wisdom brought their monarchs on their decease to a judicial trial, was almost counteracted by the fears, the offers, and the interference of great parties, both at home and abroad. On the Sunday preceding the decollation written proposals were tendered to the King in restore him to his shadowy throne, on terms which a pusillanimous and dishonoured Prince would have subscribed. The Council of War proposed to be the sole government of England, and this military force was to be maintained by a heavy land-rate, to be levied by the Army. A clnse committee held a private meeting. Rushworth was concerned in procuring a house among his friends for this secret purpose. Charles, at the first articles, indignantly threw aside the paper which might have given him an ignoble existence, and exclaimed, "I will rather becomo a sacrifice for my people, than endure this intolerable bondage of an armed Faction!" (2) Charles would not be a Slave-king. It was from this circumstance that Charles the First deemed himself to be "a Martyr for the People."

Halberdiers and musqueteers, who were hourly changed, for they mistrusted their own men, were instigated by some of their officers to perpetual intrusions into the privacy of the King, on the pretext to watch over their prisoner; this occasioned Charles to sigh. It has been suggosted that a diabolical device condemned the mortified monarch to listen for two successive nights to the heavy strokes of the workmen in the erection of tho scaffold. (3)

At St. James's the night preceding the execution, Herbert, his faithful attendant, lay on a pallet by the King's side, and "took small rest." The King slept soundly for four

(1) Trials of the Regicides, 190. 4to edition.

(2) Clement Walker, History of Independency, ii., 109, gives many particulars. The meeting for which Rushworth was employed to fix on a private place, where the persons assembled came singly, is told in a manuscript narrative from the daughter of the friend who lent the use of his house on this occasion.—Eehard, B. ii., 659. Neither Hume nor Dr. Lingard have attended to these facts, which surely throw light on what Charles afterwards alluded to when on the scaffold.

(3) All our writers have censured Hume for recording this affecting circumstance. The curious reader, I warn off any other, will take some interest in details which discover how numerous writers may err, either by echoing the first opinion promulgated, or by not being in possession of a material fact.

Mrs. Macaulay reprobates the story as "a calumny on the Parliament and the Army, propagated by the petulant Presbyterian Clement Walker. Whereas," she says, "the King remained at St. James's till the morning of his execution.

The judicious Laing considers it as "an injodicious fiction invented by Clement Walker, in order to aggravate the deed, and Hume, though Herbert lay open before him, on this occasion wrote too much for dramatic effect."

hours. Two hours before the dawn, he opened his curtains, and by the light of "a great cake of wax, set in a silver basin, which burned all night," observed Herbert disturbed in sleep. The King, arousing him, discovered that he was suffering from a very painful dream. It was indeed a very extraordinary one, at that moment. Herbert, doubtless under the agitation of that direful night, had dreamed that Laud, in his pontifical habit, had entered the apartment—had knelt down to the King—that they conversed—that the King looked pensive, and the Archbishop sighed—and, on retiring from the King, fell prostrate. Charles said, "The dream was remarkable; but he is dead; had we now conferred together, 'tis very likely, albeit I loved him well, I should have said something might have occasioned his sigh."

Charles said he would rise, "for I have a great work to do this day." Herbert trembled in combing the King's hair. Charles, observing that it was not done with his usual care, said, "Though it be not long to stand on my shoulders, take the same pains with it as you were wont to do. Herbert, this is my second marriage-day; I would be as trim to-day as may be." The weather was cold, The King desired to have a shirt on more than ordinary; for "the season is sharp, and probably may make me shake, which some will imagine proceeds from fear. I would have no such imputation. I fear not death—death is not terrible to me! I bless my God I am prepared. Let the rogues come!"

By a paper of the day, it appears that Charles declared that he was glad that the act was to be done before Whitehall, rather than at St. James's, where he now was, as the weather was keen and cold, and without a little motion he should be indisposed to what he intended to say. He walked through the Park, as his former use was, very fast, and called to his guard in a pleasant manner, "March on apace!" A sorry fellow, "a mean citizen," as Fuller describes him, was allowed for some time to walk close to the King, fixing on him the genuine cannibal stare of the lowest of the populace. The King only turned his face from him. The ruffian was at length shoved aside. One of the officers, surely to disturb him, had the audacity to ask him, whether he had not consented to his father's death? His chief conversation was with Colonel Tomlinson on his burial—he wished it not to be sudden, as he dwelt on the thought that his son would do that last office. On leaving the Park, an

Charles Fox, who in the decline of life was but an ardent novice in historical research, exults that "He had detected the trick of Hume's theatrical and false representation of Charles the First hearing the noise of the scaffold."

Last, but not least, to close the reverberation of historical echoes, Mr. Brodie takes the very copy of Herbert from the Advocates' Library, which may still be viewed, with all the marks and remarks of the simple-minded philosopher, and Mr. Brodie shows that Hume's thumb had scratched where Herbert says, that the King on his last return from the Court passed to his bed-chamber at Whitehall, whence *after two hours' space* he was removed to St. James's. Mr. Brodie attacks more fatally than his predecessors Clement Walker himself, for he makes Clement apparently refute himself. Clement, after stating that the King had been disturbed *all Saturday and Sunday night* by the strokes of the workmen, proceeds thus: "*Tuesday 30th* of January was the day appointed for the King's death. *He came on foot from St. James's to Whitehall that morning*"

Who could have conceived that after so much searching evidence, and against the positive but inaccurate statement of Herbert, the account given by Clement Walker, notwithstanding that by his careless mode of writing Mr. Brodie ingeniously made Clement refute Clement, is, however, the veracious account, and that Hume stands perfectly exculpated from any attempt at a "theatrical representation?"

It now appears from Lord Leicester's journal, recently published, that Charles lay at Whitehall the *two nights* following his sentence, and that he was only removed to St. James's the *night preceding his execution.* The fact is confirmed by this entry in the useful *Gesta Britonnorum* among the works of Sir George Wharton, who kept a chronological diary:

"January.—The scaffold was erected before the Banqueting-house at Whitehall." By an omission in the printing the date is not clear, but we find that on the

"29th. (Monday.) King removed to St. James's, whither his children come from Sion House.

"30th. King Charles beheaded."

No reason has been given for the King's removal from Whitehall to St. James's on the last day. Clement Walker, in mentioning the fact of the disturbance occasioned by the erection of the scaffold at Whitehall to Charles, omitted noticing the *removal* of the King on *Monday* to St James's. The more remarkable passage in Herbert, that Charles, on his return to Whitehall after the sentence, "whence after *two hours' space* he was removed to St. James's," can only be accounted for either as a defective reminiscence of Herbert, who wrote many years after the event, as happened to Ashburnham and others, or by a false reading of the manuscript, or a careless misprint, "two hours" for "two days;" a circumstance which has often occurred with the careless readers and the negligent printers of those days.

This may be considered as a curious history of the fallibility of written evidence, even from authentic quarters, whenever a material circumstance has been accidentally omitted, or comes to us in a mutilated shape.

affectionate domestic reminiscence occurred. Charles suddenly stopped, and, pointing to a tree, observed, "That tree was planted by my brother Henry!" (1)

At Whitehall a repast had been prepared. The religious emotions of Charles had consecrated the Sacrament, which he refused to mingle with human food. The Bishop, whose mind was unequal to conceive the intrepid spirit of the King, dreading lest the magnanimous monarch, overcome by the severity of the cold, might faint on the scaffold, prevailed on him to eat half a manchet of bread, and taste some claret. But the more consolatory refreshment of Charles had been just imparted to him in that singular testimony from his son, who had sent a *carte blanche* to save the life of his father at any price. This was a thought on which his affections could dwell in face of the scaffold which he was now to ascend.

Charles had arrived at Whitehall about ten o'clock, and was not led to the scaffold till past one. It was said that the scaffold was not completed; it might have been more truly said, that the conspirators were not ready. There was a mystery in this delay. The fate of Charles the First to the very last moment was in suspense! Fairfax, though at the time in the Palace, inquired of Herbert how the King was, when the King was no more! and expressed his astonishment on hearing that the execution had just taken place. This extraordinary simplicity and abstraction from the present scene of affairs has been imputed to the General as an act of refined dissimulation, yet this seems uncertain. The Prince's *carte blanche* had been that morning confided to his hands, and he surely must have laid it before "the Grandees of the Army," as this new order of the Rulers of England were called. Fairfax, whose personal feelings respecting the King were congenial with those his lady had so memorably evinced, laboured to defer for a few days the terrible catastrophe; not without the hope of being able, by his own regiment, and others in the Army, to prevent the deed altogether. It is probable,—inexplicable as it may seem to us,—that the execution of Charles the First really took place unknown to the General. Fairfax was not unaccustomed to discover that his colleagues had sometimes first acted, and afterwards trusted to his own discernment. (2)

Secret history has not revealed all that passed in those three awful hours. We know, however, that the warrant for the execution was not signed till within a few minutes before the King was led to the scaffold. In an apartment in the Palace, Ireton and Harrison were in bed together, and Cromwell, with four Colonels, assembled in it. Colonel Huncks refused to sign the warrant. Cromwell would have no farther delay, reproaching the Colonel as "a peevish cowardly fellow," and Colonel Axtell declared that he was ashamed for his friend Huncks, remonstrating with him, that "the ship is coming into the harbour, and now would he strike sail before we come to anchor?" Cromwell stepped to a table, and wrote what he had proposed to Huncks; Colonel Hacker, supplying his place, signed it, and, with the ink

(1) The late Sir Henry Englefield, in conversation, told this anecdote; it is probably traditional. He indicated the spot, as that where the cows usually stand, near the passage from Spring-Gardens. They have often been attached to the trunk of a tree, which possibly was the one in question.

(2) No historical character is so darkly veiled as that of the General-in-Chief. Our historians make Fairfax a mere senseless instrument of Cromwell and Ireton. Fairfax has himself confessed that his name was put to papers to which he had never given his consent, and merely for the form's sake. Charles the First once called him "the brutish General," alluding either to his ardour in fighting, or to the gracelessness of his manners. Warburton calls him "the stupid General," from the idea that he was entirely passive under Cromwell. Clement Walker curiously describes him as "a gentleman of an irrational and brutish valour, fitter to follow another man's counsel than his own." It is extraordinary that on repeated important occasions he professed not to know what was doing in his own name. The General, it is certain, was excessively modest, spoke little, and his manners were abrupt; but he had opinions of his own, and acted up to them. "I have observed him at Councils of War," says the sage Whitelocke, "that he hath said little, but hath ordered things expressly contrary to the judgment of his Council; and in action on the field I have seen him so highly transported, that scarce any one durst speak a word to him, and he would seem more like a man distracted and furious, than of his ordinary mildness and so far different temper." The Duke of Buckingham, who married Fairfax's only daughter, composed a noble epitaph on this military character, "one born for victory."

"He had the fiereeness of the manliest mind,
And all the meekness, too, of womankind."

Fairfax was a literary man. Although none of his writings have been published, except his "Short Memorials," he composed several treatises and translations of military and other authors; versified the Psalms; wrote a History of the Church to the Reformation, in a large folio, all in his own hand; A System of Divinity; and this laborious student left besides numerous *opuscula*.

hardly dry, carried the warrant in his hand, and called for the King. (1)

At the fatal summons Charles rose with alacrity. The King passed through the long gallery by a line of soldiers. Awe and sorrow seem now to have mingled in their countenances. Their barbarous commanders were intent on their own triumph, and no farther required the forced cry of "Justice and Execution." Charles stepped out of an enlarged window of the Banqueting-house, where a new opening levelled it with the scaffold. Charles came forward with the same indifference as "he would have entered Whitehall on a masque-night," as an intelligent observer described. The King looked towards St. James's and smiled! Curious eyes were watchful of his slightest motions; and the Commonwealth papers of the day express their surprise, perhaps their vexation, at the unaltered aspect and the firm step of the Monarch. These mean spirits had flattered themselves, that he who had been cradled in royalty, who had lived years in the fields of honour, and was now, they presumed, a recreant in imprisonment, "the grand Delinquent of England," as they called him, would start in horror at the block.

This last triumph, at least, was not reserved for them—it was for the King. Charles, dauntless, strode "the floor of Death," to use Fuller's peculiar but expressive phraseology. He looked on the block, with the axe lying upon it, with attention; his only anxiety was that the block seemed not sufficiently raised, and that the edge of the axe might be turned by being swept by the flappings of cloaks, or blunted by the feet of some moving about the scaffold. "Take care they do not put me to pain!"—"Take heed of the axe! take heed of the axe!" exclaimed the King to a gentleman passing by—"Hurt not the axe; that may hurt me!" His continued anxiety concerning these *circumstances* proves that he felt not the terror of death, solely anxious to avoid the pain, for he had an idea of their cruelty. With that sedate thoughtfulness which was in all his actions, he only looked at the business of the hour. One circumstance Charles observed with a smile. They had a notion that the King would resist the executioner; on the suggestion of Hugh Peters, it is said, they had driven iron staples and ropes into the scaffold, that their victim, if necessary, might be bound down upon the block.

The King's speech has many remarkable points; but certainly nothing so remarkable as the place where it was delivered. This was the first "King's Speech" spoken from a scaffold. Time shall confirm, as History has demonstrated, his principle, that "They mistook the nature of Government; for People are free under a Government, not by being sharers in it, but by the due administration of the Laws. It was for this," said Charles, "that now I am come here. If I could have given way to an arbitrary sway, for to have all Laws changed according to the power of the sword, I need not have come here, and, therefore, I tell you that I am *the Martyr of the People!*"

In his last preparations, the same remarkable indifference to death appeared. He took off his cloak and George, and delivered the George to the Bishop, but he would not suffer decapitation till he had drawn a white satin cap on his head, and had put on his cloak again. Still he was casting a watchful eye on the block, which he thought should have been a little higher. He seems to have had some suspicion of a cruel massacre, for the executioner and his assistant were disguised in the dress of sailors, and wore frightful vizors.

The Bishop was insensible to the inspiration of that awful hour; cold, formal, trivial in all he did or said, we may credit the sarcastic representation of the simplicity of the man in the Memoir of Ludlow. (2) Juxon closed his last address by the frigid conceit of the parts and stages of human life; that "the present was a very short stage, but it would carry him a great way—from Earth to Heaven! the prize you hasten to, a crown of glory." The King caught this trite image, and more nobly rejoined, with deeper emotion—"I go from a corruptiblo to an incorruptible crown, where no disturbance can be, no disturbance in the world!"

To which the Bishop frigidly rejoined,

(1) Trial of the Regicides, 224.

(2) "When Juxon, late Bishop of London," says the Anti-Episcopal Memorialist, "had notice of the King's desire to attend him, he broke out into these expressions; 'God save me! what a trick is this, that I should have no more warning, and I have nothing ready!' He went to the King, when, having read one of his old sermons, he did not forget to use the words set down in the Liturgy, inviting all to confess before the congregation gathered together, though there was no one present but the King and himself."—i., 244.

"You are exchanged from a temporal to an eternal crown. A good exchange!"

Addressing the Headsman, the King said, "When I put out my hands this way, then!" As soon as he had laid his head on the block, the executioner thrust his hair under his cap, and Charles, thinking that he had been going to strike, commanded him to "stay for the sign!" On the uttermost verge of life, men could discover in the King no indecent haste, no flurry of spirits, no trembling of limbs, no disorder of speech, no start in horror—his eyes were observed by an eminent physician to be as lively and quick as ever, as his head lay on the block. The blow was struck—a universal groan, as it were a supernatural voice, the like never before heard, broke forth from the dense and countless multitude. All near the scaffold pressed forward to gratify their opposite feelings, by some memorial of his blood—the blood of a Tyrant or a Martyr. (1) The troops immediately dispersed on all sides the mournful or the agitated people.

Charles the First received the axe with the same collectedness of thought, and died with the majesty with which he had lived. We may forgive the mean sarcasm of the scribes of those days, of "the King's head being sewed on, but must not be kept embalmed till Prince Charles comes to the Crown;" and we may pass over the stern but not enlightened Republican Ludlow, who coldly notices the execution of the King by a single line; but there is one person, whose part in this business will for ever attest that there is no greatness of mind that may not be degraded by the animosity of faction, into the mere creature of an age. Had the heart of Milton beat as coldly on the death of Charles the First as Ludlow's, his democratic feelings might be respected; but that this great tragic genius, having witnessed this solemn scene of Majesty in its last affliction, should have ridiculed and calumniated, and belied it, as the meanest of the mob—who could credit this, had it been a secret anecdote hitherto concealed from the public eye? Milton, in his celebrated "Defence of the People," treats Charles the First as a mere actor, stooping "*Veluti poetæ aut histriones teterrimi plausum in ipso exitio ambitiosissimè captare!*" In the kingly calmness of Charles's death he sees but a player's *exit*—a paltry Mime's ambition to be clapped in retiring from the stage—the artificial decency of a theatrical Cæsar's fall!

The strength of character of Charles the First was derived from that intense and concentrated conception of Sovereignty which was always before him, and was at once his good and his evil genius. Once, and perhaps but once, Milton conceived the ideal of a King..

——————————"A Crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns;
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights
To him who wears the Regal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies.
For therein stands *the office of a King*,
That for *the Public* all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and *rules*
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a King—
And who attains not ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to Anarchy within."

This ideal sovereign of the great Poet we may at least conceive to have been Charles the First, for, amidst his variable fortunes, his hopes or his despair,

"HE REIGNED WITHIN HIMSELF!"

CHAPTER LXXXII.

Conclusion.

THE English Revolution under Charles the First was unlike any preceding one; it is not the story of a single event, nor of a few persons, where a dynasty was changed in a day; and though it may be considered as the ori-

(1) The relics of Charles seem to have been numerous—the very chips of the block, the sand stained with his blood, and some of his hair, were sold. Some washed their hands in his blood. A Poem in "Paruassus Biceps" is "upon the King's Book (the Icon Basilike) bound up in a cover, coloured with his blood."

"Thus closed, go forth, blessed book, and yield to none
But to the Gospel and Christ's blood alone."

Could this volume ever escape the eye of the Biblio-maniac?

A more curious anecdote of the relics of Charles the First has been handed down. The fine equestrian figure of the King by Le Sœur was ordered to be taken down, and was purchased by a brazier, to be broken up, and converted into a variety of domestic utensils; Cavalier and Commonwealth-men being equally eager to be supplied, and the supply was as endless as the demand. The brazier counted gold for brass. At the Restoration he proudly produced to the eyes of all the lovers of art and more particularly to his customers, this beautiful production perfect and uninjured. His ingenuity was again rewarded—the equestrian statue was restored to its place—and the relics were reduced to their intrinsic value of old brass.

gin of a series of national innovations not yet closed, it was even dissimilar to the first great Revolution of our neighbours, in which a rapid succession of events was driven on by the demagogues of the people. A different spectacle is exhibited in our own Revolution. The Constitution even in the days of Charles the First, however unsettled and indefinite in particular points, cast its venerable shade over the contending parties; both alike were clinging to the hallowed structure of national freedom, and both equally confident, appealed to the laws within its sanctuary. If the Parliament rose against the King, the act was to be legalised in the King's name; if the King in his distresses violated the Constitution, the act received the form of legality in the opinions of the Judges. The remonstrances, the replies, the rejoinders, and all the voluminous manifestoes remain singular monuments of their reason, their views, and the difficulties which both parties had to encounter. The nation was revolutionising itself through a great variety of human interests, and often by a noble display of the passions, but with many errors, and many miseries, hastening or retarding the protracted and the dubious catastrophe.

From the age of Charles the First we contemplate in our history the phases of Revolution—in a Monarchy, a Republic, a Despotism, and an anomalous government of the People. Having acquired neither wisdom from the past, nor honesty for the future, by a disorderly return to an unsettled Monarchy, we derived not our constitutional rights from the ambiguous virtues, the undoubted crimes, and the ludicrous follies which the nation had passed through in all these political changes. Another Revolution became necessary; another which, when the gloss of novelty had worn off, was discovered to be neither so just, so efficient, nor so comprehensive as it seemed.

These subjects yet demand the studies of philosophical inquirers. Hereafter, it is probable that some happier genius, the Montesquieu or the Locke of another order of events, shall deduce new results in the policy of governments, of which we are yet unskilled in the practice, and for which the experience of history supplies no prototype.

Mine has been a humbler task—to look more closely into the interesting period of the first great Revolution of Modern History, without fear or flattery. Should this work be acceptable as a critical supplement to our preceding historians, should some popular errors have been corrected and some novel researches have been opened, the development of this political history will reveal to us a history of human nature, as a philosopher, not as a partisan, would observe it. That an historian of Charles the First must necessarily be condemned as an apologist of arbitrary power, is a painful evidence of the degradation of our popular criticism. More than one of those scribes, who exercise their universal powers, weekly or monthly, and who often imagine that they conceal their ignorance by their insolence, have denounced the present writer as a Jacobite! Light, indeed, is the offence of comparing a man with a nonentity. It is but a trick of the craft, an ingenious art of calling names without incurring damages, for the law of libel, it seems, does not include chimæras!

My aim was directed by no narrow view, or personal motive; a great subject was opened, and an extraordinary character contributed to give a unity to its diversified scenes.

There are no characters which more powerfully address our sympathies than those of a mixed nature, when, by the peculiarity of their situation, and the singularity of the events in which they were actors, we trace with curiosity their greatness or their infirmities alternately prevalent. Such was the personal character of Charles the First. This King occupied a position, perhaps unparalleled in the history of monarchs; it was one of those awful epochs when an empire is to be subverted. Charles the First was placed in the shock of a past and a future age.

Charles the First has descended to us from writers who have the advantage of standing forth as the advocates of popular liberty, as a tyrant heartless as Nero, and perfidious as Tiberius. (1) The master-spirits in the school of democracy have saturated their pages with

(1) Two heavy charges have often been raised against Charles the First—that he was a cruel and heartless man, and so utterly void of sincerity that his word was never to be trusted. Mrs. Macaulay and Mr. Brodie, evidently with some perplexity, have attempted to mention a circumstance or two, ludicrously trivial, to show that Charles was very unfeeling; and Mr. Brodie sneers at Charles's "tears," i., 294. The notion of his "cruelty" arose from the calamity of Civil War; but this "cruelty" was equally shared by the Parliament; both were combating for their cause. It is unjust to accuse Charles of sanguinary dispositions, who seems to have had more tenderness of disposition than those who have been forced to dwell on such trivial incidents as the King abruptly turning away his horse when Fairfax

their vindictive declamations. The contemporaries of this monarch found, that to have done justice to the King, even when they could have done it with security, would often have been to criminate themselves, and their successors, the king-haters, felt it would have been injurious to the glory of Republicans. But the story of Charles the First was more involved and ambiguous than the democratic writers have ventured to disclose.

The timid loiterer, Truth, comes after a long delay, and comes veiled, but the veil is lifted by her devoted servants. "The Tyrant" of the Commonwealth was then acknowledged to have been an accomplished Prince; his personal virtues were not disputable; and as Harris in his degrading style describes it, "his understanding was far enough from being despicable." This was a new concession; but then it was urged that the character of the monarch was not to be decided on by that of the man.

The Prince, accomplished and virtuous, when viewed on one side, and the faithless and monstrous Tyrant, when seen on the other, exhibited a solecism in human nature. It was difficult to accord this discordance; it was hard to make this incongruity cohere. And it is remarkable that this conflicting feeling has always been a stumbling-block among the open adversaries of this monarch. It was so from the earliest period. John Cooke, the Commonwealth's Solicitor—he who had been hired to perform in that character only a few days before he made his appearance, anxiously prefixed as a motto to his statement of the King's case,

> "Womanish pity to mourn for a Tyrant
> Is a deceitful cruelty to a City."

The disparity of the motto with the case is striking; and how it happened that such "a monstrous Tyrant" should excite even "womanish pity," might have perplexed the Revolutionary Solicitor-General to have explained. (1)

But later and more philosophical writers, such as the judicious Malcolm Laing, and our contemporary Mr. Hallam, have sometimes been startled at this phantom of "a Tyrant," whom they often discovered to have been more deeply occupied by his troubles, his sufferings, and his inextricable distresses, than by his tyrannies. These writers are no light censurers of the King; and sometimes they have judged of Charles, imbued with the feelings and the knowledge of a later age. Amidst their accusatory charges, often a painful truth flashes on their sight—embarrasses their conscientious pen—and has often occasioned a discrepancy in their statements, and an involved apologetical parenthesis for Charles the First, which has spoiled the integrity of their sentences. (2)

presented a petition, and trampling on Fairfax's foot, as the marks of a predominant character. That he was not naturally of a cruel temper, numerous facts attest; while not a single one to show his inhumanity has the industry of his malignants been able to allege. Charles was not a man of blood.

In respect to his sincerity, and "the mental reservation" of which he is accused, we must place ourselves in his situation fairly to decide. He was tortured by his perplexities, often forced to act contrary to his conviction. Slow to concede, yet his concessions had been greater and greater, in proportion as the Parliament rose in their demands. To subscribe dethroning propositions, and the abolition of Episcopacy, was a suicidal civil death. Charles had translated Bishop Sanderson's "De Juramenti Obligatione." Extorted oaths entered into his casuistical studies. The very circumstance that he had thought long and deeply of the nature of oaths shows at least a disposition to preserve his integrity. It is well known that Charles, on more than one occasion, refused to violate the honour of his word.

(1) Cooke's "King Charles's Case," by the circumstance of the King not choosing to plead at his trial, was not delivered in Court, but was published as a pamphlet. Charles was spared the mortification of one of the most vehement invectives. The *intentions* of the King are assumed as some of his crimes. It is a shrewd work, composed without dignity, but well fitted for those whom he flattered as "his honourable clients, the people of England." It remains a striking example of the terrible exaggerations of a factious period and of remorseless men. Some of its sophisms were exposed by the immortal Butler, with all his force, his learning, and his inimitable genius. Both these tracts are preserved in Somers' Collection, v., 214. The most distinguished of all editors doubts whether Butler or Sir John Birkenhead were the author of this noble reply. The internal evidence would have been sufficient to ascribe it to the great writer; but it is placed beyond a doubt, for it was printed from a manuscript in Butler's hand-writing.

(2) Laing, when censuring the arbitrary conduct of Charles, alludes in this manner to its cause: "Whether his exalted notion of the Prerogative in England were derived from *established or irregular precedents of an unsettled Constitution*, is an inquiry foreign to the design of this history." Thus honestly, though awkwardly, the historian indicates the explanation in respect to Charles, which he avoids to give. Mr. Hallam, on the same topic: "He had shown himself possessed with such notions of his own prerogative, *no matter how derived*." Here we find the same truth crossing the historian's mind, and as cautiously passed over. Many similar notices might be furnished. The Presbyterian Harris, irritated by Charles's theological logomachy with Henderson, censures the King as "a trifler, showing a debase-

We perceive that these historians, in the fullness of their knowledge, could not avoid indicating those truths which, though vital in the history of human nature, might be extraneous in the history of the Constitution.

The story of this monarch may be said never yet to have been written; for hitherto it has only served as the organ of the monarchical and democratic parties. There is something in the subject which seems intractable, and the historian himself occupies a position as peculiar as that of the unfortunate monarch. All things seem to fluctuate in the very act of contemplation. Justice is allied to injustice, great virtues are not freed from great passions, ambiguous conduct leads to dubious results, and even wisdom errs. There are moments in the study of the reign of Charles the First, when we almost suspect that "the tyranny" of Charles may be as fictitious as "the Rebellion" by which Clarendon designates the Civil War.

We had to disclose the history of a spirited young prince, the victim of that system of favouritism which was then practised in European Courts—ungenerously deserted by his Parliaments—surrounded by conspiracies, and involved in dark intrigues—devoted to maintain the established institutions of his country against an invading Church, and a faction clad in the enchanted armour of patriotism—deprived of his crown, yet still potent by his name—a wanderer and a hero in his own kingdom—and greater in his adversities than on his throne.

Charles the First could not avoid being the very man he was—his errors, his prejudices, his devotion to the institutions of his country, were those of his times and of his station, but his calamities, his magnanimity, and the unsubdued spirit, were more peculiarly his own. There is not in human nature a more noble spectacle than the man long wrestling with his fate, like the Œdipus of the Grecian muse. His inevitable errors, and his involuntary guilt, seem not to be his—his virtues and his genius alone triumphed over his destiny.

ment of character beyond example, in his critical situation;" but after this degrading charge comes forth the limping apology, "'Tis true these were the controversies of the age." I could find even in Mr. Brodie explanations favourable to Charles, by the side of some of the heaviest charges.

APPENDIX.

SIR JOHN ELIOT:

HIS CORRESPONDENCE DURING HIS IMPRISONMENT IN THE TOWER.

As no personal history of Sir John Eliot was known before I wrote, I considered myself fortunate in having been enabled to discover some positive facts, hitherto unknown, of this memorable patriot; their results assisted in the development of his character.

When I had discovered that Sir John Eliot had formerly been the intimate acquaintance and fellow-traveller of the Duke of Buckingham; that so late as 1623 Sir John had written in a strain of court flattery and humble intercession; that he had then suffered an imprisonment, and declared that, "having served his Grace with all affection, he had preserved the rights and liberties of the Duke, though with the loss of his own,"—could I pass over so many important circumstances, which hitherto no one had noticed? Could I avoid combining them together, and then drawing the evident conclusion, that he who was so intrepid a patriot in 1626 had in 1623 been very differently affected towards this State victim?

What I had said attracted the attention of the amiable descendant of that great Patriot. Lord Eliot favoured me with a correspondence on that occasion, in which the ability of the writer is only equalled by his urbanity.

I had said that Sir John Eliot was "of a new family," an expression retained from a contemporary writer, who at the same time seems to have considered that a family in Cornwall, not of ancient Cornish descent, was there "a new family." I read with interest his Lordship's accurate researches relative to the Family of the Eliots. I rejoice whenever I observe our aristocracy sensible that they have had ancestors, and that there is a posterity. Some appear to consider that they stand unconnected with either.

Lord Eliot writes:—"Without attaching any undue importance to antiquity of family, one may be permitted to entertain some little

feeling on this subject; and I trust that you will not think that in mentioning the following circumstances I have dwelt on them at an unreasonable length." I am confident, since I have known him, that Lord Eliot entertains not a little, but a great deal of feeling on this subject. The descendant of an illustrious man has always to consider that a great ancestor is a perpetual rival.

Lord Eliot's researches in the antiquity of his family will interest some of my readers, as a record preserving several curious particulars; although his Lordship observes that "These statements may not be of any interest to the world in general, but they are still of some importance to the descendants of Sir John Eliot."

He then proceeds:—

"The assertion that Sir John Eliot was of a new family is incorrect. The great uncle of Sir John, who was the first possessor of Port Eliot, was, it is true, not of ancient *Cornish* descent, but his family had been seated in Devonshire for many generations; the name of one of his ancestors being found in the Sheriff's Returns of the gentry of that county made in 1433, 12 Henry VI., as may be seen in Fuller's Worthies. Prince likewise, in his Worthies of Devon, mentions the family of Eliots as being ancient. The Priory of St. Germans and its lands were obtained from the family of Champernowne, (to whom they had been granted by Henry the Eighth,) in exchange for property possessed by Sir John Eliot's great uncle at Cutlands, near Ashburton. I do not know the exact year in which this exchange took place, but John Eliot died at the Priory of St. Germans, having given it the name of *Port Eliot*, in 1565. (1) An account of that transaction is to be found in Carew's Survey of Cornwall, published about 1580. (2) Chalmers, in his Biographical Dictionary, speaks of the family of Eliot of Port Eliot, and those of Heathfield and Minto, to be descended from a Sir W. Aliot, who came over with William the Conqueror, but this account is merely traditional, and cannot be borne out by proof. The Heralds' visitation of Cornwall made in 1602, and preserved in the Heralds' College, gives the armorial bearings of the family, the shield containing twelve quarterings,—a proof, at a time when pretensions to heraldic honours were minutely scrutinised, that the origin of the family could not have been very recent."

I have already noticed, from the Report of the High Sheriff of Cornwall, and the Commissioners returning a *nihil*, when sent to inquire into the lands and goods of Sir John Eliot, and also from what he had himself declared, I surmised, either that means had been resorted to to screen his property, or that Eliot was a man of ruined fortunes. I derived my information from a manuscript to which I referred.

On this Lord Eliot remarks:—"With respect to Sir John Eliot's ruined fortunes, I must be allowed to call in question the accuracy of this supposition. The lands attached to the Priory of St Germans were of considerable extent; they have descended from father to son to the present day, and now form a considerable portion of my father's property—I am certainly at a loss to account for the report of the Sheriff and Commissioners, of which I was ignorant, and can only suppose that he must have conveyed his estate to his son."

This perplexing incident in Sir John's history has been perfectly cleared of any doubts, since I have perused his correspondence. The apparent destitution of Sir John, which startled his Lordship, was solely a contrivance to elude the gripe of the law. A letter addressed to his cousin Boscawen, which I have printed, fully explains "this management of his poor fortune, which through the disturbance of these times I may not call my own." Sir John grants an allowance of 200*l.* per annum to his youngest son for travelling abroad. This was no mean expenditure; Sir Symonds D'Ewes was allowed at college only 50*l.* a-year, at a time his father was one of the six clerks in Chancery, with an income of 3000*l.* a-year. I find Sir John in the Tower arranging leases for tenants, through the medium of his relatives, who held his estates in trust. He subscribes letters to a confidential servant, "Your loving Master." Nor does Sir John, abstracted as we shall find him in his platonic ethics, evince any deficient shrewdness in worldly affairs; take his opinion on one of his tenants' request to have a wall rebuilt to which Sir John was not liable

(1) Oldmixon, in the "Critical History of England," i., 182, says, "The Eliots seated themselves at the Priory of St. Germans, now Port Eliot, in Cornwall, *about the year* 1540, eighty-five years before Sir John Eliot was chosen burgess for that borough, 1st Car. I. See there more of their Devonshire families.

(2) The first edition of Carew's "Survey," appears to have been in 1602. It was probably *written* about the time his Lordship notices.

—"There would be more charity than wis*dom* in this." It appears that none of the estates were forfeited, nor probably any of the amercements paid. The vote of 5000*l.* afterwards granted by the Parliament to his sons, was probably a mere party object, and seems to have been a remuneration for a loss which had never been experienced.

An important circumstance in the development of Sir John Eliot's personal character was his extreme irascibility. I ascribed much of the turbulence of his genius to his hot temper, and I conveyed an idea of one of these eruptions of passion by the extraordinary incident of Sir John's quarrel with the Moyles, when "in the hour of reconciliation, with wine before them, Eliot treacherously stabbed the father in the back." This is the most painful incident in the life of Eliot, and, as he is held to have been a martyr in the cause of freedom, party writers, as Mrs. Macaulay and Mr. Brodie, in alluding to several anecdotes of his outrageous violence, for several are noticed, are pleased to say of those who have banded them down to us that "the charges in which they have indulged do not rest on satisfactory evidence." I was satisfied with the evidence I adduced, namely, that of the very person who had received the blow, and told the particulars to his grandson, the learned Dean Prideaux, from whom Echard received it; I consider the fact is now confirmed by a curious apology sent by Sir John Eliot to Mr. Moyle, which Lord Eliot discovered among some family papers. I transcribe this singular document, with his Lordship's observation:—

APOLOGY OF SIR JOHN ELIOT.

Mr. Moyle,—I doe acknowledge I have done you a greate injury, which I wish I had never done, and doe desire you to remit it, and I desire that all unkindnesse may be forgiven and forgotten betwixt us, and henceforwarde I shall desire and deserve your love in all friendly offices, as I hope you will mine.

Jo. Elyotte.

(Witnesses) William Coryton Nicholas Nicolls. Bevill Grenvill. Edward Carter. Degorie Tremayne.

There are two other names which I cannot read; among those above, are persons distinguished in those times, and in Parliament.

On this document Lord Eliot observes, with a due feeling to his great ancestor: "I do not know whether you will agree with me in thinking that the language in which it is couched would hardly lead one to suppose that it was addressed by an assassin to his victim. It appears to me to be an acknowledgment of a hasty and unpremeditated act of violence, but not one which precluded, in the writer's opinion, the possibility of a restoration of friendly feeling between him and the injured party."

I perfectly agree with his Lordship, that this extraordinary apology was not written by a man who had stabbed his companion in the back; nor can I imagine that, after such a revolting incident, any approximation to a renewal of intercourse would have been possible. It is therefore evident to me, that this apology was drawn up for some former "great injury," whatever it might be—but it surely confirms the recorded tale. The apology was accepted, and it was "*in the hour of reconciliation*, with wine before them," that the treacherous blow was struck. We remain, however, in ignorance of the cause of this implacable hostility, as well as of another far more important to learn, his personal invectives against the Duke of Buckingham. I discover, by Sir John's letters, that on the death of Buckingham there was a suit pending, and accounts to be settled, between "My Lord Admiral" and Sir John. There is also a letter of Selden from the Temple, dated November, 1628. It relates to "a Patent of Sir John's, delivered to him in a box," for the purpose of Selden's examination whether the death of the granter made it void. This evidently was Buckingham—one of his earliest companions, and apparently his patron. We know, too, that Eliot was at Court—there was a connection with Buckingham and an intercourse with the royal circle, for Sir John was well known to the King. which in the short life of this declamatory Patriot are both remarkable.

In consequence of what I noticed of the singular portrait of Sir John Eliot, of which the late Mr. Belsham had informed me, representing the Patriot with "a comb in his hand," in which some mysterious allusion to his neglected state had been imagined, more particularly as Sir John had desired his posterity to preserve this very Portrait as "a perpetual memorial of his hatred of tyranny," Lord Eliot, with the same continued zeal, sent to town from Port Eliot two portraits of the Patriot, taken at different periods of his life—both undoubted originals. I have been favoured with a view of them. They should never more be separated. The one represents Sir John in the vigour of life, with a ruddy

complexion; the more interesting portrait, bearing the melancholy inscription that it was *painted a few days before his death in the Tower*, betrays the last stage of atrophy or consumption. The contraction of the pallid face, placed by the side of the broad and florid countenance of his early manhood, offers a very striking and pathetic image of mortality.

The mystery attached to "the comb" is perfectly cleared on an inspection of the Tower portrait. Sir John is painted in a very elegant morning dress. apparently of lace, holding this huge and clumsy instrument of his coiffure. It was the bad taste of the artist which produced this impertinent accompaniment; the picture, though somewhat hard and stiff, has a great appearance of truth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I said, in the preceding pages of these Commentaries, "During his long imprisonment in the Tower, Sir John Eliot found, as other impetuous spirits have, that wisdom and philosophy have hidden themselves behind the bars of a prison window; there, his passions weaker, and his contemplation more profound, he nobly employed himself on an elaborate treatise on The Monarchy of Man."

When this was written, I was unacquainted with that series of correspondence, chiefly from the Tower, which Lord Eliot has since confided to my care. Nothing less than the abundant zeal which we mutually felt, for a very memorable character imperfectly known in our history, could have induced his Lordship to have exerted no ordinary pains, and me to undergo a slight martyrdom of patience, in conning the alphabet of Sir John.

Sir John Eliot, who loved the labours of the pen, preserved copies of his own letters, and many of those of his correspondents have been bound in the same volume; among these are the illustrious names of Hampden Selden, and Holles; the name of Pym does not appear.

The Correspondence will not throw any light on public affairs, or on the political life of Eliot. Not a single political allusion passes between Hampden and Eliot. The subject appears to have been studiously avoided. Eliot probably dreaded that his papers might be unexpectedly searched, and it was not without difficulty that some of the letters reached the imprisoned Patriot. It is to be regretted that we learn nothing of Sir John's preceding life. He tells his sons that it had been a busy one. There is no evidence of Sir John's disposition to rhyming in his Correspondence; his narsh imprisonment in the Tower had infallibly awakened that propeasity, had he ever possessed it. I therefore do not know how to account for the satires said to be composed by him against the Duke of Buckingham. We find in the letters an abundance of philosophy, of the most abstract and elevated ethics; a singular mixture of the dogmas of the Porch, and the faith of Christianity. His classical attainments were considerable; his style of composition is Ciceronian; it is sometimes exuberant, and sometimes it requires great attention not to complain of its obscurity. But he aimed at a splendour to which he often reached, and the fortunate passages of his eloquence had been rarely equalled by others in his day. He was a votary, perhaps a victim, to stoicism; he had filled his mind with sublime reveries; and the stoical philosophy which he so ardently cultivated may have offered consolations in a dungeon. His scholastic erudition injured his genius; in the Treatises he has left, he advances no position but on some authority; and Hampden, to whom Eliot sent his writings for revision, in performing the critical office with infinite delicacy, advised his friend not to bind up the flowers of others so much as to draw from his own fertile invention. More than one large Treatise are the fruits of his imprisonment, and remain the monuments of the greatness of his mind.

The letters of Sir John Eliot which I have selected appear to me to exhibit some novel and singular traits in his own personal character—in his chastised mind, abstracted from the ungoverned passions of society. The lofty strain of morality which he addresses to his sons is at least admirable—it came from one who formerly had not been himself so familiar with that theory of morals, which charmed him in the dreary years of his confinement. The last days of Eliot seem to have been touched by a more melancholy tenderness—the secret precursor of a life about to cease; the meltings of his unbroken mind.

I have preserved every letter of Hampden, of whom I have never met with any other writings. They delight from the charm of his manner, and the strong feelings which evidently dictated them. They are usually complimentary or consolatory; some bear a

deeper interest; and all are stamped with the character of a superior mind.

(Eliot Papers, 34.)

(This letter, which I could not venture to curtail, is a most uncommon address of a father to his sons. It not only conveys to us some particulars of the memorable writer himself, but displays at full the singular state of his mind—the high tone of his philosophical conceptions. The style seems too elaborate for ordinary day-life, but many reflections show the writer had been schooled by experience, while he lectures on a sublime theory of morals.)

SIR JOHN ELIOT TO HIS SONS.

Sonns,—If my desires had been valuable for one hour, I had long since written to you which (what) in little does deliver a large character of my fortune, that in nothing has allowed me to be master of myself. I have formerly been prevented by employment, which was so tyrannical on my time, as all minutes were anticipated; now my leisure contradicts me, and is soe violent on the contrary, soe great an enemy to all action, as it makes itself unuseful—both leisure and business have opposed me either in time or libertie, that I have had noe means of expression but my praiers, in which I have never failed to make God the witness of my love, whose blessings I doubt not will deduce it in some evidence to you.

And now having gotten a little opportunity (though by stealth) I cannot but give it some testimony from myself, and let you see my dearest expectation in your good, in which both my hopes and happiness are fixt as in their sphear, which moves with your endeavours, though guided by the influence of a greater power.

It is no small satisfaction to me when I have intelligence of your health, and I bless Heaven for it, as some effect of my petitions; but to hear of the progress of your learning, of your aptness and diligence in that, of your careful attendance in all exercises of religion, and the instruction and improvements of your minds, which are foundations of a future building, this does infuse another spirit to me, and extends my comforts to a latitude that hardly is expressible. I cannot but in general thus discover it, partly to intimate the pitch of my affections, that your course may rise with it; partly to represent your owne example to you, that you digress not from that rule which practice and experience continually must better.

It is a fine history, well studied, the observation of ourselves, the exact view of our own actions to examine what has past; it begets a great knowledge of particulars, taking of all kinds, and gives a larger advantage to your judgments truly to discriminate, for it carries a full prospect to the hart which opens the intention, and through that simplicity is seene the principle of each motion which shadows or dissembles for us the good or evil. From thence having the trew knowledge of particulars what we have done and how, and the judgment upon that, what our workes are to us; then come we to reflect upon ourselves for the censure (judgment) of any action wherein every little error is discovered, every obliquity is seene, which by the reprehension of the conscience (the most awefull of tribunals) being brought to a secret confession, drawes a free repentance and submission for the fault, and soe is reduced to conformity again; this fruite has the study of ourselves, besides many other benefits. The varietie of contingencies and accidents, in our persons, in our fortunes, in our friends, are as so many lectures of philosophie, showing the doubtful being and possession we have here, the uncertainty of our friends, the mutability of our fortunes, the anxieties of our lives, the changes and vicissitudes they are subject to, which make up that conclusion in divinity that we are but pilgrims and strangers in this world; and therefore should not love it, but our rest and habitation must be elsewhere.

If I should take occasion from myself to dilate this point more fully, what a catalogue could I give of instances of all sorts! What a contiguity of sufferings of which there is yet no end! Should those evills be complained? Should I make lamentation of these crosses? Should I conceave the worse of my condition in the study of myself that my adversities oppose me? Noe! I may not—(and yet I will not be so stoical as not to think them evils, I will not do that prejudice to virtue by detraction of her adversaries.) They are evills, for I doe confess them, but of that nature and soe followed, soe neighbouring upon good, as they are noe cause of sorrow, but of joy; seeing whose enemies they make us, enemies of fortune, enemies of the world, enemies of their children, and to know for whom we suffer; for Him that is their enemy, for Him that can command them whose agents only, and instruments, they are, to work his trials on us, which may render us more perfect and acceptable to himself. Should these enforce a sorrow which are the true touches of his favour, and not affect us rather with the higher apprehension of our happiness?

Amongst my many obligations to my Creator, which prove the infinity of his mercies that, like a full stream, have been always flowing on me, there is none concerning this life wherein I have found more pleasure or advantage than in these trialls and afflictions (and I may not limitt it soe narrowly within the confines of this life which I hope shall extend much further), the operations they have had, the new effects they worke, the discoveries they make upon ourselves, upon others, upon all; shewing the scope of our intentions, the summe of our endeavours, the strength of all our actions to be vanitie; how can it then but leave an impression in our harts, that we are nearest unto happiness when we are furthest off from them, I meane the vaine intentions of this world, the fruitless labours, and endeavours that they move, from which nothing soe faithfully delivers us as the crosses and afflictions that we meet, those mastering checks and contraventions that like torrents break down all outward hopes? This speculation of the vanitie of this world does not only shew a happiness in those crosses by the exemption which we gain, but infers a further benefit in that, by a nearer contemplation of ourselves: of what we doe consist, what original we had, to what end we were directed, and in this He whose image is upon us, to whom we doe belong, what materials we are of: that, besides the bodie (which only is obnoxious to these troubles) the better part of our composition is the soule, whose freedom is not subject to anie authoritie without us, but depends wholly on the disposition of the Maker, who framed it for himself, and therefore gave it substance incompatible of all power and dominion but his own.

This happiness I confess in all the trials I have had has never parted from me (how great then is his favour by whose meanes I have enjoyed it !) The days have all seemed pleasant, nor nights have ever been tedious ; nor fears nor terrors have possest me, but a constant peace and tranquillity of the mind, whose agitation has been chiefly in thanks and acknowledgments to Him by whose grace I have subsisted, and shall yet, I hope, participate of his blessings upon you.

I have the more enlarged myself in this, that you might bave a right view of the condition which I suffer, least from a bye relation, as through a perspective not truly representing, some false sense might be contracted. Neither could I thinke that altogether unuscfull for your knowledge which may afford you both precept and example. Consider it, weigh it duly, and when you find a signe or indication of some error, make it an instruction how to avoid the like : if there appears but the resemblance of some virtue, suppose it better, and make it a president for yourselves, when you meet the prints and footsteps of the Almightie, magnify the goodness of his providence and miracles that makes such low descents, consider that there is a nature turns all sweetness into venom, when from the bitterest hearbs the bee extracts a honie. Industry and the habit of the soule give the effect and operation unto all things, and that to one seems barren and unpleasant, to another is made fruitfull and delightsome : Even in this, by your application and endeavour, I am confident may be found both pleasure and advantage. This comes only as a testimony of my love (and soe you must accept it, the time yielding noe other waie of demonstration), and by this expression know that I daily praie for your happiness and felicity as the chief subject of my wishes, and shall make my continual supplication to the Lord, that from the riches of his mercie he will give you such influence of his graces, as your blessing and prosperitie may satisfy and enlarge the hopes and comforts of Your most affectionate Father.

Tower, 8 July, 1629.

(Eliot Papers, MS. fol. 173.)

(The present seems to be the first letter Hampden wrote to Eliot : the address being more formal than the others.)

Noble Sir,—I hope this letter is conveyed to you by so safe a hand that yours will be the first that shall open it, or if not, yet since you enjoy as much as without a contradiction you may, the liberty of a prison, it shall be no offence to wish you may make the best use on't : that God may find you as much his, now you enjoy the benefitt of secondary helpes, as you found hime yours while, by deprivation of all others, you were cast upon his immediate support. This is all I have or ame willing to say, but that the paper of considerations concerning the plantation might be very safely conveyed to mee by this hand, and, after transcribing, should be as safely returned if you vouchsafe to send it mee. I beseech you present my service to Mr. Valentine, Mr. Long, my countryman, if with you, and lett mee be honored with the style of

Your faithfull friend and servant,

Jno. Hampden.

Hampden, December 8th.

(Eliot Papers, fol. 23.)

(This is a complimentary letter of Hampden : but the mention of Sir John's sons and his " papers " gave it some interest to the father and the author.)

About 1628 or 9.

Sir,—If my affections could be so dull as to give way to a sleepy excuse of a letter : yet this bearer, our common friend, had power to awaken them, and command it, to the public experience of whose worth in doing, I can now adde my private, of his patience in suffering the miseryes of a rough hewen entertainment : to be tolerated by the addition of your sonnes company : of whome, if ever you live to see a fruite answerable to the promise of the present blossoms, it will be a blessing of that weight as will turne the scale against all worldly afflictions, and denominate your life happy.

I returne your papers with many thankes, which I have transcribed, not readd ; the discourse therefore upon the subject must be reserved to another season, when I may with better oportunity and freedome communicate my thoughts to you, my friend. Till then with my salutations of all your society, and prayers for your health, I rest,

Your ever assured friend and servant,

John Hampden.

Hampden, January 4th.

(Sir John Eliot's MSS. fol. 56.)

(The following letter shows that Sir John's estates were placed in trust to save them from a legal seizure, or amercement.)

TO MY COUSIN BOSCAWEN.

Sir,—Having a great confidence in your worth, as I find you to have been selected by my father-in-law, I have presumed likewise for my self to name you in a trust for the management of that poor fortune, which through the disturbances of these times I may not call mine own. As it concerns a prisoner, I cannot doubt your readiness to take such an object, from your charity : but the interest of my children being present likewise in the necessity of orphans, and their extraction from your blood and kindred, give me no less assurance in your love than my libertie might impart. Your trouble will only be for the sealing of some leases now and then, upon compositions of my tenants, for which, as there is occasion, I have appointed this bearer, my servant, Maurice Hill, to attend you, to whom your dispatch in that behalf shall be a full satisfaction of the trust.

Tower, 28th February, 1630.

(Eliot MSS. fol. 94.)

(Eliot remonstrates with his son on some remissness in his studies. He opens with some very exalted ideas of a Platonic cast : and impresses the necessity of " Privacy as the nurse of Studies." At the close the idea of *Intention* is remarkably used.)

Richard,—That your studies may not want occasion, if my letters do impart it, I shall often solicit you as now to the intention of that work, hoping more often by that means to hear again from you, for till the last conveyance I had no little doubt, after so long a silence, where you were, or whether

you were of no; but now your paper has resolved me with some satisfaction to my hopes, that the reflection of your virtues will in time afford me both comfort and confidence; comfort in your happiness, and confidence against all accident. For as my hopes so my fears have their chief place in you, (you and your brother, for you two I make but one, in respect of the spirit and affection which shall always be between you,) who as in order and expectation you are first, are likewise the greatest object of my care, the success of which will stand for a pattern and prediction to the rest. Therefore you must endeavour to make this precedent exact, that shall have transition to others, and not to frame it to the common models of the time, but *contrarium mundo iter intende*, like the *primum mobile* and first shadow, thought for which worlds, the generality of men, as the less orbs make their revolutions irregular; then let your motions have that regularity and fulness, as no others may impair them.

In this case it will not be enough to abandon some acquaintance, but to leave all; I mean the pleasure of society, the *esca malorum*, as Cicero calls it, and to retire wholly to yourself. Virtue is more rigid than to be taken with delights: those vanities she leaves, for these she scorns herself: her paths are arduous and rough, but excellent, and pleasant to those who once have past them. Honour is a coocomitant they have to entertain them in their journey, nay, it becomes their servant, and what is attended by all others, these who travel in that way have it to wait on them. And this effort of virtue has not, as in the vulgar acceptation, its dwelling on a hill, it crowds not in the multitude, but *extra conspectum*, as Seneca says, beyond the common prospect, for what is familiar is cheap: and those things are always in greatest admiration which are least seen: the desire giving lustre to the object, *majus è longinquo reverentia*, saith Tacitus, all glory is heightened by the distance, not of place but time, that it is rarely seen makes it more glorious and admirable, which without a want and expectation, would be lost, at length neglected, as a prophet is not honoured in his country. Apply this then to yourself, for we may compare Mantua with Rome. Would you have estimation among men (for honor is no other), there are two ways to gain it, virtue and privacy, and the latter is an inducement to the former: for privacy is the only nurse of studies, studies of virtue, therefore for virtue or for honor's sake. What is most happy for yourself is most precious with others, where, that it may follow you, fellow not that which flies when it is pursued, for shadows and honor are in that quality alike, if not the same.

But I doubt there are shadows of those shadows that are followed; something less than honour, while the substance and virtue is neglected. How comes it else that your tutor should complain you are careless and remiss? It cannot be when there is true affection, there should be indiligence and neglect; when studie is declined, the desires are alienated from the virtue, for no ends are attained without the means; and the neglect of that shows a diversion from the other. If it be since my last, I must resume my fears, that though your own judgment did not guide you, my cautions should be lost, if it should be hereafter when that advise, those reasons and the commands, and authority of a father (a father most indulgent to the happiness of his child,) which I now give you to redeem the the time is spent; to redeem the studies you have missed, and to redeam yourself who are ingaged to danger, or that hazard and adventure; if these make no impressions, and these must be read in the characters of your course, if they work not an alteration, if they cause not a new diligence and intention, an intention of yourself, and intention of the object, virtue; an intention of the means, your study, and an exact intention of the time to improve it to that end, I shall then receive that wound, which I thank God no enemy could give me, sorrow and affliction of the mind, and that from him from whom I hoped the contrary—but I still hope, and the more confidently, for the promise which your letters have assured me. Let it be bettered in performance by your future care and diligence, which shall be accompanied with the prayers and blessings of

Your most loving Father,
JOHN ELIOT.

Tower, 7th of November, 1630.

(ELIOT MSS. 108.)

(On the removal of his lodgings in the Tower. These occasion no alteration in his mind. Sends some "light papers" for Sir Oliver Luke's corrections.)

SIR J. ELIOT TO SIR OLIVER LUKE. (1)

Sir,—My manie troubles of removing have a while hindered me from writing to you. The lodging which I had upon my first remove before Christmas being again altered, soe as I may sale of my lodgings in the Tower as Jacob for his wages. Now then ten times have they chaunged it, but, I thank God, not once has it caused an alteration of my mind—so infinite is that mercie which has hitherto protected mee, and I doubt not but I shall find it with mee, The greatest violence of that storme is like to fall on Valentine, be haing retrencht of that libertie he had, which mais ha some prejudice to his business. It threatens likewise some droppa on Mr. Selden, and has slopt the discharge was looked for—being yesterday, his day of appearance in the court, but the judges would not quit him, and therefore continued him again on baile for a while longer, that they might further advise therein.

* * * * *
* * * * *

When you have wearied your good thoughts with those light papers that I sent you, return them with the corrections of your judgment. I may one day send you others of more worth, if it please God to continue me this leisure and my health, but the best can be but broken, and in patches, from him that dares not hazard to gather them. Seek things from me falling like the leaves in Autumn soe variously and uncertainly, that they hardly meet again—but with you I am confidant what else my weakness shall present, will have a faire acceptance. Your charity is my assurance in this point, of which being most deserving, as of your praiers, I rest,

Your most affectionate servant,
JOHN ELIOT.

Tower, 25th January, 1631.

(1) Knight, and member for Bedfordshire.

(Eliot Papers, 110.)

(Eliot complains of a difficulty in receiving letters. He alludes to some rumours of his liberation, and closes not without hope of rejoining the Grenville family.)

TO MR. GRENVILLE.

Tower, 31st Jannary, 1631-32.

Sir,—The restraint and watch uppon me harrs much of my intercourse with my frends, while their presence is denied me, and letters are soe dangerous and suspected, as it is little that way we exchange; soe as if circumstances shall condemn me, I must stand guiltie in their judgments, yet yours, though with some difficultie I have received, and manie times when it was knocking at my door, because their convoy could not enter they did retire again, wherein I must commend the caution of your messenger; but at length it found a safe passage by my servant, made mee happie in your favour, for which this comes as a retribution and acknowledgment.

For those rumours which yon meet that are hut artificial, or by chance, it must be your wisdom not to credit them; manie such false fires are flyinge dailie in the ear; when there shall be occasion expect that inteiligence from frends, for which in the meene time you do weii to be provided, though I shali crave when that dispute falls properlie and for reasons not deniable, a change of your intention in particulars as it concerns myselfe, in the rest I shall concur in all readiness to serve you, and in all you shall command me, who sm nothing but as you represent. My bumble service to your iadie, and tell her that yet I doubt not to kiss her hande—make much of my godsone.

(Eliot MSS.)

(Eliot describes the beginning of his fatal disorder, which he thought originated only in colds.)

TO KNIGHTLEY, HIS BROTHER.

Tower, 15 March, 1631-32.

For the present I am wholly at a stand, and have been soe for this fortnight hy a sicknesse which it has pleased my Master to impose, in whose bands remain the issues of life and death. It comes originally from my colds, with which the cough having been long upon me causes such ill effects to follow it, that the symptoms are more dangerous than the grief; it has weakened much both the apetite and concoction, and the outward strength, by that some doubt there is of a consumption, but we endeavour to prevent it by application of the means, and as the great physition, seek the blessing from the Lord, etc.

(About a week after, he says his health is amended, except the hoarseness, and some remainder of the cough, which he expects the season will remove.)

(He philosophises with good humour on his doctors. They had already considered his illness to be consumption.)

TO HAMPDEN.

Dated 22 March, 1631-32.

Lately my business hath been much with doctors, so that but by them I have had but little trouble with myself. These three weeks I have had a full leasure to do nothing, and strictly tied unto it either by their direction or my weakness. The cause originally was a cold, but the symptoms that did follow it spake more sickness; a gradual indisposition it begot in all the faculties of the bodie. The learned said a consumption did attend it, but I thank God I did not feel or credit it. What they advise as the ordinance that's appointed I was content to use, and in the time I was a patient suffered whatever they imposed. Great is the authority of princes, but greater much is theirs who both command our purses and our wills. What the success of their government willis must be referred to Him that is master of their power. I find myself better, though not well, which makes me the more readie to observe them. The divine blessing must effectuate their wit—it is that medicine that has hitherto protected me, and will continue me amongst other affairs to remain

Your faithful friend and servant,
J. E.

(Eliot's MS. Letters 119.)

(Hampden sends some observations on his younger son, John Eliot; and on his elder, respecting some irregularity at College. At the close, Hampden gives some opinion of Eliot's manuscript.)

HAMPDEN TO ELIOT.

Sir,—I hope you will receave your sonnes both safe, and that God will direct you to dispose of them as they may be raised up for his service and to your comfort.

Some words I had with your younger sonne, and given him a taste of those apprehensions he is like to find with you, which I tell him future obedieace to your pleasure, rather than justification of past passages must remove. He professeth fair; and the ingenuity of his nature doth it, without words; but you know verinous actions flow not infallibly from the flexiblest dispositions; and love's only a fitt subject for admonition and government to work on; especially that which is paternal. I confess my shallowness to resolve, and therefore unwillingness to say any thing concerning his course, yet will I not give over the consideration, because I much desire to see the spirit rightly managed. But for your elder I think yon may with security return him in convenient time, for certainly there was nothing to administer feare of a plott; and in another action that concerned himself, which he 'll tell yon of, he received good satisfaction of the Vice Chancellor's faire carriage towards him.

I searched my study this morning for a book to send you of a like subject to that of the papers I had of you, but find it not; as soon as I recover it I 'll recommend it to your view. When yon have finished your other parts, I pray think me as worthy of the sight of it as your former, and in both together I 'll bewray my weakness to my friend by declaring my sense of them. That I did see is an exquisite nosegay composed of curious flowers, bound together with as fine a thredd; but I must in the end expect honey from my friend somewhat out of those flowers digested, made his own, and giving a true taste of his own sweetnesse, though for that I shall awaite a fitte time and place. The Lord sanctify unto you the sournesse of your present estate and the comforts of your posterity.

Your ever the same assured friend,
J. Hampden.

April 4th.

(ADDITIONAL MSS. 5016.)

(At the British Museum, which I accidentally discovered in a box, This letter never reached Eliot, it was intercepted.)

JOHN HAMPDEN TO SIR JOHN ELIOT.

Noble Sir,—'Tis well for me that letters cannot blush, else you would easily reade me guilty. I ame ashamed of so long a silence, and know not how to excuse it, for as nothing but businesse can speake for mee, of which kinde I have many advocates, so can I not tell how to call any businesse greater than holding an affectionate correspondence with so excellent a frend. My only confidence is I *pleade* at a barr of *love*, where absolutions are much more frequent than censures. Sure I am that conscience of neglect doth not accuse me; though evidence of fact doth. I would add more, but the entertainment of a stranger friend calls upon me, and *one* other *unevitable* occasion; hold mee excused, *therefore*, deare friend, and if you vouchsafe mee a *letter*, lett mee beg of you to teach me some thrift of time, that I may imploy more in your service, who will ever be

Your faithful servant and affectionate friend,
Jo. HAMPDEN.

Commend my service to the soldier if not gone to his Colonel.

Hampden, March 21, 1631-32.

To my honoured and deare friend Sir John Eliot, at his lodging in the Tower.

(ELIOT'S MSS. LETTERS, FOL. 126.)

(This animated letter of Hampden relates to Sir John Eliot's sons. He describes the promising character of Mr. Richard Eliot.)

Sir,—I ame so perfectly acquainted with your cleare insight into the dispositions of men, and ability to fitt them with courses suitable, that had you bestowed sonnes of mine as you have done your owne, my judgment durst hardly have called it into question, especially when in laying downe your designe, you have prevented the objections to be made against it; for if Mr. Richard Eliot will in the intermissions of action adde study to practice, and adorne that lively spiritt with flowers of contemplation, he'll raise our expectations of another Sir Edward Verre, that had this character—all summer in the field, all winter in his study, in whose fall fame makes this kingdome a great looser; and having taken this resolution from Counsaile with the highest wisdome (as I doubt not but you have), I hope and pray the same power will crown it with a blessing answerable to your wish.

The way you take with my other friend declares you to be none of the Bishop of Exeter's converts, of whose minde neither ame I superstitiously; but had my opinion been asked I should (as vulgar conceipts use to do) have showed my power rather to raise objections than to answer them: a temper between Fraunce and Oxford might have taken away his scruple with more advantage to his years; to visite Cambridge as a free man for variety and delight, and there entertained himselfe till the next Spring: when University studys and peace had been better settled than I heare it is; for although he be one of those that of his age were looked for in no other booke but that of the minde would be found no ward if you should die to-morrow; yet 'tis a great hazard mee thinkes to send so sweet a disposition guarded with no more experience amongst a people, whereof many make it their religion to be superstitious in impiety; and their behaviour to be affected in ill-manners; but God, who only knowes the periods of life, and oportunityes to come, hath designed him (I hope) for his owne service betime, and stirred up your providence to husband hime so early for great affairs, then shall he be sure to find Hime in Fraunce, that Abraham did in Terar and Joseph in Egypt, under whose wing alone is perfect safety.

Concerning the Lord, who is nowe reported to be as deepe in repentance as he was profound in sinne, the papers, etc.: I shall take leave from your favour and my streight of time to be silent till the next weeke, when I hope for the happinesse to kisse your handes, and to present you with my most humble thankes for your letters, which confirm the observation I have made in the progresse of affections: that it is easier much to winne upon ingenious natures than to meritt it. This they tell mee I have done of yours, and I account a noble purchas, which to improve with the best services you can command and I perform, shall be the care of Your affectionate friend and servant,

JOHN HAMPDEN.

Hampden, May 11th, 1631.

Present my services to Mr. Long, Mr. Valentine, etc.

Do not thinke by what I say that I am fully satisfied of your younger sonne course intended, for I have a crotchett out of the ordinary way, which I would have acquainted you with, if I had spoken with you before he had gone, but am almost ashamed to communicate.

(ELIOT PAPERS, FOL. 132.)

HAMPDEN TO ELIOT.

Sir,—I received your commands by the hands of Mr. Wian,(1) and was glad to know by them that another's word had powcr to command your faith in my readinesse to obey you, which mine it seems had not. If you yet lack an experience, I wish you had putt mee upon the test of a worke more difficult and important, that your opinion might be changed into beliefe. That man you wrote for I will unfainedly receive into my good opinion, and declare it really when he shall have occasion to putt me to the proofe. I cannot trouble you with many words at this time: make good use of the bookes you shall receive from mee, and of your time; be sure you shall render a strict account of both to Your ever assured friend and servant,

JOHN HAMPDEN.

Present my service to Mr. Long, I would faine heare of his health.

Hampden, June 8th, 1631.

(ELIOT LETTERS, 135.)

(In this letter to the famous Holles, he does not darkly hint at the danger of his correspondence. Six months elapsed before Eliot received the answer. Both parties agree that they can only safely communicate by their hearts.)

SIR JOHN ELIOT TO D. HOLLES.

Sir,—Through a long silence I hope you can re-

(1) Sir John had written a letter of introduction for Mr. Wian to Hampden. Wian was his Proctor.

taine the confidence and memoire of your frende. He that knows your virtue in the generale cannot doubt any particular of your charitie. The corruption of this age, if no other danger might occur, were an excuse, even in business, for not writing. The sun, we see, begets divers monsters on the earth when it has heat and violence; Time may do more on paper; therefore the safest intercourse is by harts; in this way I have much intelligence to give you, but you may divine it without prophesie. 'Tis but the honour and affection which I owe you contracted in these sillabies.

Your most faithfull frend and servant,

J. E.

Tower, 23d June, 1631.

(Eliot Letters, 159.)

Worthy Sir,—I am confident you believe I have returned you a thousand of thancks, and as many answers to your loving letter, since you were pleased to honour me with it, as that before t did as many times visit you with my best well-wishing thoughts, and entertaine you with the offers of my faithfullest services, and that all this intercourse hath been really and truly acted, being doue by the hart, which is both (as you say) the safest, and indeed alone real: for that is, though perhaps it appeare not, whereas great outward professions many times appeare when thei are in substance nothing. You and i have fonnd this to be trew philosophy, which as your wisdome will make use of to discerne a superficial frend, so iett your goodness do the same to judge aright of his silence and of all his actions, who is without compliement,

Your most faithfull and affectionate frend and servant,

D. Holles.

I need not express here my desire to be remembered to the rest of our fellowes, nor need I name them.

Dameram, (query?) 26th Dec. 1631.

(Eliot's MS. Letters, 140.)

(This is a literary letter, replete with delicate hints and nervous criticism, it conveys a high notion of the good taste and the good sense of Hampden.)

HAMPDEN TO SIR JOHN ELIOT.

Sir,—You shall receave the booke I promised by the bearer's immediate haud. For the other papers I presume to take a littie, and but a little respite. I have looked upon that rare piece only with a superficial view, or at first sight, to take the aspect, and proportion in the whole: after, with a more accurate eye, to take out the lineamenis of every part. 'Twere rashness in me, therefore, to discover any judgment before I have gronnd to make one. This I discerne, that 'tis as compiete an image of the patterne as ean be drawne by lines. A lively eharacter of a large minde. The subject, method, and expressions, excellent and homogeniall, and to say truth, (sweet heart,) somewhat exceeding my commendations; my words eannot render them to the life: yet, to shew my ingenuity rather than wit, would not a less modell have given a full representation of that sobject? Not by diminution but by contraction of parts. I desire to iearne, I dare not say. The variations upon each particular seem many. Alt I confess excellent. The fountains are full, the channel narrow, that may be the cause, or that the author imitated Virgil, who made more verses by many than he intended to write to extract a just nnmber. Had I seen all his, I could easily have told him make fewer: but if he had hade me tell which he should have spared, I had been apposed: so say I, of these expressions. And that to satisfy you, not myselfe, but that by obeying you in a command so contrary to my own disposition, you may measure how large a power you have over

J. Hampden.

Hampden, June 20, 1631.

Recommend my service to Mr. Long, and if Sir Oliver Luke be in town, express my affections to him in my words. The first part of your papers you had by the hands of B. Valentine long since. If you hear of your sons, or can send to them, let me know.

(Eliot Papers, 130.)

(This is a curious letter of one of the country gentlemen, of Sir John's party, who gives an account of the commissioners for Loan-money. He "would not be compli. mented ont of his money," and exults on "holding his hands fast in his pocket." He was probably the Mr. Scawen whose name appears in Lord Holles's Memoirs, 137, for a pension granted by the party of the Independents "to buy his voice" Scawen is characterised as "one who formerly had not very well liked of their ways." So that this sturdy Patriot, after all, turned out to be the pensioned of a revolntionary faction.)

MR. SCAWEN TO SIR JOHN ELIOT.

The secende fearfull commission is now past, and since by your servant you are pleased to demand it of me, I will present you with the relation of the progresse of it.

We were all called together (but in severall days following) at Bodmin. After the commission was read, we were like to depart without as much as any speech offered us: much tyme was spent in straining courtesy between the son and the father, and I think we had bin deprived of the expectation, had not the courtier brought down some of his courtphrases in exchange for the mony. I interpreted their longe silence to the best, thinking they meant by it, that they thought the matter such as no Cornish man would open his mouth in it, and therefore fittest for a stranger, who, for aught that I could perceive, directed his words more to those that should have spoken, than to us that should have heard.

We were directed the first day, that such as would not compound should give their answers in writing; a course which, if they had held thorough, would have proved little to their advantage. The hundred of East was first called in, which (making choice of the pistors and men fittest for composition) they made pretty store of mony, till St. Germans, according to the direction, giving their several papers, had shewn the way of non-composition (for of twenty-eight returned not one compounded). Laudrake and Laudulph followed the president, upon which they thought it best to finish that day's service without calling out that one hundred. The West hnndred had not many: Pyder and Stratton very few, Powder somewhat more, but the greatest proportion raised came from Penrith and Kerrier. Trigg and Lesnewth; they being under the command of the Castle, they thought it not wisdom to hold ont. The total amounts to not more than two thousand pounds, of which the most of it comes

from the meaner sort of people, and such as, I presume, scarce have the value. Some with great words and threatenings, some with persuasions (wherein Sir B. did all), were drawne to it. I was like to have been complimented out of my mony: but that knowing with whom I had to deal, I held, whilst I talked with them, my hands fast in my pocket.

You will wonder to hear what things we had here returned for knights; but that nothing is now to be wondered at.

If any thing lie here wherein I may serve you, I shall take it an honour to be commanded; and be assured, that as you suffer for others, so there are some others that suffer for you, amongst which is

Your servant,

W. S.

SIR JOHN'S ANSWER ABOUT THE LOANMONGERS AT BODMIN.

June 21, 1631.

Sir,—I thanke you for your intelligence of the late passages at Bodmin, wherein some satisfaction does arise, that though that country have not all the wisdom that they should, yet they are not in as great stupiditie as some others, but divide between folly and abjection. I am glad to hear your neighbours at St. German's doe so well, and by your example make themselves good presidents for others. Those that broke that rule will have occasion to repent it, when they shall see their gain only in the loss of their own monie, which may work a better circumspection for the future. Though I am at a great distance from you in my person, my affection is still with you; and as I wish your happiness, my indeavours shall be readie to procure it. I praie, as to yourself whom I would have confident of this truth, give it in assurance to the rest, that in all things which may level with my power, none shall be more industrious to that service than

J. E.

(Eliot Papers, MS. fol. 146.)

(A complimentary letter, with the present of a small buck from Hampden.)

Dear Sir,—I received a letter from you the last wecke, for which I owe you ten, to countervaile those lines by encrease in number that I cannot equall in weight; but time is not mine now, nor hath bene since that came to my hands; in your favour therefore hold mee excused. This bearer is appointed to present you with a buck out of my paddock, which must be a small one, to hold proportion with the place and soyle it was bred in. Shortly, I hope (if I do well to hope) to see you; yet durst I not prolong the expectation of your papers.

You have concerning them layde commands upon mee beyond my ability to give you satisfaction in; but if my apology will not serve when wee meete, I will not decline the service, though to the bewraying of my own ignorance, which yet I hope your love will cover.

Your ever assured friend and servant,

Jno. Hampden.

Hampden, July 27, 1631.

(Eliot Letters, 152.)

(Eliot's advice to his younger son John on travelling to Italy. Hopes he will avoid "the territories of the Church," and forbids his entrance into Spain; at that period so universal was the dread of relapsing into Papistry.)

TO JOHN ELIOT.

Sonne,—I have received and considered of your letters which mention your desire and reasons to pass speedily into Italy. Good company, I knowe, is a choise thinge, and as a pleasure so an advantage in your travells, which I presume you studie, not for name only, or the affection of some title, but as it meetes with virtue, and then it 's truly valuable, that being the erowne and dignity of all honor. The opportunity I confesse which such company does present is a fair motive for the journey, but the time I doubt not yet seasonable to answer it. Autumn in those parts is most dangerous to strangers; the abundance of their fruites, the corruption of their aer through the strife of heat and moisture, and the natural disposition of all bodies to sicknesse and infection in the return of blood, makes it at first more fearful; besides, the plague has raigned generally in that country, and some townes still are visited, by which both the aer and houses may be yet suspected, untile some frosts correct them. I leave to your better consideration to resolve to stay till Spring.

The reason which you give for the advantage of the language has its truth merely the contrary; for if without knowledge in the French you first shall seek the Italian, that will be then less pleasant and soc more difficult, by which the more necessary will be left, to be then gained when perchance there will be no leasure for it; whereas if you shall gett againe some perfection in the French, and then gett into Italie, what you then lose will be regained againe at your returninge homewards, and you become a master in the tongues. This winter spent in France I hope will be enough for preparation, and then at springe you may pass from thence to Italie.

For the danger that 's pretended in your travells in those parts only with private company, I am confident there is no reason, but what the sickness may occasion, and that admits no priviledge. The territories of the Church I hope you will avoid (those I confess are dangerous, as all Spaine, which by no meanes I can allow you ever to enter), but other parts are free, and peaceable as in England, where with discretion you may as much rely on your safetie, for the present troubles in France I conceive little cause of doubt. To strangers they impart noe hasards or adventures, more than voluntarily they incur, but such advantage of knowledge and experience they may yield, which I did think the hope and spirit of that gentleman from whom you received that argument would not have declined.

Thus much in answer to your letter, which I make only on advise. I wonder you never wrote since your being over of M. Durant. His wife inquires here for him, whom I would gladly satisfie, as know how you have agreed. Be careful in your religion, make your devotions frequent, seeke the blessing from above, draw your imitation to good patternes, lett not vaine pedantries deceive you, prepare your estimation by your virtue, which your own carriage and example must acquire,

wherein you have assistants in the most earnest prayers and wishes of your loving Father,

Tower, 1st September, 1631. JOHN ELIOT.

ELIOT PAPERS, MSS. FOL. 163.

(Hampden sends news, and highly compliments the genius and studies of Eliot.)

Sir,—In the end of my travailes, t meete the messengers of your love, which bring mee a most gratefull welcome; your intentions outfly mine that thought to have prevented yonrs, and convince me of my disabitity te keepe pace with you, or the times. My Imploiment of late in interrogatery with like affairs hath deprived mee of leisure to compleiment, and the frame of depositions is able to justle out the style of a letter. You were farre enough above my emutation before; but breathing now the saine ayre with an ambassador, yon are out of all ayme.

t believo well of his negotiation from the lsrge testimony you have given of his parts, ond I beteeve the King of Sweden's sword will be tho best of his topicks te persuade a peace.

'Tis a powerful one now if I heare aright; fame giving Tilly a late dofeoto in Saxony with 20,000 losse; the truth whereof will facilitate our worke; the Spaniard's curtesy being kuown te be no lesse than willingly to render thot which he connot hold. The notion of these effects interrupts not our quiett, though tho reasons hy which they are governed do transcend our pitch; your apprehensions, that ascend a region above those clouds which shadow us, are fitt to pierce such height; and ours to receavo such notions as descend from thence; which while you are pleased te impart you make the demonstrations of your favour to become the rich possessions of your ever faithfull friend and servant,

Hampden, Octeber 3. JOHN HAMPDEN.

Present my service to Mr. Long.

God, I thanke him, hath made me father of another sonne.

(ELIOT PAPERS, 168.)

(Sir John seems in the following letter somewhat doubtful of a political apostasy in his friend and fellow-sufferer, Valentine, who he confesses has "his jugglings.")

SIR JOHN ELIOT TO THOMAS GODFREY.

Godfrey dates from Grantham.

* * * * * *

Valentino after his long travails did hetako himself to rest, so as in a month or more, being at his lodging near the Gate-house, noe friends might see him hut whom his Greatnesse would admit. Sicknesse was pretended, hut there were that thought it counterfeit and affected; and yet there he that hold his dissimulation worthie punishment. Really I helieve hjm (his jnglinge set aside) lu the same state he was, hoth in hodie and in husinesse, for though the chargeofthe Attorney may have changed something in his favour, his fortune is not altered, hut the expectations are the same, and as the virtue sueh may he the mon. This is alt I can tell you of him, untess hy supposition I could jndg him, in his reservations and retirement, knocking at some hackdoor of the Court, at which if he onter to preferment, you shall know it from

Your faithful friend and servant,

Tower, 8th November, 1631. J. E.

ELIOT PAPERS, 179.)

(Of all these letters the present seems the most beautiful; the deepest feelings are revealed in the most simple language. It is pathetic—it is even awful, when we find that it was the close of Eliot's correspondence, and the description of the emotions of his departing spirit. Hence the religious consolations; the mournful happiness which cheered the consumptive and weary prisoner, who was now anticipating that after-state, to which he was fast approaching.)

TO HAMPDEN.

Sir,—Besides the acknowledgment of your favour that have so much compassion on your frend, I have little to return you from him that has nothiog worthy of your acceptance hut the contestation that t have between an ill bodie and the aer, thot quarrell, and are friends, as the summer winds affect them. I have these three daies been abroad, and as often brought in new impressions of the colds, yet body and strength and appetite I finde myself bettered hy the motion. Cold ot first was the occasios of my sickness, heat and tenderness hy close keepinge in my chamber has since increast my weakness. Air and exercise are thought most proper te repaire it, which are the prescription of my Doctors, though noe physick. I thonk God other medicines I now take not, hut those Catholicons, and doe hope I shall not need them: as children learn to go, t shall get acquainted with the aer, practice and use will compasse it, and now and then a fall is an instruction for the future. These varieties He does trie us with, that will hove us perfect at all parts, and as He gives the trial, He likewise gives the ability that shall be necessary for the worke He will supplie, that does command the labour, whose deliverinee from the Lion and the Bear, has the Philistine also at the disposition of his will, and those that trust him, under his protection and defence. O! infinite mercy of our Master, deare frend, how it abounds to us, that are unworthy of his service! How broken! how imperfect! how perverse and crooked ore our wales in obedience to him! how exactly straight is the line of his providence to us, drawn out through all occurrents and particulars to the whote length ond measure of our time; how perfect is his hand that has given his Sonne unto us, and with him has promised likewise to give us all thiugs—relieving our wants, sanctifying our necessities, preventing our dangers, freeing us from all extremities, and died himself for us? What can we render? what retribution con we make worthy soe great a majestie? worthy such love and favour? We have nothing hut ourselves who are unworthy above all, and yett thot as alt other things is his: for us te offer up that, is hut lo give him of his owne, and that in far worse condition than we st first received it, which yet (for infinite is his goodnesse for the merits of his Sonne) He is contented to accept. This, dear frend, must be the comfort of his children: this is the physic we must use lo all our sicknesse ond extremities: this is the strengthening of the weake, the nuriching of the poore, the libertie of the captive, the health of tho diseased, the life of those that die, the death of that wretched life of sin, and this happiness hath his saints. The contemplation of this happiness has led me almost beyond the compass of a letter, but the hast I use unte my frends, and the affection that does move it, will I hope excuse me. Frends should communicate their joyes: this as the greatest thereof, t could not hut impart unto my frend, being therein moved hy the present expectation of your letters, which

always have the grace of much intelligence, and are happiness to him that is trulie Your's,
Tower, 29 March, 1632. J. E.

Had Charles the First been as intimately acquainted with the nobler aspirations of Sir John Eliot in his prison, as the reader is now enabled to be, the severity of that imprisonment had perhaps been mitigated. But Eliot, who seems to have been far more a man of sensation than a philosopher, in the active period of his life—that period when he struck at Moyle, and when his personal rancour broke out against his former friend Buckingham, had committed even a less pardonable irruption of his irascible nature. Eliot had implicated the King's connivance at the rumoured poisoning of his royal father. He alluded to something "which he feared to speak and feared to think." The harshness of Charles the First towards Eliot, and Charles is not accused of cruelty even by his enemies, indicates a cause of offence, either of a deeper dye, or of a more personal nature, than probably we have yet discovered.

The following Manuscript has been referred to at page 517:—

ASHMOLE'S MSS. 800. ART. XXXVI.

Newport, November, 1648.

WHEN the Commissioners themselves confess that reason cannot be accepted by them, though clearly offered by me; when close imprisonment (or worse) is threatened to me if I yield not to all that is demanded; when my propositions (which are neither many nor extravagant) are not so much as answered; I leave all the world to judge what freedom, honour, or safety there is in this treaty. And certainly my condition in point of freedom is far different from what it was at Hampton Court. Witness the strict guard round about this Island, and the troop of horse always attending, or rather watching me when I go abroad.

Since, therefore, none of the conditions are kept to me upon which I gave my word, I cannot be truly said to break it, though I seek my freedom. Besides, the Governor made me declare before the Commissioners, that continuation of guards upon me freed me from my word; whereupon he took away the sentinels at my door, but never moved those of more importance, which was enough to confess the truth of what I declared, but not sufficient to take away the justness of my plea which cannot be avoided, except by the total taking away my guards, the difference of a few paces position, nearer or farther off, not making me the less a prisoner.

Nor will I make a question of that which is none, by setting down the particular reasons of my absenting myself at this time; yet this I must say, that in order to the present quiet and future peace of this kingdom, my libertie, tho' at a distance, is much more conduceable than my restraint, whether more or less strict. For my freedom takes away the pretence of those who, by their endeavours to set me at liberty, might continue the old or make new disturbances in the kingdom. Also, I shall be able to temper the more youthful and impatient resolution of those who possibly may rather aim at glorious actions than a quiet life, my chief intention being so to make use of this my escape (in case God shall bless me herein according to my desire), as to come to a personal treaty with my two Houses, that so I may be truly heard. And even all the world shall see that no change of condicion or place shall alter or lessen my earnest endeavours of procuring a firm and well-grounded peace (and in a peaceable way) to these my dominions.

To all my people of what soever station, quality, or condicion.

My Lords and Gentlemen,—If my stay here could have happily finished this treaty, or given you the least protection, I would not have thought of absenting myself, nor had I taken the resolution without your advice, if it were not evident that your knowledge thereof would have prejudiced you, and hindered the course I have taken for my own preservation, the necessity of which I will make plainly appear how soon I shall be in a place of freedom, this being one of those kind of actions which is fitter for a servant's praise than advice. However, I cannot but leave you this assurance that I am no less satisfied with your industrious services to me at this time, than I am displeased with my own misfortunes, and desiring you to be confident that I am your most assured real constant frend,

C. R.

To all the Lords, Bishops, Clergy, and other Gentlemen, whose assistance I have had since I came hither.

Newport, November, 1648.

I cannot but add this:—It being evident that I must either shipwreck my conscience, or retourne to close prison, none that loves conscience or freedom but must approve of my resolution of absenting myselfe.

THE END.



